

POSTSCRIPT: A CALL TO WRITE, A CALL TO REMEMBER

“This book was never meant to be complete. It was meant to be a key.”

There are still too many names unspoken.

Too many stories still buried beneath wars, translations, archives, and silence.

We have remembered Eve, Lilith, Medusa, Sophia. But we have not yet remembered them all.

This book has walked through graveyards of erased memory, but even its pages are limited by time, space, and the reach of the author. There were voices I could not find. Languages I cannot read. Histories that have not yet been uncovered. There are entire cultures of women whose myths remain burned, whose archives remain sealed, whose truths are still held in the breath of someone waiting to tell them.

So I offer this now, not as an ending—but as an invitation.

Stories Still Waiting to Be Told:

Persephone — taken, mythologized, reborn, but never given full voice.

Sita — trial by fire, exile, and the cost of loyalty to dharma.

Oshun, Yemaya, Oya — African goddesses of river, sea, storm, revered and colonized.

Brigid — saint and goddess, midwife and flamekeeper.

The Uyghur poets — silenced by genocide and surveillance.

The Yazidi women — survivors of captivity who rebuild from ash.

The herbalists of Haiti and Appalachia — branded witches, remembered only in remedies.

The protestors in Iran, Sudan, Nicaragua — chanting names in streets where no one listens.

And still more:

The scientists who never signed their discoveries.

The prisoners who wrote poems in dust.

The grandmothers who remembered everything—and were never asked.

There is a Rose Line that runs through every archive, every laboratory, every classroom, every meeting room where a woman's contribution is about to be erased. It marks where other women stood before, those who interrupted the pattern, who insisted on the truth, who wrote the name back into the record. Following the Rose Line means standing where they stood: not in safety but in solidarity.

We cannot all carry every story, but we can each carry one. Or write one, preserve one, or listen for the next one whispered in wind, in dream, in bloodline.

You do not need a degree to be an archivist.

You do not need a pulpit to reclaim the sacred.

You do not need permission to say her name.

You only need to refuse to forget.

To remember is an act of rebellion.

To cite her is an act of justice.

To believe her story is to break the spell.

To say her name is to begin again.

To follow the Rose Line is to stand where she stood and refuse to let another woman stand there alone.

Write the Name They Erased

They called her Eve, the sinner. Lilith, the demon. Sophia, the silenced. But we remember them differently now—not as warnings, but as witnesses. Eve who reached for knowledge, Lilith who refused to submit, Sophia who held divine wisdom in her bones. Their stories were rewritten. Now we write them back.