

(CON)FUSED TENDER GENDER

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RAMANATHAPURAM

Born between the two,
The neuter gender,
That sprouted in the nude
Ignored by my own race and mind
In search of a cynical life
Reluctant to die

Insulted by the filthy words
Scapegoat for several faults
Many of the wounds that crossed
Tolerant by the insolated hurts
Forget our real uniqueness
The names of the titles are sizzling

That tender gender personality
Detested by neighbors, relatives, and parents
Carrying traces of shames
Shame on the World of wounds
Painting to correct the traces of same shame,
Like snail hide under the shell

Irremovable mask we wear

Though we unwelcomed by the society and own family
We never ever harms others like an innocent deer
Mask we wear that may threatened the surroundings
We cowardly cover our faces with color
Through that we hide our secret pains under the powdered faces

As a human beings,
We longing recognition and love from the society
Not their belongings and silly sympathies
We fused strongly together both masculine and feminine
So don't worshipping as a God like creature
Treated us to be a one of the God's creature.