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My Womb is Sacred

Listen you, Oh assailant!
A death trap for womankind.
You rape and kill,
In show of strength.
Shame on you!
For choosing women,
In blow of anger; hate, lust.
Not every man is like you.
We have father, brother, husband and son
who love us,
More than their life.
How did you become
Such a wretch?
It is a womb that
Made you and me.
A sacred place where
Heaven and Earth meet
Shaping dreams!
Womb is holier than
Holiest of our places.
Where mothers,
Weave us by
Thoughts and feelings.
Shame, you chose to
Hit a woman!

*Still a refuge for,
Old and sick and young.
We are a dream of
Heroes among men.
His passion, his love,
Owe us the spark.
But men like you,
Do Exist!
Who, belittle women,
As soft, tender, insecure.
Such vile tempers,
Negate women,
At every step.
She faces injustice,
At all levels due to them.
Crying in her soul,
On the fate of being a woman,
A mother of man!
Answer me,
What are you, if left to yourself?
Woman bears you,
For nine months.
Sucks you for years.
Even births your future,
Your children.
Yet it is her,
You chose to kick.
Break her bone,
That shelters all.
What a shame!
You insane!
Are you expecting me,
To go wild.
Be as insane,
As you are.
Look!
If I am hit,
All are hit.
All born, you and your kind,
Have roots in me and my kind.
My feelings,
Are the light of
The World!
In making fun of my kind,
You shut the world dark.
You think freedom is*

*For man alone.
You strangulate my voice,
Drill fear in my thoughts,
You wish to vanquish me.
You are lost!
Blinded by devilish desires.
Speak the truth!
You scared foe!
Unable to reach your soul.
You give us our Epic fights.
You did it to Draupadi, Sita,
Nirbhaya and Abhaya.
Many more,
Have been your targets.
Each epical fight,
Our hour of darkness,
Is burnt up,
By a new morning!
The burning Sun of
My pain,
Strikes your deadly sins.
That night, you
Trampled on my,
Hopes and dreams and wishes.
They are now rays
Of my Sun,
Which will carry us all,
To new skies,
Bright and blue.
I will soar,
To newer heights.
You the cause of
My death!
Can never be my match.
I birth!
I am a woman.
My feelings will tie
Hearts,
We shall all sing.
I will now,
Live in many.
Each heart be
My birthplace.
I will live long,
As hope in millions.
My sorrow and pain,*

*Shall light faith.
This faith will shine,
Bright,
Blossoming the day,
Beautiful.
My courage and will,
Bear the warmth,
Of my rage.
People have read it,
In my wounds,
Sharp and Deep.
You will not exist,
I say,
You shall die!
With your kind.
My Sun will vaporize you!
I am a woman.
My womb is sacred,
It has birthed the Sun!
Killing the night of fear.
For a,
Better World,
A New Age,
Great Era!*