

## ***Feathers that land on our heads!***

I write from the place  
where thumbs move faster than thoughts.

Where people agree, not because they chose to,  
but because a screen whispered,  
“*Trust me.*”

It frightens me, not that they listen, but how easily they listen.

Hurts when a decision has arrived quietly.  
It shouldn't feel like autoplay.

What they consume  
is rarely what they searched for.  
It's what fell on them,  
like rain they didn't step out to feel,  
yet still got wet by.

Teaching them sounds like an answer.  
Influencing smells like control.

As I want to ask, using the same medium that made them feel it's ok.

Not questions that confuse,  
but questions that lean in close,  
close enough to make them uncomfortable,  
close enough to demand a reply.

I want to place them  
at the edge of a thought,  
where certainty loses its grip,  
but curiosity tightens its hold.

Like a riddle that doesn't rush to be solved,  
but stays, invites the chase.

Not to win the argument.  
Not to prove a point. But to chase it.

To run behind questions  
the way we once ran behind kites  
not knowing where they'd take us,  
only knowing the sky felt wider when we did.

If the world feels predictable,  
Maybe it's because we stopped asking.

And if it feels dull,  
maybe all it needs  
is a better question  
left unanswered.