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## **Kill Me Not Father**

**Shweta Chaudhary**

### **Introduction**

This poem is an appeal of an unborn daughter, killed in foeticide. She demands from her father, a decent burial, a kind touch and few tears. She does not complain about foeticide but wants her death to be honourable like all other siblings of her.

Kill me not father, I am your daughter,  
Desperation for son, decreed my slaughter;  
If I die, let me die in peace rather,  
With content to oblige my father;  
Give me some space, a decent burial,  
Before dust is thrown, a name in real.  
Put me not in a bundle or in trash;  
Let not rats nibble at your flesh,  
Let not hound feast on your bones;  
I am yours but, to world unknown,  
Let my body be covered with shroud;  
Let not, for my eye, vultures crowd.  
Rub some salt on my wounds,  
So to worms, your darling not found;  
Put some lime on my bleeding navel,  
Bury me deep, deep with sharp shovel;

Give me winding sheet, gift of sire,  
So you are excused for hell's fire.  
  
Caress me before put me into earth,  
I'll bless you with sons' birth;  
  
Your weakness snatch your lovely child,  
Simple, sober, sweet, gentle and mild;  
  
Overlook my mother's silent tears,  
Overlook the blade my heart pierce.  
  
See in my hands, hands of surgeon,  
See in my legs, racer's bludgeon;  
  
See in my eyes, eyes of shooter,  
See in my fingers, art of tutor;  
  
See in my body, shape of a wrestler,  
See in my little fist, punch of a boxer.  
  
Your grim face to world will tell,  
You bargained heaven for hell;  
  
Have my grave carved in your heart,  
With your gift of gender, I depart;  
  
I bleed, I die & stain the world,  
Stinking, nauseous rolls unfurl.