

I will not be your perfect victim
Who would bury my palms in the hollows of my eyes
And weep for all you've taken from me

I will not be your elegant victim
Who cries pretty tears and preening wails
So that you may ogle me as I mourn

I will not be your model victim
Who, in your mind, represents all of my people
Whose words hold less weight than they deserve

I will not be your dismissed victim
Who you may forget in a weeks' time
When it no longer suits you to care for me

I will not be your cooperative victim
Who fits into a mold of your design
And only acts according to the script you've given me

I will not be your violent victim
Who lashes out, even after the injustice you've served
So that you may film my outburst and twist my purpose

You will not best me
So that I kneel with my forehead kissing the dirt
And beg for my right to exist

You will not conquer me
So that my face is used as the posterchild of a movement
That is meant to demean and diminish me

You will not use me
As a means to an end which benefits no one
Except those who already have everything they could ever want

You will not take me
In the throes of my sorrow
That you so believe I could not fight back

You will not silence me
Or oppress my voice when I speak out
Against those who would sooner see me dead

You will not victimize me
And turn me into something I am not
For all that I am is a person
Who breathes and bleeds and cries the same as yo