



## Ritika Gandhir

### Why God Is A Man?

There's wind howling  
a storm upon,  
thunder lightning and trees dance,  
all heads up to the sky wondering on,  
while we do what we can  
but God is a man.

Considerable amount  
of misery surmounts,

on a young shoulder.

Every night she is  
robbed, and helpless in morn  
While we do what we can,  
but God is a man.

Dignity, integrity is for men  
they say. Obedience, subservience feminine.  
A queen was assailed, a queen was taught  
a man rescued her, a man ought  
to be her guardian, a father  
a brother, a son to hold and gather  
her life together  
while we do what we can,  
but God is a man.

Pencil, paper, books, machines  
cannot be for us, because men intervene,  
"My daughter need not seek the world  
give her spoons, pots and pans  
this is where her destiny stands."  
While we do what we can,  
but God is a man.

Eve is a sinner? and Mary is no winner.

clothes, make-up, shoes define,  
what amount to respect to be given is fine  
Too much kohl, too much red,  
no surprise, she will sleep in my bed.  
While we do what we can  
but God is man.

If Lilith were alive, she would recover  
she should have killed lucifer and stayed undercover.  
Helen who was accused falsely,  
never avenged for the travesty.  
brought on earth by brahma,  
wedded to an older man,  
turned into an infertile land.  
Ahalya, of easy virtue demands  
to ask her redeemer where the righteousness stood,  
when Sita was asked to prove her maidenhood.  
Did her devotion to him vanish in thin air?  
how easy to be asked to disappear  
we are branded offhand,  
bland, kept canned while men  
always in command, dare not  
understand, a woman has heart and a brain of her own, which they  
never left alone  
made her atone, for sins she has never known,

Are we doing what we can?  
and Why God is a Man.

## A Bleak Midwinter Hath Engulfed My Heart

A Bleak Midwinter hath engulfed my heart,  
O here barren branches cover the sky,  
Winds dismal come to embrace and depart  
Poor man knows not jocund days have gone by.

I have spent half in the search of sunshine,  
All life's an illusion; masks truthful death.  
I'll spend another weak and lying supine,  
I dread tonight might be star-crossed sabbath.

On a mountain top under spruce he lies,  
Buried below, in a coffin, ashes in urn.  
Soon will come a day, again he will arise,  
But I'm dust and to dust I shall return.

Bred on melancholy, have I become ghoul?  
My deceased winter, how you fill my soul.



**Ritika Gandhir**

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Ritika is a Literature student. Her favourite author is Sylvia Plath. She writes stories and aims to get a published author.

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