

Once the city forgot how to listen.  
Screens glowed, streets hummed, hearts hurried.  
A boy named Mateo found an old radio.  
It crackled with voices that spoke softly.  
He tuned it beneath a fig tree.  
The static thinned into wind and birds.  
News arrived slower, but truer.  
People laughed without checking clocks.  
Mateo shared the radio with neighbors.  
They brought chairs and warm bread.  
Stories replaced notifications.  
Silence learned its name again.  
The mayor came, curious and tired.  
She heard her childhood song.  
Tears surprised her like rain.  
The city dimmed its lights.  
Windows opened, conversations spilled.  
Night felt wider than before.  
At dawn, the radio went quiet.  
Listening stayed.