



# A Cry Between Tears



The moment I was born,  
I heard the words of sarcasm.  
“Why her?”, they asked  
to the lady who shed tears on me.

I was coronated with new names,  
names like cumber, liable, burden and what not.  
I giggled assuming they were all out of love,  
to the lady who shed tears on me.

They questioned about the benefits,  
they debated about the loss,  
they highlighted their dignity  
to the lady who shed tears on me.

Have you forgotten the wings of Chawla?  
Have you forgotten the shots of Nehwal?  
Have you forgotten the medium of your birth?  
Probed the lady who shed tears on me.

I felt a sense of amity,  
I had found a place safer than spongy four walls.  
It was nothing but the arms of  
the lady who shed tears on me.