

VOICES THAT WON'T BE SILENCED

Their faces tell a story...

A story of struggle,

A story of trying,

A story of existing in a country that wants them silent.

From the markets...

To the protest grounds...

To the streets where fear follows young people...

We see the truth.

Yet they ask us to pretend.

They tell us to hide our pain,

Keep our heads down,

Act grateful for the little we're given.

But how do we stay quiet

When our stalls are destroyed?

When our voices are mocked?

When our rights are treated like favours?

Still...

Even in the laughter of youth,

Even in the courage of market women,

Even in the faces of protestors...

You can see it

We are not defeated.

We rise.

We remember.

And we speak.

We are tired of the battles.

We are tired of the shame.

We are tired of being silenced.

They told us to be quiet
that our voices were too loud,
our stories too raw,
our art too daring for comfort.

They silenced our questions,
restricted our movements,
shrank the spaces
where we rise and speak.

They told her,
"This world isn't for women to challenge."
They told him,
"Your hair, your identity... trouble."

They told us all,
"Stay in your place."

They bent the truth,
broke our stalls,
dismissed our pain
but they could not break our voices.

Because we remember:
art is resistance,
expression is power,
and freedom is not a privilege
it is a right.

Every poem we write,
every photo we capture,
every song we sing,
every story we tell
is a protest against silence.

We rise
for women, for girls,
for every shrinking space,
for every artist who refuses to be muted.

We rise for truth

spoken boldly,

creatively,

fearlessly.

We are tired of the battles.

We are tired of the shame.

We are tired of being silenced.

But we are ready to speak.

We are ready to rise.