

## **Voices; Loud**

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First Voice:

“Before I get into introducing myself to you, I would like to ask you a few questions.”

“You are not bound to answer me though.”

“Yes you might not speak in words but I am sure your expressions will speak a lot.”

“Before I start: one thing which will help you to at least react to my questions is the not so important information about me.”

**“I carry a double X in my DNA.”**

“I think that is not just a piece of information.”

“That tells everything about me.”

“My first question is...”

“Why are you eager to know my age after knowing my sex and not me?”

“Can my age speak everything about me, about my thoughts, my wishes, my desires, my dreams, my aspirations ...everything?”

**“I am an adult”**

“Moving on.....”

“The...The second question is...”

“Why do you want to know whether I am married or single and not wanting to know about my achievements, my challenges and my goals?”

“It’s okay...you can hide your words but not your expressions.”

“And my third question...isssssssss...why do you want to know about my sex life?”

**“Can sexuality define a soul?”**

“I know the next thing lingering in your brain is my fertility.”

“Why...Why being fertile is so important to define me.”

“To tell you the truth whosoever you are reading this...I am a girl as my identity is revealed by my sex and I won’t let you know my name.”

**“My name makes no difference to my identity.”**

“I am in my late thirties...means you can count 37, 38, 39.”

“I know all the numbers sound equal to you and now the expression on your face says, it is biologically a threat to me as I am single and have not given birth to a baby yet.”

“You mean to say I am incomplete, unlucky, abandoned, something is wrong with me...**but listen!!!**”

“I... I conceived dreams, aspirations, and desires and have given birth to all of these...does not that qualify to call me fertile.”

“I don’t have a barren womb. Though I would love to have a baby in my arms but please don’t qualify me as **nothing**.”

“Every woman is born to be a mother, a mother of goodness, a mother of compassion, a mother of togetherness, a mother of growth, a mother of life and a mother of a baby.”

“I am one of those... **I am a mother**.”

Second Voice:

“That little dizygotic cell pounding in my womb cannot be just an XX or XY or any other combination of just two letters.”

“It’s got to do more than this.”

“It has a heart, a soul, a mind, a life. And as I crave to add it into plurals: it has tears, failures, condemnations, disappointments, losses and many more”.

“What if that dizygotic cell never grows in me?”

“I am still a women...**COMPLETE**.”

“What if it has any other combination of letters in my DNA....it is still a life to be cherished.”

“The womb in me cries to tell the world out loud.....I am a complete woman, be married or not; be a mother or not I am **COMPLETE**.”

“**Sexuality does not define a life**.”

“We are surrounded with analogy of sexuality today.....aren’t we?”

“We see it, we hear it and we live it”.

“Our destinies are decided by our sex. Our clothing is decided by our sex, our looks are decided by our sex.”

“Where am “**I**” and where “**YOU**” are in this wilderness?”

“It is just about an XX or XY or any other combination of the two letters”.

Third Voice:

“Since the day I was born I always liked doing everything my sister loved.”

“I adored her dresses, her accessories and in fact tried it many a times. It was an amazing feeling to have my sister’s stuff on my body.”

“But something was wrong, said my mother always.”

“**Something was wrong in my body.**”

“I started hating it the more I heard the wrong word.”

“Eventually I started comparing my wrong with what was right in others’ bodies.”

“And the battle started quite early.”

“It is not easy to hate yourself...it takes a lot of effort and a huge contribution from the society.”

“The people you are surrounded by contribute a lot in your self-hatred process.”

“My so called immoral sexuality became the only thing that defined me; it was my identity, my being, my worth and my destiny.”

“The world just wanted to know which category I belonged to.”

**“You need to be placed in a category to survive in this world.”**

“And unfortunately I was still drifting.”

“...and I’m drifting till date, to accept; to speak out; to relate; and to live.”

“This ambiguity of mine is shame to many who know me.”

**“Because I was not what I looked and what I looked I never was.”**