

Our Kind

By Jemimah Halbert

First times we don't choose to become our kind:
And don't you dare tell me it's all in my mind!
First times other people put words around;
they say 'She do what she wants, she found
some guy and fucked him in an alley out late.'
They say what they like about us, they hate.
Girls 'cos they scared, boys 'cos they can
Boys they just fuck one and then they're a man
Girls they're lied-to, unprepared, hushed.
Doesn't take much to become one of us:
too much skin, too much voice, make too much fuss.
Me, I never even kissed a bloke,
just went out with a guy as sort of a joke
then dumped him fast when he turned out mean
from then I was kicked out of the 'normal' scene
outcasts forever, branded as sluts
the guys don't get this: they don't have the guts.
We're strong, we survive, we'll leave this hellhole
a year more of this and I'll be on a roll
right outta this town, this putrid fishbowl
where some are scared and some are just cruel.
It's not for the weak, is country high school.