

## Feminism: The Hyperreal

By Ridhima Chopra

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Here is the start of our journey,  
I will be your narrator,  
you will be my listener and spectator,  
and at the end, you have reign to channel your thoughts.

You know my history,  
twisted and turned in your own words,  
for you have the power of the ruthless sword of utterance.  
I was raised from the ashes of the struggle,  
but you made me a thing of shame.

I was supposed to raise you above,  
but your innocence of dagger chose another twisted road.  
The equality you seeked from higher,  
you put a blackish paint on the same.  
There lays a girl—asking and whelping for help,  
but there you stand using the woman card,  
and the girl is laid helpless for being a fraud.

You want to be equal,  
but you don't want the same struggle in your feet,  
for you forget rules are same for all in the battle ground.  
You want to be recognised,  
but cooking and cleaning is not your job anymore,

for you forget it is a basic human necessity.

You want to be independent,

but yet, hate other women who raise up to gold,

for you forget to be happy for others.

You want peace and love,

but you cultivated the seed of hatred for men,

for you forget the real meaning of me.

You are here and everywhere,

deep hidden in the corners of your own universe,

seeped in our mind as feminism,

but I am not this.

You false me,

you misused me,

and most of all, you don't know me.

I support each and every gender of your made up world,

I was born to help you raise up,

I was born for equality,

not your selfish reasons of cloaking the reality,

and manipulate the grain of my breathing life.

But before I leave,

here we both stand and I ask,

if this is your feminism,

then what's the difference between you and them?

