

A WOMAN'S VOICE

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I'm caged,
I'm silenced,
I'm forced to be mute,
And keep all feelings thrust inside.

I'm wrapped,
I'm bound,
I'm unable to move,
My limbs for freedom.

I'm entombed,
I'm fettered,
I'm unable to shout,
My mouth is gagged and stuffed with clothes insignificant.

I stretch my arms,
Seeking for the vast canopy,
To fly in the open sky,
And see the broad daylight.

I shove myself up,
I moan ... I whisper,
The mumbling cracks within,
Re-articulating the urges within me.

Gradually, my silence breaks,
My pain becomes my language,
I garnish it with vocabularies of empowerment,
And display them on the wall of silence.

I think I've found my speech,
I try hearing my own voice,
I'm surprised at it and wonder,
Is it mine?
For decades, I've remained a curse,

I'm rebuked for being recalcitrant.
I'm asked to stand by
To take orders and satisfy all.

Because...
I'm a woman,
I'm no man,
I've been sent to the earth,
To give labour and receive abuse.

Now...
I shall rise from the dust,
Raise my voice,
Scream and shout out,
For freedom and justice.

I'm powered...
I feel my trembling voice,
Aching for stability and firmness,
To combat the weakness within me.

I push myself up,
With immense strength,
Stretching out my feeble arms,
To destroy the meekness inhumed in me.

I'm a woman,
A different one—
Not frail, not brittle,
I've learned to resist.

Resistance my weapon,
It's my language,
It's my voice,
It's my strength,
That makes me a woman.

A woman of all times,
To twist and mangle those who disempower me.
A woman of all seasons,
To raise and brave the storm.

This is a woman's voice,
The angel's voice of love and compassion.
This is a woman's voice,
The dynamic voice seeking for rejuvenation and justice.