

Dr. Richa Tripathi

I am Sita

Far away from my beloved husband 'Shri Ram'
Abducted by Ravan, ten-headed demon king
Represents his acquaintance of Shastras and Vedas
A mistaken follower of Shiva unlike my Ram
With devilry eyes and narcissistic spirit

Here in his precinct of 'Ashok Vatika'
Sitting under 'Saraca Asoca'
Surrounded by its flowers come in heavy, lush bunches
Bright orange-yellow in color, turning red before wilting
Now dry and abundant after leaving the place they belong

What havoc has happened to me?
Since when clemency became a crime
A demon of highest degree in a shape of a preacher
Asked for alms, to cross the line drawn by Lakshman
The grave price, to doubt the saintly piety of my brother

If my Lord were at my place,
He would have done the same
I habitually imagine him near me,
Daydreaming myriad beams, kittle and conciliation
The aura of this place would have been different

All has gone, only severance, exile and moan
How painful is to be a stranger among strangers
How much time it will take, my never-ending wait?
Without him, my life is nothing but mere pendulum
This unfortunate corpse, aging without love

Yet I will not yield before abrupt doom
Desperate for his gaze, his embrace
This unforeseen rain cannot descend my fortitude
None can filch my vigour, my rage
Straight before time and human competence

I am not done yet as a soil on earth
I have so much to do as a prolific mortal
A dedicated and devoted soul of mine

Ready to brawl impurity of any kind
Except him, none can conquer my concrete or abstract

Only the bearer knows the depth of wound
I have to restrain my bundle of pain
The inferno of my agony will burn this land
No one will remain alive here for another felony
Justice will be done for what cannot be undone

Why women are born to suffer
Ahilya, Urmila, Mother Kaushalya, incessant names,
Endless suffrage from incessant waits
Sometimes its fate or else mistake
on entangled voyage, facing all the tides crossing all highs

Hanuman, the fiery messenger
Showed me the ring, forecasting the tacit
A unclaimed catastrophe, soon will drawn to this race
Coming, crossing by turning an ocean into land
Hear the bugle of battle, See the waving flags

ISSN 2250-3366

eISSN 2394-6075

I am not a misandrist

I am Sita, in need to liberate,

In greed of adoration from 'The greatest among all
human race'

My way of redemption is through reconciliation

'My last wish' my unconditional acceptance

I am Sita,

Not just an abducted Wife of Ram

But , A hushed lone warrior

A protagonist of an untold story

A creator of forgotten history.

Dr. Richa Tripathi is an Assistant Professor of English with the Department of ASH Galgotia Educational Institution, Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam Technical University, Uttar Pradesh, India.

[Contemporary Literary Review India](#)

The journal that brings articulate writing for articulate readers.

CLRI is published in two editions (1) online quarterly (eISSN 2394-6075) (2) print annually (ISSN 2250-3366). CLRI is one of the leading journals in India and attracts a wide audience each month. CLRI is listed/indexed with many reputed literary directories, repositories, and many universities in India. We promote authors in many ways. We publish, promote and nominate our authors to various literary awards. It is absolutely free to register, submit and get published with CLRI.

[Subscriber to CLRI](#)

[Get your book reviewed by us.](#)

[Donate to Us](#)
