

**women**

a word

that could shatter

could be hurled as an insult

can be used as praise

but never used the same way twice.

it's like hard candy,

turned over and over in a mouth

until it softens and the meaning is lost.

a person

told to be someone they are not,

shamed for the slightest of things.

they're like a hunk of metal,

poked and prodded

until molded correctly and they're lost.

a song coming from some,

a curse coming from others.

some dance around the word

never wanting to say it,

for fear that it may burn.

some like to play with fire,

relishing the feeling of the word,

when it falls out of their lips.

that is the plight of us,  
who are the word itself.  
the word  
has become a bind of many,  
the joy of few.  
it controls who we are,  
as humans.  
slowly,  
we take it back.  
make it ours again.  
become women again.  
not just a person  
who has a controversial word  
attached to her.

*Lydia Corcoran*