

Old Policies

By Stella Crouch

Sensationalism isn't a formula for success
It is an overused device to attract attention
I yearn for escapism
We are loaded with tropes and antiquated traditions
I'm tied to a dated model that faded away long ago
But I suppose that is something you already know
Can I ask questions?
Or is that something society doesn't want me to mention?

I might not be able to solve the world's problems
But why can't I try?
I'm not for sale before you ask
Don't you see this colourful art on my face?
I don't have what you would call "taste"
It doesn't matter what I wear
If I have strong opinions or swear
I know you think my "beauty" is going to waste
But I'd rather wear chains and carry mace
Then be some innocent doll
Waiting to be cat called
Why must I ignore the whistles and yells?
When I'm not suppose to whisper must yet shout
I refuse to be afraid to age, for my hair might fall out
And god forbid my boobs would sag
I should rush into marriage for no one will want me when I'm old
At least that is what women have long been told
I am not allowed to be content on my own
And be free to have consensual sex with whoever I please
To fall in love with another woman
I should be able to live without being told
To cover my shoulders, breast or knees
Ever notice they use the word Virgin before Mary
That's because we value women on their "purity" and their conformity
I am queer and I do not want to be controlled by fear
Being threatened with hell in order to sell ancient systems
designed to propel white, cis, straight, able bodied men forward and closer to "success and
wealth"

Don't clutch my ass
And then say it's alright because you go to mass
Because at the end of the day it just makes you a assaulting creep
And I'm not about to sit here and weep
Cause this hunk of objectified meat can make art like this
With historic minds
Committing beautiful crimes
of passion and protest
We will write our way to autonomy
Dealing with pain through comedy
And leaving behind old policies

