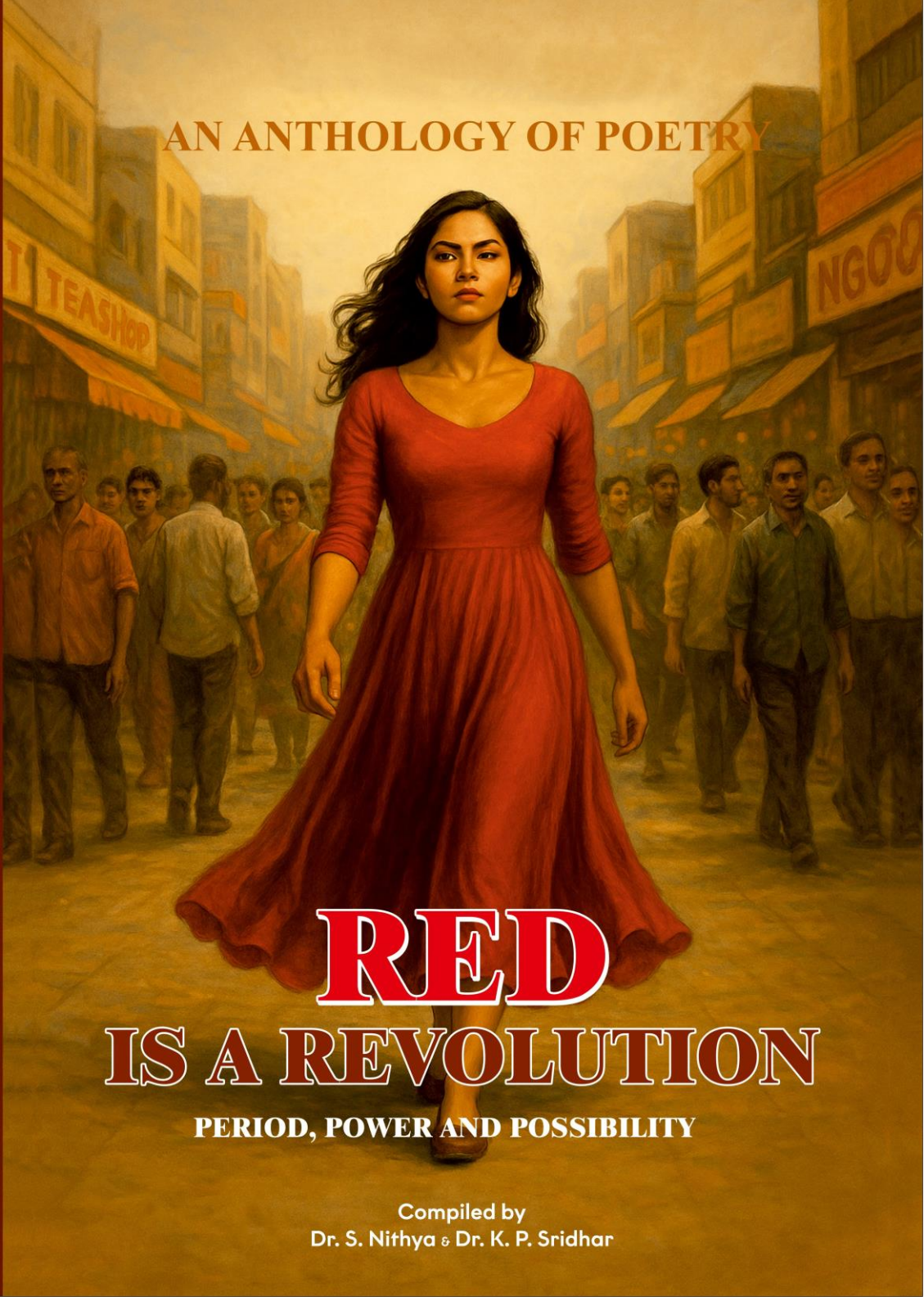


The background of the entire poster is a painting of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a vibrant red, long-sleeved, floor-length dress, walking towards the viewer. She is in the center of a busy, crowded street. The street is lined with multi-story buildings. On the left, a sign for 'TEASHOP' is visible. On the right, a sign for 'NGOO' is partially visible. The crowd consists of many people, mostly men, dressed in simple, everyday clothing. The overall color palette is warm, with a lot of yellows, oranges, and browns, giving it a vintage or historical feel. The lighting is soft, and the style is reminiscent of a classic oil painting.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY

RED
IS A REVOLUTION

PERIOD, POWER AND POSSIBILITY

Compiled by
Dr. S. Nithya & Dr. K. P. Sridhar

AN ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY

**RED IS A
REVOLUTION**

PERIOD, POWER AND POSSIBILITY

Compiled by
**Dr. S. Nithya &
Dr. K. P. Sridhar**

RED IS A REVOLUTION - PERIOD, POWER AND POSSIBILITY
An anthology of Poetry to help the society in,

- ✓ Gender Equality (SDG 5)
- ✓ Reduce inequality (SDG 10)
- ✓ Quality Education (SDG 4)
- ✓ Women Empowerment
- ✓ Inculcate Empathy
- ✓ Normalizing the period
- ✓ Eradicate the Taboo
- ✓ Promote Menstrual Hygiene (SDG 3&6)

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- PERIOD, POWER AND POSSIBILITY

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Coimbatore – 641 021 .

DISCLAIMER

This anthology is a work of fiction.

All write-ups contributed by the co-authors are original and claimed to be free from plagiarism. The content presented in this book is unique and solely belongs to the respective co-authors.

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FOREWORD

Dr. R. Sujatha
SDG consultant. Govt. Of Tamil Nadu
- Planning & Development Department



Ending Period Poverty - Critical Need for Dignity, Safety, and Sanitation for women as A Basic Right, Not a Privilege

The urgent need for safe, private, and hygienic sanitation for women and girls is underscored by the challenges of managing menstruation with dignity. The call to prioritize Menstrual Hygiene Management (MHM) was first amplified at the 3rd South Asian Conference on Sanitation in 2008, led by Ms. Shanta Sheela Nair, I.A.S. Addressing MHM involves breaking stigma (SDG 5.1, 5.6), ensuring access to affordable sanitary products (SDG 1.4, 10.2), and providing safe toilets, water, soap, and disposal systems (SDG 6.2). The economic burden of menstrual products highlights inequalities in access (SDG 10.2, 10.3). This directly impacts women's health (SDG 3.7) and the right to gender equality and participation (SDG 5.1, 5.5). Effective Menstrual Hygiene Management is, therefore, integral to achieving targets on health, gender equality, sanitation, and reducing inequalities.

Period poverty is often an overlooked crisis and the lack of access to menstrual products, hygienic facilities, and proper disposal—affects millions of women and girls. It forces them to use unsafe alternatives, stay isolated, miss school or work, and

compromises their health and dignity. Poor menstrual hygiene, driven by inadequate sanitation, leads to infections, absenteeism, and long-term health impacts. Toilets close to home and schools protect women from harassment, violence, and health hazards and proper sanitation prevents the shame and stigma of managing menstruation in public or unsafe spaces.

The National Family Health Survey -5 (2019-21) places Tamil Nadu as one of the highest-performing states with 98.4% of 15–24 year olds using hygienic methods while the All-India figures are around 77–78%. The State has embedded the menstrual hygiene as an integral part of the empowering process by providing free sanitary napkins to adolescent girls, women prisoners and maternity pads through its Menstrual Hygiene Programme. Integrating supply chain for local production with Self Help Groups – TNSANFED is an initiative which improves affordability and access.

Innovating and creating platforms around menstruation is important and we have been in the forefront being a part of the efforts for Community Engagement by breaking stigma, educating boys and men, and normalize conversations around menstruation, creating cadre of professionals at different levels through a structured programme. It has also been our constant endeavor to work towards sustainable solutions for menstruation.

This anthology of poems speaks about the concerns around ensuring access, availability, and affordability of menstrual hygiene solutions which is central to gender equality, public health, and human dignity. We hope you enjoy and share these poems with your friends.

~ Dr. R. Sujatha

FOREWORD



Dr. A. R. Chithra
Associate Professor,
Government Arts and Science College for Women,
Coimbatore

In a world that often shies away from speaking openly about menstruation, this anthology is a bold and beautiful declaration of awareness, dignity, and empowerment. Each poem gathered here echoes not just words, but lived experiences, deep emotions, and urgent calls for change.

This collection, born from the spirit of Menstrual Hygiene Day 2025, brings together voices that challenge taboos, embrace the natural rhythm of the body, and advocate for a world where menstrual health is recognized as a human right - not a hidden struggle.

What makes this book remarkable is the diversity of its contributors - young minds, seasoned writers, passionate cadets live experiences transformed thought into verse. Their courage who have to deliver, to express, and to create makes this anthology not just a literary achievement, but a movement in itself.

I wholeheartedly appreciate Lt. Dr. Nithya and co-authors, NCC, MHM and SDG Centers at Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, whose unwavering commitment made this initiative possible. To the compiler, contributors, and every reader - may these pages inspire you to reflect, to feel, and to implement. Let these words be not the end of a conversation, but the beginning of many.

~ Dr. A. R. Chithra

PREFACE

Red is a Revolution: Period, Power & Possibility is not merely a collection of poems—it is a call to awareness, action, and change. This anthology emerges from a collective voice that dares to speak, share, and shatter the taboos around menstruation. Compiled as part of the Menstrual Hygiene Day 2025 observance by the NCC, Center for MHM & SDG at Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, this literary effort echoes the core belief that silence around periods is not just outdated—it is oppressive.

From over 100 poetic submissions, 50 were carefully chosen to reflect the depth, courage, and creativity of voices speaking up for menstrual equity. Each poem contributes to a greater narrative of dignity, strength, and the everyday revolution of owning one's body without shame.

Through this initiative, we aim not just to publish words, but to ignite conversations and catalyze change—one verse at a time.

COMPILER'S NOTE

It has been both a privilege and a responsibility to compile this anthology. Each poem submitted held a spark—of personal truth, of resistance, of hope. The final selection represents a tapestry of emotions and insights, woven by writers who dared to turn stigma into strength.

The title "***Red Is a Revolution – Period, Power and Possibility***" was born from the realization that menstruation is not just a biological process—it is a symbol of power, perseverance, and potential. It is time we embrace it not with hesitation, but with honor.

To every contributor: thank you for trusting us with your truth. To every reader: may these pages inspire you to listen, to speak, and to stand for a world where menstruation is no longer a secret, but a celebrated sign of life.

With Solidarity & Pride

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

With profound gratitude, we bow in thanks to the Almighty for blessing us with strength, clarity, and resilience to bring this anthology, ***Red Is a Revolution – Period, Power and Possibility***, to live.

We extend our heartfelt gratitude to **Dr. A. R. Chithra, Associate Professor, Government Arts and Science College for Women, Puliyakulam, Coimbatore** and **Prof. M. Karunamoorthy, Retired Professor & Head, Government Arts College, Coimbatore** for their unwavering encouragement, which sustained us throughout this creative journey.

A special note of gratitude to **Dr. R. Sujatha, SDG Associate, Government of Tamil Nadu** and **Karupa Foundation, Mettupalayam**, for the thoughtful support and motivation that shaped the direction and depth of this idea.

We are sincerely grateful to the Management, **Karpagam Academy of Higher Education** for their generous support and encouragement in nurturing this socially significant literary effort; also we would extend warm greetings to our team **Center for Interdisciplinary Research**.

Our deepest thanks to all the **CO-AUTHORS** whose courageous voices, stirring poems, and bold reflections have breathed life into this work. Your words are not just contributions—they are the pulse of this revolution.

We also extend our sincere thanks to **Dr. S. Murugarajan** and **Ms. U. Rathi Priya** for their dedicated support, seamless coordination, and relentless commitment throughout the compilation process.

Finally, to our **READERS** - thank you for embracing this collection with open hearts and minds. Your willingness to engage, reflect, and carry this conversation forward is what transforms these pages into a movement.

Dr. S. Nithya &

Dr. K.P. Sridhar

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* **Drawing**- Cadet R. Murugan

A RECYCLE

- *Prof. P. Hemamalini*

I'm proud of being a woman

Louder please, Mom

Yes Proud of Beeeingg a Womann, I cried out

Mmm, Can you say in those days? Mom asked?

Drooping my head!

Billion dollar question inside me

Why women have this problem?

I just blamed God

I just blamed Eve

I just blamed all menfolk

What curse upon us?

Cried many midnight unknown to others

Inside questions kindled my insight

Pain without anything

Stain, blood stain, vomiting

Why should I have? Asked Mom
The young age knowing anything
Mom replied phenomenally you are a woman!
Every month teaches more than a teacher
Every drop makes me stronger
Every stain mentoring me
Ready as a soldier to face enemy in battlefield
Ready to drop blood as sacrifice
Days rolled , I' m conceived
Waiting eagerly to meet my baby
Counting days with merry and eager
Every day I spoke with my Warmth womb
Unbearable pain, Yes very unbearable
Pride to have a girl baby
Wiped my tears along with pain
I became mother, telling myself, Mom
Responsibility awakening me
Cycle not yet stopped, But it started

I' going to teach my child ,
Its not a curse but a boon
It's not a sickness but a wellness
It's not a dirtyness but a deityness
It's not isolation but a revolution
It's not a mystery wrapping with papers
But a history conquering with papers
Yes you are a woman phenomenally
But have the treasure inside you
A Day will come to know the truth
Women only having the power to bear rather men.
Proud to be a woman.

- ***P.Hemamalini***, working as a Professor of English, The Madura College Autonomous Madurai, having 15 years of Teaching experience in collegiate service. She is a bilingual Poet, article writer, Essayist national and international level.
-

BLOODLINES OF STRENGTH

- *Sujitha. O. S*

In every beat beneath my skin,
a legacy begins again—
not written in ink or stone,
but in blood passed woman to woman.

My great-grandmother's hands
tilled earth with quiet might,
while her body kept its rhythm—
a crimson clock beneath the sun.

My mother stood in silence,
yet bled through storms and seasons,
never faltering, never folding,
her strength stitched into every scar.

And now I rise,
not alone, but lifted
by voices that hum in my veins—
a choir of warriors in soft-spoken skin.

This blood is not burden,
but inheritance—
a fierce and flowing vow
to endure, to create, to rise.

We are not the wounds—
we are the women who heal from them.
we are the women who heal from them.

- **Sujitha. O. S**, III B.Sc Computer Science, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A spirited NCC cadet known for her strong sense of social responsibility and active community involvement.
-

BUTTERFLY AS ANGEL: ANGEL AS BUTTERFLY

- *Vivekanandha P*

Here a little reminder for you about butterfly...

They're so pretty right?

But you know the butterfly can't see their own wings?

So, they don't know how beautiful they are.

That's why I told that the angel of Angel,

I just want to say... whatever it may be,

You're beautiful, you're so amazing.

You're so wonderful person but,

You just don't see it.

Maybe most of the person don't know

You're struggle,

People don't know your past;

People don't know your pains.

Remember, there no storm can last forever

Time will heal your situation and

Change with time...

"Hope am always with my lovable person"

- **Vivekanandha P, III** *B.E. Computer Science and Design, Karpagam College of Engineering, Coimbatore – A dedicated student with a creative edge, actively contributing to social causes with a strong sense of responsibility and discipline.*
-

CADENCE OF A WOMAN

- *Nittheeshwaran. K*

She moves in measures the world forgets—

not by clock or calendar,

but by tides within,

a rhythm older than time.

Each month, a quiet symphony begins:

not of weakness,

but of wondrous becoming,

of body remembering

it was born to carry galaxies.

In her, the moon finds a mirror,

waxing with promise,

waning with rest—

and still, she rises

with every pull of gravity's grace.

She is not chaos, but composition—
a breath, a pause, a pulse,
each phase a verse
in the anthem of endurance.
She bleeds,
and the world does not stop—
but her steps deepen,
her voice strengthens,
her spirit refines.
She carries pain like poetry,
cradles life in her hips,
dreams in the lull between contractions,
and still finds music in the mundane.
From the first red bloom
to the last gentle fade,
her journey is not decline—
but crescendo.

She is daughter,
then fire-hearted friend,
then mother of nations,
then wisdom in walking bones.
This is the cadence of a woman—
not hurried, not hushed,
but whole.
A rhythm of rising,
of breaking and becoming,
of bleeding and blooming,
again and again.

- **Nitheeshwaran. K**, III B.E. EEE, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A committed and disciplined learner, known for his proactive attitude and sense of social commitment.
-

CHASING THE LIGHT

- **Varshini R**

In the hush of dawn's first gleam,
I chase the shadow of a dream,
A whisper carried on the breeze,
That stirs the soul and bends the trees.
The stars may fade, but still I run,
Beneath the gaze of waking sun,
For every step and every scar,
Has led me closer to the star.
So let the winds of worry blow,
I'll bloom where only brave hearts go,
For in my heart, a fire burns bright—
A soul that never gives up the fight.

- **Varshini R**, III B.Tech AI & Data Science, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A passionate tech enthusiast. She has worked on projects like an Arduino-based object carrier and an offline educational app for children. Known for her curiosity and creativity, she balances academics with hobbies like reading and music.

CRIMSON VOICES: A CALL FOR MENSTRUAL DIGNITY

- *Andrew Stanly A*

Whispers once hid behind closed doors,

Now rise like waves on distant shores.

A Silent tide no more confined,

The voice of Health for Womenkind.

Crimson rivers mark the way,

Nature's Rhythm, Bold and Brave.

But Shadows lurk in myths and fears,

It's time to see, to make it clear.

Not just a Cycle, but Strength untold,

In every drop, a story bold.

Clean hands, bright minds, and dignity's light,

Turning the dark to Radiant Bright.

Break the Chains, unfold the tale,
No Shame to hide, No truth to veil.
Menstrual care is not just need –
It's freedom, power, hope and seed.

On this Day, 2025's call,
We rise as One, breaking the wall.
A future where girls walk with pride,
With Health, with hope, Side by Side.

- **Andrew Stanly A, III** B.Sc Information Technology, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – An active NCC cadet and socially conscious youth who believes in the power of poetry to voice ideas and drive awareness on issues like menstrual hygiene. Passionate about using creative expression as a catalyst for meaningful change.
-

EVE'S FIRST BLOOD

- *Dr. Subramanian Shanmuga Sundaram*

When warm day
was abed
with mild streaks
of fallen sun ,
Eve was on a spangled bower
in happy converse with fair Adam.
A strange pulsing sensation
was on our mother
and soon she saw red stains
on her thighs....
She knew not
what blood is,
probably it was the first sight
for human eyes...

An undisturbed sleep
that night brought a voice
which surmised 'Womb
is the sanctum of life cycle
and cleansing is what a
menstruation is all about..Fear not!'
Eve felt not different
next day as she laboured
and bathed sans burden...
Hyacinths, laurels and lavenders
were wreathed for her hair,
as she was queen woman
from that day...
Nothing abnormal was
in monthly bleed
till Satan tempted her
to taste the forbidden fruit..
This fruit brought 'guilt'

for first time on earth ..
Though a bit mythical,
the sin that's spoken about
is discrimination and exclusivism
that tenanted human minds thereafter..
Till these ills
are washed away from
human psyche,
Woman's menstrual phase
will be despised as 'other'.

- **Dr. Subramanian**, Assistant Professor, Chikkaiah Government Arts College, Erode – A passionate educator from Madurai with over 22 years of teaching experience. His poetry reflects lived experiences, quiet observations, and a deep sense of social awareness. Beyond academics, he finds inspiration in everyday life, supported by his homemaker wife and college-going son.
-

FLOW UNSPOKEN: VOICES BREAKING THE CYCLE OF SILENCE

- *Dr. K. Kalaiselvi,*

For too long, the red was hidden—
a secret carried in shadows,
whispered only in hushed tones,
a silence heavy as night.

We learned to bow our heads,
to fold our stories deep inside,
to treat our bodies like riddles
no one was meant to solve.

But this flow—
this sacred, steady river—
refuses to be quiet.
It rises with a roar beneath our ribs,
a pulse demanding to be heard.
Each drop a voice,
each cycle a song—
unbroken by fear,
undimmed by shame.

We are daughters of moons and tides,
keepers of cycles older than words,
and still, they told us to hush,
to hide the truth behind closed doors.
But silence is a cage,
and we are the key—
unlocking the stories
buried beneath years of taboo.

Hear us now:
the blood is not a curse,
not a secret to be stolen away,
but a crown of resilience,
a drumbeat of life.

We speak in crimson poetry,
in verses that bleed strength,
in rhythms that reclaim power,
in words that break the chains.

No longer hidden,
no longer hushed—

we flow unspoken no more,
but loud, proud, and free.

This is our revolution,
our reclaiming of voice,
our breaking of silence,
one pulse at a time.

- **Dr. K. Kalaiselvi**, Centre for Food Nanotechnology,
Department of Food Technology, Karpagam Academy of
Higher Education, Coimbatore – A dedicated researcher and
academician with a keen interest in science communication
through creative expression. Her poetry blends scientific
insight with social consciousness, aiming to inspire thought
and change.
-

LET BE HER!

- **Ezhiloviyan S**

Each month she bleeds, yet hides her face,

In silence walks, with quiet grace.

It's not a shame, it's nature's art

Give her care, and do your part...

- **Ezhiloviyan S**, *B.Tech Artificial Intelligence and Data Science,
Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – His
creative voice complements his analytical mindset, making
space for both innovation and empathy.*

LET IT FLOW

- *Sanjhai M. L*

They told us, "Hide it, don't you speak,"
As if our bodies made us weak.
But every month, we rise again,
With strength that pulses through the pain.
A drop of red, a sign of life,
Not cause for shame, nor source of strife.
It's nature's call, it's how we grow,
A sacred cycle — let it flow.
No need to blush, no need to fear,
Let's make the message loud and clear:
That pads and talks are not taboo,
And clean care must be given too.
In every school and every home,
Let facts, not silence, freely roam.
No more the myths, no more the lies,
Let knowledge make the young ones wise.

For girls who miss their dreams and days,
Because they bleed in hidden ways —
We rise for them, we raise our voice,
To give them health, to give them choice.
So on this day, we stand and say:
Break the silence, clear the way.
It's not just blood — it's bold and brave,
It's time to heal, it's time to save.
Let's build a world that helps and hears,
That wipes away the wasted years.
With dignity in every row —
We break the dam, We let it flow.

- **Sanjhai M. L**, Student, Anna University – *An enthusiastic volunteer with NSS and Tol, actively involved in community service and youth leadership initiatives. He channels his passion for social change through both academic excellence and creative expression.*
-

LET'S BE THE CHANGE

- ***Adhiraj V.V***

Let's break the silence, let's break the mold

Menstrual hygiene matters, stories untold

We'll support our sisters, friends, and peers

With empathy and kindness, through laughter and tears

We'll be the allies, the guiding light

Helping girls and women, through day and night

No more stigma, no more shame

Let's bring it out, let's play the game

We'll provide the resources, the education too

So girls can thrive, with dignity anew

We'll be the change, we'll lead the way

For a world where menstrual hygiene is here to stay

Let's normalize the conversations

About periods, without hesitations

We'll be part of the solution, we'll be the guide

For a world where girls can live with pride.

- **Adhiraj V. V**, B.E. Computer Science and Engineering, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A tech-savvy and inquisitive learner, passionate about computing and innovation. His poetic expressions reflect his thoughtful engagement with technology and the world around him.
-

MEN IN MENSTRUATION

- ***Dr. S Murugarajan***

("Men in Menstruation" is a needed concept to understand the reality of being women. This concept invites inclusion, empathy, and allyship into a space traditionally marked by taboo and gendered silence. This verse is a reflective poem on this theme, highlighting how men can shift from bystanders to understanding partners in dismantling menstrual stigma.)

It was told that it wasn't our story,
It's their boon for having motherhood
And taught us, red is not a curse but a boon, It's not a burden,
It's must and helps to reborn as mother.

The forgot men in Menstruation,
Is to heal and care not to hurt.
Men in Menopause only to be with them,
In any state not to let them suffer alone.

None noticed with light heart,
Made them suffer behind the back doors,
The Gowns set up an illusion for their fellow beings,
To put them in isolation, without thinking of inclusion,

Worshipping as Goddess or the supreme, but neglected as women,

Not only by men but also by themselves for ages,
Forgotten by tricks, themselves acted as their own foes,
As per the wish of ancients, we learnt the same.

And didn't hear the unheard voices of our mother, sister and companions,
But what if we, men listened?

It's only the time is to give love, care and attention,
Not stress, mood swings, anxiety and loneliness but inclusion.

The stain is to be shared, not murmured,
Not as shame, but as strength to bear us?
Not as mess, but as miracle of our birth?
Only to reborn as a phoenix.

Men cannot bear such a pain, think and act my dear fellows,
Menstruation is not a wall, but a bridge—Only to understand
The pain and sufferings our mothers carried, the grace our sisters wore,
The cycles our partners endured, in silence.

One should support and give attention, not neglect,
We are not here to take the stage, but to stand beside it.
To ask, to learn, to unlearn the smirks and sneers,
To become safe spaces, where dignity is not denied.

Men in menstruation, are not intruders—
We should say:

Your pain matters. Your power is visible.
Your blood is not taboo.

Dears, you are part of them,
Feel their inner longings,
Share their pain by your care,
Show your love by your deed.

A step to understand their physical and mental trauma.
Some men support in silence behind curtains but many not.
Our allies are not weakened by our negligence,
They proved, prove and will prove like Jhansi, Sunita.

They are not merely weakened by blood.
It's the time to awaken our spirit.
Think and act.
A step to understand and strengthen our beloved's.

- **Dr. S. Murugarajan** – *An enthusiastic lifelong learner, dedicated teacher, and academic researcher committed to empowering rural students in realizing their dreams. His poetry often reflects his deep-rooted passion for education, equity, and social upliftment.*
-

MENSTRUAL HYGIENE

- *Jushmitha J*

A cycle of life and pain enfolds,
Every month, hidden and untold
Stripped off of energy, gifted with pain,
Pushing ourselves completely in vain.

It's time to break the silence and speak
Menstrual cycle isn't a taboo to hide
To your body's requirements, pay heed
Pads and cups, choose what you need.

A tale of crimson cycle,
The red without which none of us will exist
Let's teach our family, friends, and society,
That it's not something to be disgusted.

Let's talk of cramps, of clots, of mood,
Of cravings, tears, and iron-rich food.
Of resting when the body pleads,
Of honoring natural, monthly needs.

Schools must teach, not shame the tide,
No more whispers where truth should reside.
Bathrooms stocked, and access free,
For every girl and woman to have mental peace.

Clean hands, clean products, and clean spaces,
Menstrual health begins with basic practices.
Change regularly, stay dry, and dispose responsibly.
Your period deserves care, not shame

No stained skirt should be disgraced,
No flushed cheeks, no hurried pace.
To every person who menstruates, know this:
Your cycle is strength, not something amiss.

- **Jushmitha J**, *Final Year B.E. Biomedical Engineering, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A passionate writer of poems and stories, publishing under a pen name on platforms like Mangatoon and Ko-fi. She blends her scientific curiosity with creative expression, crafting narratives that resonate with emotion and imagination.*
-

NOT SILENCE, BUT SONG

- *Dr. C. Prajitha*

They told me to whisper,
to turn away and hide—
but my body hummed a truth
too wild to be denied.

This flow is not a flaw,
not something to erase,
but a rhythm of resilience
etched in sacred grace.

Each drop a drumbeat rising
from the roots of ancient lore,
a chorus of the women
who bled and built before.

No shame shall shroud this cycle,
no hush shall dim its flame—
for what they called a weakness
was never mine to claim.

I walk with crimson cadence,
with pride where fear once clung—
for this is not silence
but a song that must be sung.

- **Dr. C. Prajitha**, Assistant Professor, Department of ECE,
Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – An
academician with a keen interest in both technology and
literature. Her poetry reflects thoughtful introspection and a
deep sense of social responsibility, bridging the worlds of
engineering and empathy.
-

ODE TO MENSTRUATION

- *Sirushti J*

Red is a revolution

Ode to Menstruation

No war, no military force

No cry, no lose,

But the valley of blood flows.

Pain scrutinizes the path.

Pain coated over pleasure.

This great flow, Alas!

Pure and cutest.

This blushing flush,

Alters the temper.

This isn't river Arvari,

Being very short.

Also not river Ganga,

Being the longest.

But a pretty Brooke,

Flowing with

A winsome smile.

A journey of an egg,

From down to top,

And wavy.

Some minutes resting over

Fallopian glassy pipes.

Their rushing flow is unstoppable!

Beautifully glittering as red snow

Oozing drop by drop.

Like a rose petals,

Topped in patterns.

Now, get poked independently,

Flows in joy

The process is a magic!

History made a mistake!

The seven wonders of the world:

An eighth wonder revealed.

Menstruation, the eighth wonder shines!

- **Sirushti J**, UPSC Aspirant, Officers IAS Academy – A passionate writer and civil service aspirant, with an M.A. in English from Holy Cross College, Trichy. She believes in the transformative power of words, with poetry and playwriting as her creative forte. Her book "The Purple Podcast of Life" showcases 30 poems across diverse themes, and she continues to explore literary theory through her work on Deconstruction.
-

ONE DROP AT A TIME

- *Dr. G. Hemalatha*

One new drop, killed her short lived childhood
It shimmers in a cloth with a stain of red,
It's too young to realise what was happening inside her
She rushes behind closed doors

No one told her then, the secret of root of life
That this is not her weaknesses,
But it's just beginning of power, to the gateway of woman
A woman, the entire world will worship

Her mind bleeds through doubt and anxiety
While crossing classrooms and crushes,
It made every sidelong glance too, with tidy tide of every cycle
In the midst of frequent follow ups of mood swing

One new drop, killed her short lived childhood
Her shoulders back with piled up responsibilities,
Still carried the strength, the world actually tried to make her forget
Now, her body feels the nuances of security completely

Yet she kept her heads up with mesmerising beauty
As marking moon days, tracing tides with cycles,
She learnt to endure and trust the rhythm of pain, not usual at all
That stitched her towards the progress of womanhood

In the course of pain that came and passed,
Through the weight of silence, grow with emotional instability,
She grew beneath my skin, a garden watered by resilience
Each cycle becomes a season; each scar becomes an in infant's life

One new drop, killed her short lived childhood
For that a woman was made, not to break, but to bend and rise,
One drop at a time turns into long lasting haunting
But by marching confidently to up bring the next generation with pride.

- **Dr. G. Hemalatha**, Assistant Professor, Department of English & Foreign Languages, Madanapalle Institute of Technology & Science, Andhra Pradesh – With over 13 years of teaching experience, she is a creative writer who enjoys writing poetry and is actively involved in enhancing students' communication and literary skills.
-

RED EVOLUTION: THE POWER, THE PULSE, THE PRIDE

- *Aaradhya N*

Red is not just a colour—
It is revolution, resilience, rebirth.
It is the rhythm of every womb,
The ancient pulse of Mother Earth.

It flows not as shame,
But as power through every vein.
A storm women walk through monthly,
Smiling through the ache and pain.

We bleed—but not in silence.
We bleed with strength, with grace.
And in that crimson tide we carry
A fire no one can erase.

This isn't just blood.
This is biology, bravery, and balance.
It's not "dirty" or "gross"—
It's the heartbeat of existence, not absence.

So hear this loud and clear:
Menstruation demands respect, not fear.
It's not a girl's secret or taboo tale—
It's a human reality we must unveil.

Menstrual hygiene isn't optional—
It's sacred. Essential. Pure.
Because we place products
In the most sensitive places for sure.

That pad, that tampon, that cup we use—
Must honor the body, not abuse.
Why not return to the arms of nature?
Cotton pads, organic, safer structures.

Our bodies deserve the softest care,
Not plastics and toxins hidden there.
We are not made to suffer in pain—
We are made to rise, to reclaim.

Hydrate. Rest. Be aware.
Menstruation is more than monthly repair.

It reflects the soul, the cycle, the sign—
That our health is whole, aligned, divine.

When periods go off track,
It's not "normal"—it's a cry back.
PCOS, anemia, and hormonal strain,
Are symptoms of unspoken pain.

Every woman should know, every girl be taught,
Menstrual health is not something to be bought.
It's a birthright, a necessity, a must—
To keep our temples clean and just.

And to every boy and man:
You were born from this blood. Understand.
This is not "her" issue. This is ours.
This red is what gave you life's first hour.

To every school, every home, every street—
Let the red conversation repeat.
No more whispers behind closed doors—
Let this tide crash and open new shores.

This is our Red Evolution.

Not just a cycle—it's a revolution.

With cotton, care, and dignity as our tools,

We rewrite the rules, we dismantle taboos.

So rise, bleed, roar with pride—

You are the moon's echo, the ocean's tide.

For in every drop of that sacred red,

Lives the future the world has always been led.

- **Aaradhya N**, Student, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A passionate data science student who blends technology with creativity. A Smart India Hackathon finalist, Rotaractor, and outspoken feminist. Her work reflects strong values in equality, education, social justice, and positivity, guided by her powerful words: “Treat everyone equally” and “Every species in the world is important”.
-

RED IS A REVOLUTION

- *Bharathraj R*

Red begins where my mother's strength was born,
Her quiet courage, worn and worn.
In the lines of her face, stories stay,
Of love that held the dark at bay.

Red runs in the dreams of my sister's fight,
Balancing books and sleepless nights.
She walks through whispers, doubts, and stares,
But still she rises, still she dares.

The young, the old, from high to low,
Each bears a tale the world must know.
From childhood fears to woman's pride,
They bleed in silence, pushed aside.

Yet red is passion, red is flame,
A force that time cannot tame.
It's every girl who hides her pain,
Yet smiles and tries and tries again.

In classrooms, corners, temple walls,
In city lights and village calls,
They live, they cry, they laugh, they give—
In red they rise, in red they live.

Not shame, but power—raw and real,
The truth they carry, the wounds that heal.
This is the song, the cry, the sign—
Of all their battles, bold and divine.

Red is a revolution, a voice reborn,
In every soul that has been torn.
So hear her now, her truth ignite—
Red is her armor. Red is her right.

- **Bharathraj R**, III B.E. Biomedical Engineering, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A passionate poet whose works center on themes of strength, resilience, and empowerment. Best known for the impactful poem *Red Is a Revolution*, he uses vivid imagery and heartfelt expression to advocate for women's rights and social change.
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RED IS A REVOLUTION — A VOICE FOR EVERY SILENCED GIRL

- *Vaishnavi*

Red is not dirty.

Red is not cursed.

It's the first scream of life—

Not the universe's worst.

But the moment she bleeds,

The rules begin.

"Don't enter the temple,"

"Don't let them see your skin."

At home, she's told to sit alone,

As if her body turned to stone.

Her plate is separate. Her bed is cold.

She carries silence like chains of gold.

She walks to school with shame in her bag,

No pad, no talk, just an old cloth rag.

She bleeds, but dares not cry or shout—

Because society taught her to hide it out.

They say, "Don't speak. It's private talk."
While boys laugh at every red mark.
Teachers turn faces. Friends turn away.
The world pretends it's just another day.

When marriage knocks, a new fear is born—
"What if I bleed on my wedding morn?"
No one tells him what she goes through,
Yet she's expected to smile, pure and true.

They want a bride, not a woman in pain.
They want the beauty, not the bloodstain.
She sacrifices, bends, and hides her cry—
And still they ask, "Why so moody? Why?"

But listen close—
She is not weak.
Her silence is fire.
Her patience, peak.

Every month, she battles unseen wars,
Behind closed doors, behind locked drawers.
Yet she rises, again and again,

Wearing courage like crimson rain.

So burn the shame. Break the rule.

Bleeding is not taboo—it's the jewel.

No more silence. No more confusion.

Because RED IS A REVOLUTION.

It's power, not pollution.

It's creation, not intrusion.

She is not "unclean"—

She is queen.

- ***Vaishnavi, G***, *Final Year B.Pharm, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A driven and innovative pharmacy student with a keen interest in healthcare, research, and personal growth. She has interned at Nvron Nutraceuticals, gaining practical exposure in nutraceutical formulations. Recognized as a winner of the International Idea Award and a finalist in the MSME Idea Hackathon, she brings creativity, teamwork, and passion into everything she pursues—from science to dance.*
-

RED IS A RISE

- *Harshan K*

Red is not just a color.

It is a rise.

It is the sound of struggle.

It is the voice of freedom.

Red is a dream.

It is a spark.

A loud call for change.

It is the color of our blood.

It stands for courage.

It shows women's strength.

It flies on the flag of protest.

It speaks truth with power.

Red is never forgotten.

It burns and brings victory.

Red is hope.

Red is new.

Red is... a revolution.

- **Harshan K**, *Creative Innovation Catalyst, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A passionate innovation thinker and poetic storyteller who explores the space where creativity meets impact. With a talent for reimagining the ordinary, his work blends bold ideas and deep emotions, aiming to inspire change and spark revolutions through words and design.*
-

RED IS A TRACK

- *Ponsujee R*

Is Red a revolution?

Red Flag, Red Signal, Red Stain...

Usually a sign of pain,

Yet this is simply vain...

Red Flag indicates to toxic !

They say,

Red Sign means to stop!

They lay,

Rules to ruin, for everything we're doing'

Red has longest wavelength !

Still this red is hidden in depth,

It stings like hell for some,

It melts like air for some,

But is inevitable, for all damsel.

They Eschews us with various reasons,
You're stuck, it is sin!
You're powerless, it is pain!
You're ahold, it is impure!
Make us feel weak, till we turn meek!
We know to rest, till it' stops to bleed!
Ready to fight, in case if need!
A cycle we face with a steady pace,
Bringing awareness in every place,
Red is a track we race!

- **Ponsujee R**, M.A. English, Sri Parasakthi College for Women, Courtallam – A literature enthusiast and passionate writer who finds joy in weaving emotions into words. As a Master's student, she channels her love for English literature into heartfelt poetic expressions that reflect depth, sensitivity, and imagination.
-

RED IS NOT A COLOUR

- *Abdul Arshath A*

Red is not a stain to hide,
But nature's rhythm, flowing with pride.
A sign of life, of strength, of grace,
Not something one should fear or face.

She walks with courage, head held high,
Though whispers hush and gazes pry.
But knowledge shines where silence falls,
In hygiene, hope — the future calls.

Give her clean pads, water, space,
And dignity in every place.
Break the myths, end the fear,
Let every voice be loud and clear.

This is a call — to learn, to share,
To treat her days with love and care.
No more shame, no more delay,
Let's rise for her — this Menstrual Day.

- **Abdul Arshath A** , II B.Com PA, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A spirited NCC Senior Division cadet with a strong sense of discipline and dedication. He brings energy and enthusiasm to both academics and social initiatives, expressing his thoughts through creative and purposeful writing.
-

RED IS NOT A SHAME

- *Kishore G.K*

Red is not a shame,
Not a secret, not a name
To whisper low behind closed doors—
It's strength, it's life, and so much more.

She bleeds, yet smiles and walks with grace,
Still runs the world, still wins the race.
It's time we speak, no more delay,
On this Menstrual Hygiene Day.

A pad, a right—not luxury,
Not whispers steeped in secrecy.
Clean hands, clean hearts, clean minds we need,
To honour her, each month she bleeds.

Teach the boys, support the girls,
Break the silence, change the world.
In schools, in homes, in every lane,
Let dignity and health remain.

No girl should fear, no woman hide,
Her natural flow, her monthly tide.
Stand tall, speak loud, we make the way—
For change, for care, this special day.

- **Kishore G.K**, B.Sc Computer Science, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A dedicated student with a specialization in AI and Data Science, passionate about technology, problem-solving, and innovation. Also an intraday forex trader who follows low-risk strategies, he blends discipline with curiosity in both academics and financial exploration.
-

RED IS NOT A SHAME - A RIGHT, NOT A STIGMA

- *Bodhendra V*

Let girls and women bleed with pride,

No need to whisper, fear, or hide.

It's not a curse, it's not unclean,

It's power, life, and all between.

A pad, a cup, a voice that speaks,

For every month, for countless weeks.

Access, care, and education,

Bring hope and strength to every nation.

No more should shame or myths remain,

Or girls miss school because of pain.

Let dignity be free, not priced—

Menstrual health is human rights.

So wear the red, lift up your voice,

In truth and pride, let's all rejoice.

Together strong, we lead the way—

For change, for health, this Menstrual Day.

- **Bodhendra V**, B.E. Computer Science and Engineering,
Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A
focused and enthusiastic student from Theni with a growing
interest in technology and innovation. Committed to
learning and personal growth, he brings sincerity and
curiosity to both his academic journey and creative pursuits.
-

RED IS NOT A STAIN

- *Bency Pricilla R,*

Red is not a stain to hide,
Not a shame we tuck inside.
It flows with power, life, and grace..
A sacred rhythm we must embrace.
From village roads to city lights,
Still linger whispers, myths, and frights.
But every drop a woman bleeds..
Is rooted deep in nature's needs.
She walks with cotton, cloth, or pad,
Through days both silent, strong, and sad.
Yet in her stride, a quiet song..
A strength that's kept the world along.
Do not shush her—teach instead,
Give her light where shame has spread.

Sanitize, support, and stand,
Give dignity with open hand.
Let schools be safe, and homes be kind,
Leave no girl or truth behind.
For menstrual rights are human too..
A red thread that binds me and you.
So speak, and write, and raise your voice,
For silence is a silenced choice.
Let's build a world that proudly says:
"She bleeds, and still she leads the way."

- **Bency Pricilla R**, *B.Tech Artificial Intelligence and Data Science, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A passionate and aspiring AI enthusiast with a strong interest in data-driven innovation. She blends analytical thinking with creativity, actively exploring how technology can be used for meaningful impact. Committed to learning, growth, and contributing positively to society through her skills and ideas.*
-

RED IS REVOLUTIONARY

- *Dr. J. Preethi*

Red is a revolution—

a pulse in the veins of humanity,
a drumbeat of beginnings and ends.

Red unites us—

when a stranger lies bleeding on the road,
we run, not as man or woman,
but as humans, heart to heart.

Red divides us—

when a girl becomes a woman,
we brand her with silence and shame,
forgetting she carries the seed of tomorrow.

Red is love—

the flush of cheeks, the beating heart,
roses blooming in tender hands.

Red is rage—

flames in the eyes,
fists clenched in protest and pain.

When a man marries,
he dreams of becoming one.
Red binds him to her—
a sacred thread woven in blood.

But when she bleeds each month,
we turn away.

Call it thiittu,
an untouchable truth.

Tell me—
how is a man pure
if not for that very blood?
If she does not bleed,
how shall she bear?

Red is the origin.
Red is the key.
Red is the altar of life.
She waits—
with patience, with pain,
welcoming the tides of her health.

Yet barred from the temple,

as though the divine
wasn't born of blood.
Every child comes trailing red.
Every newborn, kissed in crimson.
And we call them God.
God is born of Red.

On hospital beds,
in surgical rooms—
we see Red,
and we call it salvation.
Red is hope.
Red is rebirth.
Red is sacred.
Red is revolutionary.

- **Dr. J. Preethi**, Assistant Professor of English, Jayaraj Annapackiam College for Women, Periyakulam – With 15 years of teaching experience, she holds an M.A. in Linguistics and English and a Ph.D. in English. Her areas of expertise include English Language Teaching and Phonetics. A published author of three books, she is passionate about empowering learners through effective communication and language skills.
-

RED IS THE DAWN

- *Thejaswini R*

Red is not just a color bold,
It's the fire in stories untold.
A heartbeat rising in silent streets,
A cry for justice no fear defeats.

Red is the flag that never falls,
Painted on hope, on broken walls.
In every drop that freedom bled,
A thousand voices rose and said--

"We will not bow, we will not break,
For every chain, a stand we'll take."
Red is the rage, the roar, the flame,
A spark that sets the world to change.

From rebel hearts to burning skies,

Red is the truth that never dies.

A revolution wrapped in light--

Red is the dawn that ends the night.

- ***Thejaswini R***, *Final Year B.Tech Artificial Intelligence and Data Science, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A committed and enthusiastic student with a passion for AI and technology. She brings a creative and analytical approach to learning, aiming to make meaningful contributions through innovation and continuous growth.*
-

RED MOON

- *Dr. U. Fathima Farzana*

Inconstant she is, wet and bleary
Glimmering over the darkest dunes
That red moon, that scarlet haze,
That eclipse, that powers all life
Yet she is hated, made to hate
Full of anger and bitterness.
Red – the tinge of victory and success
But here, she is a victim of honour.
Imagine a world of darkness and death
The ultimate Nightfall of all souls;
That is life's fate if the Red Moon fails,
Fails to rise over the horizon
As she always does, no matter what.
'What is that? Are you on your time?'

People ask when they very well know
Why the he-who-shall-not-be-named hush hush?
Why should we turn away in shame and pain?
Use perfumes and pads to stuff out nature,
Commercialism and capitalism lay out
Strings of coloured lights to hide out the Red Moon.
Let every being who bleeds for life
Stand up in pride and hope
For we are the Red Moon
We are Nature, tooth and claw
We are life.

- **Dr. U. Fathima Farzana**, Assistant Professor of English, Sri S. Ramasamy Naidu Memorial College, Sattur, Tamil Nadu – A passionate educator, research supervisor, and accomplished writer with 32 published research papers. A poet since 2009, she has authored 8 books and continues to blend her love for literature and research through creative and scholarly pursuits.
-

RED, MY POWER MY PRIDE

- ***Sudhiksha S***

Red is not shame - it's my silent fight,
A rhythm I carry, hidden from sight.
It hurts, it bleeds, it makes me strong,
A song of power I've known all along.

Each month I bear what many ignore,
But I rise again, proud to the core.
Don't hush me down, don't turn your face,
My blood is truth - not a thing to disgrace.

The moon understands, and so do I,
why tides and pain and strength run high.
I am not weak - I bloom, I burn,
With every cramp, a lesson I learn.

Talk to me real, don' t wrap it in lies,
This is my body, my pain, my cries.
But also my magic, my fierce, raw spark,
Lighting the world when it gets dark.

Red is my power, red is my pride,
A revolution I carry inside.
So don't be afraid - stand up with me,
For periods mean power and possibility.

- ***Sudhiksha S***, Student, Department of Statistics, PSG College of Arts & Science, Coimbatore – A proud Cadet of 2(TN) ARTY BTY NCC, she is a disciplined and motivated cadet committed to service, leadership, and academic excellence. She believes in making a difference through both civic engagement and personal growth.
-

RED: A SONG OF RESILIENCE

- *Renu Fathima A J*

Red is not shame —
It is strength beneath silence,
A monthly tide of truth
That flows without apology.

Red is not taboo —
It is a song of resilience,
A flag of the body's rhythm,
A signal of life's persistence.

Red is not to be hidden —
But spoken of with pride,
In every school, every home,
Where no girl must run or hide.

Let every pad be given,
Let clean water flow,
Let knowledge be shared
So dignity may grow.

For every whisper turned to word,
Every question met with light,
Red is a revolution —
A battle for what's right.

No more silence, no more shame,
We bleed, we rise, we name
This truth that's always been —
That menstruation is not a stain.

It is power, it is life, it is real.
And it deserves to heal.

- **Renu Fathima A. J**, *B.Tech Artificial Intelligence and Data Science, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A passionate tech enthusiast with a creative edge, exploring the intersection of technology, design, and human well-being. Skilled in web design, UI/UX, and tools like Canva and Photoshop, she uses her talents to raise awareness on issues like menstrual hygiene and digital accessibility. Her love for poetry and creative writing adds depth to her socially conscious and innovative approach.*
-

SEMANTICS OF RED

- *Shalini K*

There is a language that arrives without words.

A crimson tide spoken through the body's memory,

Where blood becomes a mother tongue, the world forgets to learn.

She bleeds, and somewhere, in a boardroom or temple,

Men rewrite her biology into shame.

It begins early—with silence,

with mothers slipping pads beneath schoolbooks,

with teachers skipping chapters in hushed tones,

with advertisements that show blue, not red,

as if dignity must be dyed sterile to be seen.

There is a wound the world pretends not to see.

a rhythm mistaken for rot,

when in truth, it is ritual—

an ancient fire kindling behind her ribs,

a monthly bloom that demands reverence, not recoil.

Words begin to fail us—

We call it "that time".

as though naming it might summon disgrace.

We teach girls to cross their legs.

to carry their pain in code,

to apologise for the red they never asked to hold.

But what if we unstitched this silence?

What if we told them:

You are not dirty, not fragile, and not taboo?

What if blood meant bravery, not burden?

They say not to wear white,

But I say wear it anyway—

bleed through their expectations,

through the thick silence of bathrooms and backseats,

through temples that shut you out,

through schools that send you home,

through customs that cannot bear the weight of your becoming.

This red is not exile.

It is scripture, it is a story, and it is a complete sentence.

A punctuation the body writes in its own grammar—

full stops, commas, ellipses of pain and renewal.

Call it menstruation,

Call it a miracle.

Call it what it is:

a quiet defiance written in blood,

a revolution that begins between the legs,

and rises, always, toward the tongue.

- **Shalini K**, III B.A. English, PSG College of Arts and Science, Coimbatore – An NCC cadet of 2(TN) ARTY BTY (A) and a passionate writer who believes in using words to empower the unheard. Her poem “Semantics of Red” is a bold expression of courage, challenging stigma and celebrating the natural with strength and dignity.
-

SEVEN DAYS OF PERIOD

- *Dinesh Kumar S*

I bleed once in a lifetime, and it isn't a cycle.
I bleed to the birth I can give once in a lifetime.
Is it a period? I say it is.
When I bleed gallons of blood for a week,
indeed, it is my period.

The uterus is unknown to my body, and my blood is
not from the womb, not the womb that my mother bled or my sisters.
My bleeding is different from their stories.
The story that they never heard.
The story of non - cis - genderness.

Tenderness of unusual bleeding.
The bleeding, I never told.
The bleeding, I hushed into myself.
An Obligation, an isolation and a celebration.
My period was the birth of my vagina.

The beginning of my womanhood.

And, I found peace with my bleeding.
Years it waited to break out,
break out from the dysphoria,
Dysphoria of horrors.

I expected a flow of an aggressive river which waited to blow out.
When she finally did, surprisingly, she was gentle.
White clothes cloaked the seven days of bleeding.
Every droplet of the bleeding spoke of the violence of a binary world.
Every droplet of the bleeding shunned the isolation of toxic masculinity.

Every droplet of the bleeding smiled the celebration of
transcendence femininity.
My seven days of period stopped when I was ready to breathe
my femininity.

- **Dinesh Kumar S**, II Year B.Sc Information Technology,
Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A
dedicated IT student with a growing interest in technology
and innovation. Committed to learning and self-expression,
he explores creativity through academics and beyond.
-

STILL DRAPED

- *R. Hanna*

Taboo topics and tales of myth

Travel to today's modern man,

And raise but one question still.

"Why am I still draped in newspaper clippings?"

The newspaper clippings that speak still

Shameless with misogyny and sexism

Roams free,

But when does the blood shed of no hurt

Get to be seen?

And when does the cotton that pricked no man,

Get to be free?

It's now a topic for all to speak, you say

One for the competitions, perhaps?

Our feminism runs five-mile marathons

Only in walled towers.

The irony of knowing stuns me more than sting still.

As we continue to have the birds and bees talk
With only our female students
And teach them it is normal
"Then why are we in this class alone?" they ask
While the boys roam free in the playground
And as they will in our streets and cities
That is a question that will be unanswered
For all the more 'Gen Z' to come
And sweep it across, I fear.

I voice my opinions out loud in the streets
Holding freedom, draped in newspapers.

- **R. Hanna**, III B.A. English, Women's Christian College, Nagercoil – A passionate literature student who blends academic rigor with creative flair. She has penned numerous poems. A dynamic participant in co-curricular activities, she recently secured second prize in a Hackathon organized by Naan Mudhalvan at the Manonmaniam Sundaranar University level. Her work reflects both intellectual depth and artistic insight.
-

THE AMIDST PRIDE

- *Jeyapreetha S. R*

Is it just the stains? – or

The resistance to speak about it?

Is it just the taboos ? – or

The disgust feel to raise voice for it?

Periods, not just about blood,

but the cycle of revolution,

revolution from usage of clothes to tampons,

isn't just about the comfort but also hygiene.

Periods, is all about the Testament,

embracing the flow and hygiene matters,

And sorry for the ones who've had come across

harmful stereotypes saying its gross.

Periods, The pulse to conceive a life,
to carry a life in divine womb is exquisite,
and for every cycle a women bleeds not from wounding
but from the creation unfilled.

menstrual hygiene not just an amidst event but a revolution,
and having one objective,
where living in a world where men respect periods,
women can grow with pride and not shame.

- **Jeyapreetha S.R**, B.Tech Aeronautical Engineering, Kalasalingam Academy of Research and Education, Krishnankovil – An enthusiastic environmentalist and passionate public speaker, with experience hosting and organizing over 9 Model United Nations. She finds creative expression through storytelling and poetry, often drawing inspiration from deep introspection and a strong sense of purpose.
-

THE BEQUEST OF CRIMSON

- *Dr. N. Dhanalakshmi*

It began before I had a name—
a quiet thread passed down,
woven between generations,
a deep red line through the women before me.

My grandmother carried it
beneath her tranquility,
a silent ache stitched into daily tasks,
into prayers murmured with
clenched jaws and tender resolve.

My mother wore it
with hesitant pride,
taught to bury the pain,
but not the strength
it etched into her spine.

And then it found me—
a bloom hidden in shadow,
a secret my body had always known.

They warned me—stay silent.
But it spoke in rhythms I couldn't ignore,
a pulse reverberating
with the voices that shaped my being.

This red is not disgrace,
but a signature—
etched in bloodlines,
every drop declaring:
I belong to something everlasting.

It is the ink of our stories,
the color of becoming,
the shade of first breaths
and final partings,
of wombs that created worlds
and hands that grieved with grace.

Within this red,
there is remembrance.
Within this red,
there is power.

Now, I wear it — not with shame,
but with unity— for every woman
who bled in silence
and still rose tall.

This is my inheritance — not a weight,
but a right.

The crimson legacy flows in me still—
a river of resilience,
unbroken, unyielding,
rising higher with each generation
bold enough to speak its name.

- ***Dr. N. Dhanalakshmi***, Assistant Professor, Department of BASLP, Avinashilingam Institute for Home Science and Higher Education for Women – A linguistics expert with a deep passion for language, literature, and communication. Committed to fostering an inclusive and engaging learning environment, she also finds joy in writing poetry and exploring diverse literary genres. Her creative pursuits complement her academic work, reflecting a harmonious blend of scholarship and expression.
-

THE CYCLE SHE CARRIES

- *Rathi Priya U*

She carries a rhythm, silent and deep,
A monthly story her body keeps.
Not a curse, not shame or fear—
But nature's voice, strong and clear.

With every drop, a tale is spun,
Of battles fought and strength begun.
Crimson tides that rise and fall,
Remind the world she bears it all.

The cramps that twist, the moods that shift,
The burden heavy, yet she lifts.
She smiles through storms, walks through pain,
And greets each sunrise whole again.

They hush the talk, they turn away,
But she endures it every day.
Let's break the silence, break the rule,
To bleed is natural—not cruel.

A sign of life, a fertile ground,
A cycle where new hopes are found.
So let her bleed without disguise—
Her strength is where true power lies.

- **Rathi Priya U**, Assistant Professor, Writer, and Researcher –
*A dedicated academic with a passion for teaching, writing,
and research. Her work reflects a thoughtful engagement
with literature and society, using words to inspire, question,
and create meaningful dialogue.*
-

THE LEGACY OF RED

- *Lt. Dr. S. Nithya*

It began long before my name—
a hush between generations,
a crimson thread woven
through the women who came before.
My grandmother walked with it
tucked beneath her silence,
a quiet ache folded into chores,
into prayers whispered
through clenched teeth and tender hearts.
My mother bore it
with reluctant pride,
taught to hide the ache,
but never the strength
it carved into her spine.
And then it came for me—
a bloom in the dark,
a secret I didn't know
my body already held.

They said, don't speak of it—
but it spoke to me
in rhythms I could not deny,
a pulse echoing
the lives that had shaped mine.
This red is not shame,
but a signature—
etched into bloodlines,
each drop a declaration:
I am part of something eternal.
It is the ink of our stories,
the hue of our becoming,
the color of first cries
and final farewells,
of wombs that built worlds
and hands that buried pain with grace.
In this red,
there is memory.
In this red,
there is power.
I wear it now
not in secrecy,
but in solidarity—

with every woman
who ever bled in silence
and still stood tall.
This is my inheritance—
not a burden,
but a birthright.
The legacy of red
flows through me still—
a river of strength,
unbroken and unbowed,
rising with every generation
that dares to name it.

- **Lt. Dr. S. Nithya**, Assistant Professor of English & Associate NCC Officer, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – An educator, poet, and NCC officer dedicated to nurturing minds and shaping character. Passionate about language, literature, and social change, she uses her voice to empower students and advocate for dignity, equality, and transformation through education and creative expression.
-

THE RED BLOOD!

- *S.H. Hanzie*

What do you think is menstrual hygiene!
It doesn't have anything to do with your genes.
Periods is a period when you can't wear jeans,
Well, that's the time when you have to eat your greens.

Don't dispose your napkin
In the toilet by any means,
We all have to be, well behaved teens,
Be empowered women, keep toilets clean,
So one day you'll be a good dean.

Pads are costly that you know,
Can help you in the menstrual flow,
Can keep your soft skins feel aglow,
Can protect the blood that comes with a blow!

Getting a good cycle happens so slow,
So be patient and be a good doe
As periods show that you grow

Your pimples shouldn't make you feel low!

When you see bins, don't say no,
Disposal of waste isn't a joke
'Coz it makes kids 'n trees choke.
Make disposal proper even if you're broke
Come on guys, let's spread the clean smoke!

Feel the oozing blood that comes like a flood,
It's so thickened red,
That does not mean you are dead,
The bloody red blood happens only for the good!

Make disposal proper,
To clean, that's the least you could do...
Eat healthy food and maintain your mood,
You may wanna be rude but control that, Dude!

Don't be shy or think it's better to be a guy,
Menarche tells a woman is strong
If you are a man, don't be wrong
A woman can grow with voices strong as a gong.

Periods is a fluid that makes us feel haunted,
When it comes our way, we feel grounded,
Be a power girl, forget the pain,
Forget your stress, focus on the main!

We are girls to be menstruated,
And women to be felicitated....

- **S.H. Hanzie**, *Grade VIII, Rojavanam International School, Nagercoil – A young and passionate poet who transforms experiences, dreams, and imagination into heartfelt verses. With three poetry collections already published, Hanzie believes that “a poem a day keeps sad thoughts away,” finding joy and comfort in creative expression from a young age.*
-

THE RED THREAD: WEAVING WORDS OF POWER AND PERIODS

- *Dr. P. Shanmugam*

A thread of red runs through my veins,
woven deep in ancestral chains—
a story spun from time before,
binding women forevermore.

It ties the past to now and then,
linking hearts and souls of women,
through whispered pain and whispered pride,
a legacy that won't subside.

This red is more than just a stain—
it's strength and courage, loss and gain,
a ribbon wrapped around our truth,
connecting age and blooming youth.

Through every cycle, every tear,
the thread grows stronger, year by year—
in silent rooms and crowded streets,
in songs and protests, fierce beats.

With pen in hand and voice set free,
we weave our words in unity—
telling tales of power found,
where periods break the silence sound.

So wear this thread with honor bright,
a symbol of our endless fight—
for dignity, for equity,
for every girl, for every she.

The red thread's woven through us all—
a call to rise, to stand, to call—
to weave the future, bold and new,
with words of power, through and through.

- **Dr. P. Shanmugam**, Assistant Professor of English, Department of Science and Humanities, Dhanalakshmi Srinivasan College of Engineering, Coimbatore – A committed educator and literary enthusiast who blends academic insight with creative expression. Passionate about English literature and communication, he inspires learners through both teaching and thoughtful writing.
-

THE RHYTHM OF HER STRENGTH

- *Poornasree S & Nisha M*

Finally happy that I had my awaited day.
The pain that I had every day.
Was not new for me today.
But, Bright sun asking me to start my next day.

Cuddling inside my bedsheet, holding my hands between my legs.
Many tears in my eyes.
Not knowing how I will spend those days doing all the things.
when mood swings, swings and swings.

The world has made me not to say this to anyone.
Fearing the opinions of their son.
I love to be alone.
Who loves to accept the pain until it's gone.

Proud of me being a girl.
Who loves to make fun and chill.
Hungry sometimes to eat a grill.
Imagining myself keeps me thrill.

Its okay I'll wait for the next cycle.

This proves that I am women fit for a better life style.

Keeping me engaged with something for a while.

Let's enjoy the mensural cycle.

Taking bath two times.

Washing hands every times.

Maintaining Hygiene during period times.

Keeps us good and beautiful All times."

- **Poornasree S**, SSLC, Kikani Vidhya Mandir (CBSE), Coimbatore – *A young budding poet who expresses her thoughts with clarity and emotion. Her writing reflects curiosity, compassion, and a fresh perspective on life and society.*
 - **Nisha M**, Teacher, Carmel School, Shoranur, Kerala – *An educator with a deep love for literature and teaching. Through poetry, she channels her insights and experiences, aiming to inspire and nurture values of empathy, awareness, and social responsibility.*
-

THE RHYTHM OF RED : A HYMN TO WOMANHOOD

- ***Mr. Sibi Chakaravarty***

Red is not shame, it is rhythm and rite .
A whisper of life in the quiet of night .
Yet curtains are drawn ,and voices fall low.
As if nature's own clock were something taloo,
They speak in hushes in sidelong regret ,
Of stains on fabric they'd rather forget
But what if we sang of the strength it implies ,
Of bodies that bloom under bleeding skies ?
Give us pads , gives us space ,give us time,
To speak of our blood without feeling a crime
This flow is not dirty , not reason to hide ,
It's power ,It's healing ,It's womanly pride .

- ***Mr. Sibi Chakaravarty. J***, Assistant Professor of English, K.S.
*Rangasamy College of Arts and Science, Tiruchengode – A
passionate teacher and literary enthusiast dedicated to
enriching young minds through language and literature.*

THE THREE DAYS

- *Dr. K. Saravanan*

Born a girl with joyful cheer,
A gift from God, so pure, so dear.
All rejoiced my infant cries,
Hope and dreams lit loving eyes.

But as I grew and came of age,
Life turned over a different page.
The games I played were now denied,
The doors once open, now closed wide.

The sacred red began to flow,
A monthly pain I've come to know.
My body twisted, heart so sore,
Yet chores and duties I still bore.

My mother watched the calendar tight,
Prayed I'd attain the age just right.
Worried if I lagged behind,
In whispered fears she'd often pine.

The gelly red—once cloaked in dread—
Now yellow thread, round neck instead.
A sacred tie, a married claim,
Yet nothing in me felt the same.

They wanted cries from babes I'd bear,
If not, they'd ask with silent stare.
Not of me—but of my flow,
Is she fine? Does her cycle go?

A woman bound by time and tide,
By laws of blood I cannot hide.

No choice, no say, just flesh and bone,
In my own body, I'm unknown.

So hear this cry, this humble plea,
Stop this silent cruelty.
No more shame in nature's art—
Let dignity reclaim the heart.

- **Dr. K. Saravanan**, Associate Professor of English, Excel Engineering College, Komarapalayam – An award-winning educator specializing in communication skills, literature, and the integration of AI in education. Known for his dynamic teaching methods, he actively promotes leadership and soft skills among students. A passionate researcher and public speaker, he also coordinates academic programs and workshops aimed at holistic student development.
-

THOSE THREE DAYS

- *Dr. S. Esther Juliet Sujatha*

Attaining puberty makes a girl travel on the path of fear and fright.
She has to isolate herself behind the backyard of her house for at least
three days.

Some idiots will say she has become unpolluted

Don't get nervous by those senseless words.

Don't feel humiliated by that foolish talk.

Demolish those fools' gibberish

Sickling that drivel babble.

Puberty is an essential achievement for her health and future fertility.

Those three days are not the moment of retribution

Instead, it is a real mark of productivity.

It's a preparation for her motherhood.

In those three days, Menstruation was the natural process of cleansing the
old waste tissues

The colour Red is not the colour of contamination, but it is a real instant
for renovation.

Refresh your inner health,

Be happier on those three days

Be stronger on those three days

Shatter those stereotyped thoughts

Renovate your soul and body

Take rest and keep smiling

Be an insightful girl

During menstruation, feel like a great princess and wear the crown of
girlhood.

Spread your wings

Sing the songs of Spring

Attaining puberty is a moment of Victory for a girl.

- ***Dr. S. Esther Juliet Sujatha***, Associate Professor of English, Sri Sarada College for Women (Autonomous), Salem – With over 25 years of teaching experience, she is a bilingual poet who writes in both English and Tamil. A nature lover and advocate for social justice, her poetry reflects environmental and societal themes. Her academic interests include Indian Writing in English, Subaltern Studies, and Dalit Literature. She has guided 12 M.Phil. scholars and her doctoral research focused on the works of Bama, highlighting her dedication to amplifying marginalized voices through literature.
-

TRANSITION TO CELEBRATION OF WOMEN

- *Dr. J. Emagulate Rani*

'Thinnai' (veranda) not only a room of social hub,
Secluded place for those three days,
Unuttered language of your natural function,
Disgusted looks of ignorant beings branded as impure,

Confined with the fear of discrimination and anxiety,
Uncleansed minds with downed spirit,
Aimed to drain your energy,
Unpermitted to worship the Creator,

Imposed silence in a reserved land,
Persuaded the 'red' flow as untouchable,
Polluted notions not long lasting,
Mused over, why to 'women', these three days?
Pondering over the captivated cultural taboos,

Sprung up with rhythm of knowledge,
Bounced back with the tool of education,

Fragmented the social stigmas,
Understood 'red' is the pied beauty for revolution,

Welcomed the uninformed changes,
Praised the Supreme for the holy temple of body,
No more to hide and 'whisper'
But, Right to 'stay free' and celebrate your own being...

- **Dr. J. Emagulate Rani**, Assistant Professor of English, Jayaraj Annapackiam College for Women (Autonomous), Periyakulam – A dedicated educator and published poet, with over 10 years of teaching experience. Her poems have appeared in *The Criterion*, reflecting her commitment to literature and social change. Passionate about women's upliftment, she uses her voice and pen to challenge societal norms and advocate for equality.
-

UNHOLY TO WHOM ?

- ***Naveena Senioritta S. W***

They cheered when she bled for the very first time
“*She's a woman now,*” they sang like a rhyme.
But the joy turned quiet, the pride turned cold,
When stains on cloth were silently scolded.

Red, once sacred, turned into shame,
A whisper, a rule, a dirty name.
Barred from temples, hushed at home,
Like her body was a crime to own.

Even goddesses bleed, divine and praised,
Yet the girl next door? Judged and razed.
Seven days or more - it's natural, plain,
Yet still they frown, still they complain.

But it is not filth, not a flaw to hide
it's her truth, her power, pulsing inside.
They see just blood - never the ache,
Never the strength it takes not to break.

She is not weak, she is fire in disguise,
Living through storms with steady eyes.
Without her flow, there's no new dawn,
No cry, no breath, no life is born.

So let her bleed, and let her be
Don't shatter her peace with your scrutiny.
Her period is strength, not something to fear
Red is her right. Red is clear.

Every thought deserves its rhythm,
and every rhythm deserves to be heard."

- **Naveena Senioritta S. W**, M.A. English, PSGR Krishnammal College for Women, Coimbatore – A passionate literature student and poet, with academic interests in psychological fiction, feminist criticism, and philosophical literature. A Stella Maris alumna, she combines creativity and critical thought in both her writing and artistic pursuits. Beyond poetry, she enjoys dance, fashion styling, and has created a cheerful comic character named "Seripe" – a quirky avocado that spreads smiles and positivity.
-

VERSE IN FLOW: THE POETRY OF PERIODS AND POSSIBILITY

- *M.Sathishkumar*

There is poetry in the pulse—
a cadence born beneath the skin,
where rivers run in crimson lines,
and stories start to spin.

Each cycle a stanza,
each drop a rhyme,
a rhythm of life
beyond space and time.

The moon hums softly,
calling tides to rise,
while inside, a verse unfolds—
a sacred surprise.

Not just a body's whisper,
but a chorus loud and clear,
singing of strength,
of hope, and of fear.

Periods paint possibilities—
in scarlet strokes of might,
a canvas of womanhood,
bathed in dawn's first light.

From quiet beginnings
to bold declarations,
the flow tells a tale
of endless creations.

So let your words blossom,
let your voices grow,
and join the endless dance—
the verse in flow.

- **M. Sathishkumar**, Bachelor Teacher (English), Government High School, Masinaickenpatti, Salem – With 15 years of teaching excellence, he is dedicated to empowering students by nurturing their self-confidence and guiding them toward academic and personal success. Passionate about education, he strives to make a positive difference in the lives of his students in today's competitive world.
-

WELCOME TO WOMANHOOD FROM THE PERIOD DIARIES

- *M. Syed Ali Fathima*

It's all starts with a red drop,
Especially when I wear a white top!
All I crave is for a caffeine cup,
When works are assigned from bottom to top!!
Its kinda irritating when people yap
During my period nap!!
Soaking my pad with blood.
When thoughts run In my mind like flood
Stains are made down there!
And I question my friends, where?
Changing my pads throughout the day
While responding call friend saying hey!!
Shedding blood between my legs
All because of the eggs!!

My blood is fine like wine,
Even during my periods, I shine !!
Craving for the caffeine and
Telling lines I am fine!
White pads are filled with red while
I am sleeping like a potato in my bed.
All I do is shed!! And
It hurts like hell. Waking up
While my pad weights like shell!!
We are the champs overcoming
The painful cramps!!
Hormones are at peak
That makes me feel weak!
Cooking my dinner, while the
Pain feels like I am a sinner.
Overcoming these, we are the winner!!
Heating pads are the only
Patting source.

Washing the dishes While the hormones

Are smashing like fishes!!

Frying in the pans while

I am dying due to cramps!!

We are the real champs ,

Welcome to the world of Womanhood!

Where we need to tolerate pain like

Teakwood!!

We are the champs shining with cramps!!

- **M. Syed Ali Fathima**, Engineering Student and proud NCC cadet, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore
– A dedicated and aspiring engineering student with a keen interest in technology and innovation. She is passionate about learning and aims to contribute meaningfully through her academic and creative pursuits.
-

WHEN RED SPEAKS: POETRY FOR MENSTRUAL EQUITY

- *Sri Nidhi. P. V*

When red speaks,
it tells of strength unseen—
of battles fought in silence,
of dignity caught between the seams.
It is not just blood—
but stories of resilience,
of girls denied their classrooms,
of women silenced by ignorance.
When red speaks,
it demands a seat at the table—
for access to care, to comfort,
to rights long overdue.
No longer hidden in shame,
no longer wrapped in secrecy,
it rises as a voice united,
calling out for equity.
For pads and painkillers,
for education and respect,

for the freedom to flow
without fear or neglect.
When red speaks,
it echoes through the streets,
in the chants of the fearless,
in the march of the brave.
It tells the world—
that periods are power,
and every drop deserves justice,
every voice a place.
So listen close,
when red speaks—
it's not a whisper,
but a revolution in bloom.

- **Sri Nidhi. P. V**, Assistant Professor, Department of Biomedical Engineering, Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore – A committed educator with a passion for biomedical innovation and student development. She blends academic excellence with creative expression, using her voice to inspire awareness and positive change through both teaching and writing.
-

WHY NOT TEMPLES IN PERIODS

- *Dr. Subramanian Shanmuga Sundaram*

If God is all,
and nothing is ungodly
why are women cloistered
from temples on 'heavy' days?
Ofcourse they were unguarded
in harsh past ,
but what locks their entry now..
Wombs and sands
are sole verdures,
and to allow them
to sanctum on 'such' days
is true feminine triumph..
It's not a revolt
its just a reason ..
Most of the 'lunar' gender
feel guilt with red and blood
tryst..
Red here is piety
and to wipe the fear

of sacrilege is true blessing..
The 'otherness' of menstruals
is a maternal flaw
as women in family
bracket from life on such
days to foster
anathema...
How many know
Men too menstruate?
though in different tenor...
It's practise that weakens
women,
and to mentally defy
the past is purity..
Men view the monthly bleed
of women as impure,
and unless they change
through spousal cajoles,
the blockage will prevail..
Ironically even 'she'doctors
avoid temples
with stains..
Infinity is God,

and let's despise not
the nature's 'devise'..
Impurity is in stagnance
and hygiene in cleansing..
Menstruation is ablative
and it's women who
should feel holy
during 'rains'..
Light, Pray and visit -
Women are spotless
moons, that need
not be arraigned
in 'new' moon times...

- **Dr. Subramanian**, Assistant Professor, Chikkaiah Government Arts College, Erode – A passionate educator from Madurai with over 22 years of teaching experience. His poetry reflects lived experiences, quiet observations, and a deep sense of social awareness. Beyond academics, he finds inspiration in everyday life, supported by his homemaker wife and college-going son.
-

ZERO SHAME, ZENITH STRENGTH

- *Akalya*

Bleed Bold, Bleed Brave,

Red is Not a Hush – It is a Heartbeat Loud,

A Monthly Anthem,

that Won't be bowed...!!

It's Not A Weakness or Pain

Life like Sunshine through Rain,

We bleed in not in Silence

but with steady Pride

No longer shadows,

where Shame used to hide

But times are shifting, the Tide grows strong,

Our Voices rise in Unbroken Song!!

Pads in Pockets,

Rights in Hand,

We stand together

Demanding to Stand...

Break the Myths, Burn the Lies

Teach the Truth, And Watch Us Rise...

But red is a rhythm,
a sign We are whole,
a fire in the blood,
a story Untold...
Red is Courage; in every flow,
A March of Millions, the World Must Know...

Red drips like Ink
from the pen of the Moon,
Writing stories in Silence,
erased too soon...
It's the girl in the village asking for rights –
It's the Mother who teaches, Her Daughter to fight...

Let the stains be Symbols,
Not sources of shame...
Let the Cycle be Scared,
Not a Hidden Name...!!
She Walks With a Whisper they taught her to keep,
but inside her pulses, a sea running deep...

She is the temple,
the tomb, the tide,
the reason the earth –
still opens Wide...
A drop On white cloth, Is not a disgrace –
It's a Signature of Power and Grace...!!!

We Don't bleed in Shadows,
Not Anymore –
We bleed like Warriors
In folk Lore...!!
So Paint The Skies, In Crimson Hue
The Revolution Starts With You...!!

- *Akalya E N, Biomedical Engineering student and NCC cadet, PSNA College of Engineering and Technology Dindigul – is a multi-faceted individual who channels her creativity through poetry and her discipline through service. With numerous accolades in poetry competitions and an active presence in sports. She strives to make a lasting impact through both her words and her actions.*
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