

Am I born to suffer?

by Tough Lady

They made me feel inferior.
I was forced to say uncle,
And buy the idea of being worthless.
It was worse than a suffocation to feel of no use,
A loss indeed they made me appear.
Empty I was,
Yet abnormally loaded with dust of mockery.

Sexually, I screamed bloody murder,
Rape, rape, rape!
You have ripped off my pride and dignity,
devilishly pried me open,
And left me in the lurch vulnerable to all sorts of brutal attacks.
A thousand generations of men feed on my flesh day and night.
How do you expect me to sleep,
When I am working graveyard shift to satisfy a dozen of merciless demons?
With a crying shame,
I have become nothing less than enslaved to dust of mockery.

Can my story ever come to make sense?
Glued to misery, I have become,
My salad days are nothing short of a wipe-out.
I feel every inch of my skin is drawn to a brush with death.
Life has knocked around me,
How can it not be,
when the meaning of hope is lost?
Void inside, yet choked with dust of mockery.

I no longer own myself,
How then can I have someone to call my own?
The world marooned me.
Shattered or scattered, I just feel loosened to ashes.
My own dreams are no part of reality.
Aspirations expired before their birth.
Peace pierced into pieces,
Pain taken its roots beneath,
And proven to be the only portion to taste.
Skeleton! Am I?

Left without recognition to absorb only the dust of mockery.

Life gets in the way, I agree.

Tupac Shakur felt the heinous side of it,

"It's a struggle for every young black man. You know how it is,
only God can judge us."

What has society done in the name of gender equality,

Am I not human enough,

A son of your own,

Brother of this generation,

A husband to a wife I'm not equipped with how to treat tomorrow,

Father of the future?

The question still remains,

Until when do I have to be deprived of my own right in the dust of mockery?

Its never about competition,

But doing your best in the moment,

How then should I do it,

When you took all the opportunities from me?

Is it my identity to be scrapping the bottom of the barrel,

Only to make it to the top?

How many of you are willing to stand up for my rights?

All I am asking is a window of opportunity to showcase the flame eating me beneath.

Thirsty I am,

Starving for greatness is all I do,

Yet limited to dust of mockery.

It doesn't matter what I had to go through,

All that created a hero in me,

And made me realize scars are ornaments of honor.

A warrior I was born, and so are you!

I am tough indeed, I subdue any hindrance to my throne,

Enough is enough! I say no, to giving in and giving up,

inspiration is awareness of your worth molded from the dust of mockery.

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