

Poetry

I. AM.

- Shakeelah Mowzer

Because

I am woman

You deem the hair on my legs disgusting

Because

I am woman

You cringe at the scars on my breasts and hips

Because

I am woman

Everything must be smooth, clean, pretty

Because

I am woman

You scorn at the rolls, bumps, spots and marks

That make me woman

Because

I am woman

You Love

Hate

Hurt

Belittle

And

Because

I am woman

I forgive