**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.