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When Will 'She' be Free?

It's fine as a babe;
 Its hard as a girl;
 Many things at her hurled;
 Dos and don'ts sting her hard;
 Her nerves and muscles are ready to serve
 Till her bones and her joints break.
 From fatherland to husbandland,
 No land of her own,
 Not even a grain of sand;
 Brings tools with her that lifelong last
 Makes the lives around her last long;
 With countless fasts for family welfare
 She learns to speak in 'others' language
 But none cares to learn 'her language'.
 Her tender hands are praised as beauty marks
 Till the marks of mehendi lasts;
 At daily chores she spills her blood;
 Her monthly cycles flush streaks of blood;
 Her deliveries flow streams of blood;
 She is born to bleed!

When people say ,
 "A girl is born," it becomes a 'sentence';
 When will 'she' be free?
 When shall 'she' be free?

The winds of freedom
 Break the fetters of Rigid
 Custom, Tradition and Culture;
 Centuries ventures may bear fruit.

