

A Journey towards freedom

By Megha Sood

The mellifluous arch
the shifting angle of my mighty wings,
encumbered by the pain
of broken dreams and desires
a victory, which seems too hard to win.

You plucked my wings
feather by feather,
pulled out in pieces
from the blades
of my bloodied shoulder.

Your hands stained
with my seraphic blood
your face covered in that veritable smirk,
my vapid soul throbs for freedom
it feverishly deserves.

Hauling myself
dragged under those patriarchal rules,
the blind traditions and misogyny;
choking and suffocating me for sure.

Unwavering,
Unfettered
drawn towards the gleaming truth,
that snowy peak of the mountain
is the sign of my salvation
my untethered truth.

With a song clenched in my teeth
and prayer under my bated breath
I rise through the air
like a phoenix from the ashes,
doused with the freedom of unchained air
filled with divine flashes.

My scars bear the map
of those lost and trodden
saved from the gallows,
with the wisdom of the generation
under my tenacious wings,
I take the flight towards my destiny
a journey, for millions to follow.