

holding hands in the street—
the two women
are pelted with rotten eggs
by Susan Hawthorne

Brothers who would feast
on my broken, bleeding thighs:
their dazzle will blind;
touch, and you disrobe not me
but your luckless destiny.
Drapadi: Violation
by
Karthika Nair

Hope is a word called 'Help'
But it's stuck in my throat.
One day, when he choked me
It fell on the floor and crawled
to the phone
Then they came. And he went.
Unstuck
by
Arathi Menon

on a country road
quiet as death
they beat the breath out of her
by Susan Hawthorne

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No Violence, No Silence

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NO VIOLENCE, NO SILENCE

*A selection
of poetry
(Volume 2)*

how do you tell your mother
you didn't listen—
the bruise under the skin

by Susan Hawthorne

At first, no veils ruled,
no seclusion, no silence:
He called us equals.
Then came Fear and Shame,
prophets
armed by others: men, not god.

Aisha: How to Breed Darkness
by
Karthika Nair