

An International Refereed English e-Journal

Impact Factor: 2.24 (IIJIF)

## Right to Purdah

**Rumana Sehar**

MA English  
University of Delhi

Because I'm in Purdah,  
and not in prison.  
It's neither patriotism,  
nor treason.

I chose my identity,  
I chose to embrace.  
Not being a part  
of the groovy race.  
I see the same world,  
without any tint.  
Playing all the games,  
without any hint.

Because I am in Purdah  
and not in prison.  
I form my vision,  
and explore the region.  
Directing my ways,  
Taking decision.

And yet, am I different?  
And yet, am I ugly?  
Coz you can't penetrate  
the hidden beauty?

O yes! You go! Mend your words.  
It's not the suffocation, that I bear  
But your despondent lust to seek & tear,  
the treasure that's not meek but rare.

Because I'm in Purdah,  
And I will remain in it.  
Bearing the cold, also the heat.  
Backing courage, without retreat.

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You're not the authority  
to guide me right.  
It's my battle,  
and I know how to fight.

### **Sanity at rest**

To that insane me, I often talk.  
Ridicule myself, sitting in the park.  
Why do I take promises?  
Why do I trust faces?  
Why do I believe again?  
Why does it all go in vain?

To that insane me, I often talk.

When people move on,  
promises remain unfulfilled.  
When the pictures are torn,  
the memories get killed.

They say "It is never too late to mend"  
But life is a course that doesn't bend.

I recall my old self,  
that now cries for help.  
Without uttering a word,  
it wishes to get cured.  
It is only in the womb, that I can rest.  
Be my mother, be my nest.