

## WOMEN HOMELESS BORN

**Dr. Pankaj Sharma**

Assistant Professor

Deptt. of English

R.S.M. (P.G.) College

Dhampur (Bijnor)

Her parents cajole her  
Your home will be the abode of 'whose vermilion you wear'  
Whose children you, bear,  
Whose sir name you'll endear,  
And constantly nudge her into belief  
Your home will be, where the palquin bearers carry you  
Like a queen there, shall you rule over hearth and hay  
and live your days in merry, without dismay  
So she lives and waits,  
waits and lives —  
flits with the butterflies  
Sings with the Papeha  
and dances with the rays that spread out in the courtyard  
No insult hurts her  
no deprivations cause her pain,  
for she lives and waits  
for her Lord on the steed  
and the royal palquin bearers —  
Then the great day arrives  
She is bejewelled and aflame  
all 'vermilioned' by her love —  
She alights the palquin

a heap of flowers,  
and carefully treads each step in the heavenly bower  
The night that deflowers her  
tells of harsh realities.  
Her home, her abode surely this is not to be—  
She is hounded night and a day for her inadequacies,  
cursed for the gold she has not brought enough  
and be put to flame if it doesn't follow yet,  
She fears her life-what to talk a home  
and she stands before the Lord-Homeless let her be—  
and she pays and she prays  
'let me live, let me live'  
though homeless be.