

Was She Weak

She was born where her cries were accompanied by the cries of her family members too.

She grew up where the fact of her being a girl child was lamented. She lived between the jeering crowd.

She accepted that she was not born to be loved.

But she had no idea that life had something even more sorrowful for her until the day when she was undressed by her father.

Days passed so did his hands over her body parts.

Her cries deep and loud left her family members apathetic.

One day she got up and found that she was no more.

Strange but her soul with deep thoughts glared at her body with several questions in mind.

Was it some sin to take birth as a girl?

Was it the same way everyone's fathers touched their daughters?

Or, was she weak?

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