

## **Lost Motherhood- Sweha Hazari**

*She stared at her torso in the mirror*

*A vast expanse of useless skin.*

*Her ability to carry a child should not*

*Have been such a big part,*

*Of her being a woman.*

*Was that the only reason for her existence?*

*Her degree, her passion, her education,*

*Were these nothing?*

*She couldn't support a growing life;*

*Her body wouldn't let her.*

*When did an imaginary human become more important?*

*Than her physical presence?*

*Was all that she supposed to be?*

*A vessel for another life?*

*Why did it matter so much?*

*Like there was no more purpose in her life?*

*So many questions and yet*

*A complete absence of answers .*

*Somebody, please shut up the silence in her head .*