I Am Not Gold

The world in which I live is cold;
No one sees eye to eye.
People dwell on wealth and fame
From birth, until they die.
Entertainment reigns supreme
In their self-centered minds:
Crowded in bustling arenas,
Cheering as the hunters’ fight.
Now it seems that I’ve become
An act for their bloody shows.
They’ve made me a gladiator,
Betting on my every blow.
I have won countless battles;
Their bloodthirst I can’t satisfy.
I am forced to compete
Under their malicious cries.
My room is full of trophies,
Now they see me as such.
What am I, if not a weapon?
Their answer is “Not much.”
But look at me, spectators!
See the girl who stands before!
I am not made of mineral,
Mere gold and iron ore!
My eyes are not hard chucks of coal:
Take my hand into your hold!
My blood is coursing, wet and red;
Feel my warmth, my skin’s not cold!
See me! Hear my beating heart;
Treat me as a breathing girl!
I’m no different from yourselves;
Stop offering me the world!
I have a dream I wish to pursue;
A woman’s fancies I entertain.
My destiny is not a single throne
Where, alone I’m forced to reign.
I am pouring out my very heart;
Please try to see it my way.
If you are to understand me,
Things cannot stay this way.
But the more I show humanity,
The more you make a god of me.
I don’t wish to be a dusty name
In your lonely halls of fame.
Perish the thought, for as I live,
I’ll prove to all, young and old:
I am a normal human girl,
Not a champion of gold.