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The 'X' Chromosome

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The shoots unperturbed,
Air unable to provide a gush
Sprinkle of water,
Rather a concrete floor raised,
Hard enough, unpenetrable
From the above, so the hands could reach
Them! Tend them!
Soft touch of the blade
Would never be seen again!
In both processes! Reap and relish,
Would never you be able to.
You! The 'ex' chromosome
Of the society.
Though the apt form never concurred
Not cautious of the reckless 'Why'.
Who abandoned, banned,
The easy, quiet, tranquil state of your enchanting peace
To vulgarize it,
Bind in chains.
In the dismal black Inferno.

One day will devastate, reck, to restore the skill,
Finesse to mould and design the world
The 'Y' couldn't understand
Is unable to,
The magic seedlings concealed beneath the burqa,
The freedom of expression, not pale though,
Even the chilly pudges couldn't bestow upon you,
The pangs of nasty enshrouds,
Obscured from the world.
Unaware, that one day,
The bean stalks would reach the Heaven
The Eternal Nirvana
The celestial city of all
The demeaned 'X' chromosomes.
And that would be the day of ecstasy
Blissful contentment of what not all
The Seventh Heaven, The Cloud Nine.

Not like the rye seeds, since the times immemorial
Buried deep under the concrete jungle.