

With all due respect to the author and promoters of the poem "For Strong Women" and those who promulgate the understandings contained within, I submit the truth, as far as I understand it, of a REALLY Strong Woman.

### **A REALLY STRONG WOMAN --by Kimberly Wallis**

A REALLY strong woman is a woman who is at peace, fearing nothing.

A REALLY strong woman radiates out the pure JOY of her soul, whether it be through song, through her wise yet gentle words and actions, or simply through a peaceful smile.

A REALLY strong woman carries the load of light which is a light load because she is yoked to her true nature and no longer feels the burden that previously weighed her down of being a struggling part of humanity.

With her eyes no longer "blinded" by the false-pictures of victimhood and fear, the REALLY strong woman's eyes are soft with compassion and shed only tears of joy and love. She looks at the fears and struggles of others with realization of the wisdom that they, themselves, can gain from their temporary experiences with perceived bondage.

Having found her unique place by giving credence to the passionate kindness within her own heart, a REALLY strong woman is at peace wherever she may be; whether among the masses struggling to find their own place or in quiet solitude, she is led as a young child from experience to experience.

A REALLY strong woman has quelled and deleted any and all previous voices in her head that had been programmed in from other "task-masters" and hears only the constant hum of the vital life energy that she is radiating out.

A REALLY strong woman has found the strength of the light previously inactivated and lying dormant within her that can literally move mountains, provide sustenance or allow her to walk on water as needed to follow her passionate inner guidance.

A REALLY strong woman has found forgiveness for all prior scars and, having learned the lessons in judgment, has thus healed and transformed her body into its true God self.

A REALLY strong woman craves nothing. Having realized that she was created as the lilies of the field and the birds of the air, needing nothing, she realizes that she always has provided for her "sufficient for her needs." Living in this manner, the REALLY strong woman holds the "reins" on the lusts of the flesh and wisely guides the physical body as a loving master for its dedicated servant.

A REALLY strong woman no longer needs love, appreciation, acceptance. Just as she no longer has physical needs that must be supplied from withOUT, a REALLY strong woman is able to generate from within all the love, acceptance and appreciation for herself, no longer relying on anything or any one from without to validate or sustain her.

A REALLY strong woman has realized that no one else can "make" her strong. She has quit striving for any "thing" or any "one" and has found her power from within her own soul.

A REALLY strong woman has found that she was formerly merely relying on the perceived strength of the male prototype and that, indeed, it was only a counterfeit strength for womankind. A REALLY strong woman has found the wise compassion of her true nature from deep within. This inner power has, indeed, transformed her very physical body, giving her true health, strength, longevity, power, knowledge and understanding—WISDOM—having risen above what may seem as insurmountable obstacles to others who rely upon the strength of a man.

A REALLY strong woman may, indeed, appear weak, soft, even crazy to others as they, without understanding, struggle through the quagmire of the madness they perpetuate.

Each REALLY strong woman radiates forth this inner divine quality, manifesting her true nature and enabling all those who share her circle to feel of her REAL strength, grasp a new, clearer vision and fervent hope of who THEY, themselves, REALLY, truly ARE:

The great "I AM."

For Strong Women  
by Marge Piercy

A strong woman is a woman who is straining  
A strong woman is a woman standing on tiptoe and lifting a barbell while trying to sing "Boris Godunov;"

A strong woman is a woman at work cleaning out the cesspool of the ages, and while she shovels, she talks about how she doesn't mind crying, it opens the ducts of the eyes, and throwing up develops the stomach muscles, and she goes on shoveling with tears in her nose.

A strong woman is a woman in whose head a voice is repeating, I told you so, ugly, bad girl, bitch, nag, shrill, witch, ballbuster, nobody will ever love you back, why aren't you feminine, why aren't you soft, why aren't you quiet, why aren't you dead?

A strong woman is a woman determined to do something others are determined not to be done. She is pushing up on the bottom of a lead coffin lid. She is trying to raise a manhole cover with her head, she is trying to butt her way through a steel wall. Her head hurts. People waiting for the hole to be made say, hurry, you're so strong.

A strong woman is a woman bleeding inside. A strong woman is a woman making herself strong every morning while her teeth loosen and her back throbs. Every baby, a tooth, midwives used to say, and now every battle a scar.

A strong woman is a mass of scar tissue that aches when it rains and wounds that bleed when you bump them and memories that get up in the night and pace in boots to and fro. A strong woman is a woman who craves love like oxygen or she turns blue choking.

A strong woman is a woman who loves strongly and weeps strongly and is strongly terrified and has strong needs.

A strong woman is strong in words, in action, in connection, in feeling; she is not strong as a stone but as a wolf suckling her young. Strength is not in her, but she enacts it as the wind fills a sail. What comforts her is others loving her equally for the strength and for the weakness from which it issues, lightning from a cloud.

Lightning stuns. In rain, the clouds disperse. Only water of connection remains, flowing through us. Strong is what we make each other. Until we are all strong together, a strong woman is a woman strongly afraid.