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Marriage: True and False

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Is it the very goal of my life?

No, no, no, no, no, no. I do cry, telling you all

I hate marriage, I detest marriage, and I abhor marriage, as it is now.

This is standing before my eyes like a gazing devil to make me wife.

The devil of marriage haunts my very being

With his gaping mouth and long fangs

As if ready to pierce my sides and swallow me with a big bang.

Oh! Monster of marriage, I cry, get out of my life.

You are dancing on my wretched being

With a sharp lance in your hand,

Wearing a circlet made of bones of women

Whom you killed and drank blood thereof.

Who did give you power as to suck blood from body parts

Like a vulture in a distant land?

Like a vulture of greed from groom's side, waving with his flapping wings,

Cheating girl and her parents for false show of flash and light at her wedding land.

The groom searches living doll, block-headed but with a plastic smile,

To be kept in showcase as showpiece for the view of outsider
And then used as a robot with its plastic hands
To wash plates of lunch and dinner, to clean home and courtyard as non-paid worker.

Reduced to an organic machine to reproduce baby for the family
Not to own him as her own but to hand over
Not to laugh on her own but to laugh as a joker in the circus
I want to bring my genuine laughter to fill the entire ambiance with happiness.

I am crying a lot, nobody would listen to me
A car is standing before my house
The driver is laughing and I shall be sent straight to butcher house
To be dismembered and slaughtered.

The slaughterer will cut me into different pieces
He will sell my flesh to his customers as chicken
And make money out of that.....
I am kept in the market to be sold.

Will this melodrama come to an end?
Will I ever be happy?
Will I live in my happy land of equal rights and bless?
I am a human, not an object, not a block headed living doll.

I want to be loved as a human being

To be blessed with equal rights.

A better half of my male counterpart

Who gives me respect and value in his life as his own part.

I want him to be a true lover of my own

Not a greedy monster with long fangs

Not a snatcher of money in the name of marriage.

Not a devil but a genuine being with good qualities.

I am not a burden on any one but can sustain all burdens

I am a living being with sense and sensibility.

I do have a powerful body. . . .

Look. Look. Look. Look. It's an open challenge.

I am a victory, a power, a glory, and power

Springing from the dark ashes of the pyre.

Like a golden bird and flying in the open sky,

I, here, am waiting for another bird for a long flight.