

## Tears of a Woman

Dr. Sharmila Bhattacharjee,  
Lecturer  
Mazoon College, Sultanate of Oman

The soft innocent rose bud,  
radiant but ravished thus.  
Born and bred with such love,  
now bleeding and screaming thus.

So what does the world do?  
Turn away? Ignore? Insult?  
Like a melting candle, course  
tears down the woman's cheeks.

The veil gossamer and delicate,  
shredded with such disdain.  
The honour so fragile,  
violated with utter contempt.

The tiny flame, light of a hearth,  
the darling daughter, life of a home.  
Unprotected, undefended, snuffed out,  
like a lantern in a storm.

Is here no hope then?  
Will there be justice soon?  
Will the flame never survive?  
Will the rose never bloom?

Full-throated indignation reigns,  
streets go up in angry flames.  
Stones hurl to break the slumber.  
Wake up! It's time! It's now or never!

Unanswered left all questions.  
Only vacant eyes brimming with tears,  
that steal down wrinkled cheeks,  
sadly, slowly like stunted streams.

All living in hopeless hope.  
All watching unjust justice,  
delivered if and when at all.  
All sighing and waiting and waiting...