

Feminine Rage II

Why do you oppose yourself to a movement that just wants to change the world to the better? Just because you don't want to lose your privileges? This system built by our male ancestors is harmful for everyone in it and you still keep clinging to it as if you feared when you let go you'd finally have to think for yourself, act for yourself. Or do you just fear that we would treat you like you treated us? Are you scared that we might seek revenge?

That we strip you of your rights, and tell you you should be happy that you are at least alive because we were generous; diminish you to objects, to do with as we like. That we started to build a new system that doesn't even acknowledge you exist. Tell you to cover up, to stop speaking, to endure every violence against you without helping, forcing you to serve us, to crawl before us, to respect us because we deserve your respect.

Because it screams in your blood, your genes know what you did. Your skin still tingles with every soul of every woman you harmed, your cells feel the guilt, but you don't.

80% der Suizide auf der Welt sind Männer.

I'm not angry, though. Angry is too small of a word for the burning frustration in my gut, the tight clenching of my muscles, the flickering flames I feel in my stomach, too small of a word for the rage I feel at the injustice in this world.

Men think they're so angry. But they are not. They're just searching for the false power aggression seems to give them. Because aggression is what they think is movement, change, they think aggression gives them a value, enough value not to hate themselves for doing what they do every day: nothing. They weren't brought up to fight against constrictions, you were educated to follow them, to follow commands. And isn't it so easy, to not oppose yourself. Because for you this system still works. Yes, it's doing you harm too, but it also gives you privileges. And who would give up their own privileges just for someone else. Right?

Wer Benachteiligung nicht kennt, ist sich seiner Vorteile nicht bewusst.

No man will ever understand this unearthly rage I feel inside, when any woman is treated lesser just for being a woman. And men do not own this anger, it's not yours, just as so many other things you claim to own. This anger is ours.

Or is this rage my mother's? Or her mother's? Or hers? Or hers? Or hers?

Is this rage still the same rage every woman of my bloodline felt all these centuries, over and over and over again, inherited, travelled, consistent? Because what else can it be, this rage is too big for one woman alone. And if this rage doesn't suffocate me some day, it will break your system in half.

Und bis dahin werden wir nicht schweigen.

Elena Mairhofer