

Utérus sous Lexomil

My bourgeoise,
fed on luxury grain.
Each of your gestures is calculated,
paying homage to your rank.

Your beauty is a passport to rise through the ranks.
They call it elegance.

Each of your words is measured,
they call it your place.

In this circle, you don't speak,
you are compliant, you obey.
This silence is an act of survival.
This mask, you learn it early.
Assert yourself?
Yes, but through seduction.

A social status that saves none.
It forces you to accept, to submit.
Locked in a gilded cage, you try to move forward.
They already know your children's names.
Are you surprised?

But you are nothing but a womb for reproduction,
destined to perpetuate a line of degenerates.
You fulfill the role expected of you,
like a bred bitch with a pedigree.

Silent expectations.

Inaccessible standards of beauty.

Does it tighten your throat?

Chest pain,

are you starting to get it?

Are you struggling to breathe?

Is your breath running short?

If it snaps, it's the psych ward or suicide,
your pick, sweetheart.

All empty inside.

Appearances are your armor.

You swallow Lexomil to hold on.

The pills numb that ill eating at you.

They see you, beautiful and powerful,

but behind, who really knows you?

The image is perfect,

jaded face,

calibrated for success!

You fade with every smile you give.

You never show what's behind the scenes.
where frozen faces hide,
pulled tight and stitched back by this toxic virility,
this race for youth that soothes them,
those idiotic smiles to mask our submission.
Used, then dropped without a sound,
accepting humiliations on our bodies,
at the whim of sick men's fantasies,
who, to dominate, subdue us by humiliating us.

Your rank no longer saves you.

You age.

Prisoner of a system that ignores you.

You realize what you've become:

an ephemeral image,

destined to disappear as soon as a new one forms,

swept away as soon as you lose your youth.

A toy molded and thrown away once broken.

You are interchangeable,

the faceless model.

Just a body shaped to please,

with no true identity.

No one gives a shit, it never mattered.

So you get your revenge.

On those who move to build your world,
the ones you call your "girls."
That word you use like you label objects.
Sub-categories created to keep distances.

These women you exploit,
who carry your greatness on their backs,
compensating for your flaws.

Your generosity is nothing but the mirror of your contempt.
You make invisible while pretending to help,
as if your world were a deliverance.
As if success meant imitating you.

In this circle, one does not speak of struggle,
one speaks of race and entrenched privilege,
to maintain one's position:
that of blood and pain,
of bodies that satisfy twisted desires,
and weigh on this world of the silent.

Fifth act, the denouement.

Ready to obey?

A duplex in the 6th,
designer dresses, but never made-to-measure.
The illusion of wealth that frees,
that binds her even tighter.
Condemned to seduce, to submit,
never allowed to exist for herself.

It is nothing but a simulacrum,
a performance repeated into forgetting,
a life sacrificed on the altar of appearances.

Your image reflected what I did not want to be,
a woman shaped by crazies, locked inside her own reflection.
A piece of luxury meat,
for carnivores with failing dentures.

I saw her, that faceless bourgeoisie,
that shadow who thought her "rank" made her special.
Massacring those wrinkles, that lived-in past,
for a neurotic babyface.
Submitting to that diktat,
that transformed her,
into a bitter woman,
destroyed by the obsession to correct aging.
Her wisdom was the price.

I lost you.

We got lost.