

Poetry

I am not Impure

Liz Mary Antony

I am a woman,
I live but I do not exist
I have multiple names,
Yet no identity
They say I am impure
Therefore I proclaim:

My eyes are not impure
They are the windows of
my vision;
I love, speak and smile
through them

My hands are not impure
They hold my dear ones
in distress and
touches the one in torment,
Though rough and black
They never stopped
from erasing the filthiness

My legs are not impure
They lead me to the long
weary road of my destiny,
Step by step trouncing
the peaks and valleys of continuance
And suitably parenting me to stand sheer!

My womb is not impure
So is the order of my cycles
Womb is Sacred
A place better than any shrine

Where
Life is born

My breasts are not impure
Because they emanates
Pearls of purity
With plenteous drops of love.

Yes, I am a woman
And my body is not impure
like the thoughts
which bleeds
'Ignorance'.

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