

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Darshpreet Raheja()

I Am A Woman

I am a woman.

I come with clichés and stereotypes.

My needs are always glorified and sometimes made fun of.

At times it's a taboo for me to have certain needs at all. I come from a world where they would have us believe I am a weaker one.

I am smart but at times I need to act stupid to be accepted. They expect me to be so otherwise they feel judged and ultimately offended.

I have different ideas; I am young and I don't fit the crowd. So I am often made to feel lonely as if there is something wrong with me.

I am more often judged than you are because you are a man.

There are rules for me; you on the other hand are the higher authority so you can do anything.

There are two types of decisions for me the right one and the wrong one. The right one should match the society and wrong is what I want.

Love comes with manual of instructions for me. Well there is something known as practical love that's mostly applicable to me. So in the end I choose what you choose.

Freedom is a bad word in my case. It means serious lack of moral boundaries. And if I experience the flight they might not be able to cage me so I need to be checked from times to time

I come with a timeline. I need to live my life according to this predisposed condition. Otherwise I would suffer.

I need to look the part. Whose part? Well the stencil created for my kind. If I look different then I need to change that

My dreams, ambitions and aspirations need to be measured. As they need to be matched and mostly come short to suffice your ego.

I always almost need help because I am woman. And we always need to be helped and be lent a shoulder.

When things go wrong on the personal front, I am told things would be worse in the future then how would you cope up Are you told the same thing? . I am prepared to take in the worse that what I am conditioned to do. But when things are going right I feel I don't deserve it. It's a weird feeling and it makes me feel depressed. I need time to adjust to that situation. I was never told things could be nice.

My kind, the women, hate me more. They don't like me being true to myself.

They mock the way I talk and dress. They judge me and that leaves me with lack of confidence. They feel my knowledge would make them stupid so try their best to make me feel stupid.

I am chalice of expectations. It very natural to expect from me but I shouldn't

expect from you. It will only reflect how weak I am. But wasn't I told that I am weak to begin with. Yes, but you can't show others you are weak.

When I walk down the streets at times I feel like a criminal. Because these men they stare at me as if I am public property and I should find ways to hide myself as it's their right to stare and comment about me.

At times I need to be taught a lesson. It should hurt me so as I never forget my limitations. I should never do I want to do. That skirt was too short so you did what you had to do. I shouldn't be drinking at a bar, that's not nice so you will teach me again.

I have suppressed emotions. Some in the form of anger, some in the form of fat and some in the form of broken pieces that I don't even know lay inside me.

I was told not to laugh in front of strangers. I have a beautiful smile so it sends a wrong signal. I should be a lady. So now when I laugh it seems weird and not natural. And so when other women laugh their heart out I judge them and put a label on them.

I was told not to express myself, sometimes explicitly and sometimes implicitly. And I was told to take in a lot and give out less.

When I speak openly about my issues and troubles, women get more uncomfortable than men. They tell me it's not nice to talk about your problems in public. It makes them both uncomfortable. I lived those problems but voicing them makes other uncomfortable.

I am a woman. Many years back a man told me I look ugly and it shackled me. And now after many years another man told me I am so beautiful and he liberated me.

I am not a toy of your perception. I don't want to be. But I was conditioned this way.

I want to how many shackles do you wear everyday that gives you the right to tell me that I am complicated?

Every day I discover myself and I fall in love with the person I see in the mirror. I am bringing in the change and I am breaking those shackles you put on me. And it's only a matter of time that you will start judging the new me and putting labels on me. I will try not to care.

I am woman. I am the creator. What you should tell me is to kind and gentle to myself. Lead me to make mistakes and learn. Help me finally discover myself.

Darshpreet Raheja

Less Trodden Path

Walking down the street
when I look around I find it empty
I wonder why?
Perhaps because I chose the less trodden path.
It's scary and would really help if
I could hold your hand and
walk side by side, step by step.
But if I did that
I wouldn't have chosen the less trodden path.
You walk the empty street and
I walk the empty street
At times it really helps
to know that you are not alone
but if you knew that
again you would not have chosen the less trodden path.
They don't get me,
don't understand me
I stand alone
It's difficult and scary
but I know I am no coward
I know it's the days when I can't find any answers
are the days when I need them the most
Some have it easy,
some have it hard.
for me I chose the less trodden path
When I look around
I see how lonely I am
For I am different but
I know I am blessed
for people spend their lifetime
to stand apart and I am already miles apart
for I chose the less trodden path.

Darshpreet Raheja

Wings

I hope that fear never touches you
and if it does I hope you know your bravado to look it in the eye and walk right
past it

I hope you know you have wings
wider than most people's,

I hope you know you have a soul
prettier than almost everyone,

I hope you know you have spirit
fierce and yet serene

I hope you know you are someone special
and even if you don't ask me I'll still tell you
that you have always been someone I
would always carry in my heart
as long as I shall be.

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