

Voices of Today, Visions of Tomorrow

They tell us history is loud
drums, declarations, fireworks stitched into the sky.
But the moments that change a life
rarely make a sound.

Sometimes history is
a lunch table with one empty chair.
A hallway that suddenly feels longer
because someone you love
now walks it without you.

We were supposed to grow up together
same inside jokes,
same dreams folded into notebook margins,
same promises whispered
like they were unbreakable law.

I didn't know friendships
could have fault lines.
That trust could split quietly
like ice beneath your feet
clear, beautiful,
and already breaking.

They say a nation was born
from voices refusing silence.
I wonder if revolutions
always begin this way:
someone realizing
the world they believed in
is not the world they're standing in.

You left
not all at once,
but in small abandonments.
Secrets shared elsewhere.
Laughter that no longer reached me.
My name spoken
like it belonged to the past.

And I stayed
learning the geography of absence,
how memory echoes louder
than any crowd.

I used to think belonging
was a permanent address.
Now I know
it can be revoked overnight
without explanation.

But here is the strange truth:
loss is a teacher
no one volunteers for,
yet it carves space in the heart
wide enough
to hold more than one story.

Because somewhere, right now,
another girl sits alone in a room
full of people,
wondering how love became distance.
Somewhere, someone else
is relearning how to speak
after being unheard.

Our quiet griefs
are not separate countries.
They are neighboring shores
of the same human sea.

And if voices built nations,
maybe they also build bridges
from the place where you broke me
to the place where I begin again.

So here is my voice,
still trembling,
still unfinished:

We are not only the friendships we lost.
We are the courage it took
to survive them.

We are tomorrow
not because we were never hurt,
but because we kept
the door of our hearts
unlocked
anyway.

