

A Crack in the Stone

I used to tell myself their words didn't matter. That what people said about me—whispers, assumptions, quiet accusations—were nothing more than *wind on stone*. Passing. Unfelt. Leaving no mark.

But that wasn't entirely true.

The lies, the misunderstandings... those reached deeper. Not because they wounded me directly, but because they rendered me **unseen**. As if the version of me they assembled from fragments and shadows was more real to them than the truth I carried quietly, without defense.

For a while, I learned not to react. With each unspoken reply, I told myself I was winning—some private war of detachment. Perhaps I thought restraint was strength. Perhaps I believed silence made me impermeable.

Maybe that was what they wanted all along. A response. *A crack in the stone*.

But what if it wasn't manipulation? What if it was simpler than that—a hunger to be acknowledged? Perhaps, in my refusal to answer, they felt invisible too.

Strange, isn't it?

We were both trying to be **seen**.

How can I blame them for that?

I could have spoken. I still could. But I've learned that not everything asks for a voice. Some truths settle better in stillness, carried not by words, but by understanding.

And sometimes, *silence is the loudest reply*.