

We're the Ones Who Stay

The trees are quieter than they used to be.
Fewer birds. Fewer leaves.
Sometimes, I wonder if they miss the songs
We forgot to sing.

The air feels heavier now,
like it's waiting for someone
to notice.

But I've seen kids planting saplings
with dirt on their cheeks,
and ocean divers lifting trash
like its treasure.

We don't always know what we're doing—
but we try.
We care.

And maybe that's what matters.

We're the ones who stay
when others turn away.
The ones who pick up
what someone else left behind.

We carry water in cracked hands.
We talk to the wind like an old friend.
We believe a broken planet
can still bloom.

This is our story
not of blame,
but of becoming.

Because healing doesn't need heroes.
It needs people who show up.
Again and again.

And that's us.