

POETRY

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A Disguise in Affection

His love comes with a fist instead of a touch.
He calls it holy,
yet bruises like evil.

Walking the rooms of his silhouette,
airless,
my breath throttled,
walls that listen but never speak.

He calls it security,
but I see peril in his eyes,
trying to keep voices muffled,
windows closed against the world.

He promises safety,
yet burns like iron pressed to the skin,
leaving marks,
that no prayers can eliminate.

He calls it love-
A cage built of bruises
and silences
screaming louder than shrieks could dare!

Ashes that Refuse Silence

In the corridors of silence,
voices lie folded like forgotten letters.
Ink fading to shadows,
yet trembling to be spoken aloud.

A mother's lullaby,
half-drowned in the thunder of history,
still vibrates in the marrow
of unborn daughters.

Time, that ruthless archivist,
locks our stories in cobwebbed vaults of lathe.
But the pulse of resistance
beats through each dust-laden word.

We are more than footnotes-
we are the margins that glow
when the page is turned against the light.

They name us fragile,
yet fragility is only glass hiding a furnace.
Even ashes
carry the heartbeat of a buried fire.

Sometimes, I Resist: Poetics of Survival

Sometimes I just want to be alone,
away from the walls built of men's words.
Sometimes I crave for peace-
a sky unclaimed,
a breath not weighed down by rules.

Sometimes I just want to be with me,
and feel the voices I was told to bury,
To let you see-
I am not silence,
I am a song.

Sometimes nothing feels right,
as if freedom itself is locked from sight.
Sometimes the piercing is too deep-
like centuries pressing on my skin,
like a world drinking women's dreams in a single gulp.

Sometimes I wish for another world-
where freedom is not deferred,
where love is not a cage,
where peace is not privilege,
where being a woman is not resistance-
But simply being and a birthright.