

## The Liberation of a Voice

TW/ Mentions/references of violence

The intoxicating blue light spilt from my phone, hungrily devouring my attention. Like a puppet on a string, my fingers move without a second thought, scrolling past the videos of babies dying in wars fought by adults and bullets being shot through school children's heads. My desensitised mind barely even registers it. After all, what can I do to help?

It's not that it doesn't break my heart to see these things and it's not that I don't even care. It's the fact that no matter what I say or do, nothing feels like it will make a change.

Because, trust me, my voice is ready to scream. I think it has been for a while. A volcanic eruption bubbling below, waiting for my lips to part. I know exactly what I'd say and I know exactly who I would direct my words to. My words, sharp as daggers, flying through the air towards their target. But sadly that's not how it works.

I wish I could speak and scream and yell about everything. I wish I could witness the downfall of those who I wish to direct my voice towards. Because my voice holds power and my words are deadly. But I'm stuck on the other side of this blue light screen.

While yes, words have power, they are only the beginning. Because what is a voice if no one ever listens? What is a voice if no one will hear the words that are spoken and the screams that break free?

If being heard in this world means you must scream, then who will sit back and listen? When a room is filled with thousands of voices, who will be able to hear mine? I will not be heard over the powerful people who get the microphones or the billionaires who pay to be heard. My voice can not and will not be liberated, when it's drowned out by louder ones.

Please, let me speak, please just hear my voice this once. Let me cry all my troubles to the rest of the world. Let me take action by freeing my voice. Let me be seen AND heard.

I can't keep watching children dying and my rights slip through my tight fingered grasp. I can't wait as bills are passed that strip me of my humanity over and over, again and again. I can't keep sitting on this side of the blue light screen. I can't and I won't. I will be the one who liberates my voice once and for all.

I will fight back, my actions mimicking the words that I will spit in the faces of those who want me to disappear. I'll get to the other side of the blue light screen, the place where everyone will hear my voice. I can't keep my voice in its cage anymore and it begs to be free the more I scroll.

Please, give me a chance, hand me a microphone and make them all listen. Make the world leaders and billionaires, the military leaders and CEO's, stand down from their podium and take a seat. It's my microphone now, and I will share it with the people. Soon millions of people will be screaming down that microphone. Good luck trying to ignore us then.

So please, be my guest, pull up a chair and take a seat. Come watch my performance upon this grand stage. There is no need to be worried or scared or upset. The only people who should be feeling that way are those who allow for bullets to be shot through children's heads. Those people are the ones who should be scared of my voice, because my words burn like fire, bright and strong and ready to destroy. My words drip with the same venom that courses through my veins when my eyes are fixated on that blue light screen.

My voice will be liberated one day and you should all be scared of me.