

ONE BUT TWO

The world is generally described as a place of opportunity,
Of learning,
Of desire.
A utopia if you will.
But our eyes,
Our eyes see differently.
They see from the lens of a woman.
We are women.
And we have been cursed from the very first breath we inhaled,
Cursed from the very first word uttered,
Cursed from the very first step taken.
But the moment the true extremity of the curse is comprehended,
When we are certain that we will be doomed to a world of violence,
A world of aggression,
A world of hate,
Was the moment we formed our very first opinion.
This world has little regard for us and our slight value in the face of men is taught young.
And now we tell our story.
For as much as we are one, we are also two.

We are the Women Without Wealth.
In our youth we want for a great deal,
Love and stability and money.
And we remain wanting.
Our fathers gift us with harsh punishments that are incomparable to our crimes.
All the while our brothers commit atrocities unknown and are gifted with a squeeze of the shoulder
and a warm smile.
Gifted with love.
Here we realise our only crime is our womanhood.
So we the daughters,
We the sisters,
Learn to be quiet and docile and unquestioning.
Learn that if we are not, the fist will fall.
As it never does our brothers.
As it always does our mothers.

We are the Women With Wealth.
Wanting for nothing, wanting for everything.
The disdain others hold for us is grasped overtime, presented in such a way that for a time, we truly
believe we are loved.
But then,
They leave us, for work or leisure alike.
Wounds of abandonment or otherwise are plastered with glitter and gold, cash and coin.
Wounds of daughters, never sons.
We notice then the abhorrence fathers hold for mothers, we question,

“Mum, do you love Dad?”,
She responds,
“He provides for me.”.
A lesson is learnt in that moment.
Money is paramount.
We have no consequence in this world.

We are the Women of Little Consequence.
We birth households not homes.
Homes are places of comfort and love.
There is no love here.
He is... was our saving grace,
Sweeping us away from the torture of childhood.
Our knight in shining armour.
But knights,
Knights are bred for violence.
The sword falls.
We think it is love, but we do not know what true love is.
We know love that marks.
What are the bruises and cuts and burns if not tokens of his love?
This is how our fathers loved our mothers.
This is all we know.
This is the way of our world.

We are the Women of Consequence.
Our homes are spacious, comfortable. Empty.
It is better this way.
‘Ignorance is bliss’, our favourite phrase.
As the cold claws of isolation circling our hearts are of no concern when money is plentiful.
A facade is built.
Smiles, kind words are rehearsed.
His returns are scripted events.
Possessions, commodities, sentiment, are broken and replaced.
Certain entities stay broken.
We smile true smiles when he departs.

We are the Women Without Grandeur.
We resent this world,
The world we have created for our daughters.
We desire escape and freedom.
But we cannot. We do not have the means to do so.
No funds to implement the escape.
Just as he planned.
We yearn to ask for help.
But we cannot. Whispers will begin.
And whispers want to become shouts.
And if those whispers achieve that,
The necklace he gifts us will be a gorgeous latticework of purple and blue.

Another token of love.
We mourn the fate of our daughters.
Mourning does not dilute the fact that their fate is one of our own doing.
The cycle of violence unchanged,
And to continue.

We are the Women of Grandeur.
The hurts we obtain from this world are unseen by others,
Oftentimes only remembered by ourselves.
Picasso covers the hurts of our homes.
Dior covers the hurts of our bodies.
Cartier covers the hurts of our minds.
But we have the means to cover our hurts, we will not flee from that privilege.
There are images to uphold, children to raise, money to make.
We are provided for.
So we stay.
The cycle of violence unchanged,
And to continue.

We are Women.
Our stories may differ,
However,
The symbols,
The themes,
The endings,
Hold remarkable similarities.
We are trapped in a world of men who view us as less than human.
Our best efforts have not,
And will not,
Break the traditions of abuse that have shrouded our gender since the beginning of time.
For the possibility for us to ever be released from the plagues of violence, we need men to advocate
for us.
Leaving us forever indebted to men.
We will never change the barbarics of the world.
It is the world's way after all.
The cycle of violence is unchanged,
And to continue.