

You Don't Know

You don't know, you will never know

What it feels like to walk with hungry eyes on you

Fixing our clothes every few minutes because a little too high or a little too low is inappropriate

Having to look away when nasty comments haunt us

Having to respond in order to be safe walking down the same path the next day

Praying that the dark shadowy figure behind me is just my imagination

When will I be able to walk down the street

Without having to hold my hand in a fist

When will I be able to share my thoughts

Without having to be hushed at the meetings