

The voice awakened the soul

A voice found me before I knew I was listening. Not loud, not demanding.
A soft arrival, like dawn touched a room that had to live in shadows.
It spoke, and something ancient in me stirred.
A place I thought was sealed, bricked over by years of silence.
By careful living, by the discipline of not needing.
The voice did not ask permission. It didn't knock. It breathed.
And in that breath, my soul remembered itself. I felt it then.
The quiet loosening of knots I didn't know I carried.
The subtle ache; awakened after a lifetime of sleep disguised as strength.
This voice did not save me. It did something far more dangerous.
It reminded me I was alive. It gave language to feelings.
I buried myself under competence and my internal monologue into music.
Loneliness felt like a temporary condition instead of a permanent address.
I didn't recognize the change at first. It arrived disguised as warmth
and curiosity.
As the strange comfort of being understood without explanation.
Only later did I realize - this sound of my own soul hearing
itself reflected back.
Finally, brave enough to answer. And once awakened,
there is no returning to silence.



S. Red