

*“The perfect Woman”*

Overworked, underpaid, under appreciated  
working day and night and what does it get me  
Wake up, take care of kids, cook, clean, repeat  
The sighing of a husband in my ear speaking of how my job is easy and he could do it with  
his eyes closed

Working for free and gaining no recognition for doing so  
I’m expected to live my life for my kids but what about me  
what if I want to have a life of my own  
a job of my own  
time of my own

A world of sexist comments lay before me, pelting me like stones  
I stand tall while they hurtle insults on why I could never be as good as them, on how my  
skills will never be equal to theirs  
But yet I still wait for that day  
A day where I’m allowed to feel at peace without a man in my ear telling me what I could do  
better

Their yelling piercing my ears as I continue to work quietly, not sparing them a glance

A day where I am not silenced because “the men are talking”

Telling me that my place is below his feet or in his kitchen

Their taunting faces and sly remarks hitting my soul as a hammer would a nail

A time where my body will be my own

When I’ll be able to decide what best for me

not a man who knows nothing of what I’ll have to go through

Who won't see the struggle to put food on the table and clothes on their back

A day where I can walk by myself and feel safe

Where I don't have to look over my shoulder in fear

The patter of feet behind me causing me to speed up my pace

Dictating my every move and watching me like how predator would prey

A time where my paycheck will mirror his

Tears slowly forming when I see how my zeros are nowhere near theirs

One when I feel appreciated instead of undervalued

Where I can go into any field I want without being discriminated against because of my  
gender

The wry glances thrown my way when I walk into the workplace shattering my confidence  
before I can even begin

But at the end of the day these thoughts feel like dreams

I peer into my reflection in the mirror and wonder if the world will ever really turn on its axis

Will I ever be able to be who I want to be

Or will I be stuck being the perfect women

These thoughts plaguing my head as I ponder my options

Will I be who they want me to be, will I stay in their box of societal norms of what a perfect  
women is supposed to be

If they won't give me a place, I'll make myself one

So I raise my head high, keep my eyes straight

And remember who I am

I remember all the insults, the nasty looks, the derisive faces and I remember what I'm  
working toward

Not only my own success but to inspire those who will inevitably go through the same as me

Being the "perfect women" will bring nothing but pain and regret

In the end you will come to see that there's nothing wrong with being a little different  
just wait to see the looks on their faces when you get ahead