

# Unheard Scream

Bottled inside her are hurting sentiments,  
For the world is full of disgusting elements!  
She is saturated with complaints,  
But they are painted as saints!  
I am talking about the society's most undesirable section,  
Against whom, there has not been taken much action.

In this world of competition,  
One has to earn reputation.  
But, for this purpose,  
Sometimes, one has to compromise: I'd rather say sacrifice.

But why do we remain mum against such topics which one should fight,  
After all, to tolerate wrong is not at all right!

In this evil world of devils,  
People have greedy eyes.  
And the one who has borne all this,  
Sits in a corner and silently cries.

But why am I moving around the crust,  
And not entering into the core;  
Above clues should be enough for a wise person,

Because, the people are reluctant to say more

The word is Human Trafficking,

The word is Rape,

The word is Sexual Harassment,

Which happens, without consent.

As can be seen today,

A woman is being tortured,

But since she is made quiet,

Her voice is never heard.

What do you consider her to be?

A gamble? A toy which moves to and fro?

Or a thing, to use and throw

Oh! No No....

I must tell you that you are sick,

Who will not even spare a small chic?

Bullshit!

Nothing can be done?

Will the things remain such,

Why has she been created?

To bear that unpleasant touch

**Archisha Dainwal**