

## Translucent – Invisible

The lights, shadows, and silhouettes of the womb are now trapped in the chamber of life. In our quest for hope, we have fallen in an eternal trap. Life is now chaos of pressure, pain, and tolerance; fusion of compassion, loathes, and regret.

The battle of life, from all four corners of this invisible cell, pressures and scratches our spirit. Meanwhile, we take cover in the shadows of life and mask ourselves with disguise. Displays of happiness and content are buried due to loneliness; a bitter struggle, or skin tearing from all the do's and don'ts. This struggle is now the essence of our existence.

Femininity is crushed, masculinity is gone, infancy is left passionless, and the youth have given up on hope. It seems that everyone is hanging from the tree of–non-existent–life, awaiting our sentence. We are even afraid of our shadows and dreams. In this struggle, we become increasingly the prisoners of our own self.

The scarring shades of fear and hope, wounds us and splits apart our being. It is this absence of sympathy and silence that isolates us and separates us from each other.

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