

SHE IS.

Ems

She is a daughter.
Obedient, respectful,
and of course, the most important asset
her father owns.

She is a sister.
Fiercely protective and sometimes a
second mother.
Always helping. Always there.

She is a wife.
Completes her tasks with swift efficiency,
doesn't complain,
and even has time to entertain him afterwards.

She is a mother.
Tough love is important,
but she always remembers to kiss them goodnight
and comfort them when life is hard.

Even when she is tired.
Upset.
Lonely.
Angry.
Underappreciated.



But is that her worth?

To exist only in relation to the men in her life?

When her name changed and her title went from Miss to Mrs,
that was exciting, no? A new stage of her life.

But why does her identity rely on if she
wed that man or not?

Would she be *less* in your eyes if she chose differently?

When she dies people will say,
what if that was your wife,
daughter,
sister,
mother?

As if the only way to mourn her is to imagine her as the women
you own.

As if it is only possible to feel sympathy for the women
you own.

Is that all she is to you?

And no more?



Or can you see her in the moments when she is simply *herself*?

Sad smiles, muffled light and a powerful mind.

Suppressed sobs for where she would rather be, not defined by the roles she plays,

or the ones she is *supposed* to.

