

Sacrifice is her other name

God made her special,
 Otherwise, there's just no explanation
 to the incredible strength that makes her.
 The way she gives her heart to a
 philanderer,
 Without a day's thought!
 Playing with danger and yet seeing
 no graveyard ahead.
 Irony – is her other name,
 She is one that terrifies them all.
 She is her own story
 and the end when it's all over
 she screams —
 I am both love and tragedy.
 Rewrite history based on
 me.

Rising above the tragedies

She speaks for every woman,
 Loving fiercely,
 In spite of the bouts of pain,
 Once she used to be a garden
 blooming with flowers,
 Heartache, treachery and sadness
 took over,
 But she curtailed it,
 To become fire out of her own
 ashes,
 She is by far — every woman.

The Rebel

They call me beautiful,
 I say my country matters the most.
 They call me graceful,
 I say long live liberty.
 I hear women are meant to comply,
 Of course, only for matters of purpose.
 When they denied me my freedom,
 I showed them the proud woman, I was —
 also insane.
 Devil be damned,
 I never succumbed to their request,
 Only for my motherland will my head ever roll.

