The Joy of Dropping Dead Politely

It'll be the best fucking day of your life.
A dress, spotless fucking white.
Your names engraved on the wedding ring,
proof of love that'll last forever.
You've grown up dreaming that little-girl dream.
You don't just forget that.

Those handcuffs round our ring fingers,
those carbon-copy perfect lives,
where the truth goes off to die
under rituals kept alive by that silent pact.

They'd promised us stability.
It was meant to look lovely on our gravestones.

A rude fucking awakening: I'm just "a" submissive woman.
The offspring of a bloodline bred to sacrifice itself.

Our mothers hand us that bitter recipe,
the one they were given, the one they swallowed till they
dropped dead.
And we plaster over the cracks with their regrets,
those wounds handed down as our inheritance,
crowns of neuroses stuck on our heads.

The show must go on.
A slash of blood for lipstick,
dead roses beneath a crystal chandelier,
and that smile, the badge of an era.

Why the fuck keep that fairy tale going?
Once upon a time there was a respectable woman
who earned her right to exist by getting hitched.
Every bloody day she knocked back
those magic happy pills
to put up with a nursery rhyme that was fucked beyond belief.
Because underneath the laughter, she swallowed tears of blood.

I watch them.
They're slowly snuffing it
under the weight of all that mental load.
A life paved with sacrifices nobody sees,
choked by glossy furniture and walls that suffocate.

They told me: "You'll see, you'll change your mind."
But whose life? Change my mind about what?
When my womb isn't crying out for a damn thing,
when that fucking motherhood never once called me,
when your goddamn instinct made me feel guilty.

Why the hell should I pay that debt
with a body that doesn't want to be a mother?

I refused to sign that pact,
to lose myself in their dance of death.
What's the fucking point of owning everything
when every object hides a hole nothing can fill?
In those huge flats where the walls whisper regrets,
every room is a museum of bitterness.

I've watched those women let themselves die,
drug themselves numb just to stay standing,
zombies putting on a convincing act.
The reflection of a reflection,
prisoners of a tradition of the living dead,
passed down from mother to daughter
like that rusty watch nobody wants to chuck out.

I was born where rebellion crosses
promises made of pressure.
Those women who wore themselves to the bone trying to please
you,
having to prove they could be everything all at once,
the ones who end up screaming:
"Look! I'm doing it! I'm fucking Wonder Woman!"
to break free,
right up to dissociation.

Did they fail?
No, they tried to fight back.

But underneath, everything cracks.
Expectations turn love into a contract,
motherhood into a civic duty,
being a woman into a full-time performance.

They judge me.
Say I've made a right fuck-up of my life.
That the clock's ticking.
That I'm out of the game.
That my success comes down to ticking their little boxes.

That success they throw in my face because of what's missing,
because I'm nulliparous,
a NUL-li-par,
fuck me, how ugly it is
being a woman with you lot.

Well, no. It's called determination.
They try to belittle our decisions
instead of trying to understand them.
Even keeping our mouths shut, it seems,
rattles their precious certainties.

So they call our independence a mistake,
call us single, stroppy bitches, crazy old cat ladies,
and all the rest of that crap.
They won't even credit us with a thought of our own,
just to protect their fragile little egos.

Ooh la la.

I am that absence,
the break in their bloodline,
the point where their inheritance snags.

I don't want their concrete tomb stuffed with regrets
or their looks judging me for being alone.
I'm not a blank page for them to scribble their fears on,
or their doubts.
I am your refusal.

I told you no. I don't want kids.
I'm the first generation to have contraception.
I've been paying for that choice for twenty-five years.
Twenty-five years of being fucked about with:
"You've still got time..."
I don't want to breed!
And yeah, I don't regret a fucking thing!

I'm the voice of our foremothers,
the ones who never got that choice.
The voice of our sisters,
the ones you still deny that right,
or make pay for it
with laws, violence and judgement.

You reckon you can make us cave?
Make us bow down to your fears?

Remember where you came from, sweetheart:
you came out of a cunt, and that's where you'll always come
from.

And you'll never have the power to own us
or force us under your control.
Try to grind us down all you like:
our bodies will never be yours.

If tomorrow your daughters, your granddaughters,
your sons, your grandsons,
don't have to justify themselves anymore,
then this fight won't have been for fuck all,
so each and every one can choose their own story.