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A Woman of Substance

Dr. Simmi Gurwara

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She wages a war to maintain and sustain

Her pride and honor, 'they' might find vain

She fights her frights first

Before she could, with the forces far out

She yearns to learn, relearn, unlearn

The neurotic norms of numb society

She shrugs off the biases and prejudices

Set against her free will

She is tender, she is warm

In her love for her people

She unleashes her wrath, fit and fury

When struck by squall, unconcerned jury

She nurtures and nourishes

Her dream flourishes

She redefines her role

Under all circumstances saves her soul

When she stumbles, when stoops

She regains strength and reignites her might

She sails across the perilous sea

Of fears, facades; of fumes, fracas

She trounces all tribulations en masse

Though she might get subdued

She bounces back each time

Holding her head high

She may go unappreciated

She may go unacknowledged

But her untiring spirit

Refuses to lie low

She culls all power that she has within

To face the forces that stare her in face

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And return the crippling blow
She treads along the daunting path
Replete with unknown, unheard
She stumbles, grumbles and moves on
She fumbles, crumbles, still moves on
But refuses to be in the same old groove
She may be right, she may be wrong
Her decisions may leave her forlorn
But, she sticks to her blazing guns
B'coz, she is a woman of substance
With limited choices and a little chance
She braves all odds, keeps her stance