

TOGETHER

(poem)

We do not hurt.

We build.

Together.

That is the truth we forgot.

That is the truth we remember.

That is the truth we carry.

Together.

This is not a book.

This is a decision.

To leave behind everything that broke us -- every flag, every name, every lie, every story that made one of us more or less than another.

To speak not as nations, but as beings.

To return to what we already knew, long before we were taught to forget:

We were not born to harm.

We were born to help.

We were not made to compete.

We were made to complete.

And we were not sent here to win.

We were sent here to wonder.

CHAPTER ONE -- THE FORGETTING

We were not always like this. We didn't begin in cages or behind walls or underneath crowns. Long before we were divided by language, title, or territory -- we lived by the light of what was true. We shared. We gathered. We helped. We existed without needing to prove our existence.

But something happened.

A fear was born. A fear that there wouldn't be enough -- not enough food, not enough land, not enough love. And from that fear came the first separation. Then came stories to justify the separation. Then came weapons to protect the stories. Then came generations of children, born into wars they didn't start, carrying the shame of flags they didn't choose.

This is not a shameful truth. It is a beautiful one. Because it means we are not broken -- only taught to be.

We were taught to fear. We were taught to obey. We were taught that truth comes from above -- from books, from thrones, from mouths that sounded more certain than our own hearts.

But if it had worked -- if it had truly worked -- would we be standing in the world we're in now?

We did not forget because we were foolish. We forgot because we were young. Because survival whispered louder than truth. And now we are old enough -- awake enough -- to remember.

CHAPTER TWO -- THE GAME

Look around. The game is everywhere.

It rewards the loudest, not the wisest. It teaches us to win, not to understand. It gives power to those who seek it -- not to those who deserve it. It keeps score with money, but never measures the cost.

It is a game of more. More titles. More likes. More followers. More borders. More weapons. More distractions. Always more -- never enough.

You know this game. You've played it, even if you never wanted to. You were born onto the board. You were handed rules you never agreed to. You were told that the goal was success -- even when the prize was emptiness.

And you were told to smile.

But inside, you knew: this isn't it. This isn't the reason I was born. This isn't why we sing. This isn't why we fall in love, or cry when a stranger is hurt.

The game makes us forget what it means to be human. And the moment you remember -- the moment you say, "No more" -- the game begins to lose.

CHAPTER THREE -- THE MIRROR

If you want to change the world, stop looking at the world. Start looking in the mirror.

Not to judge. Not to shame. But to see.

To really see.

Every war you've ever witnessed was once just a thought in someone's head -- a fear, a wound, a story that hardened into belief.

And every healing began the same way -- one person choosing to forgive, to release, to soften. Even when it hurt. Especially when it hurt.

The mirror is terrifying, but it is sacred. Because in it you find not only your pain -- but your power.

The power to unlearn.

The power to be kind to yourself.

The power to stop passing down pain you didn't ask for.

That's where the world changes. Not with governments. But with gazes.

CHAPTER FOUR -- THE DROP

Imagine a drop of water falling into the ocean and believing it is now alone.

That is us.

Somewhere along the way, we came to believe that to be a self was to be separate. That to have an identity meant we had to stand apart. That our survival depended on standing out rather than standing with.

We drew lines around ourselves. We called them borders, families, ideologies, careers. We said, "This is me,"

and everything outside that line became "other."

But here's what the ocean knows: no drop can define itself without the sea around it. No wave can rise without the pull of every molecule beside it. No storm, no calm, no tide -- exists alone.

You are not alone. You have never been alone.

Even when you felt most isolated. Even when no one heard your pain. Even when the world seemed indifferent -- the connection was never gone. Only hidden.

The drop is not separate from the ocean. It is the ocean, briefly remembering itself as one.

CHAPTER FIVE -- THE LIFT

You do not lift yourself by stepping on others.

You do not become wise by mocking the confused.

You do not become free by holding someone else captive.

Every soul you help rise is your own rising.

Every hand you refuse to hurt is your own healing.

This is not poetry. It is physics.

We rise together -- or we don't rise at all.

History has shown us what happens when we chase power without compassion. When we build towers without foundations. When we elevate a few by burying the many.

But we can write a new story.

Imagine what becomes possible when every child on Earth grows up believing they are enough. Not special. Not chosen. Just enough.

Imagine what kind of world we could build -- not when we are perfect, but when we are honest.

Honest about our pain.

Honest about our needs.

Honest about our interdependence.

Because dignity is not a resource we must hoard. It is a current that flows when we stop damming the river.

And we don't need permission to begin.

CHAPTER SIX -- THE TURNING

A turning is coming.

Not because a savior will appear. Not because systems will fix themselves. Not because technology will outrun consequence.

But because enough of us will decide to pause.

To lay down the sword.

To speak without defense.

To remember the world we came to build.

The turning isn't loud. It doesn't march. It doesn't trend.

It whispers.

It's in the father who chooses patience over punishment. It's in the stranger who offers water without asking questions. It's in the teacher who sees the quiet child and listens.

The turning does not wait for governments.

It begins with a gaze.

With a moment.

With a choice.

And when enough of those moments are stitched together -- the world turns.

CHAPTER SEVEN -- THE PROMISE

TOGETHER is not a movement.

It is not a brand.

It is not a group, a page, or a party.

It is a promise:

That we do not hurt.

That we build.

That we remember.

Together.

This promise cannot be trademarked.

It cannot be monetized.

It cannot be stolen.

It is given freely -- from one soul to another.

And all you have to do is live it.

You will be told it's naive.

You will be told it's dangerous.

You will be told it's impossible.

But every person who ever made this world better was once told those same things.

Live the promise anyway.

CHAPTER EIGHT -- THE ENDING THAT NEVER WAS

There is no ending to this book because it was never supposed to be written.

The truth was always in you.

The peace was always an option.

The future was always ours to choose.

But we forgot.

Now we remember.

And in remembering, we build something no one ever told us was possible:

A world where no one is forgotten.

Where no one is unloved.

Where no one is left behind.

This is not fiction.

This is the beginning of everything.

We do not hurt.

We build.

Together.