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Dissection

Priyanka Panwar

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Drops of sweat, pale-faced, trembling hands.

She moved forward and tried to speak.

Tried hard.

Nothing was coming out.

Absolutely nothing.

She could hear murmurs, lowly whispers.

Threatening to engulf her.

To consume her.

She raised her face and looked at the crowd.

Like tiny, little ants.

So many of them.

Everybody seemed to be scrutinizing her.

Dissecting every little part of her body.

And she could feel the pain.

The pain when somebody rips you apart.

The pain of getting mutilated.

The pain of being torn into bits and pieces.

The pain of being burnt alive in the red, fiery fire.

The pain of being hit at the back of your head.

The pain of having nobody by your side.

The pain of helplessness.

The pain of being naked when the whole world is watching you.

The pain of ephemerality.

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The pain of vulnerability.

And the worst of all, the pain of being insensitive to pain.