

Being perceived- differently abled

Look at my improper eating style,
The cracking sound on my plate,
Look at how I walk so casually,
That inward knee twist you look at awkwardly,
There is nothing I do.. but they look at the wheelchair disgustingly,

Nothing else matters to me but hate those pair of eye balls,
Those whispered talks when I enter a room,
They perceive my wheelchair as my disability,
And the moment when I look at them, chatter fade away,

I am one of a kind and I deserve to be looked at,
I am so stronger and I deserve to be looked at,
But what can say to those Eyes-that question me all the time,
I would rather be not living if those questions hurt me anymore,

I have lived in a disabled body but with the mind at work
You have already prejudiced me due to the body,
I wish I tear out my flesh and show you what I really am...
I wish I tear out my flesh and show you what I really am...

Those Eyes- A Woman In Confession

Eyes look at me,
And say.
You are pretty,
Hands touch me,
And say,
You are beautiful

I am woman,
I don't please others,
By my body,
My eyes,
My hands,

I am a free women,
Let me go
Though dangerous lanes,

Let us all passby,
Through the dangerous lanes,
At the middle of the night,
When we are prohibited,

Because those eyes see
Bodies,
Not the heart,
Those eyes does see
The blood,
Not the pain,

We are the women,
Afraid of eyes,
Eyes can't touch us,
But betray us...
In every way..

So Let our Eyes,
Be brighter than
Those who stare
At us...

Eyes that treat us
Like showpieces,
In their drawing room,

Those Eyes-are
At fault,
Not women's body,
Those Eyes-are
At fault,
Not women's body....

- Vinayana Khurana, MA English