

What it's like to be a girl or a boy today?

When I was born, it was all
Pink, blue, dolls, cars, teddies.
Princesses, adventurers, dresses, trousers, candies.
We don't realise we're just kids and life's a game.
Then we grow up, adolescence hits like a train.

Your body changes: hairs, voice, period, boobs.
Girls need to be pretty and vulnerable.
Boys need to be hardy and unbreakable.

The barrier grows between us:
"Hey guys, whose got the biggest?"
"Hey girls, who is the trendiest?"
Comparison! It's starts here and no one's a winner.
There is always prettier, stronger, taller and thinner.

And one day, all this pressure makes me fed up,
And I come to school without make-up
"Oh, you look tired today!"
And one day, I change my way of dressing,
And decide to wear an earring
"Hey, you think he is gay?"
Comparison! Judgement and norms.
Everyone has something to say.

And then first loves come. First break-ups come.
Crying every day, everywhere, supported by everyone.
Crying mildly, in the pantry, hiding my pain from my buddy.
If he wants to cry, nobody can know,
She shows she cares by letting tears flow.

Then you become an adult.
I want a big ring, a big watch, a new dressing, the new Porsche.
He will have power; she will have flowers.
We both study the same sciences but we won't have the same wages.

Since we were young society has put us into boxes
And it follows us through ages.
But what if we break them? And make them fall?
Every man is a woman like the others after all.

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