

Is this modern feminism?

I find myself
With a great affection for women
For the tall women slouching in
Corners, for the angry women,
The quiet women, the simmering, boiling,
Unpalatable women,
The unheard and the loud women,
Who are sometimes both at once;
For the women who like dresses
And heels and those who complain
Of blisters, for my five aunts,
Four of whom are single and
The fifth who isn't
But will never marry;
Who worked on farms on the border
Where the Southern sun meets the
Northern wind, who work at accounting
Firms and come home to an empty
Living room and a sleeping dog;
For the shaking women, the hiding women,
The women who cross their legs under their desks
And the ones who stick them out,
For the graying women playing cards and drinking
Cola in the summers, and the sweaty
Women, and the powdered women,
And the mothers and non-mothers
And the meek and the proud women
And the tired women, the bone-tired women
The smart, bright, exhausted women —
I find that I am young, too young
To call myself grown, and
Boys cannot call themselves men
But I have always been a woman.