

Our Bodies

By:Eleanor Cheers

Slut, whore, too short, too tight, you're showing too much skin

All things said to women and young girls based on what they wear

To have a body which god forbids is something so morbid and infatuating to men

They glare at us and demand attention

But why? Are we just objects that are dressed up?

A barbie doll that men can touch and abuse whenever they want to

Or are we a voice, a person, that has an identity

We're strong and confident around our girlfriends

But we're timid, terrified, terribly dressed, asking for it

We're cat called, overly sexualised before we're adults

We're taught how to dress conservatively so that men who can't keep it in their pants won't bother us

We're limited to what we can wear at school because of our bodies

Slut, whore, too short, too tight, you're showing too much skin

We're 12 year old girls, children, getting told that we're asking for attention

We can't walk through a store alone without men looking us up and down.

Down and up. Side to side

Keep walking, we think to ourselves, turn around you think, then he's following you and is staring at your

butt

We're shaking and scared, we reject them, they kill us all because of what we wear

It's not even our clothes, it's the body that we're born with, that we grow into, that were gifted with

Yet we're sluts, whores

Our clothes are too short, too tight

We're showing too much skin

We're asking for it

The only it we're asking for is

Respect