

Poem about Menstrual hygiene and school girls

In halls of learning, where dreams unfold,
A tale untold, of strength untold.
In every girl, a spirit bright,
Yet shadows linger, out of sight.

Through corridors where laughter rings,
A silent struggle, the heart it sings.
In schoolyard whispers, hushed and low,
A tale of cycles, ebb, and flow.

Oh, tender blooms in youthful grace,
Embarking on life's vibrant chase.
But hark! A challenge they face unseen,
A monthly dance, a moonlit sheen.

Menstrual whispers, a secret shared,
In bathroom stalls, a burden bared.
In every rustle of hidden pads,
A story of strength, amid life's sands.

School desks witness the quiet fight,
As girls brave on with all their might.
Through cramps that echo in silent halls,
They rise above, as the moon enralls.

Let classrooms be a haven fair,
For menstrual warriors everywhere.
With bins discreet and doors ajar,
No shame, no secrecy, near or far.

Education blooms in open minds,
As dignity in every girl finds.
Empower them with knowledge's light,
To stand strong, to soar in their own flight.

Menstrual hygiene, a vital note,
In every syllable, let it float.
With awareness blooming, stigma wanes,
And courage thrives in life's refrains.

For in each schoolgirl, a promise gleams,
Of dreams as vast as flowing streams.
May menstrual cycles, like the moon,
Illuminate paths, empower soon.