

HASHTAG

I have been silent for too long
My soft tresses pulled taut
in a bun of compliance;
complicit?
My lashes devoid of the black
that might suggest flirtation
or flippancy
A life of not dancing,
not smiling too loudly
of skirts lengthened
of thighs held tight
and heels demure

I have been silent for too long
My voice a soft modulation
in a knot of modesty;
moderated?
My lobes devoid of the glitter
that might suggest flashiness
or frivolity
A life of not laughing widely
or shining brightly
of blouses buttoned tight
of hidden hips
and lips nude.

When I might have raged
or whispered names,
shouted pain, cried oceans,
I slipped beneath the surface
and hugged my silence

I did not give myself
I did not consent
I have been silent for too long
Now my pain is a hashtag
and still, I cannot

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