

Disgrace

Headscarves and Hymens I read and the conversation
From two nights ago came strutting back to my feminism
Mona Eltahawy with all of the ancient Goddess she is
Looked at my unplucked eyebrows and smiled
I looked to my hairless arms covered in bumpy red irritations and frowned at the
norm of an ignorant culture embedded into his manhood
"You told me you haven't had sex" and he believed it well enough to keep his tone
unedged
Why do I argue for the woman if I am not her
Why do I stand as part of women, I am them
And they are I
"The woman loses her virginity if she has sex from the front"
Is it okay to rip my ears off at this point?
"When she gets married her donkey of a husband is waiting for her to become his,
only his"
And my so whats and as ifs and my articulated dimming of passion to suppress
anger
Betrayed you all
The thin piece of skin rips and if she is not married her dignity flows out
I ask him if it makes her less of the person she is
And although his reply was no
It made her less than the man who had sex with her
I am wrong and he is wrong
And I convince my self his wrongness is the fault of his society's ignorance
And my wrongness comes from the way I execute my intoleration
He calls to catch electricity attacking his ear drums and I wonder if my raised voice
raises the question of my femininity
Instead silent question marks bounce along the line before he escapes with the
simple tap of the screen
I sit on the edge of the bathtub and continue to epilate my legs
A canvas of loss
I focus on the pain to dull out the inconsistencies in my prerequisites for love

- Minney Richani