

Punkrockdyke

Gina Young

Sometimes when I wake Gina, when I walk down the street, go to work, I can't help but feel that I'm trapped in a collective nightmare. That world where I am no one, worn down to nothing. I can lose myself in a symphony of despair: stares, white noise, white boys, drunk and stumbling.

Because women and girls are harassed, beaten, raped, all over the world. Because we're expected to not just be kind to our oppressors, to love them, and to love our oppression, but we are expected and forced to pretend that sexism is natural and not existing is more than feminism and universalizing.

The whole world wants me dead too, and you. We've nursed each other, tended the rage, joined the spaces between us, interjecting internal dialogues of doubt, despair, I scribble and scream, you sing, try to dream. And here's the thing: George Bush learned one person at a time that people don't matter. That women don't matter. That queers don't matter. That the poor never mattered. That whole countries just don't matter. So when I walk down the street I know what terror really is. How it came to be and how it lives.

Because I believe it is imperative that we as feminists take the time to learn the history of feminism and feminist movements, to study patriarchy as it plays out daily, to look for the ways that sexism has shaped our movements and continues to influence us because I believe that we are asked to be kind, respectful, and loving, generous towards people who are trying to kill us, knife in hand. Because I believe we need to be on guard because of men on the streets and the courts and the media and the television.

My shoulders and soul squared against each man. Every Bush minus the money. Any body who thinks it's funny, sexy, sweet, or fucking friendly to practice or execute his power over people, women, queers, countries, on my body. You see, G, we know that domination can be resisted or assisted by our protest or rage or by a silence we stage. That little bombs drop over Brooklyn and Queens and the Lower East side all the fucking time. That some men hold the point of power with the ability to shower those bigger bombs that fall on some less-powerful man's country. With each hiss, every "hey miss," "come here baby," through tongues, through fingers, through men lingering on women's bodies, too fucking long and all fucking wrong. And I know that I matter. That you matter. That women fucking matter. No matter what anyone else says. Or doesn't say, and hey, I'll never shut up if you never do, too.

you kissed my wrist and my heart just skipped yeah my jaw near dropped you made my nightmares stop now waking up is ok i guess except the whole world still wants me dead how do you do it you spit back every time you make me laugh you make construction men cry you're not afraid of anything you're one badass little punkrockdyke

do you ever stop and think of me i think of you and i write graffiti i think of you when i'm feeling needy when some man harasses me and if you're on the streets that's where i'll be how do you do it you spit back every time you make me laugh you make construction men cry you're not afraid of anything and you're mine how do you do it you spit back every time you get me wet you bleed me dry you're one badass little punkrockdyke if you ever leave i'll be alone i'll want to hide and run but if i could just know that you're ok i'll bet i'll

i won't be scared how do you do it you spit back every time you make me laugh you make construction men cry
you're not afraid of anything and you're mine how do you do it you spit back every time you get me wet you
bleed me fucking dry you're one badass little punkrockdyke

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