



12

UNHAPPY WOMEN'S DAY

Naganandhini N.R.
Dharmapuri, Tamil Nadu, India

=====***=====

I don't feel womanly most of the time, as I am
As I walk, talk, stand and beckon over to someone if I need something
I am a half man, half woman, that makes me a whole human, I suppose
I am bisexual: my mind androgynous
My girlfriends think I am hitting on them
Which I do by accident
Moved by their facial aesthetics
Expressions from my unconscious reservoir escape
Whips at their face as Freudian slips
They smile at my face feeling gratified, and give me a cold shoulder next
Ghost me completely, and I pine over my follies
Then, my guy friends and acquaintances do not know me well; they judge me
Based on the poems I write, the looks I throw at men and women
I do not celebrate Women's Day as I am an ambiguous,
I feel womanly only when I bleed
It reminds me that I cannot be a man physically
That I cannot have a woman for myself in marriage
I feel womanly (the vulnerability) only when I spot a bunch of bestial men.
Who fixes their ogling gazes on me from crest to toe
Whether I am wearing a skirt above my knee or a neat full-sleeved kurta
Whether my hair is down or tied
Whether my skin is dusky or compact powder-daubed
Encroaching on my privacy, their eyes and lips, I detest
Random middle-aged men and young porn addicts would rub their scrotum (the sperm pouch),
to my disgust



To be a full-moon fairy woman is a curse
To be a half-moon common woman is a curse, too
To be a vampire woman bawling at the moon is a curse, too
Being women and accepting the dark truth of the bare life
Being women for the world and not for yourself and embracing the paradox is tough, too
Unhappy Women's Day to you, my sisters
I am on my third day of periods
I bleed and have cramps every month
This torture repeats.



This is an Open Access e-Journal Published Under A Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International License

To Cite the Poem: R., Naganandhini. "Unhappy Women's Day." *Literary Cognizance*, V-4 (March, 2025): 26-27. Web.

