

The Echo

by Varun Dimri

The voice of greed, the voice of justice

The voice of hate, the voice of love

The voice of one, the voice of all

The voice of all, the voice of one; humanity

We all are given an equal voice

But do we use that voice to sing or scream?

Do we use it as a tool or as a weapon?

Or do we stay quiet and not use our voice at all?

What is the ocean without waves?

What is a mountain without snow?

What is a desert without sand and heat?

And what is a forest without life inside it?

Our words must splash and ripple through the deaf ears of our world

We must freeze out the deep roots of ignorance in our society

The light in our words must illuminate the dunes of hatred and despair,

Our voices must breed new life inside the forests of our youth.

I wish we could pretend it was really that easy

But the waves are confined to the sea, while the fire burns through our land...

What can we do to extinguish the fire?

Must we run, must we hide, must we cower?

What phantoms reside in the caves of our past?

Which coming breath will be my last?

We need not waves, but tsunamis;

Not snowfall, but avalanches;

Not desert heat, but drought.

Yes, we must bind all of Nature's forces

We must come together and project all our voices together

Many voices, manifested into one voice

Regardless of how you use your voice

Regardless of what you believe in, or what you advocate for

One day, one day very soon, your voice will come echoing back to you

Echoing back to you...echoing back to you in some shape or form

What would you like your echo to be?

But more importantly...what would you like your voice to be?