

BRONWYN LOVELL

Prayer for the girl who is not a feminist

May you never have cause to become one.
May low-cut blouses invite only sun.

May no-one mistake your figure for your worth,
no fingers force their way up your skirt.

May you never have to guard your glass—
wake up groggy, grow up fast.

May your neighbourhoods all be well lit.
May you never go through with it

just to be polite. May your high heels click
quickly through the car park at night.

May your make-up not thicken to cover
a nasty bruise from a boozy lover.

May your pay cheque never be so low
that you cannot leave when you need to go.

May you fail to find your mother's pain
folded quietly in the linen press

and guess which man you love is to blame.
May you be skipped by statistics.

May your friends escape the cars unscathed
and all your daughters come home safe.