

Dear feminine product companies:
do us all a favor and stop investing in commercials starring: Golden girls doing yoga!
It's going to take battlefields of blood for me to arm myself with your tampons.
No more flowers, blue silk, or music that really belongs in Barbie commercials.
Give me Walking Dead level screams of terror. I want the real.
Stop hyping up how thin and discreet your period products are,
when the packaging has a Jurassic Park in every crinkle.
I want a company that knows
it is every girl's dream to be: a female panda.
The only animal that ovulates for one week, once a year.
Quit acting like you don't have the money
to make this happen.
Give me less ways to offend a classroom when I ask to use the bathroom
while pulling out a magic wand of cotton.
And more ways to apologize for that thing that will happen
to every person with a vagina.
When the boy in my class asks how to get a period
I tell him it's simple: wear your nicest,
fanciest underwear and wait for karma to do the rest.

Dear feminine product companies:
There is a woman at the Food Pantry
I volunteer for with 5 daughters.
I have been sneaking extra tampons into her cart faster than a retreating switchblade.
My manager scolds me and forgets that he has daughters too.
The cost of existing while female
never cared about her income.
Take my money and make use out of it.
Fund the research that will turn them into pandas,
that kind of woman for only one week out of a year.

Dear feminine product companies:
my mom and I talk trash about you weekly.
This should terrify you.
She knows everything you've done and has kept a list.
You monetize my body without remorse.
Make hypocrites of yourselves and say it is empathy.
I'm done paying extra for my razor, my underwear,
my lotion, shampoo, conditioner, your paycheck.
You think reparations come in the color pink, and the scent of exotic fruit.
Like your body odor doesn't need just as much help as mine.

You tax me for my tampons but not for your condoms,
and don't they end up in the same body part anyway?
Doesn't that body part belong only to me?
You call my body a business plan. Make a trajectory of nature
and all the ways you can manipulate it,
as if women didn't give birth to you.
As if your daughters don't bleed too.

"All Girls Want To Be Pandas" by Corina Robinson – Oak Park and River Forest High School, Oak Park