

THOUGHTS ON MARCH THE 8th

Tormented over ages
Condemned to slave without pause
They are tossed around without cause
And we the progeny
saw them discarded like withered flowers
in the metropolis of Capital.

The breed of unyielding vigour
Broad of heart like a magnificent river
See them come and kiss the fists
of soldiers of freedom's fight
For in revolution lies their right
away from prejudice wrapped in mist.

Women of the world united
"Women for Peace" undaunted
S e e t h e m c o m e
Like doves with their grace
They capture the eye
Like flowers in bloom
unmatched by any scented dye.

From Havana to Hanoi
From Sydney to Seattle
Yes, in their millions
Under the starlit Asian canopy
Under the African sun
Across the oceans in the European snow
Their stirring voices are one
Their hearts with vision glow
With them our horns let us blow.

For each March eight
There's unity in their marching feet
Risen f r o m shackles
Facing the future - in mind posterity
Advancing they are fearless
Advancing towards lofty victory.

• LERATO MORENA