

POEMS FROM GIRLS AROUND THE WORLD



A Gift to the United Nations

A PROJECT OF DAUGHTERS GLOBAL LEADERSHIP MENTORING

PRODUCED BY: CHAITALI DEEPESH SINHA AND NAMARA LWANSA



Acknowledgement

Daughters Global Leadership Mentoring is a pilot program produced and managed jointly by **Frontrunners Development, Inc.** of the United States and the **Sub Saharan Open University of Nigeria**. This poetry booklet is a team effort between program participants in two continents who have combined their talents to co-author the first poem and to co-produce the entire project. This booklet is a gift to the **United Nations** upon the celebration of the ***International Day of the Girl Child 2021***. The poems included were submitted by girls aged 12-18 representing 6 countries with topics that most pressing on their minds.

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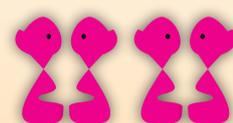
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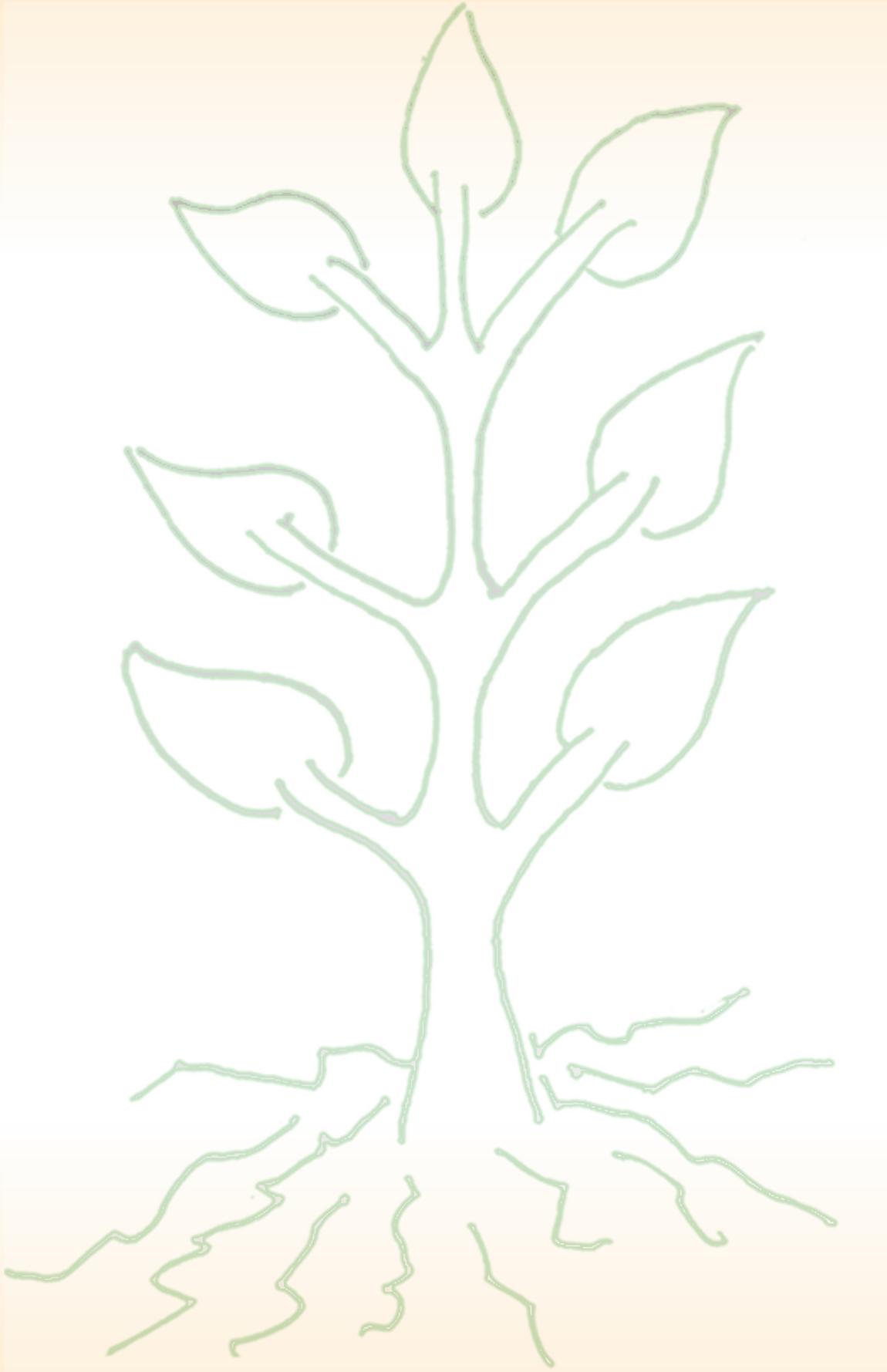
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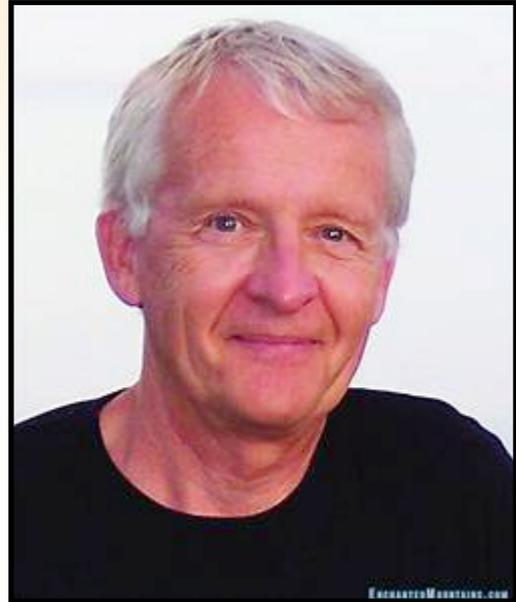
We extend our gratitude to the girls who shared their innermost thoughts and wishes for the world in which we live through their poems. Their voices are not only heard, but felt





Foreword

Living in France for a year widened my peephole on the world. So too reading poems by young girls from various countries around the globe promises to expand our vision, allow us to partake in new experiences, live in other milieus, and acquaint us with people we would never have otherwise known. These poems will unlock wonder, pain, freshness, color, and put before us previously unasked or unanswered questions. A sense of discovery awaits us



Peter Makuck, Nobel Prize Nominated Poet, United States





Foreword

The twenty-six letters of the English alphabet have always amazed me. They come together to form words, which dance on pages and create images – images of splendor and reawakening; images of a heart that does not give up easily. These are the same words that the poems in this book seek to celebrate. Words give flight to thought. Thoughts, in turn, build doors on concrete walls and chug the



engine of life. Silently and dutifully, words oil the cogs and fire the spurts of the engine's bold starts!

The young girls whose poems are featured here too have their story and their desire is to be listened to, appreciated, and encouraged. These young poets understand the impact that words have. They have thus woven poems that express their feelings, emotions, and attitudes on issues that are very close to their hearts.

The poems mirror the girls' aspirations, dreams, fears, daydreams and takes on different issues that have a bearing on their lives either directly or indirectly. The pieces give wings to their inner voices – voices that, at times, are stifled. They give freedom to the inner spirit to soar and perch on the choicest branches and take in the sights.

To these young girls, the sky is not the limit – it is the starting point. Read... enjoy...reflect!"

Richard Mbuthia, Teacher and Poet, Tanzania





Using your voice

Are you ever scared to pick up your voice,
Break the ice, and make some noise,
You know it all, you have the heart,
But you lack the words to help you start.

You'll watch and hurt from deep within
And say to yourself, "I'll play violin"
But Violin alone, sounds so sad
It makes you feel worse than bad

So the melody creates a tune,
That you'll cry to all afternoon
Then words are formed to fit the melody,
A smirk is felt, you've found a remedy.

You wrote a song, will all the things you'd
never said,
The lyrics were the locked voices in your
head
Injustice is something you've wanted to fight
But you didn't know what was wrong or right.

But the violin that you had hatefully dreaded
Solved the pain and had things mended
You knew it all, you had the heart.
You have the tune, so you can start

So who have courage to speak,
For them time is at its peak,
Almighty have chosen you,
To change the world's hue.

Opinion of logical and correct heir,
Has power to swap the sphere,
You just need a kick to start,
What's right according to your heart.

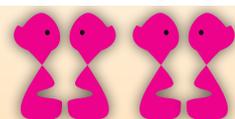
Shout from the top of your voice,
Before it becomes an unwanted noise,
Every word of yours can't be a lullaby,
But for the best, something has to be manofy.

If we all speak in one tone,
And join body bone by bone,
Our efforts will work, though being strange,
Together we all have made the change.

For the ones with voices,
And those who lack,
Let's come together,
and the world will attack

So find your inner gift for this world,
and take your seat as a girl,
On the throne of a better time,
were empowered girls are not a crime.

By: Namara Lwansa, Tanzania &
Chaitali Sinha, India



Female voices for our future vision

Every bedroom-born dream can grow into reality.

Take shape in the palms of girls who learnt to play and work and fight and build, with the same heart-sized fist. We say "we are the future" and the future becomes us.

I have seen girls take a cardboard box and make it a castle. With nothing but the sticks and stones of sceptic strangers, they have built freedom in a handmade fort. Between these fingers are magic and potential, creativity, imagination: the building blocks of creation.

Every girl is an architect, a construction worker. Designing each window to frame our future; building each step in the staircase to progress; creating a balcony to see how high we've climbed, how far we've come, how much we've done, and ensuring enough doors for more to follow.

For a future of open opportunities within reach, held together by the cement of concrete values, where compassion is always the first resident.

The next President, Prime Minister, future leader, female changemaker, could be your next-door neighbour. Could be writing in her journal about the kindness of a stranger, who inspired her to pass it on. Could be on a plane journey, that will give rise to new heights and bright horizons. Could be in a classroom. Or a canteen. Or

a college library. The next person to make history could be you! Helping someone else find their voice; teaching them it's the most powerful weapon. That speaking out is strength. Your thoughts when shared, can become the next generation's hope. Innovation is born in your mind, but can only ever grow, if it reaches your mouth; if it enters more ears, to materialise. Ambition becomes vision, through the shared mission, to fight for what's right, to shine a light, to be bold, be brave and to be bright. Right now, each girl is a kite and tomorrow watch the sky, when we fly.

This is an affirmation, a battle cry; a declaration for girls, who practice their victory speech with a makeshift mic and a mirror. Holding a hairbrush with Herculean power, with Hermione's intellect, with her own voice.

Making the floor they stand on a platform, speaking from a stage, starting from their bedrooms and sweeping through each city, to the ears of girls who will grow to do the same.

Who will become the leaders of the future; the daughters of the present are already making history.

By: Aditi Banerjee, United Kingdom



To be woman

Daughter your first kiss will be with a boy
A boy who's hands are too sweaty to hold
yours
Who's eyes are too shifty to meet yours
But who's lips flow easily with small talk
and cheap I love you's
It will start slow
Because a boy does not know what to do
He is not sure how to handle you
It will be over before it's started and you
will think
"oh.. this is it"

Daughter, your first experience with a man
Might be when he harasses you
You are a young woman now, your curves
are full and present
Forgive him for he does not know he is
your uncle anymore
He does not know you are under his care
anymore
He does not remember how your little
fingers held his bigger ones for support
He does not know you are human
anymore
He only sees man and woman

Flesh of my flesh, Blood of my blood
Your first experience with anger
Will come from when a man
Places your worth and value in
Relation to The fullness of your breasts
and beauty on your face
It will be the last mistake he makes

Your first experience with love will be pain
Reeling from your elder's betrayal
From your young love's disappointment,
You will fall and you will break

But you will survive because to be woman is to
be able to look pain in the face and say I have
felt this, I know you.

To be woman is to be able to look
disappointment in the eye and say I am no
longer surprised, I expect you. To be woman is
to be exhausted. Objectified
Prideful. Strong. To be woman is to be born of
existence
Is to be.

By: Deborah Johnson, Nigeria



To have a daughter

To have a daughter

Is to dress her in the prettiest shades of pink, Tying silk bows in her perfect ringlets
Watching as she giggles with eyes sparkling like a precious jewel

To read her stories of princesses finding their prince charming. Filling her mind with thoughts of happily ever after

To have a daughter

Is to drive her to ballet class and horseback riding lessons and teach her what it means to be ladylike and proper

To have a daughter is a beautiful and delicate thing, Until someone or something, tries to break her

To have a daughter is to watch her grow out of the pink frills and bows and watch as life turns from a jovial and protected thing to a place full of threats and comparison

To watch as the boy at school teases her until she cries. But he is only teasing her because he likes her

To have a daughter is to prepare her that sometimes no may not be enough
That boys have their needs and curiosities
They cannot help it, boys will be boys

To have a daughter is to watch as she pinches the skin on her sides and her stomach

Mascara streaming down her face as she tells herself that losing 5 more pounds will finally make her happy to sit there helpless as she scrolls for hours and hours becoming consumed with society's unattainable beauty standard

To have a daughter is to teach her to pour her own drinks that she can never be drunk or out of control and make sure that she never walks home alone

To have a daughter is to teach her that She can never run at night. She must always lock her doors while getting gas. She must watch as she walks back to her car
She must always have her phone on. She must carry pepper spray. She can never let her guard down

To have a daughter is to sit up at night Worrying that someday. She will not remember the rules and someday
Someone will get to her

To have a daughter is to watch as society and the world Slowly chip away at her
Piece by piece Until she can no longer stand

By: Mary Grace Altizer, United States



She the daughter

He kicks his ball and plays in the sand
She wants to make her own choice to play but that is up to that man
She hates to cook and clean but a woman's place is in the house
She once could make the walls shake with her voice but now it is meek as a mouse

He gets into that little old house and plays with the big man's tools
They talk of how girls are weird and what he learns in school
She must look from across the yard out the window by the kitchen sink
Her mother's words of being content with life meant nothing as she starts to think

Why must I stay inside while he gets to play
Why must I do all the housework while he learns something new every day
Why must I never speak when the big man looks at me in pain
For it is I who works and runs all day without showing the strain

But all these thoughts rolled off her lips in such a beautiful way
Before a blink, her own mother turned away
To the awful sight, she hated to see
The painful red glow and sting of her daughter's cheek

This look of death in her father's eyes and you'd think she would break
But no, she walked up the stairs, only showed a blank face
Not of shock or panic but of realization
She the daughter would always be accustomed to this discrimination

By: Kayla Cooper, United States



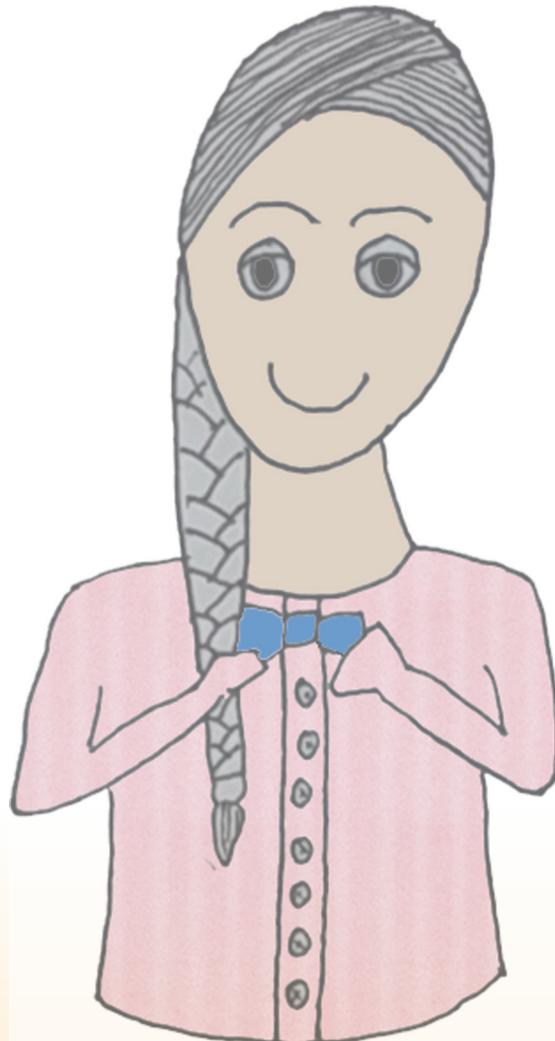
Travail of single mother

She is a single mother
With a lot on her mind
She is strong and independent
That's really hard to find.

She is always doing her best
To keep a lovely home
Even though, sometimes deep down
She feels sad and alone.
Her kids keep her going

They see her as a hero
That's something she won't deny.
Everything she does
It's with happiness and love
Each night before she goes to bed,
She thanks the good Lord above.
For giving her the strength
To get through each long day
But being the World's Great Mum
That's something no one can take away

By: Oluwadarasimi Omolade, Nigeria



Raising from victimhood

Mothers are always considered fortunate,
But can anybody decide her fate?

Sisters stand by us in every happiness and sorrow,
But seems like path to save their dignity is very narrow.

Friends are more important than life,
Their pain is being attacked with knife.

Pocket money is spent to impress girlfriend,
But in her pain how can somebody offend.

Every husband calls her wife as her soul mate,
But sometimes can't stop her insult, how unfortunate?

Daughters are the breath of father.
Stopping boys than girls would be effective rather.

Even girls and women is our globe's reputation,
But then also they always have to face obligation.

In this world women are not safe,
For them every rape constructs a grave.

How is this possible?
Are respect and rape together sensible?

"Preet" wants justice for every woman,
Or else woman will show what she can.

By: Chaitali Sinha, India



A little more than others

A little more than others,
The spiraling nerves activated,
All five senses sometimes six alerted,
Just when about to go out into the world,
“Never let your guard down,” they say,
“Never venture the night streets alone,” they say,
Spoken to the panic-stricken souls,
Often told a little more than others.
Whilst strolling along the empty roads,
No lights, no folks, safety not guaranteed,
“Carry a taser. A pocket knife. Pepper spray,” they say,
“Gotta know how to strike and defend,” they say,
“Never let your guard down,” they say,
All said to prepare for any sort of violence,
Spoken to the panic-stricken souls,
Often told a little more than others.
1 in 3 women have undergone,
Either physical or sexual violence or both,
More than 15 million adolescent girls,
Have undergone forced sex,
Serious measures need to persist,
Safety needs to be ensured,
Ensured to the panic-stricken souls,
Often told a little more than others.

By: Doreen Ngemera, Tanzania



I love my mother

I love the way that she smiles

I love the cooking that she does

I love how whenever I leave her arms she always tells me to come back

I love that she is always honest in her humor, her speech, what she wants

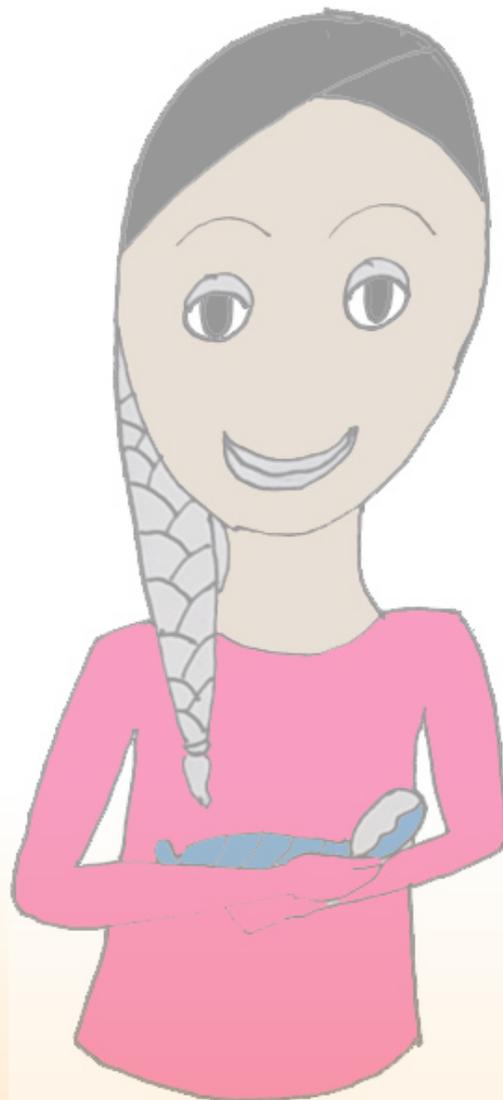
I love how she worries about where I am despite knowing I am across the street

I love hope and joy that radiates off of her whenever she tells me how she prayed to have a little girl

I love how she is always ready help someone in need, even if she isn't close to them

I love my mother

By: Sarah Reynolds, United States



I am a woman

I am a woman

I should not be defined by the color of my skin

I am a woman

I should be held to the same standard as a man

I am a woman

Don't justify me by the texture of my hair

Or the dead face expression I wear

I am a woman

When will that say we are all equal

No we are women

Women trying to protect our loved ones at all costs

We are women

Moving forward with our loss

No matter race or social identities we stand beside each other

That is why

I AM A WOMAN

By: Maya Carter, United States



We can do it

We have been told by the big strong male, "Ya'll can't do it."

We have been looked down upon by the male higher-ups of life.

We have been called "weak", "too emotional", "un-important".

We have been looked at as only housewives, maids, and toys for men to play with.

We're tired of it.

We have gone to the moon.

We have been involved in the higher-ups of politics.

We have won championships.

We are CEO's of some of the biggest companies.

We have accomplished so much and proved our worth to this world.

We have not and will not stop proving our worth, as strong, stoic, important women.

We have proved to the world that we're more than housewives, maids, and toys.

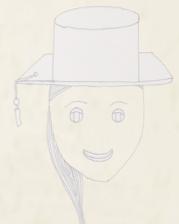
We as women, young and old, can do so much to change the world, and put an end to sexism.

We will do it.

We have been doing it.

We can do it.

By: Nayati Wilson, United States



Reasons's my year six teacher thought I could not speak

One,
that I just can't speak; well we know that's not true 'cause I'm standing here today, talking to you.

Two,
maybe I just don't talk enough; well it's not that 'cause my friends, they say I talk too much, and,

Three,
I just don't put my hand up; well duh, we need permission just to speak up. Fine. If the rule states raise your hand; don't raise your voice, then why is it that the only time I am selected to speak, is when my hand is firmly down? Why then, do they assume I'm meek? If I knew what you wanted to hear and knew how to make it clear, I would provide you with an answer.

Four,
it might be more likely, to be nothing to do with me at all, see maybe it's that in class, boys just talk nine times more.

Five,
I wish to learn but not recite memorised passages from textbooks that are giant sized.

Six,
simply learning to say the same words that society prefers will not work. Speaking only when spoken to - trust me, it's just not my idea of heaven. Why should we control when, where, what they say and how they say it? That's all I'm sayin'.

Seven,
the teacher was talkin' and I might've been snoring, but if you refuse to make it

engaging just give me a warning: it's going to be boring.

Eight.
It's assumed that STEM subjects are just ones that I HATE! So, in science, maybe she's right: I don't always ask questions. When there's more I want to know, I suffer from self inflicted suppression. I force my hand down and keep my mouth shut, in case I am wrong or told to shut-up.

Nine.
In maths, sometimes they just go slow, so they teach stuff that most of us already know. Like for instance, do we need to cover ten-times-tables again?

Ten,
we all know I like English: messages words can send; why else would I choose to spend so much time with a pen? So if I love words so much why won't I read them out, share what could be spoken, just using my mouth? Well I will but in classrooms girls just tend to speak less, and how could I ever break such a trend?

In every class, a girl sits in the back of the room: her mind racing with thoughts erupting rapidly like wildfire into the gloom. She wants to speak out, but that's such a risk when consumed, in self-doubt. In every classroom debate, a boy's more likely to shout, because he's conditioned so that that's allowed. Within every girl, is a voice telling her to opt-out, of opportunity or just the chance to be loud. Speech is a gift.
So I only speak when it counts.

By: Aditi Banerjee, United Kingdom



Wild fires

When I see crowds burned grey along the lines.
Blue rhythm broken, fallen in the sky.
They drive with hope there is a strong held man,
But dawned on them, that hope becomes so dry.
Dry like their bodies gone within the wind.
Wake up, provide, stand still, they did no wrong.
Just careless fools that trot all over ground.
It's not too fair they see their world burned bright.
Their mothers, their fathers, their daughters gone.
All they can do is stand and watch, hopeless.

By: Emily Yancey, United States



Grown up

Growing up didn't seem real
Not until I was not able to fit under the table
Tall enough to ride roller coasters
Whenever I was able to swim in the deep end

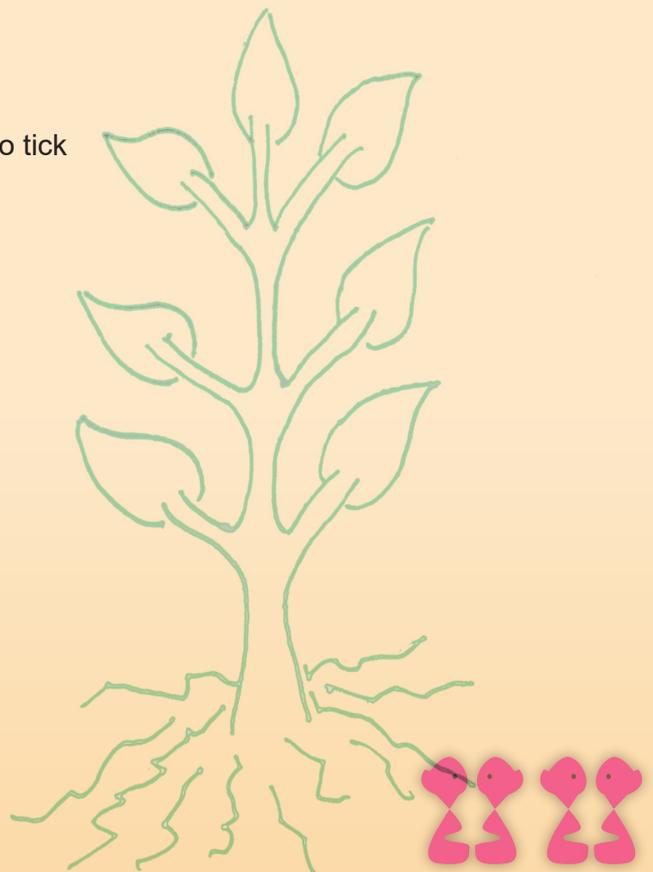
I never realized I was growing up
Until Holidays lost their colors
Or when school became more than arts and crafts
And friendships started to end

I started to realize I was growing up
When food turned into calories
And I became self-conscious
Whenever responsibilities had meaning
And action met consequence

I knew I was growing up
When grades defined who I was
When I became my worst enemy
When feeling enough and fitting in
Matter more than anything

Inevitably, I noticed the clock had begun to tick
Fall-like sand in a timer
Sorrow, distress, fear
But that's a part of the process
Right?
But it is okay
Because now, I am all
Grown up.

By: Sophia Sardina, United States



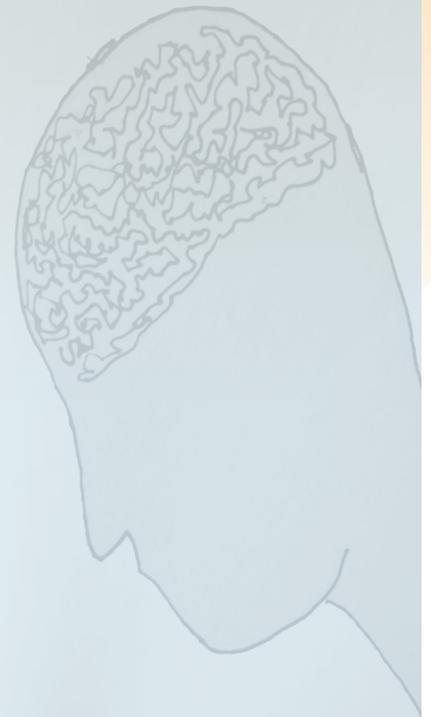
What I hate

I hate how the meaning of health is associated to our physical bodies,
and i hate how thats not changing,
I hate how depression is as common as the a,b,c's
For the young and the aging

I hate how it worries people when you break a leg,
But not when you feel scared in your own head,
I hate how we have to hide , when we arent okay,
because we we're scared of what society will say.

I hate how people cant "feel" , and it's because they dont want to.
how people don't heal, And it's because they dont try to.

By: Namara Lwansa, Tanzania



World is home: still alone

Neither have they got mother's love and care,
Nor they get father's protection,
Neither have they got brother's support to share,
Nor they get sister's affection.

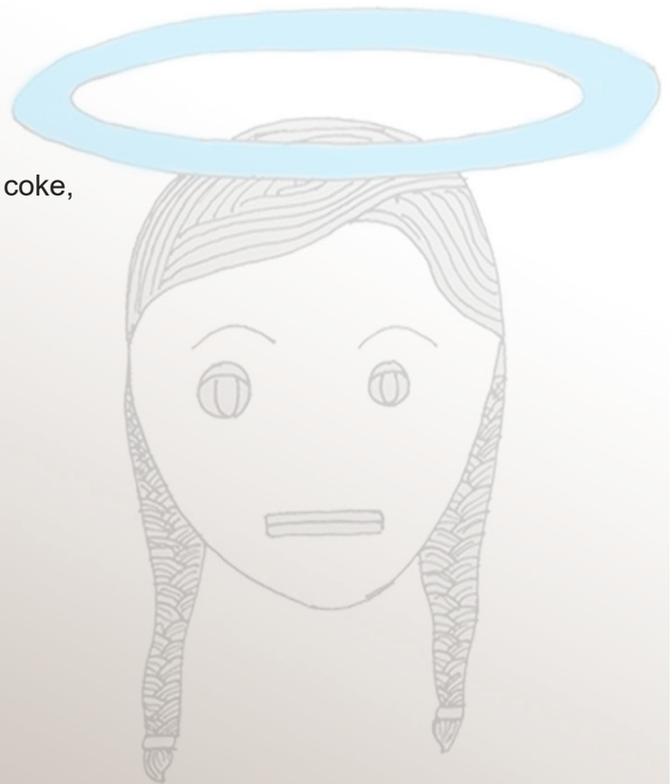
Their lives are without friends,
Their education is full of hardships,
They don't have money to follow trends,
Employment is only to dance on riches fingertips.

For them getting respect is a joke,
Mansion, car, jewels are the fantasy,
Sometimes, out of sympathy, they get food and coke,
Otherwise, being alive, for them is not easy.

Putting fake smile, they control their tears,
Just to prove that they are not weak,
Their only strength is hymns and prayers,
And their level of hope is always on peak.

Those who have nothing and are nothing,
Almighty have his hands on their heads,
"Preet" always want to see them smiling,
As innocence and purity, their grin spreads.

By: Chaitali Sinha, India



Why can't things always be perfect?

If things are made to serve a purpose,
And they can do that job just fine,
Where's the fault?

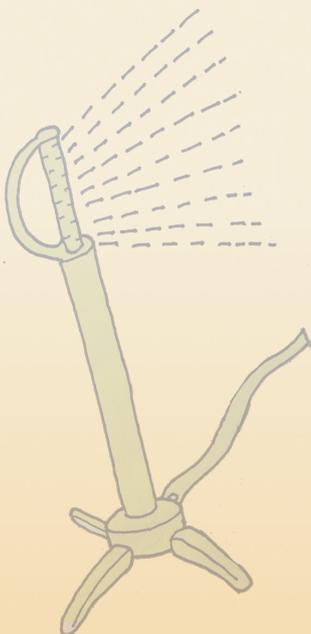
It isn't in the makeup of the object itself,
But it's the complication of everything trying to work perfectly together.
Inevitably, things won't always get along.

The pool sprinklers are made to shoot water back into the pool,
But the wind blows, pushing the water back.
And sometimes the water lands on the rock instead.

Man and nature,
It's like a glitch in the system.
In the world, in our eyes.

The wind blowing,
The water spraying directly into the pool,
You can't have it both ways.

By: Emily Yancey, United States



Crisis

C- Continent by continent, lives have been ravished by COVID-19,

R- Robust is an inverse of COVID-19. It might have taken our lives, but hasn't taken out the good vibes.

I- Individuals should tackle racism because that's their duty in order to unravel their beauty.

S- Step by step is the key to change our planet entirely,

I- Injustice is a sickness that spreads, but never retreats.

S- Superiority does not come from ethnicity, but comes from equality.

By: Esther Ilechukwu, United States



Things I've thought

You're only scared when you think about it,
and you're only sad when you cry
You think you can make it through this day
but oh dear, do not lie
Its a spiral of the same thing morning till night
"Things will get better" I've heard it "Yah right."

You're only failing if you never try,
"The sky is the limit." like its not that high
Free wheeling my journey isn't so fun
As quotes display it, because I've never won.

Untold stories and untold tales,
Of times I'd wanted to purposely unhook the sails,
Reduce, re use, recycle applies to my life as of now
Reduced tolerance and reused smiles, recycled energy from many "how's"

"I know how you feel" , " I've been there too."
I'm sorry for playing the "me" show when it was time for programme "you"
Call me phased, delusional, absurd.
But read those verses, word by word.

It's not so simple to feel so great,
But saying you are will lock the gates
Of the things I've thought, but have not said,
which brings us back to " Yeah, I'm great!"

"It's okay to feel these type of things,
And it's okay to look for assistance,
Because the truth is not what everyone thinks,
And it's not what you say In resistance. "

Is what I hope everyone who thinks what I've thought,
Hears at the times when they feel like they're not.

By: Namara Lwansa, Tanzania

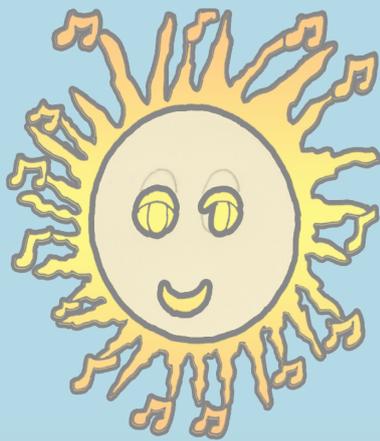


Better days ahead

I woke up and saw the sun shinning bright
Before I left my room, I always told myself everything will be alright
There are so many obstacles I have to pass to get through;
There will be some obstacles that will make me feel sad and blue.

Dry your tears away and let music get into you
Let your troubles come out of your head too
Dry your tears away and let my poetry get into you
Let your negativity fade away and let go off your sadness too.

By: Oluwadarasimi Omolade, Nigeria

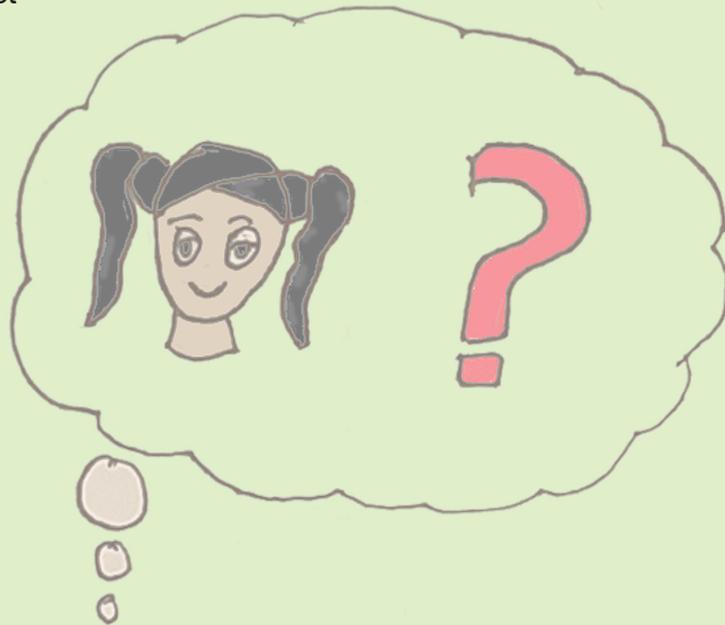


Just like me

When I was looking I was not seen, my essence as a woman and
My well- being. When I look at my baby she look just like me, to
Treat her anything less than a queen is an attack against me.
Through her eyes I want her to look at me, and have an example
Of what a lady should be, so I know any man I chose how he and I
Relate, just maybe will determine her fate on what type of man
She will date. I would be a fool to put any stock in that saying.
Do as I say, not as I do. Life so precious don't wait to late, tell
Our girls about, living, life and love, so they know how to relate.

By: Terri Brown, United States

US-based Published Poet "I Already Had Wrote It" Honoring the Girl Poets Who
Contributed to this Project



Than 1 route

Focus on your obstacles be determined to achieve your dreams, you have tendency to survive, an overcomer by any means.

I know you are descant for greatness, if you fail at least you tried! There is more than 1 route, one stumble does not seal 1's fate. Anyone can say what they will do, but it's about giving it all it takes!

By: Terri Brown, United States

US-based Published Poet "I Already Had Wrote It" Honoring the Girl Poets Who Contributed to this Project



A L'ECOLE DÈS DEMAIN A L'AUBE

Enseignons avec un cœur,
Les enfants nous entendent avec douceur,
La discrimination des élèves m'échoue,
Evitons la tracasserie et la violation aux mineurs.

Eduquons avec le cœur,
Créons aux écoles des chœurs,
Garçons et filles en uniforme jupes et culottes,
Sans chicottes, ni menottes.

Chaque enfant qu'on enseigne est un gain qu'on gagne,
La privation des filles à l'éducation est un crime,
C'est leur avenir, avec conscience qu'on abîme,
Bien qu'on les enfonce dans l'abîme.

Pitié, pitié aux filles colonisées et discriminées
Leurs valeurs sociales sont trop minimisées,
A l'école, elles sont vraiment bien insécurisées,
Pour que leurs futures soient vraiment ridiculisées.

Crie d'alarme aux autorités,
Au primaire comme à l'université,
Le bonheur nous échappe et nous abasons la pauvreté,
En nous imposant l'impudicité, l'impunité, la sexualité.

Dés demain à l'aube bleu-blanc
A l'école, toutes les filles comme un blanc

On t'embrasse éducation à la congolaise sur un banc

Au revoir la sexualité, l'impunité et le tabac.

Vive l'éducation aux filles,
Fouillons, fouillons à la ficelle,
L'école est sanctuaire autant que la chapelle,
L'alphabet que l'enfant avec son doigt épelle

Allumons les esprits, c'est notre loi première,
Et du suif le plus vil faisons une lumière,
Implorons Dieu, louons le par nos prière,
Car, sans souci et assidument nous vainquons notre misère.

Eduquons avec le cœur,
Les filles sont vainqueuses,
Sans discrimination mais avec la sueur,
A L'école dès demain à l'aube, tous garçons et leurs sœurs.

By: MWANGAZA BUTIMBUSHI Augustin,
Democratic Republic of the Congo



SI TU VEUX LA PAIX, PREPARE...

... Surtout, ne prépare pas la guerre

Bien au contraire, si tu veux la paix, prépare d'abord la fraternité.

Mais aussi, si tu veux la paix, prépare l'enseignement de l'amour du prochain.

Car, en effet, si tu veux la paix, donne la priorité des priorités à l'éducation.

Mais n'oublie pas : si tu veux la paix, prépare la justice et respecte la dignité de l'adversaire.

Mais aussi, si tu veux la paix, purifie les mémoires.

Si tu veux la paix, prépare la vérité.

Surtout, si tu veux la paix, prépare la solidarité.

Enfin, si tu veux la paix, prépare la miséricorde.

Alors, si tu prépares tout cela, la paix te sera don

Allumons les esprits, c'est notre loi première,

Et du suif le plus vil faisons une lumière,

Implorons Dieu, louons le par nos prière,

Car, sans souci et assidument nous vainquons notre misère.

Eduquons avec le cœur,

Les filles sont vainqueuses,

Sans discrimination mais avec la sueur,

A L'école dès demain à l'aube, tous garçons et leurs sœurs.

By: Alice MAHUKU, Democratic Republic of the Congo



UVIRA, LA NATURE EN COLERE

Jour après jour chez toi,
Aimablement gardé sous un toit,
Inspire-nous ta charité et générosité
Nécessaires pour les hommes de cette ère
en unité
Tout au long de notre vie d'intimité.

Oh ! Uvira de nos aïeux,
Uvira, ville bâtie sur le roc ancestral,
Uvira couverte du naturel,
Uvira la nature en deuil,
Uvira à l'attente du soleil.
Uvira en sanglots,
L'humanité périt,
Tes larmes arrosent les nouveaux jardins,
Germe du Congo de demain,
Où éclatera la joie de vivre ?

Pourquoi la nature en colère ?
Pourquoi tes rivières et le Tanganyika
s'élèvent ?
Pourquoi les saisons changent ?
Pourquoi ses effets sont plus destructeurs ?
Pourquoi les hommes, les femmes, les
enfants, les plantes, les animaux périssent ?

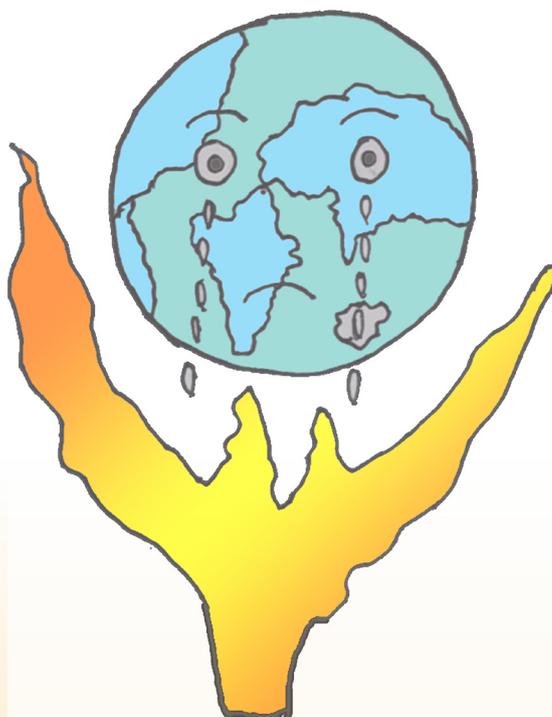
A dieux " mafuriko"1 sanglante
Des générations en générations
Sur les tombes de nos frères disparus,
Le Congo et l'Afrique, le monde parlerons de
toi
Pour susciter le dégoût de la haine, de la
guerre cruelle dans la ville.
Uvira s'écrie : inhabitable, inhabitable !
L'humanité crie : famine, famine !

Y a t-il un remède ?

Le Tanganyika ne répond plus à ses désires
Les champs détruits par les guerres, la
biodiversité en danger.
A l'écoute de la nature,
Frappez fort le Tam-tam Africain,
Jubilez pour la renaissance de la nature
Et l'avènement de la maturité Uviroise

Oh Dieu ! Tous ceci pour enfler la nature
Ainsi provoquant le changement climatique
Pour quoi donc cette justice de la nature ?

By: MUNDANGE NYAMUNYANYO
Augustine, Democratic Republic of the
Congo





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