

This poem was inspired by a piece of performative art of in which a woman dips her hair in dye and drags her hair along the floor causing the audience to quickly move away. It is supposed to represent the job of being a woman and having to work whilst upholding a beauty standard of the early 1900s. Despite "mopping" the floor, she has in turn pushed away those around her even though she was simply doing her "job". The piece is called "Loving Care" by an artist called Janine Antoni.

Loving Care

She carries out the job in which she did not chose,
As the weight begins to grow and the fire begins to burn,
If a fire were to burn this bright in a man's world, the fire would be heard, seen and felt by all,
She promises herself that she is her own woman, but she finds herself wishing to be more like a man and be more like someone that is never left unheard,
The urge widens and pushes against her weakened walls,
She will speak out yet the expectation to remain quiet squeezes the pulp of her conviction into a shapeless ball.
She will speak out but she feels afraid, and this bitter fear, with ease, engulfs the woman's mind,
She knows she is not alone, yet her oh so obvious cries for help are left unnoticed,
However, this does not demoralize her,
In fact, it plants a seed of determination within this woman's orchard,
This enabling sprout will puncture through the barricade in which forces silence upon her,
She will speak out, and she will speak loudly.
She will speak until there is not a word is left for her to say,
And her mind is left empty and she feels free.

Tilly Coupar