

Scars of Silence - Festus Moses Onipede

In the corners where shadows dwell,
Whispers of pain are lost,
Broken voices, fractured shells,
Injustice's bitter cost.

A woman's cry, a silent tear,
Hidden beneath the night,
Gender's war, a bloodstained sphere,
Where wrongs are shunned from sight.

Her story, etched in muted screams,
A nightmare cloaked as dreams,
Each bruise a verse, each scar a rhyme,
In time's relentless streams.

She fights, she falls, she rises still,
Against the iron will,
Of those who seek to bend her soul,
To silence, to control.

Yet in her breath, a flame alights,
A beacon in the dark,
Against the storms of shattered rights,
She's but a humble spark.

Her words, a river fierce and wild,
Break free from chains of old,
To write a justice, undefiled,
In ink that never's cold.

For in her voice, the world might see,
The peace that truth can bring,
And in her words, the world might be,
A place where justice sings.