

## Voices against violence

Voices against violence are hushed,  
Even when they are filled with bloodlust.  
Every time he comes home drowned in liquor,  
With a raised voice he starts to bicker.  
He follows it with a thunderous slap across her face;  
His mind full of haze and of pity no trace.  
This is followed by an inhumane beating,  
As the victim sees her life fleeting;  
Voices against violence shout,  
As the victim screams her lungs out.  
Voices against violence fade away,  
When starts a new day;  
To uphold esteem in the society,  
But the victim is no longer free;  
Hiding scars and bruises with baggy clothes and scarfs,  
Staying at home till time lightens the marks.  
In another neighbourhood almost everyday,  
You can see many kids joining the fray,  
As they pick on the different one in their own ways,  
Stealing away from her eyes the glinting rays.  
She becomes sombre and morose,  
While they beat her up till she bleeds her nose.  
Voices against violence are terrified,  
As she comes home saying it was just a friendly fight.  
Fear of solitude and being shunned by friends,  
Are something too much for a young one to comprehend.

Voices against violence are crushed,  
Voices against violence are hushed,  
But they accumulate,  
And when the dam reaches its limit, it breaks;  
Voices against violence rise,  
Voices against violence terrify.  
It is not always the victim,  
But an onlooker fine,  
Who sees them being picked on, who sees them whine,  
Who relays the voice before it gets attenuated by reasons sublime.  
Voices against violence reverberate,  
Voices against violence resonate,  
Voices against violence never completely fade,  
As thoughtful and responsible people keep others safe.

-Harsh Kavediya