

Cuts on Me? -Vol. 1

Inspired by Michelle Obama, Women's Conference Pennsylvania Oct 2017

I've always worn sweaters in the summertime
No matter if cloudy or skies full of shine
Sweating down my back, I smiled like I knew it
Was cool. Walking alleys, crossing streets,
Neutral, just to get through it.

Some summers before, when I was still a girl
I only got kind waves when I passed by
But when bodies start changing shape
Men start silly grinning and bold approaching,
Wanting more than a simple 'Hi'. I wondered, Why?

I wondered what I did wrong, when was the day
That I stopped being momma's little girl
And started being prey?
I lost something learning that that's how it goes
With innocence gone and blood flows.

The man across the street said: 'Watch my house.'
And I didn't know better, you see, I was kind.
I played with his twin girls occasionally
So, to wait for them at his house that day?
No, I didn't mind.

I remember feeling dizzy, spinning, in a scary dream
This grown drunk man trying to kiss me, not even thirteen?