

Brandubh's Poem



by Armando Simón

"I can only say that I've thought about it deeply and hard and long. And I've listened, I promise, to the other side. And I believe, absolutely, that there is something dangerous about this [transgender] movement, and it must be challenged."

—J. K. Rowling

A 14 y/o Irish girl's poem has spread like wildfire across both sides of the Atlantic. It is an angry cry of defiance against the liberals who are dehumanizing women, erasing their identity along with the word "[woman](#)," instead referring to them as "individuals with a cervix" or "birthing [person](#)," "[menstruators](#)" or "chest feeders."

It is also a reality check hurled against the male [perverts](#) who insist that by putting on a dress *they and only they*

should be called women, that we should all go along with their fantasy, and that it is perfectly fine for these perverts to walk away with awards, jobs, endorsements, scholarships and fame that should rightfully belong to real women.

All the while the—supposed pro-women—[feminists](#) have been silent, inactive, hiding under the rocks, whereas in the past they have been shrill, obnoxious and confrontational, thereby indirectly revealing that their ultimate, true, goal had nothing to do with helping women, that that mission was just the façade.

The girl's real name is unknown. She goes by Brandubh because—just like in Canada and in America—leftist teachers and brainwashed students have [harassed](#) her for not submitting, not conforming, and swallowing their anti-woman, anti-science, claptrap. She delivered her poem at a rally.

That [poem](#) has struck a [chord](#) with women everywhere—real women. Not transgenders. And certainly not feminists.

This, then, is Brandubh's poem:

I Am Not a Dress:

We are women, we are warriors of steel,

Woman is something no man will ever feel,

Woman is not a skill that any man can hone,

Woman is our word, and it is ours alone.

I am not a dress to be worn on a whim,

A man in a dress is nonetheless a him,

Women are not simply what we wear,

If this offends you, I do not care,
I am not an idea in any man's mind,
And my purpose in life is not to be kind,
So when my rights are trampled every day of the week,
I will not stand by being docile and meek,
I am not defined by sexists eyes,
There is more to a woman than that shallow guise,
That guise of dresses, bikinis, and skirts,
Those clothes are not what womanhood is worth,
I am not a bitch, a terf, a whore, a slag,
Hysterical, a witch, a slut, a hag.
No, I am a woman, I'm a female,
Who will not her rights be put up for sale,
I am not defined by what men are not,
So to Hell with cis misogynistic rot.
I am a woman, I'm not a subset of my sex,
If this makes me a dinosaur, so be it, I'm a t-rex.
I am not a bleeder, nor a menstruator,
A womb carrier or a uterus haver.
Those words and phrases are such a sham.
Just call me woman, it is who I am.
We are women, we are warriors of steel.

Woman is something no man will ever feel.

Woman is not a skill that any man can hone

Woman is our word, and it is ours alone.

Show this poem to everyone you know. Make copies. Pass them out. In schools, tape them to doors, bulletin boards, tables.

Fight back.

Armando Simon is a retired psychologist, author of [*This That and The Other*](#).