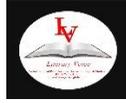


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Woman's day

They say
It's a woman's day
In man's calendar
While woman
Walking on her way
Is still under
The haunting terror
Of Man as monster
The baby that was born
So sweet and tiny
While she held him
In her womb
Grew up to become
A muscle shop
Or threat of power
So called leader
Who leads but falls
In preserving that sweetness
As he holds
Envy and anger
With suspicion and hunger
Nature has played
With woman in labour

lifetime she toils
Boils her blood
To create the family
While man in fear
Of remaining behind
Leaves her behind
And so so kind
Of him to allow
Her day at least one
To call woman's day
Where woman's life
Does not belong to her
She lives for the son
The husband or father
The child or brother
And their family
Celebrates today
Woman's day
How lucky is the time
She cannot even rhyme
On her own mime
She has to fit in
The social set up
And be a driftwood
A parrot a chime
Her sweetness
She preserves
Despite all chaos around
And lives to be found
In bones buried
That sing of motherhood
That ask the child
Did you have your food....!
Spontaneous overflow
On one woman's day
Is it today?

Do You Have a Story?

Dear storyteller

Tell me a story
If you have
A story full of glory
You must tell
Such a story
Not to sell
But to free
The one who can see
How the story
Does not belong
To right or wrong
Does not grow
Like a market share
Does not know
Like the Adam bare
Does not dream
Like the Eve in sleep
Does not seem
A prop or a peep
Does not keep
A part or a whole
Does not creep
In or out of its role
Does not weep
Or laugh in Lol
Does not heap
Like files in the office
Does not beep
Like censor's debris
Does not find
Fault with you or with me
If you have such a story
Why don't you see
With the teller's eye
And tell the story
Like any tree
Under any sky
Grounded in you
Aiming at me
Like the cool blue

Waveless Sea
Like the open white
Cloudless space
Like the storyless story
That will bring grace
To you as the teller
To me as the story
Without fall fame or fear
But my dear
Storyteller
You don't have the story.