

She

I'm not looking for a woman,
Or for a subservient being
She does not serve me, but aids me

I'm not looking for fresh flowers in a vase,
Or to adorn her with lashes and fluffy dice
She does not run on glitter, but unleaded.

I'm not looking for The Compact Pussycat of Penelope's dreams,
Or to be covered in a hot pink dress
She's not a beauty, but a machine

I'm not looking for her to hold my lipstick proudly
Or hide a vanity table within her center
She's not got a handbag, but pockets

She is a she as an endearment, they say
A way to talk about her metal body
With full objectification

She is a she so when you kick her
Full of frustration and anger
You don't feel so bad about yourself

She is a she because of her protection
A thousand goddesses in her past made her
But it's still a bit weird, to be honest.