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## **The Predicament of the Solitary Reaper (Reply to “The Solitary Reaper” by William Wordsworth)**

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The poem, “The Predicament of the Solitary Reaper” is a poetic reply to “The Solitary Reaper” by William Wordsworth, as a continuation in which she is in a tragic condition of being gang-raped by a group of anonymous men, where the poet who is her lover, stays calm and unresponsive to her cry in the same way how the world responds to similar cases as in the recent history.

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Bewildered she stands alone there  
With her reaping grains scattered out  
Like her raped veins broken away  
In the storm of lust loaded men!  
Taking her clothes away, they roared  
To bare her helpless voice of pain;  
Burst the brutal thoughts of the hour's joke,  
Invaded her virginity.

Neither a chanting Nightingale  
Nor a thrilling voiced Cuckoo-bird,  
Not anymore a welcome note  
Along the Arabian sands;  
Never in the Hebrides to break the silence  
Will she sing melancholy more;  
Cracked will it catch your ears that  
Invaded her virginity.



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She sings the plaintive cry again  
Of a battle she fought to lose  
All her dreams and days in forlorn,  
Unhappy, unfair to all Gods;  
Familiar matter of today  
But not tomorrow to repeat  
A natural sorrow, loss and pain  
That has been, and not anymore.

Before ending her song of loss  
She expected you nearby her  
Bending towards her lips to kiss,  
To restore all her said lost pride  
With your own love, unlike others  
She stood watching you move away  
Calm and still on the hill  
Alone to cut her veins like grains.