

Silence

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Silence forever without the mark of existence
in the Hustle bustle- others talk,
She listens but not to respond
Though encompassed with an insignificant voice
She is Important for ALL domestic chores
Struggling, perplexing in understanding his love or lust
voice is dim - not only hers but her daughters' too
Urban or rural her place is reserved the status quo.'
Unanswering her dreams as murmurs, though they are concealed
Her hope is effervescence - with the arrival of a savior-the hope.
Not ready to beg for happiness as she is her own hindrance
The unfulfilled dreams will burn the fire in her but not to live in despondency.
The winner and loser as the same coin, she creates her own destiny with a hope of tomorrow
Tomorrow may come to make her breathe with confidence
This is a power of every woman to achieve in silence not for oneself but for ot**HERs**.

Teacher or Torture

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Teacher becomes a torture
When she steps down from her stature
She is of all ages
Many a time, she forgoes many badges
Wife, daughter, sister and friend to become an 'acceptable' teacher,
Unacknowledged – but creates Sanguine steps for students' future.
Miscreants zero power her with memes and trolls
Unheeding She scrolls.
Determined to impart knowledge
To translate her act as students' life-achieved mileage
Teachers do not have gender as parents; salute them for our children's future,
In their hands they equally nurture to understand that teacher never becomes torture.