

” WRITING

She, He, Them

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TYPE
NARRATIVE
POETRY

“She’s a pig,” he yelled

“No respect for women,” she said

“I am a young woman,” I plead

“Vote for me,” he screamed

“You’re a girl,” they tell us

“That’s a man’s job,” they say

Funny thing is

Without us

They have no name

Names aren’t really important

Nowadays

Anyways

It’s all about the color

Then

Bang-Bang!

They have

Bullets...no gun

Stage...no audience

Body with draining blood

It's like having

A mouth

But no voice

And worst

Of all

All of the above

Always guilty

Without a choice

It's become more clear

Because

Of their

Inherited pigment

They can be

Killed

Targeted

And

No one

Can help

Because the

“Heroes”

Are the ones doing the crime

Any day

At

Any time

Bodies lay there

Lifeless

And

Still

Just like mannequins

Behind the protective window

But real-life mannequins aren't

Really protected

Instead they are

Used and abused

And left in a

Storage room