

Not My Responsibility

Billie Eilish

Do you know me?
Really know me?
You have opinions about my opinions
About my music
About my clothes
About my body
Some people hate what I wear
Some people praise it
Some people use it to shame others
Some people use it to shame me
But I feel you watching
Always
And nothing I do goes unseen
So while I feel your stares, your disapproval or your sigh of relief
If I lived by them, I'd never be able to move
Would you like me to be smaller, weaker, softer, taller?
Would you like me to be quiet?
Do my shoulders provoke you? Does my chest?
Am I my stomach? My hips?
The body I was born with
Is it not what you wanted?
If I wear what is comfortable, I am not a woman
If I shed the layers, I'm a slut
Though you've never seen my body, you still judge it
And judge me for it
Why?
We make assumptions about people based on their size
We decide who they are
We decide what they're worth
If I wear more, if I wear less
Who decides what that makes me, what that means?
Is my value based only on your perception?
Or is your opinion of me not my responsibility?