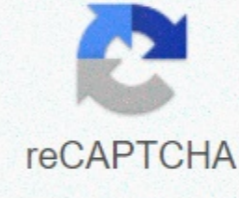




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Naomi is a third-year student at The Daraja Academy of Kenya from Rumuruti, Kenya. Her parents are pastoralists, and although she excelled as a primary school student, she had no hope of increasing tuition fees to promote education. She was admitted to Daraja after failing to lose hope. Naomi is now an aspiring poet and lawyer, and her creativity shines through all her work in Daraja. On a typical day, Naomi can be found writing, drawing, socializing with the many friends she has made, and helping other students with their English studies. Daraja Academy Celebrates IDG2013 Daraja Academy is located in central Kenya outside the city of Nanyuki, about four hours north of Nairobi, Kenya's capital. A boarding school, Daraja provides a quality education to Kenyan girls with top academy scores and exceptional leadership skills, but no way to continue their education past elementary school since high school is associated with high school fees in Kenya. The Girl Child by Naomi, Form 3 (11th grade) The lives of innocent children have been shattered. Come and see my brethren, mighty dreams have been thwarted. My sister is a commodity of trading, Only now to third class, She found herself under a stock, She was property of an exchange, No one has say above anything. I have longed for revenge, Heavy punishment, but got nothing, Live the life of my innocent sister. This is a public outcry. I insist on rigid measures, both in the sea and in dry, It is a complaint from all creatures, the inhuman act of RAPE. Four humiliating offences, to my sister who lacks defense, feel the same of my innocent sister. My sister is depressed, No one else for deep rest, In marriage she is oppressed, Her property lives in her chest, Financially she is pressed, Me the beast of burdens is hard pressed, no matter how she tries her best, Her efforts are all compressed, Restricted from seeking her light in the west, Look! She is denied for the zeal of her life, why her alone and not the rest? A woman has the right to rest, If allowed she is able to invest, In activated she will pass any test, this is a true word not spoken in joke, Instilled in me to learn the rest, Feeling the discomfort of my innocent sister. Before my heart burned hot, but now I am grateful a lot, finally I have reached my plot, I want to stop in this place, Make a change as small as a dot, To relieve my sister from the pot, Because there is strength in all I have, There is ability in my innocent sister. To learn more about The Daraja Academy of Kenya, www.daraja-academy.org. She is a daughter, sister, a wife and a mother, in all forms of love. Her compassion and strength have no limits, and there is an infinite pool of care that flourishes just when she comes to life, a girl. So much we are unsure of the xx chromosome, that we have a national girl child January 24. An attempt to allow her to be born, to live a life that is all the way like her male colleagues, an initiative of our country, to give her the respect she deserves, security that is her right and duty as we have against the life she is. On this day we skimmed through some verses of Hello Poetry and found some spectacular creations circling around the girl child and her struggle through the ages. The pieces cross geographical boundaries and are what every girl's child has gone through, a war with their destiny, a war of life and death. She doesn't ask for much in return for her faith in the power of love. Her care knows no bounds with the umbilical cord in her hand, her love needs no mention when she chooses one as her only and her faith never meets its ends when she seeks solace in the arms of her father. But we as a country have not been able to acknowledge the purity that comes when there is a girl reaching our ears. Yes, we are still about to kill millions before they are born, throwing many because they were born and burning them as somewhere survived. We give them the air to breathe, not to live. We have their home, but never a safe haven. We even have their protectors, but somewhere they destroy them too. Can we ever match up to the versatility she holds by just being her? Her only mistake? She's a girl. And it is more than enough for her constant struggle to ask for freedom to live a life just as men do. How many of us have, at some point of our lives, wanted to come back to life as a guy? Not because we're weak, but because they can be strong. Do you work late at night? Parties late at night? Her freedom is determined by today's clock for with the night, down her downfall. Could it be a place where she is free to be who she is? Long hair or short hair? Skirts or pants? Drink or smoke? She will not be convicted, she will not be classified. She's just a human being, born to be free. This day, let's promise to be proud to be a girl and make all those who let us breathe, every day with dignity, prouder. To all the girls out there, You Go Girl! Did you like what you saw on DailySocial? Follow us on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram. This girlchild was born as usual and presented dolls that made ***.***and miniature GE ovens and iron and wee lipsticks the color of cherry candy. So in the magic of puberty, a classmate said, you have a big big nose and fat legs. She was healthy, tested intelligently, had strong arms and back, ample ***** drive and dexterity. She went to and from apologizing. Everyone saw a fat nose on thick legs. She was advised to play coy, admonished to come on cordial, exercise, diet, smile and wheedle. Her good nature was wearing a fan belt. So she cut off her nose and legs and offered them up. In the coffin that appears on satin, she slept with cosmetics painted on, a screwed up putty nose, dressed in a pink and white nightie. Doesn't she look pretty? everyone said. Consummation in the end. To every woman a happy ending. -Marge Piercy I was such a beautiful child, With my shoulder lengths of Sun bleached barley. Smiled little pearl soldiers in Line. Old glassesless ladies took me to Girlchild. But I grew twisted like an Appletree around a Cemetery Trail Lightpost. Teeth came out crooked. The hair fell out at thirteen. I was great for my age; Grew other hair in places I never knew I would. My voice broke as in Grief over the child Inside who had died. After that, I talked like I was in a bucket. Sometimes I catch my father staring at me through a small veil of grief for the same child. I would never dream of blaming him. The girl child was born as usual, But loathed dolls that did ***.***, Made music with her miniature GE ovens and irons, And crushed her wee lipsticks the color of cherry candy, So, in rabbi's of puberty, a classmate said, You have a big big nose, and fat legs. She was healthy, tested intelligent, Possessed strong arms and back, abundant ***** drive and dexterity, She ran to and from, not caring, Who saw a fat nose on thick legs, She was advised to play coy, admonished to come on cordial, exercise, diet, smile and wheedle, But her strength refused to wear out, Not run out on her, As some men did 'Who just saw a fat nose on thick legs, She refused satin in the coffin, She would have no funeral home paint her stupid, With her strong nose and thick legs, Dressed ever so clearly, 'She was beautiful,' those who knew her said, Those who did not, could not understand, That she was no Barbie Doll, But a woman with a happy ending. I wrote this in response to Barbie Doll by Marge Piercy. After Amadioha went into sweet nightmares, he made us breathe through the chest of the sea. from the sanctuary's celestial bodies we shone our forefather's smile with a mirage. a small strewn mirage spelling in the ellipse. this was rose crumbs tailored in the sandcastle of our glassy laughter, we are Palmful morning in the eyes of our home in the abyss. when a child cries, he forgets that the route to his home is written on his body like a tattoo. when a girl thinks about collecting wood in the heart of the forest, she thinks of the thigh and bushes around it, nature made it so. We don't see our skin as a poetic pain, We don't think of our eyes as poetry letters, but we draw lines and streams of fantasies describing how rituals made men insane. We performed these pilgrim for the boys, our ancestors got us cracked head up, they carved pumpkin tracks for this generation; for this humble journey mixed with fire and water. Our souls, our dreams were the Shakespearean places you never had the chance to see fysisk.de are the rituals of nature, a side Sithoulte, a wonderland created a paradise you do not live often, but in your dreams and pictures. We are born here as debris & plump scars, a tortured lips hold the past and present. We are the foundation of all evil spirits, we were born in the ritual of a serious war. to say that a man is a benchmark of his own, to say a man is a mango drop without a choice of where and how to touch the sand, to say a man is all fretwork of pain; to say that a man is slaughtered memories ... but to this edge of rituals and repeated steps, We will remain the gospel from every mouth. Our ancestors hands should still put a table, to tell the girl child how to sit in a public hall to hand over the sanctuary to the boy's child to tell the man that he owns a woman as leader. to continue to give birth to good and ugly children. our hope will always portray the glory of heaven and, our darkest fears as the skin of hell. And it must be sent down to next genes to tell the next and sand keep multiplying. This is the ritual of mankind to stay alive. ©John Chizoba Vincent FromaPenRefusingFrustrations. Sat, 04/05/2014 - 7:00 -- Aditi Residential Address 15° 14' 37.2048 N, 73° 58' 58.8108 E A girl child is a blessing. Such a beautiful, lucky and a privileged gift from God! She personifies the nature of the mother, she really is a wonder, oh lord! She usually dares! She is clean, she is a joy. She is a precious dimaond, really rare as a hidden treasure! A gift so rarely not everyone is lucky to have, but alas! Those who have her don't know her worth. She brings prosperity and happiness since birth! She deserves love, protection and affection, but she is treated like dirt, dust and dirt. She is a princess, spreading love, joy and joy. Her smile is pure magic, it's not oh boy! It can enchant someone from a squirrel to a dove, Her words heal and touch sooths, yes indeed! Such is her love! Her warmth melts the heart and touches the soul. Her affection is so deep, it gets someone on a roll! A girl child is much more than this, She is a dotting daughter, sister, mother and wife. Her love and compassion are hard to miss, she is always there for her loved ones, all her life! Her life is a gift to others, than to her own! But she's not grumpy or scornful about it. Her love and attention are always neglected and thrown, Her desires and likes always avoided flat! Time and time again she is asked. Why do you need to study? What good will you do for the world from your education? The staff were very friendly and helpful. But a boy is meant to help develop the nation Her ambitions strangled, her desires killed. Her stung, leaving it painful! She is treated like a doll, only a superficial beauty She is used completely by everyone, only until she fulfills her duty. It's time for us to rebel, give back and fight! It's time to all the wrong things right! Raise your voice, vocal your ideas opinions, Defend injustice, help the girl child to reach a new pavilion! Support the baby girl, come people together! Let's all work toward throwing ideas that are weak. Help the girl child grow, develop and succeed. You have to start it! Yes, you! Come on, then the first seed! Learn to love, love, honor, and encourage a girl's child. Teach the world to permanently stop female infanticide! Increase a girl's morale! Give her an education. Let her open and wings and fly to help develop the nation! Believe her, tell her how skilled and promising she is! Respect her compromises, sacrifice and acknowledge her worth. She is the pillar of the strength of the family, she is the one who spreads joy! Open your eyes people to celebrate and rejoice in her birth! She's the girl's child! She is the angel of God on earth! Earth!

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