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## At the Frontier

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Every morning

She endures

Attacks of stares

Words

Actions

**Physically** 

Or mentally

And nothing soothes her.

Whole day

She wishes a decent smile

But at every front

Road

Office

Market

Home

Nowhere had she got that.

Evening

She tries to clear

That subdued dirt

From her body

And soul

She washes again and again

Her hands, legs and face

But she fails to remove completely.

Late night

She ponders

While lying on the bed

"Nowadays why I get tired so soon

And how will life go on?"

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An indefinite future's worries Doesn't let her sleep And tears roll down.

Midnight
Whole day's stability breaks
And she desires her dream man
To support her but he doesn't come.
Why does she have such dream?
Why again that same dream man?
Whose disloyalty she knows
She is conned by both.

Next morning
She goes on with her battle again
At the frontier.