

They Tell Me by Shristi Nigam

They tell me,

My darling,

You need to live.

You need to open your eyes and witness the prolonged joy in the air.

You need to be able to stand,

And hold your stance as the wind

Pushes your hair across your dry-laced hand.

And as the sun shines above your head,

An angle of light that lets you live to see -

Those futile tears you shed,

Where you thought that no one would want to be your acquaintance.

They tell me,

My love,

You need to breathe to live.

Each inhale will color your lungs with

The same air that moved the mountains.

The same air is told in fairy tale myths.

Your mother inhaled the same air as she created you from her body's shedding skin.

My darling,

I know it's hard.

Being a female in a world of persecution.

Fighting for those who create.

But it's your human right.

To live.

So stop shedding your tears.

And stand up.

My darling,

They cannot see your suffering.

You are the future of this world.

You are the female liberator,

For all those who remained silent.

My darling,

Spread your wings.

And fly to destiny.