

Mother- On Sale

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Yes, Yes I am a mother,
I am a mother- on sale,
It's true, true not a tale.
I have sold my gems and booty;
my pots, my clothes, my body.
I have sold everything_
my tears, sighs, cries;
no, never, never, motherhood.
I am a mother still ,with _
sold belongings, sold body.
I hold placards, unfurl rate;
I nurse my child, am a mother,
Its cute smile_ ignorant of fate.
I care not for scratch of nails;
I care not for bites of males;
I care not for bargain of fare;
I care not for lust of share.
I am a mother, only a mother.
I have sold all, but not a mother.
I am still, a mother; a yazidi mother.
I am pillaged, plundered, pierced;
I am ravished, ravaged, raped.
but I am a mother_ yes, to my child.
It attends to my wounds
with soft, supple palms,
Thunder of minds it calms;
I am dead, bleached, but bold,
warm in breath, in response cold;
I am nothing, but a mother,
I am Yazidi, but a mother.