

The Weeds

The Weeds, my Teacher
I want to be like them
When I grow
Up

I wander a country lane
The Tiger Lilly jumps out at my eyes
Blue Bells twinkle in my ears
The Queen Ann's Lace my sister loves

The weeds were not bidden to the table
Last chosen
Least loved
They thrive

Mowed down
They fight back
I love them.
They catch the glisten

Of a thousand rays
Proud, stout
Humble in sway
Standing in clumps

Make their boast
Or one pops up
Alone like gold
Hushed

Speak quietly their colors
Make their way to the table
Welcome at mine
My eyes feast on them

Some slowly
Some devoured in haste
The weeds, my Teacher

I want to be like them
When I grow
Up.

Boys like the character Wolverine but never have to imitate him with their car keys when they go to their car at night

Or in the afternoon
Or in the morning because they're always watching

Someone wants to give into the temptation and illusion that women have been painted as for years.

That is why when I saw a girl passed out drunk at a party, I sat by her on the couch. I braided her hair to comfort her so nobody else would touch her.

I wrapped my arms around a girl I never met and talked to her like we were best friends, not because I knew her, but because she needed protected and she was alone.

Why does it matter what we wear

When you have no right or admittance to even get to know us if we don't want to know you.

Our inner clothing that makes up our personalities and our interests

Is what you're so afraid to see.

Because if a thing has a soul, personality, interests...

Then it isn't your property.

It is its own.

— *Victoria Bell*