

# Roots of Feminism

Bob Perkins

She is walking home in summer sun.  
Four roofers are ahead, above. Young men,  
they glance among themselves while watching her.  
She's tall, tan, athletic. She looks elsewhere.  
They hammer on, but after every nail  
they track her long legs, strong stride, ponytail.

The tattooed man whistles. She walks on by.  
The sweating, shirtless blond one thinks he'll try --  
"Hey, girl!" he calls. She stops and turns to him.  
He sees hot chicks dancing, a Bud Light dream,  
and then she speaks, not sexual but bold:  
"Jesus, you guys. I am twelve years old."