

Shopping Superhero

I'd not been in a toy shop
Since being a child myself.
My niece's full potential
Was laid out on a shelf.

A shelf that was situated beneath a large banner reading 'Girls Toys' (sic).

The astronauts and pilots
Were in another section.
Shopping carts and kitchen kits
Were aimed in my direction.

As well as some dolls with unrealistic body types.

I grabbed a box of pink things;
A Girl's First Cleaning Set.
This sad gift of oppression
Was one she'd never get.

Ironically, for a cleaning set, I felt quite dirty when paying for it.

I cut up the frilly apron
And fashioned myself a mask.
To avenge the sexist fat cats
Was my unenviable task.

My superhero name was Equality Woman. Not the catchiest, I'll grant you.

I strode up to the office;
A dustpan in my hand.
The chef's knife in the other,
Would help them understand.

Not in a violent way; it was pink and plastic; from a Girls' Cooking Kit. I didn't think the feather duster from the cleaning set would have the same level of impact.

I zapped them with my logic
And bashed them with persuasion.
They cowered and admitted
They were wrong on this occasion.

I got them to sign a commitment to only produce gender neutral toys. Hoorah!

So if you're feeling anguished;
Bile rising in your bosom.
Take matters in your own hands
And become Equality Woman.

Oh and I bought my niece a big ride-on tow truck for her birthday. She loved it.