


“The Woman Who Carry Change”

We are the women who rise from pain,
From lands torn by conflict, loss, and rain,
From Somalia’s deserts to Ukraine’s song,
From Afghan villages where hope grows strong,
To Polish streets lined with refuge and grace—
We are the women who transform this place.

Asha spoke of scars carved deep,
Of girls torn open while the world stayed asleep.
She fights with fire, with words and will,
To end a silence that’s heavy, still.
In her hands, pain turns to power,
A voice that blooms like a midnight flower.

Alexandra stands by the broken shore,
Where the displaced refugees knock at Europe’s door.
She holds out a hand, a life raft, a light,
Turning refugees’ fear into flight.
In the shelter she gives, in the life she defends,
She turns strangers to family, enemies to friends.

Iyra Gould takes music’s hand,
An orchestra born from a war-torn land.



With each note, she weaves peace's thread,
For music, she knows, is the world's oldest friend.
Together we sang without trumpets or drums,
She shows us that harmony truly conquers guns!

And Marilyn, a beacon in Afghan night,
With needles and threads, she sparks new light.
She trains hands to sew, to stitch, to create,
Turning skills into courage, turning hope into fate.
With fabric and fashion, she empowers the lost,
Rebuilding lives, no matter the cost.
She reminds us that strength wears many designs,
In patterns of resilience, in courage that shines.

To lead is to serve, to love and to fight,
To bring warmth to the coldest night.
For peace isn't passive; it's fierce and alive,
It's the work we do to help others survive.
It's Asha's defiance, it's Alexandra's hands,
It's Iyra's notes, it's Marilyn's plans.

So here's to the fighters, the builders, the brave,
To the women who heal, who rescue, who pave.
We are more than our stories; we're the path and the light,
We are women of peace, leading with might.