



## *The Key of We*

Though we haven't rallied around one voice  
We join together with one sound.

It's the sound of hope,  
The sound of freedom,  
The sound of movement—

Sung triumphantly in the key of we!

## *Thrive*

*"They tried to bury us.  
They didn't know we were seeds."  
- Mexican Proverb*

They tried to bully us,  
To frighten us,  
To silence us,  
Discredit us,  
They tried to bury us.

They didn't know we were seeds.  
They didn't know we weren't dead,  
That our lives matter,  
That we have worth.

They didn't know we'd germinate,  
And take root,  
And break through,  
And bear fruit—

They didn't know, we'd thrive.

A woman with dark hair styled in a bun is sitting on a black square stool. She is wearing a black sleeveless dress and black high-heeled sandals with multiple straps. She is smiling broadly and laughing, with her head tilted back and her hand near her face. The background is a bright, sunlit room with a window and a radiator.

TIME FOR  
TRANSFORMATION