

## **HEAR HER ROAR**

**She may have silently screamed when pain became her second name**

**She may have swallowed rivers of tears pretending not to drown'**

**She, may have contemplated death when there was no reason to keep on keeping on**

### **BUT NOW**

**Hear her Roar as she shouts this to the World:**

**While Pain became my second name, it was my gateway to Victory all the same**

**And the Rivers of tears in which I nearly drowned, it's now became a riverbed on which my mermaid treasures can now be found**

**And as for Death, it died its death when my Divine Purpose became my only Breath**

### **AND NOW**

**My ROAR are the tender, compassionate, inspiring whispers I feed my brothers and sisters so that their own suffering will not starve them**

**And now my roar is my voice through which I channel those who have been devoiced by systems and perplexities beyond their own control**

**And now my roar is the half-moon that shines across my face as I smile at the beauty of living a purposeful, triumphant life**

**And now my roar is the licence I choose to give myself to unconditionally love myself because Self- Love now amplifies the sound of my presence... in this World**

**And now my roar is the laughter that tumbles deep within my Soul, bouncing between Love and Light, recognizing I was always WHOLE**

**And now my roar is the fulfilment of my Dreams, my self-made Oasis birthed in the aridity of a desert in which I did not ask to be birthed in or get lost in**

**AND NOW MY ROAR IS MY UNCOMPROMISED, UNAPOLOGETIC AUTHENTICITY**

**AND NOW MY ROAR IS THE TRUE CELEBRATION OF MY SOUL'S SACREDITY**

**by Lynn Hill**