



THE EDEN GARDEN

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Sometimes I'm wrapped in white, sometimes in maroon.
Some days you dress me for the bridegroom,
sometimes in a dhoti-kurta, sometimes in a pathani,
all set for a wedding that everyone smiles about.

Both families celebrate, everyone excited,
but the most beautiful thing isn't the clothes or the rituals,
it's the way human relationships are tied together with love,
a bond meant to last till the very last breath.
Not for ego or identity,
but for devotion... and all the sacrifices that come with it.

For a few days there are parties and relatives and laughter.
After that, life becomes responsibilities,
permissions, and small daily acts of giving up pieces of yourself.

The groom becomes part of his family easily.
The bride waits,
for permission to move,
to sleep,
to exist in this new space.
Her world shifts overnight:
from freedom to expectation,
from doing what she wants
to doing what she must.

Parents spend their whole lives protecting a daughter,
and now she must spend hers
trying to keep everyone else happy.
Was this really the life
everyone celebrated so loudly?

Suddenly everything is regulated,
what she eats,
how she eats,
how she lives.
Who created these rules?
Who decided this is how it must be?



History is full of women who carried impossible burdens,
Durga, Saraswati, Lakshmi, Rani Lakshmibai,
Mother Teresa, Fatima Shaikh, Savitribai Phule,
and thousands whose names we'll never know.

The fate the bride imagined... faded.
The future she dreamed of... shifted.
She looks at her past and her present
and wonders what lies ahead.

Life once seemed joyful,
but fatigue and disappointment creep in.
How long can she keep going like this?

And yet,
something inside her still speaks.
Words come back.
A small spark of strength returns.
My mother always said,
“After a long night, the sun eventually rises.”

We talk of feminism, of equality,
of giving equal chances.
Once, the bride lived freely, without all this weight.
She gained new parents, new love.

And the bridegroom, like many men,
sometimes dominates,
sometimes apologizes,
as though emotions vanish as easily as waves on a sea.

I asked for equality.
Somewhere along the way, it got lost.
Because this isn't about love versus lust,
it's about dignity, identity, and respect.

Why is the son raised one way,
and the daughter in another?
Where does this difference even begin?
Why not equal shares, equal opportunities?

Dear love, your ribcage.
Do you know why I was made from it?
Not to be trapped,
but to be protected, loved, and kept close.
Not to lose my freedom,
but to share it with you.



Our relationship is recognized by faith and by law.
The bride didn't love just anyone,
she loved the bridegroom.
Two people from the same profession,
never expecting to end up together.

Now we stand here.
Promise me you will never disgrace or hurt me.
We lived twenty-five years separately,
and now we're supposed to walk the rest together.

Don't let others put labels on me.
People always wait with stones in hand
or bitter tongues ready to destroy what they envy.
They can break relationships easily
if we let them.

But remember,
there is a centre holding us together:
four poles, two yours, two mine,
our parents
and above all, the Almighty.

He created us in paradise,
and one day
we will return to the gates of a garden,
a garden filled with peace,
a Garden of Eden.

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