

## **Am I just a cook to you?**

**I wake up early each morning to start my day  
Everything executed with the utmost detail  
Always busy with pork, tomatoes, and sometimes kale  
Yet they always say “ My compliments to the chef”  
Tell me, am I just a cook to you?**

**I am a woman and my apron is my cape  
Putting aside my feminism to be in the kitchen  
Stomaching catcalls while I make the chicken  
Yet my dough bag at month-end weighs much less  
Tell me, am I just a cook to you?**

**I went to school and learned recipes to perfect my craft  
I dream of becoming a chef to cook in the big leagues  
Impossible to accomplish when you crush my intrigue  
Why am I becoming a carbon copy of you, wasting my creativity?  
Tell me, am I just a cook to you?**

**No longer will I be the puppet who follows your exact commands  
You know my potential but use your power to keep me under  
Helping yourself rather than helping us all to prosper  
You fear for the future emerging, one without the meritocracy  
Now tell me, am I still just a cook to you?**

**I am a hard worker who deserves much more recognition  
I am a sister, mother, friend worthy of equal treatment and pay  
I am a graduate student with ambitions to succeed in the culinary world today  
I am more than just a cook to you.**

**Roy Ndebvudzemene**