

## Wonder Woman Questions her Status as a '70s Symbol of Female Empowerment

All my villains like to tie me up. They lick  
their lips and salivate: my body a shining slice  
of cherry cheesecake, my breasts twin spaniels  
off the leash, the bouncy castle of my thighs.

Despite my strength and speed and near  
invulnerability to pain, there's nothing new:  
the unpaid labour, crazy hours, saving the world  
from *boys will be boys*, one sleazebag at a time.

They dress me up as July the fourth: spangled hotpants,  
red-heeled boots, my cape a parody of stars n' stripes.  
This bustier? Puh-leeze! Eagle wings unfurl feathers  
like fingers, grappling each scarlet, silken boob.

Spiderman and Superman get megabucks for half  
the degradation I endure. No rule to *smile* for them,  
no imperatives for warmth, no spinning themselves  
on the tanning bed, kebab meat on a spike.

I was given my script from birth, rehearsed  
for the role from *It's a girl!*, to preach our  
need for female solidarity while whirling my tits  
around like mushroom vol-au-vents on a tray.

Fuck that. I want to take up room. I want to spread  
my legs on the subway, hurl my voice, to scowl  
whenever the hell I please. It comes to this:  
I want to meet the eye of any man and feel no fear.

Get me scotch on the rocks, my coffee hot, get me  
the largest slice of key lime god-damn pie you've got.  
Go, apprehend your creeps. I want my sweetbreads  
skinned and a big white bed that's empty save for me.