

▪WOMEN REPRESENTS THE EMPTY CUP OF SHAKE▪ by **Suchismita Ghoshal**

Wherever I see emptiness adorned beautifully,
It makes me remember this could be nothing
But the entire entity of women.
This empty container, painted with scrambled chocolate sauce
Reminds me of the days when a woman is Subjected to give comfort even if she feels
sucked from inside.
Her flesh might give the taste of flavours,
She may appear like her best,
Ravishing enough to knock you down in a few seconds,
But holds no intent to be fucked.
You suck her like you sucked the entire coffee in seconds,
You love to take in the distinguished taste of every little ingredient.
Your tongue finds the euphoric pleasure when You can differentiate the taste of her vagina
and breasts
Like the same way you do between brewing coffee and ice-cream.
The chilling effect was your appeasement
When you finally compared her body with the ice-cubes
That brings down the fire in your soul.
You hate when she speaks in between,
As the dominance eats your head
With the idea that the same authority
men access shouldn't be on the plate of a woman.
You hate when you feel interruption
As she doesn't let you peacefully murder her everyday,
You hate if she screams and cries as you may feel the orgasm but she feels the trauma
You hate if she bleeds on her periods
As it won't be the night of your experiments on your *home-pet "wife"*,
You hate it, all of it, all she does and says until
She represents you with the *bindi, sharee, gunghat, a plate of curry, sabzi, water-filled glass*
at your night table
And you stare on her sagging breast
While you eat your dishes burning her with your look along with eating her, half, there, at the
very minute.
She isn't an eatable like your lunch and dinner,
She isn't a cup of shake like your cold coffee
And you never understood any of it!

The last day when I took the last sip of coffee,
It shook me from inside, it broke me down with the strange thought
As the vacuum of the cup
Before my last slurp could quite familiarize the terror women go through
When they are sucked,- sorry, fucked!
And tasted for the sake of sexual contentment.
Have you seen the lines before a red light area?
You can easily define it as a queue of prostitutes and also a queue of hungry men, right?
But I , I do see different type of pleasant shakes in different forms, colours and tastes
Are showcased before a summer-tired bunch of customers who are jostling with their vigour,
pride and *erect manhood*
To compete, who could finish them up the fastest.
It's strange how *one by one, part by part*,
Each glass of shake is distributed among them,

They jump, taste & finish them up just like winning a race.
Here, the contest is easier as they are meant to be fucked only, quite like "*use and throw*".

I believe if this race could be introduced in *Olympic*,
No country would witness any drought in their medal-list.
The women could be drunk like *palatable shakes*
And men would keep on showing their glorious triumph in winning medals for the sport '*fuck like you drink shakes*', in a gap of every four years.

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