

Powerful Belief

By Robin Lipinski

Hacking the bark, the sharp steel bit deep, cleaving the stem from its stand.
Falling forward, she bent forward, sweeping the wood into her hand.
Male child crying for food, upon her back looking for the front, with his cry she understood.
Suckling from her breast, she wiped her brow, thinking of selling her wood.
At an age of twenty, she was already old and wearing many wrinkles,
It is a hard world for a woman,
She understood.

Sporting her diamonds, fur, and high heels,
This twenty-year old singer left the stands.
Her agent named Tom said, "You can do better," she understood.
Getting mad was not as good as getting paid,
It is a hard world for a woman,
She understood.

Arab princess, wife number one, veiled at age twenty,
Yet still she could see.
Her husband had married, another three.
She lived in her place, submissive to the outside life,
It is a hard world for a woman,
She understood.

So many women, so many worlds, yet still better to be a man.
In whatever culture you choose, man rules yet that is too simple to see.
As what rules man is his lust and what better thing to be controlled by,
But by a girl.

The End