

My life as a statue

**To be a woman is to be a statue
You must plaster on a smile.
Draw attention to your bronze exterior
To conceal the hollow within.**

Conceal.

**To be a woman is to be a statue
You must be there for the use of others.
A silent pillar of support.
Never let them see you falter.
Conceal, please.**

**To be a woman is to be a statue.
You must be flawless.
Let them carve and hammer into your skin, until the jagged edges disappear
Treasured. But never free.
Conceal, please, perfect.**

**To be a woman is to be a statue.
You must conform.
Blending in is survival,
To stand out is a risk too great.
Conceal, please, perfect, conform.**

**To be a woman is to be a statue.
You must endure.
They don't notice the cracks forming beneath the surface.
They admire your strength,
Conceal, please, perfect, conform, endure.**

**To be a woman is to be a statue.
You CAN dream.
For something different, for a voice.
To please yourself, not please the crowds
And have them understand that even stone can break.
Conceal, please, perfect, conform, endure. But dream.**

My life as...

My Life as a River

I was born in the quiet whisper of rain,
A ripple at first, soft and unsure,
But soon I learned to carve through the earth,
Finding paths where none had been before.
I sing to the pebbles, I dance with the reeds,
My arms wide open, cradling seeds –
Life's tender passengers float on my skin,
A journey of destiny where I begin.
I weave through forests, where dark shadows play,
Reflecting the sun's soft golden ray,
I kiss the roots of old, wise trees,
That bow to the wind and speak in leaves.
In my depths, stories sleep – ancient and bold,
Of mountains eroded and secrets untold.
I carry their weight but never complain,
For I know I will soon meet the ocean again.
There are days when I rage and my banks overflow,
When my spirit is wild, and I cannot slow,
But after the storm, I return to my song,
Whispering softly as I glide along.
In Winter's chill, I shimmer with ice,
In Summer, I laugh under moonlit skies,
But always, always, I move, and I roam –
For a river, like life, is never at home.
So, I run, and I curve, I bend, and I fall,
Embracing the journey, embracing it all.
And though one day I'll vanish in the sea,
The echo of water will still be me.