

I AM A WOMEN

By Marla Noss

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I am for many only the other.
I am for many only a supporting role.
I am for many only the weaker one.
I am for many only the hysterical one.
I am for many only an object.
I am for many only a provider.
I am for many only beautiful.
I am for many only thin.
I am for many someones for the "little things".
I'm just a woman to many.

I like to be a woman.
But really only when it's about something where my gender is unimportant.
Because as soon as it says I'm a woman, I'm at a disadvantage.
First the man, then the woman. Never the other way around. Never.
Our society is focused on men and dependent on women in the biological sense.

I like to be a woman.
But I don't like having to worry about everything, as a safeguard, to be sure.
About whether the dress is too short.
About whether I want to be a mother.
About how I'm going to get home so I don't have to go alone.
About whether my cleavage is showing too much.
About whether my dress is too tight.
About whether I behave appropriately.
About not sending the wrong signals.
About whether the man is really nice to me.
About whether someone is following me.
About being able to be me, as a woman, as me.

I like being a woman.
But I don't want to be judged by my gender.
But professionally, this will be the first thing my employer sees, notices, and backs up.
Professionally, I am judged because of and in spite of my gender.
Professionally I will be paid differently because of my gender. Because of my ovaries.
I don't want to be denied any more opportunities just because I have these organs that can produce a child.
I want to be listened to.
I want my opinion to be taken into account.

I like being a woman.
But I am afraid because I am a woman.
Afraid of the dark.
Afraid of parties.
Afraid of failure.
Fear of social pressure.
Fear of being raped.
I don't want to have these fears, but I am a woman.

Every time I go out, I am literally ready to protect my life.
Every time I walk down the street at night, walk through a park, get in a taxi, take a train, go drinking, walk to my car, go on a date, be in the lift with a stranger, or be in any basement ever I think about how to save my life. Every time!
Why because I am a woman, the supporting role, the other, the beautiful, the weaker, the object.

I am a woman.
I would like to be just a woman.
But I am not. I am only a woman.
I am not the same as a man, I am not like him, I am not treated like him, I am not the same.
I am a woman.