

(POEM)
A SELF WRITTEN LIFE

She was taught that silence signified grace,
That dreams must bend to sanctioned designs;
Sacrifice was named her destiny
Before her voice was trusted with desire.

She gave her years as unseen labour—
Mother, daughter, keeper of care;
Yet strength grew quietly within her,
The courage to endure, to question, to stand.

They called her ambition pride,
Her vision a sin; still she claimed
The right to think and choose,
To shape a life beyond permission,
To speak in a voice entirely her own.

Her rise was not an act of favour
But the earned result of faith and will;
No footnote marks her place in history—
She writes the dawn where night once
stood.

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