immune!
i'm immune
they can bombard me with images
adverts and adjectives
but i'm immune
not affected!
Sexy lady
All the ladies!
size 8
size didn't eat
size 11 and 3 quarters
immaculate women on every corner
photographed
photoshopped
blasting at me from all directions
bam bam bam!
but i don't care
i am not affected!
i m intelligent see
i'm different me

i'm shaving my legs
i'm waxing my ...
(that's hot wax ripping out hair by the root from the skin around my vagina
i'm immune)
i'm epilating
i'm removing my body hair with a laser
that's permanent right?
trimming
nipping
tucking
liposucking
tummy tucking
teeth whitening
streamlining
bleaching dyeing
plucking lying
cutting carving
silhouette enhancing
removing transforming
replacing distorting
face cream eye cream
day cream night cream
ice cream
Definitely not allowed...
Endless improvement!
Who needs to look like shit!
So what's the difference
Between shaving your armpits
And having your nose shaved
Just a little bit?

So don’t you want me baby?
Is my face
My heart
My life
Too hairy?
Do I fit the mould
Cos I think it’s a lie we've been sold
The girls in the magazines
They don’t exist
But the Beauty Queen in my head persists
More tan more tone more tits
Dear God, I pray for world peace and a butt lift
And then –
Then they will love me

Cos my butt lift brings all the boys to the yard
Damn right, its better than yours

I am anti-aging!
And pro-vajazzling!
Vajesus
Lord forgive us
A little retch here, a touch of anorexia there
All those gorgeous ladies without a care
Affected, me??
How could I be
I’m like, so past that?
I’m beyond Beyonce,
More liberated than Miley
The impossible beauty
I’m forcefed daily?
Washes right over me
Mirror mirror on the wall
I can’t see myself at all
Through these endless projections
Of somebody else’s perfection
My bum too big for what
My thighs wider than whose
Those fuckers made me choose
Some made up version of airbrushed beauty
Instead of just letting me be
this
They don’t know the effort it takes
to remain simply this
I’m immune I’m immune I’m immune
I’ll never be the prettiest girl in the room
And may the good lord save her
From our carefully disguised envy
That twists her into the enemy
The circle of shame that seeks out her cellulite
‘She’s very pretty, probably not very bright’
I’ve got the go compare [blues.com](https://outlook.office365.com/owa/redir.aspx?REF=t_gu9BXOJo-Py8mhXsdTkdWicnoLDL-7xa7_mcRy9vB0UePD26jTCAFodHRwOi8vbG0uZmFjZWJvb2suY29tL2wucGhwP3U9aHR0cCUzQSUyRiUyRmJsdWVzLmNvbSUyRiZoPVdBUUdXNWpxZiZzPTE.)
Like there’s not enough radiance to go [around.com](https://outlook.office365.com/owa/redir.aspx?REF=Tkn2-2U5f6q49IEctGxv24Ll5Y3EFvWp97jWpJ9irNt0UePD26jTCAFodHRwOi8vbG0uZmFjZWJvb2suY29tL2wucGhwP3U9aHR0cCUzQSUyRiUyRmFyb3VuZC5jb20lMkYmaD1EQVFFZl9mWVImcz0x)
Like my divine feminine essence is better than your divine feminine essence
And we don’t even know we’re doing it
So maybe its Maybelline
But maybe its bullshit
Just look at what we did to ourselves
Divide and conquer and crucify the goddess

Then sell them pretty till they can barely breathe
Sell them high heels and misery
Life threatening surgery
Bank breaking lingerie
A lifetime of insecurity
Are you beach body ready?
Sell them creams for skin-whitening
Pussy-tightening
Anus lightening
Sell them a never aging face dream
Suck their brains out of their veins cream
Say goodbye to wrinkles
Say hello to neurosis
Let us trample on their intelligence
Let us invent an industry of never good enough
And milk it forever
They’re too powerful when they’ve got their shit together
And together
We’re so powerful

And this body is tired of judging and being judged
This body loves to feel loved
And this body is a magnificent machine
I defend my right to love it with every fibre of my miraculous being
Created in the crucible of alchemical magic
So mundane we don’t even notice
This body makes people, people
Its utterly glorious
And after all the battles we have faced
They dare to reduce us to the inches around our waists
This mouth says fuck you, world
I am perfectly designed
Snowflake unique down to the cellulite on my behind
And a machine gun laugh that lights up a room
This body flows in rhythm with the moon
We are the most beautiful people in the room
born perfect and perfect till i die,
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