

Le bonheur de crever poliment

It will be the most beautiful day of your life.
An immaculately white dress.
The ring engraved with your names,
proof of eternal love.
You grew up with that little girl's dream.
That, you never forget.

Those handcuffs slipped onto our ring fingers,
those replicas of perfect lives,
where truths slowly die
under rites upheld by this silent pact.

We had been promised stability,
it was meant to adorn our epitaphs.

Brutal awakening: I am just "a" submissive.
Just the offspring of a sacrificial lineage.

Our mothers hand us the bitter recipe,
the one they were given, the one they endured, until it ate them
alive.

And we patch the cracks with their regrets,
those wounds turned into our inheritances,
wearing crowns of neuroses on our heads.

The show must go on.
A line of blood like lipstick,
withered roses beneath a crystal chandelier,
and that smile, a sign of it.

Why must this tale be perpetuated?
Once upon a time, a respectable woman,
who had to earn her right to exist through marriage.
She swallowed, every day,
the magic pills of happiness
to endure a completely fucked-up nursery rhyme.
Beneath her laughter, she swallowed tears of blood.

I watch them,
they slowly fade,
under the weight of that mental load.
A fate paved with invisible concessions,
stifled by the shine of lacquered furniture and walls that
suffocate.

I was told: "You'll see, you'll change your mind."
But whose life? Whose mind?
When my womb asks for nothing,
when this fucking motherhood never called me,
when your damn instinct made me feel guilty.
Why should I pay this debt
with a body that does not want to become a mother?

I refused to sign that pact,
to lose myself in their macabre dance.
For what is the point of possessing everything,
if every object hides a void nothing can fill?
In those grand apartments where the walls whisper regrets,
each room is a museum of bitterness.

I saw these women let themselves die,
numb themselves to stay standing,
zombies keeping up appearances.
The reflection of a reflection,

prisoners of a tradition of the living dead,
passed down from mother to daughter,
like that rusted watch no one wants to let go of.

I was born at the crossroads of revolt,
of promises built on pressure.
Those who wore themselves out trying to please you,
having to prove we can be everything at once,
those who end up yelling:
"Look, I made it, I'm Wonder Woman!"
to free themselves,
until dissociation.
Did they fail?
No, they tried to resist.

But deep down, everything breaks.
Expectations turn love into a contract,
motherhood into a civic duty,
femininity into a full-time performance.

They judge me.
They say I've failed my life.
That the clock is ticking.
That I'm out of the game.
That my success is measured by boxes ticked.

That success thrown back at me as absence,
because I am nulliparous,
a NUL-i-par,
fuck, it's ugly
to be a woman with you.

No that's called determination.
They try to diminish our choices
rather than understand them.
It seems even our silences
unsettle their certainties.

So they label our independence a mistake,
a spinster, a bitch, a crazy cat lady,
and worse still.
They deny us any thought,
to preserve their fragile ego.

Houlala

I am that absence,
the interruption in their lineage,
the breaking point of their legacy.

I do not want their concrete vault of regrets,
nor their judging eyes on my solitude.
I am not that blank page to be filled with their fears,
nor to be filled with their uncertainties.

I am your refusal.
I told you no, I don't want children.
I am from the first generation of contraception.
It's been 25 years I've carried this choice.
25 years they've been fucking bothering me with:
"You still have time..."
I don't want to reproduce!
and yes, I regret nothing!

I am the voice of our ancestors,
those who never had that choice.
the voice of our sisters,
those you still deny this right,
or those you force to pay for it,
through laws, violence, and judgment.

You think you can make us bend?
Make us submit to your fears?

Remember where you come from, darling:
you come from and will always come from a cunt.

And you will never have the power to possess us,
nor to reduce us to your control.
Even as you try to alienate us,
our bodies will never belong to you.

If tomorrow, your daughters, your granddaughters,
your sons, your grandsons,
no longer have to justify themselves,
then this struggle will have meant something,
so that each—she, he—can choose their own story.