

Rise Young Woman

Rise young woman,
daughter of mountains
and olive scented rain
shed the ashes of your brokenness
build your rib-cage anew
and stitch together your open pomegranate veins.

Rise young woman
you with the trembling voice
and fear scarred hands
scorch a burning path
through their carefully crafted
prisons of shame and fear,
thunder through the ravages of
displacement, hunger and oppression.

Rise young woman
daughter of warrior women
who fought for generations
against the oppression of men.

Rise young woman
and destroy the world
if you must
in search of your freedom.