



#WhatWENeed

Is This Justice
by
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They call me different, as if it's a wound to bear,
But I was born with courage wrapped in silent prayer.
You see my chair, my steps, my voice — not me,
You build your walls of pity, and call it sympathy.

Is this justice — that my worth must be explained,
That your comfort stands tall while my dreams are chained?
You look at me with eyes that whisper, “less,”
Yet I fight each dawn just to prove — I’m no less.

I don't need your tears, I need your trust,
Your hands to build, not gather dust.
For I am whole, though the world denies,
I am not your weakness — I'm strength in disguise.

You speak of equality in songs and speeches,
But your kindness fades when it truly reaches.
You say “we care,” yet turn away in fear —
Tell me, is this justice... or just what you want to hear?

Don't call me broken — I am beautifully made,
By the same Creator, from the same shade.
See my spirit, not my scar,
For justice begins when you see who we are.
