

## **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.