

Women Sue

Righteous and civilized humanitarianism, they said.

Social justice for everyone, they said.

Complete protection for the entire nation, they said.

Yet, where are these all?

Why are millions of us being divorced for no reason?

Why do millions of us have to raise our little ones alone?

Why are millions of us not supported? Left deserted?

Why is it feel arduous to receive a mere justice?

Now, tell us!

Who can rebuke those mighty and valiant men?

Who can subdue the hearts of those harsh and high-handed men?

Who can change them?

Who can bring out the responsible, equitable, and affectionate ones?

Oh! Equity and propriety,

Oh! Those who shield the nation all at costs,

Where are you? When could we meet?

How do we complain?

Pouring out our blue and grey.

Over thousands of years, we are looking for you.

From Adam to Muhammad,

From Plato to Feminism,

From the darkness epoch to the epoch of enlightenment.

Where exactly are you?

You are not here, nor there.

You just came for a moment,
then hurriedly disappeared in caliginous.

Then let us prosecute them,

let us speak for ourselves, for human beings and justice.

Just for a moment, let us displace those judges and prosecutors.

Just for a moment, let us drag and judge those mighty and valiant men.

Let us witness them indicted,

drowning in an enormous ocean of their sorrow.

Let them get enfeeble, curl up and die.

Let them feel what we have been through.

And let them abide in a ramshackle,

until vanish out of them snobbery,

a sliver of realization dawn from their soul,

that our veracity is righteously just like their own mothers,

and our children's veracity is none other than themselves.

We are the ones who should be enthroned behind those mighty souls,

and that it is our children who should be dwell in their hearts.

It should not be like this,

like what is going on in this very moment,

and like is often the case in this nation.

Notes:

- Blue and grey; expresses gloomy and anxious internal emotions
- Caliginous; something that is dim, dark, or misty
- Curl up and die; to feel very ashamed and sorry
- Plato; a philosopher during the 5th century BCE

Additional notes: This poem is inspired by many things that affected me throughout my journey of finding the actual meaning of equality. In specific, what I saw in many articles, tweets, and Instagram posts. And even short clips or videos I've watched. Sadly, those all often showed me how we, women, suffer the most because of inequality. Also, I once talked to my father about this issue, and it got me thinking more deeply. To be honest, it breaks my heart every time I see women could not get the chance to pursue their dreams, being mistreated, and could not even get what they truly deserved as human beings. Just because they are 'women.' Long story short, that is how this poem is made.