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NINE YARDS OF DIGNITY

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A piece of my flesh,
Skin still glistening,
Tiny, sometimes curvy bare waist —
And they ask, while ogling endlessly:
Why must you reveal
A part of you, known just to you?

Because I can.
And it's a gift —
From the gods above,
And my mother.

Nine yards of dignity, they say —
Wrapped and creased,
Crumpled in my arms,
Facing this world with the same pride as I wear it.
And yet—

It's a strange place, this world.
I see naked bodies as far as the eye can see,
Seeking attention — even unwanted.
But covered to the hilt, one gets clubbed to death.

Yet I am as terror-struck as Draupadi.
There's no Krishna in this new world
To shield, to protect —
Me and my honour.

The flesh that I share with the same kind
Makes others lustful.
Slitting them would make much sense —
No breasts, no waist, no thighs, no genitalia.

A barren soul, covered in white.
Is it the afterlife — or the same bottomless pit?





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