

My Cursed Story

Sitting at the bus-stop, I am thinking, people look at me with sharp, hawk eyes, why? Because I am not beautiful? Their gaze makes me wonder.

Am I a curse to your society, a pain to your eyes?

What about those people who cause chaos in your society? What about those who knowingly pollute the environment? Kill the air you breathe? What about those who cause you discomfort by smoking? And what about those monsters who abuse their wives and children in the name of a patriarch society?

Why don't they make you cringe? Why don't your eyes hurt - because they are prettier?

But my existence is an ugly unworthy view to you. Why?

I was born this way. Nature had this vessel for me. If I don't complain, why do you? It doesn't matter to me as much, but when you look down upon me with your narrow-mindedness, it matters. It's not fair.

I don't have a choice to change myself and become beautiful, but you have. Yet you don't. You just want me to disappear from your beautiful eyes.

I might have a hundred ideas, but you wouldn't even look at me. Another person might not have even one - but you will listen to her. No matter how hard I work, you will never care. But you silently wait, wait for me to do one small mistake so that you can bite me with that. You give a lot of fake speeches saying beauty is on the inside. But my dear one, only I can see the true reflection between your false words. You are not curious. You are judgemental. Your first look at me gives away my impression on you and your judgement about me.

I don't know if I can change the way you think, change the way you look at me and make up your mind. I don't think you even reflect upon your actions - or the scars they leave upon me. Maybe if you could know me, you would change. But until then, there is not much I can do, but convey my cursed story.

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