

## **A strong silent struggle**

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She is dead  
The little girl  
The cheerful neighbour  
Her smile haunts the street  
Every mind shivers  
What a cruel death?  
A beautiful rose she was  
Crushed and torn  
To be,  
Planted on earth's bosom  
Just three years, she lived  
Tiny eyes just bloomed  
So many roses have lost life  
To a cruel demon rape and sexual abuse  
Even the word scares a girl  
Not ending here  
It may go further  
Posting photoshopped or obscene pictures  
Threatening and blackmailing her  
She is scared of men  
Save the girl child, you say  
A girl needs education, you say  
Let she be independent, you say  
A job, her own vehicle, lot more freedom.  
A working independent modern woman, you awe  
And then the same tongue twists...  
Dress modestly, you say

Don't go out at night, you say  
She wasn't morally good, you say  
Learn martial arts, you say  
Be careful, you say  
So many said, so many heard  
Why not say,  
Don't hurt another person  
Don't attack her weakness  
Don't misuse another person for your selfish desire  
Oh men and women,  
Why not be her protective shield?  
What's it you get in crushing a rose?  
In breaking her trust on you  
In attacking her in a cowardly manner.  
To the brave women who have overcome all hurdles  
And still, stands tall giving a blow on society's face.  
To the women who couldn't stand the struggle  
And has laid their life leaving us guilty  
And to the women who are walking on  
Fearing what will come next  
I salute you all and wish you the best.  
May God be with you.

### **Antique Showpiece**

Jealous incense, lit by unknown, burns  
A decade back he was a rockstar  
When his lips whistle, it echoes loudly  
Men and woman run to him  
He says good and bad  
He expresses love and anger  
Today, in his old age, he is a mere waste  
An antique showpiece  
Still he tries to whistle  
His voice unheard amidst mobile ringtones

Stubborn and immobile he is  
He still rests on the teapoy  
With angry tears, scolding his colleague.  
Sipping hot tea, I relax  
Giving ears to my old telephone.  
The radio too wants to talk to me.  
Scared of these dead devices,  
I dump my head inside a old book.  
From it springs angels and fantasies.  
The yellow paper still paints new pictures.  
In it even the dead devices spring to life.  
The old book- now the best antique showpiece!

### **God and Me**

Abducting us one day, from our realm  
Destroying our memory, gifting life's helm  
He put us in our mothers womb  
Maybe He saved us from a old tomb  
He planted us fresh with no baggage  
A fresh green veggie, in the garden of cabbage  
My gratitude for the well formed limbs He gave  
The senses, the brain, flesh and the skin- I rave,  
Every thing He gifted me. Out of nothing He made me.  
I am thankful, as a reasoning human, He created me  
Remembering He who loves me every second-the omnipresent  
I put down these words in gratitude and love, by His feet  
Oh my best friend, best love and best mentor  
You are the one who is behind the life I live