

She Rose Anyway

They tried to hush her voice with chains,
To drown her light in silent pain,
A girl too young, yet burdened deep,
With stolen dreams and nights of grief.

But still—she breathed, she bled, she prayed,
She bore the dark, but never stayed.
Each bruise became a badge of fight,
Each tear a spark that fed her light.

She wasn't weak—though young and torn,
Inside her heart, a fire was born.
She walked through fear, past shame and blame,
And rose from ashes, fierce and flame.

No prince paved her way,
She chose herself and dared to say:
"I am not what they did to me—
I am my voice. I will break free."

Now to the girls still locked in fear,
She whispers truth for them to hear:
"You are not small. You are not wrong.
You're made of hope. You're built for strong.

So rise, dear girl, though storms surround—
There's power in your every bound.
Your story waits—go claim your name.
You too can rise... and rise again."

By Mmathabo Sukati