

My Building

By Annabel Fedcesin

My body is my palace, my temple, my choice. I reserve the right to decorate it with art, sculptures and metallic features. It's my decision to open it up to the world, welcome anyone to seek the pleasures and beauty it holds. If I want an assemblage to roam my halls, listening to the silence, only disrupted by the echoing of their steps, or host a 'rager' that shakes the stained-glass panes and beats the boards of the grand organ under the spire, then this is how I will use the space I am given. Of course, most of the time I don't. I usually keep the place spic and span. I have few visitors over and only occasionally turn myself into a living brewery. But that does not mean I am any less a feminist. 'My body, my choice' means just that. It's my choice. I may one day get one or five tattoos. My earrings may multiply from just the two in my lobes to the entirety of pierceable skin. And should a guest leave an unwelcome 'gift' that I have no means of maintaining or cultivating, then I am in the right to deal with it however I see fit. Should anyone attempt to thwart my efforts in living however my body, mind and heart drive me to live, they are threatening to put up large fences around my building. They're asking that no light enter my windows and sending soldiers to ensure that no unapproved features grace me. You cannot banish me from my own land or tell me how I need to run and design my home. On both sides. Just because I dress in my brother and father's hand-me-downs sometimes, does not mean I am less a woman. Just because I do not shave my head and burn my bra, does not mean I am less a feminist. I can dress cottagecore, 50s housewife, or pink, floral and frilly. I am a feminist. I can dress grunge, goth, or all men's clothes, and graphic tees and jeans. I am a feminist. To all the god damn arseholes who tell me to sit like a woman or stop 'manspreading', act ladylike and talk sweetly, you can go to hell. To all the god damn arseholes who tell me to flaunt my 'money-makers', stop talking like a fairy and rebel against the system, you can go to hell too. I own this palace. I've worked this land. I can choose to trim the shrubbery or let it run wild. I can live boisterously or curb my speech habits. I will forever drape my castle in competing cloths. Deck my halls with whatever damn furniture I want.

This is my body. These are my rules. Your words mean nothing if they do not support me.