

Uprooted

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I hear their whispers in the wind,

carried across oceans and deserts,
stories of lives uprooted and dreams deferred.

Faces etched with worry,

eyes that have seen too much,
hands that once built homes now clutch at hope's fraying threads.

Children's laughter silenced,

replaced by the thunderous roar of bombs
and the whistle of bullets piercing the air they once breathed.

I've never felt the sting of tear gas

or the weight of a life compressed into a single bag,
but their pain echoes in my bones.

Waves crash against shores that should welcome,

but instead stand cold,
indifferent to the desperate pleas of the displaced.

Barbed wire fences slice through humanity like knives,

carving "us" and "them" from the same flesh that bleeds red.

In the shadow of abundance,

tent cities bloom like wilted flowers,
a testament to resilience and a mockery of our shared humanity.

I watch from afar,

my heart a shattered mirror reflecting fragments of their shattered lives,
guilt gnawing at my complacency.

How many more must drown in seas of indifference

before we recognize the tide of suffering lapping at our privileged shores?

The weight of a thousand untold stories presses down,

crushing the air from my lungs as I struggle to comprehend their magnitude.

In the quiet moments between newsflashes and hashtags,

I hear the muffled sobs of mothers cradling memories instead of children.
My tears fall,

a pitiful offering to the altar of their sacrifice,

salt-water solidarity that changes nothing but leaves me raw.

But tears are not enough.

They never were.

This ocean of suffering demands more than the trickle of my sympathy.

Rage boils beneath my skin,

a volcano of fury at a world that turns its back on its own,

that values borders over beating hearts.

No more empty words,

no more hollow promises.

It's time to tear down the walls we've built

and bridge the chasms of our making.

Stand up, speak out, fight back against the tide of apathy.

Our shared humanity demands action, not just empathy.

We must do more –

for the children who dream of safety,

for the caregivers who carry their hopes in tattered bags,

for the caregivers who search for a home in every shadow,

for the families torn apart by borders and fear,

for ~~the~~ **our** world that must wake up

and take action.