

# I don't see how it's any of your concern what I wear

I don't see how it's any of your concern what I wear  
And what I adorn my body with.

It is my own and I  
Should be allowed to proudly present myself  
With confidence.

But that has been stripped from so many other girls:  
from magazines and media since the day we were born  
Being told to be this or that to be found attractive

But when they say confidence is beautiful  
They don't mean being confident in your body  
They don't mean we'll respect your body  
They don't mean that they'll respect your mind when you wear a shirt that shows  
a little bit of cleavage  
And they'll forget you have a voice if you wear a skirt that shows a little too much  
of your legs

The problem with having confidence and wearing it around your neck as a new  
silk scarf is that it can become a noose  
Tied tightly in order to slowly strangle you as you try to speak out  
As you try to defend yourself  
As you try to defend others.

But why must we defend ourselves?  
Why must we be so hyper aware of our surroundings and remember not to wear  
those 3 inch heels because you can't run fast enough but you know you can at  
least make it a few blocks in the 1 inch heels because you won't stumble over  
yourself.  
At least not as much.

You remember to wear a belt so it's harder for them to slither inside the quiet  
folds of the fabric  
You remember to not wear your hair in a ponytail because it's easier to be  
grabbed by your own reins but you always keep a hair tie on your wrist in case  
you go somewhere safe and it's humid.

As women, as girls,  
We must protect ourselves everyday.  
Boys like the character Wolverine but never have to imitate him with their car  
keys when they go to their car at night  
Or in the afternoon  
Or in the morning because they're always watching

Someone wants to give into the temptation and illusion that women have been  
painted as for years.

That is why when I saw a girl passed out drunk at a party, I sat by her on the  
couch. I braided her hair to comfort her so nobody else would touch her.  
I wrapped my arms around a girl I never met and talked to her like we were best  
friends, not because I knew her, but because she needed protected and she was  
alone.

Why does it matter what we wear  
When you have no right or admittance to even get to know us if we don't want to  
know you.

Our inner clothing that makes up our personalities and our interests  
Is what you're so afraid to see.

Because if a thing has a soul, personality, interests...

Then it isn't your property.

It is its own.

—*Amber Alexander*