



Hey, it's so good to see you again.

She whispers to her reflection after spending some days away from her most brave and her most bold. But oh... how the wind has driven her back to remember exactly who she is and why even if her skin is different, or her culture is new here... any corner of the world would be lucky to view her. Lucky to have her remembering to step back into her power, her skill, her grace. To every different woman's reflection, I say...

You're every bit as brilliant and beautiful as this day. But you were all of these things before anyone even says. You are built on the strength of a past that was brave enough to put fear last and demand change... and now look at us. How women's lives everywhere are filled with the biggest love.

And if I can do anything I hope I can remind you to remind your reflection that someone somewhere has taken the time to sow a seed in you, they've believed in you, and they've extended love in the form of faith in you, and they've reminded you who made this face for you. The women before you who changed the entire game for you, although history could not have her stand on it, she prepared this stage for you, she held this space and holds your hand, and she held her grace, in the face of a man.

During an age where women didn't have a place to step into their bravery safely, they took that risk, blindly, faith filled that one day from their garden, from the weathered seeds they'd sown, that something powerful, something beautiful and something rooted could grow... and now look at us go. Look how we glow.

A day isn't enough to hold all of our glory. Hold all of the suns in the sky for a century, put a brake on the clocks and hold all of the traffic and have all the world's sons pause on the magic of what it means for a woman to exist like this.

A woman has always been the literal centerpiece of what it means to live. But now with a thousand women's stories in my mouth, a woman is what it means to sing and shake until glass ceilings break, until old mindsets change, until pride beats out shame and our bodies are reclaimed. I wouldn't want to exist in anyone else's skin. Not when I hold the heart of a revolution within, and I love nothing more than to wake up with it. To share that love out, to whisper strength into the things we're scared about. I know what it means to fly on the wings of love. To feel my fear shrink as someone lifts me up. To spread my heart into the wind in hope that it's enough to remind even just the one that the sun sets in their strength, for them to drive bold, into the darkest parts of people and be their lantern. Love is best when inspired and actioned.

There are few things I'm sure of, and of them all, one I'm more certain than the rest of them. That love... it truly is the best of us.

Words by Sophia Thakur.