

Sisa

by: Ryu Kent C. Fua

In verdant fields of rice and wheat,
A young girl named Sisa treads her feet.
A child of the soil from the Philippine Isles
The daughter of a farmer, eldest of three.

A glorious land bequeathed by her forefathers,
Abundant with life, thriving with toil,
With reverence, she swore;
A woman of indomitability, preserving thy fertile pasture.

Yet, even with abundance at her feet,
Greed and corruption crept in like a thief,
Calamitous changes left them famished,
Forlorn, grief-stricken, their hopes banished.

Witnessing her siblings' malnourished and frail,
Sisa knew she had to be the one to prevail.
A leader then made "That every community has the right
To have a food system that is secure, safe, and healthy. "

Peace by piece, she built a foundation,
With a torch of hope, she lit the way
Awareness rose across the land
For the youth to follow, a beacon of change.

Years passed, sustainable goals were implemented,
Saving billions of lives, enveloped with grace.
From a young girl's vision, a movement was born,
She became an advocate who changed the world.

That young girl was me;
I am Sisa,
A daughter, a sister, a leader,
And a child of the soil.