

My body is my soul

by Mahamuda Rahman

For decades, for centuries, and more –
You call me the holy mother, or call me the whore.
You think I am a property, to buy and sell
Like a cow, or a camel – or a piece of land.

And you secure me with shackles or a wedding band.

Never occurred to you that my body is my soul
Just like yours. And I have a role –
To decide and determine what I want to be
My body, my soul – and just be Me.

You are alarmed by my autonomy. You censor my senses.
You cut me and bruise me, put me under your lenses.
That little transparent box in your head
You want me to reside there, like a shred
My body is my soul – it's not for you to trade.
I am growing out of your box to fly, to explore, to pervade.

Never occurred to you that souls can defy
Cages, confines, containers – no matter how hard you try.
My soul spreads her wings with my body in her hand –
Hear, hear what she says and try to understand –
Not a mother, not a mistress, not a piece of land.

Mahamuda Rahman was born and raised in Bangladesh and now lives in the Netherlands. After finishing a BA and MA in English Literature, Mahamuda started working in advertising and communications. Now, she works with a feminist not-for-profit organisation.