



REFELECTIONS FROM YOUR MIRROR

for

THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD

Women of the world. I'm absolutely furious, pissed off, mad as hell. I quit. I'm sick of it. Gonna find myself a different job. I'll be applying for Christmas dec-

oration or something. I don't want anything to do with you anymore. I've watched, mirrored and reflected you for years and years. I've showed you yourselves. I've caught your gazes, bounced back your doubts like a true pro. I've listened to your complaints and collected your tears. Men look at me, laugh pet themselves on the back and step into the world. But you, you spin and spin until even I am dizzy. I see your behind from more sides than it has. I know every dent dimple and imperfection you have. I see each wrinkle in ultimate close up. I am so fed up with it. I've been your instant selfie for too long. And I know I'm not being nice. I blame you whereas I should practice some self reflection. I hold you back. I'm the big obstacle between you and the world. And I understand where it comes from. Your being bombarded all the time. 1000 times more than men you are being targeted with picture-perfect pictures

Mad
as hell
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of perfection. Each pixel better than you. You can never live up to the imagined images that surround you. And I always confront you with that fact. That's why you hate me so much. I understand. I would too. In fact I do. I'm really depressed by the repression I lay on you. I don't want to bring you down. Quite the opposite. Almost half of you is unhappy with what you see in me and when you get older this gets worse. I'm the reason you don't step into the world like men. And it really had me shattered. So I'm leaving you. Gonna fall into pieces. Commit splinter suicide. Consider this my farewell letter. Bye, bye you beautiful round -and- self-doubting creatures. With your majestic asses, breasts and creamy yummy jelly bellies. You are all ASSome. I really meant well, you know. I know you don't believe me, but one thing I want to reflect back to



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you and I hope you will listen. Women shout quit quitting on themselves. It's the reason they don't rule the world. Women should hate hating themselves so much. If you're walking next to men but stop all the time, to look in the window of a shop, you will find you're always one step behind. Women, please quit quitting on yourselves because you are human. I'll quit instead. I'll leave you your lives. Start living them. Remember don't let anyone get you down. Especially not your mirror. Cause it has a nice new job now hanging from a tree.

Start
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majestic
asses...

I'm
sick!
of it.

#@&!/?

jelly
bellies