

**THE
SOUL
PURPOSE
CAMPAIGN**

BY WEARESOU

April, 2017. Jos, Nigeria.

This photobook is made up of a series of images taken at the CWEENS, Nigeria, safe house for women and children who are victims of domestic violence and sexual abuse.

These are
Our homes
Our people
Our pictures
Our stories.

Words by Sarah Aluko



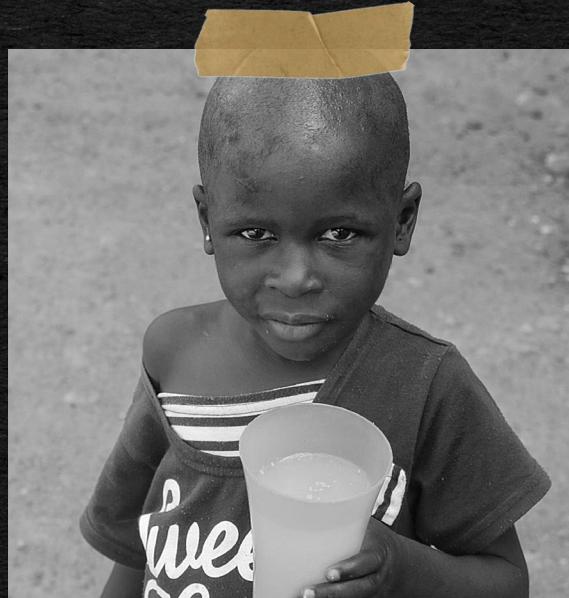
We are
Back bone and fight
Sweat and blood
An answered prayer
A call to worship.



Black Women.



We are
Hours of labour
Our mother's words
We are
Beauty and passion
Fire and full
We are
Alive and unapologetic
Loving ourselves.



Abigail

8 years old, Shonong Riyom, Nigeria.

Safe Space.

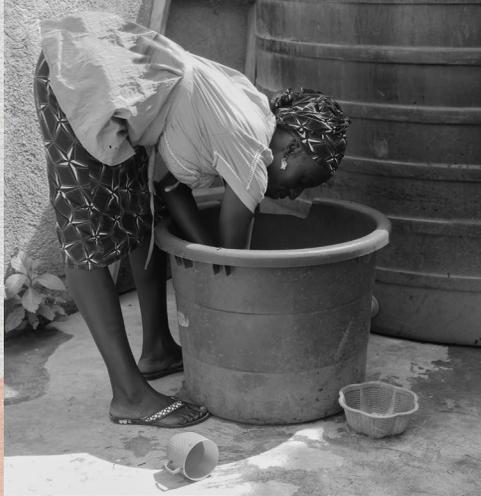


Home is like your

mother's almond eyes
A never ending song
A tattoo under your left bosom
Leaking with thanksgiving
An old Yoruba tune
Fulani hands clapping and dancing
In the distance
This is our blended symphony.

Survival.

Can I tell you the story of our people?
The first time they watched the world end



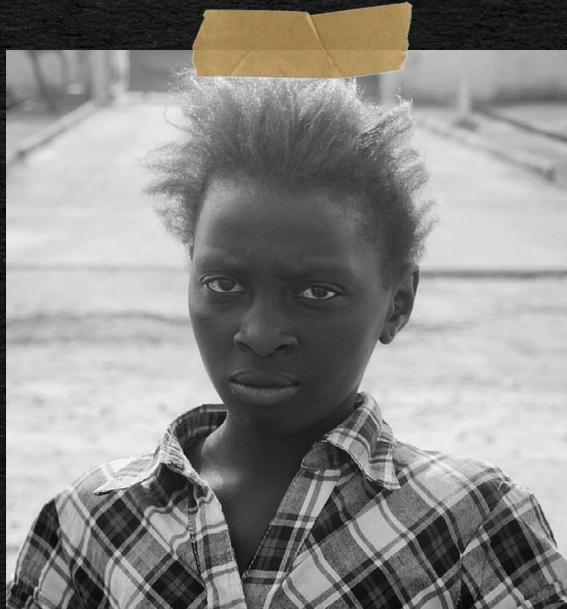
How it burned
How they wept
How they stayed
How they survived
How they did not die



How they kept on
Burning and burning
And burning

So beautifully.





Joy

13 years old, Jos South LGA, Nigeria.

Kamkpe House.

I will not
Always be this broken house
The one stained
With forgotten memories
But
This will take time

Maybe a lifetime
And
What kind of monster
Would I be to expect you to

wait.





On my weakest days
They tell me
You're so strong

I say
I'd rather be happy.



Today.

You are not hurt
You are not the sad girl
You are determined
To love yourself.

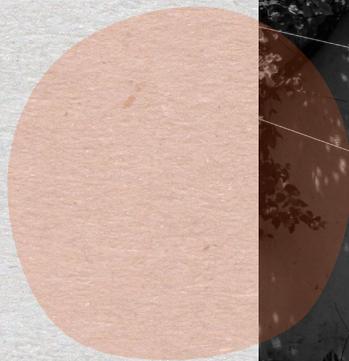
You are *more* beautiful than
You have ever been

Your name
Will always be buried in
Someone's heart



As long as you are still here
~~= undead =~~
Still breathing

You have done *enough*.





Queen

19 years old, Benue State, Nigeria.



There is a day that is
Coming where love
Will find
You

And she will be gentle
Because love knows you've
Been through enough
Already.

Scars are nothing but triumphant reminders that can be healed.



Freedom.



Take off your shackles young one

Unload

This

Weight

Come inside where it is warm

Kick off your shoes

Rest

A new melody

awaits.

Dawn.

At the crack of dawn
You can see the light shine
On your scars
See them for what they are
Absolutely breath taking
Because each one tells a story
Your story
Of how you lived through wars
And came out beautiful
In this light you can finally see
What others could see for so long

That you are made of
Magic.



This is our purpose,
What
is yours?

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