GOOD MORNING MRS. PRESIDENT

When I was born
I was a girl
My role cut out for me...
To bake the bread
To mop the floor
To bounce on papa’s knee.

My hair I’d curl,
A dress I’d wear,
My shoes were clean and shiny.
A perfect child
I’d always be
As long as I was tidy.

My brother came.
He’d run and play.
The dirt would coat his hands.
My dad would laugh,
My mother sighed,
It’s okay for little men...

To show the world
How strong he was
How powerful and mighty...
When he grows up
And goes to work
He won’t be weak and flighty.

When I was young
My mom would sew,
To me it was real cool.
Then I found out
There’s more to life
Than buttons, threads, and spools.

I’d read my books
And watch TV
My mind would wonder far...
To be on top,
To own the world,
To fill the cookie jar.

My brother grew
His voice went low
His beard began to show
He’d talk of sports

Of boyish things
“Of things a girl don’t know.”

He’d go to school
And brag and boast
Of what he’s going to be.
But all along
He never would
Be half as smart as me.

As I grew up,
I went to school
And learned all that I could.
My dreams were high,
My days were long,
My life was really good.

I watched,
I listened carefully,
I challenged all the rules.
This girl was out
To show the world
“We females are no fools.”

This nature thing
When we are born
That governs our behavior....
How we should act,
What we should do
This gender-bearing savior.

Well, toss it all,
And stand in line
The train has left the station.
This girl has grown,
Her mind is set
On running the whole nation.