FUR
Malala Yousafzai

I am seventy-seven cents to your dollar
and one low cut top away from "asking
for it," because boys will be boys, and I will
be victimized for XX reason(s),
derestimated, underpaid, and overlooked
because anything you can do, I
won't even be allowed to try.

But I guess that's not quite true.
I learn beside you and compete with you
for jobs I won't keep if you decide
you want to start a family. Sex is a five minute
commitment for you, but for me it's nine months
to life behind bars that say, "You can have it all!"
when there's a reason that ceiling is glass, telling us
the lie that if you can't see it, it's not really there-

the same lie that tried to make Malala disappear;
because if a girl is shot on the bus and no one
is around to hear it, does she make a sound?

Yes. Her name meaning "grief stricken" became anthem
for women everywhere and after the bullet was removed
from her brain, she was not afraid to say, "I am Malala,"
not afraid to say "We realize the importance of our voice
when we are silenced."

And I will not be silent, if only through this poem,
because all we have are words and they are powerful,
as are the women of whose mouths that give them life.