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HOPE AGAINST SILENCE

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With the rising of the sun comes new hope,
Each morning—a blank canvas anew,
Where the child paints sorrow in dusky hues,
For each one of us to paint the color of hope.

Free at last from a dominance so cold,
In ghettos dark and palaces lit,
Their voices rise into the morning's light,
From generations of silence—
A strong shout.

Claiming justice and climbing to heaven,
To untangle the threads of pain,
Of losses suffered. Yet in their eyes,
Fire smolders—the regret of a life unlivd.

That has been lived, but was it?
For a world where equality they will earn,
The women wake up in the morning boldly,
In every field, in every town.
They rise—bright as the sun unbound.

The poets and artists are out,
Voices ring for the new day,
Where liberty will no longer sing,
Every word is evidence



In search of rights—wild, rare,
Like a joker's hand in fate's trembling grasp.

Their history is bloody and tearful;
It remains to this day—
Proof in the passing years,
In their conflict, we identify our own.
Equality—a summit still unseen,
A message unborn, yet stirring beneath the skin.

Emancipated from shackles,
With a harp of hope to hymn,
For in the dawn of a new day itself is beauty.
O! Their dreams flowing in the streams,
For equality, today and in the future,
Is audacious.

Forced into stocks of a soil so vile,
Leaving behind the societal lie—freedom.
And if it is all a lie,
Whose silence wrote it?



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