

- HS-English Verification
- Topic - In the end is my beginning.

7



## Can I Stand On A Crown?

Walking beside an aisle of sorrows,  
Stepping down the grave of morrows,  
Cried I; a soul in nescience  
Clueless in the epiphany!

Deeming in the pulchritudinous-  
Of the society; homosapiens,  
Little did I know, but at fifteen-  
The day peeped to my facade.

The age arrived for my departure.  
Crossing a border was I;  
At this sweet age - tinted red;  
The tent didn't dulcify - it was litter.

Knelt to god on a whiff  
Enquiring, is it a boon or a curse?  
To be born at a time -  
Both as a girl and a boy?

Keeping aloof from my nest,  
The quivering was consoled a bit  
The spectators impaled my heart  
With a naming that hurt.

'TRANS' they said, are you,  
Leave the mirth and let it clear  
Erase from existance and let it calm.  
Left was I with a visage of a hollow mind

They bathed me in pink,  
I repelled to merlot -  
And was attracted -  
To turquoise.

Finding peace in arbour was I,  
Where climbers formed a framework.  
Ha! Didn't they know, suppression  
Even made climbers to creepers?

A mind filled in arcana,  
Of this self discovery.  
Let me a loop below my chin,  
So that to diffuse at a cliff.

Someone poked inside me; an artist.

"It is you who matters - not the next?"

Hark to these words may I?

"No" said my heart with despair.

An act of self indulgence.

Would it make a worth change?

Before I could leap in,

There were scissors, below my belly.

Whimpers, screams and outcries,

A hard trouble to break I knew,

But to that melancholy,

Did any heed their ears?

In this eleventh hour  
Were moths came as swarms,  
And things started fading like moon,  
A ripple of impulse rose my chest!

Aha! Its time for the third community-  
Who couldn't begin at the start,  
But could start at the cessation!  
A moment; Transient.

The perforation I beseeched,  
Not of a cherry red but to  
Those hairs on my red cheek.

It lectided; finally.

Miracles at the end-  
But at the end of struggles and thorns  
Pain is just my gesture,  
My body witnessed.

Even when ~~a~~ a raindrop  
On a leaf- I remained,  
The rapacious souls-man  
Couldn't halt their work.

"Oh ravenous soul,  
Feed my words,  
I've strived and thrived,  
To come out of this reality."

Little did he hear, all,  
But never forgot to refer-  
Me as a 'transgender':  
'Misery to the cisgender' - I replied:

"You are allowed - to walk,  
To talk, to dance, to sing  
Hear Oh ravenous one,  
We are, yes we are TRANS"

"Never did we belong  
Other than to Hijra,  
But, you - had families  
And peers - bent to pierce."

Left a huge sigh I!  
At my Jewish line.  
But the Almighty; never leaves,  
After all, we are his children.

He called for me -

"Oh! The one referred to third,  
Never quiver, nor tremble  
For its me who have  
Moulded you as such."

"To this world of endless miseries  
Sorrows and griefs - never ending.  
I claim you as my charge -  
To soothe the world."

Rose with a glaze I;  
Unknown to many,  
The one who couldn't wear,  
Neither a tiara nor a crown.

Pierced those hearts who said  
"Worth nothing you are"  
I impaled - not them,  
But their minds.

To this world who left me aloof,  
I screamed - this is just my start,  
To achieve my serenity  
And to call off the name -  
Of the succeeding generations.

A fluctuation in DNAs,  
And chromosomes left me such.  
Why?  
To see me. To see as such.

Never will someone have  
Such a begin,  
After a long pause  
Because I thrived for an end -  
To the miseries.

Walked down the ramp I,  
With ghouls and phosphores in eyes,  
It could only lit fire to -  
The new me.

The sudden revelation never let -  
Me peep to the breathtakings.  
Instead I was indulged in self  
looking for an answer to who I am.

At the end I found!  
Ha! I am the same as you  
Hands, legs, ears and lips  
All the same.

It's not me; the incognizant,  
It's your eyes that pierced my soul,  
Which was serene,  
Before your doubts were born.

At the end, I left a query  
Should I wear a tiara?  
Or a crown?  
Not a sorrow I found, but a smile.

Took the diamond stoned tiara,  
Took the ruby rich crown  
Placed it together on my head,  
'Cause that's what I am!!!

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