

## Les Femmes Sauvages- Chromosome XX

Fee fi fo fum  
I smell the ego of a self-assured man  
Be he alive or be he dead  
I'll grind his bones and earn my bread  
Or perhaps I'll take another route  
Twirl my hair and smile and pout  
Can I get you some coffee or tea?  
Latte with a shot of extra giggly?  
Oh no! It seems he's made a company decision  
Putting us all in a jeopardized position  
How do I approach a deputy director,  
brand CEO, Chairman or entitled collector  
To let him know how this mistake of his  
Will cost us a fortune that I'll have to fix  
I'll get creative, perhaps over lunch  
Since I already went through the wife last month  
I'll ply him with awe until my face is blue  
Then slip in the helpless 'What do we do!'  
I could save time and cut him at the knees  
Diabolically make his blood pressure increase  
The endgame is always the good of the realm  
But depends who is telling what to which gender at the helm  
Emotions could get in the way of reason  
And I could be accused of hormonal treason

Maybe I'll strategically defer to another  
Someone more compromised by the blunder  
Who happens to share the same egotistical girth  
Another size 42 upwards with a higher net worth  
Whatever the strategy or meticulous approach  
I adjust so as not to come off as an encroach  
I do this so I can get hard jobs done  
I do this so I can outsmart and outrun  
I do this so that I can't be labeled  
I do this to render stereotyping disabled  
The role of the leader that wields a Birkin,  
Is a whole other type of diplomatic burden  
Be it quelling the need to rip someone to shreds  
Using cotton instead to sever off their heads  
I do what I do and achieve what I can  
As persona non grata in the land of Man