

## 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.