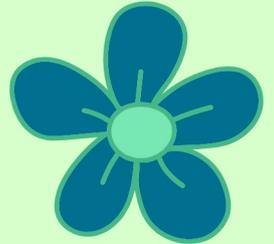


Wildflower Post

Newsletter



TODAY'S WRITER

Robin Chávez Shirman

Robin is a dancer, violinist, and actor. Their performance experience includes Lower School productions at The Winsor School, playing Romeo in *Romeo and Juliet* at Central Square Theater, and appearing in the 2023 film *Open Your Heart*. In their free time, Robin writes poetry, particularly in response to current events in politics and the world.

The World Keeps Spinning

ROBIN CHÁVEZ SHIRMAN

The coffee's gone cold in my shaking hands
While headlines scream louder than marching bands.

Another mother, another child,

Lost.

Another war starts.

Another siren wails across a sky already bruised. Another
hashtag,

Beneath the weight of all the things

We said we'd never let happen again.

I scroll past the rubble,

Scroll past children who flinch at thunder.

I scroll like it matters.

Like watching is witness.

Like caring is enough.

But all I feel is numb.

They say we are connected.

That we are informed.

That we know more than ever.

And yet somehow,

I feel like I know nothing,

Except how to feel too much

And still not enough

To make anything stop.

My thoughts come in static.
A storm of what-ifs and when.
What if we had listened?
What if we had loved louder?
What if we hadn't looked away?
When did truth become an argument?
When did facts become feelings?
When did cruelty become content?

The world ends in pieces,
Not all at once,
But in little, brutal inches.

A school.
A hospital.
A border
A breath.
A right.

A silence that should've been filled with screaming.

Another law passed quietly.
Another voice silenced publicly.
Another forest turned to ash,
Another home swallowed by rising tides.

And I still wake up
And check my phone
Before my pulse.

A woman is jailed for raising her voice.
A vote is denied, erased like a choice.
A journalist vanished for telling the truth.
A teenager dies and becomes a number,
A post,
A protest,
Then nothing.

We keep count.
We keep score.
We keep scrolling.
And everything keeps happening.

The oceans rise quietly,
Like grief.
We debate data
While the coastlines disappear.
We hold town halls about storms
While whole cities drown in slow motion.

The news is a needle
That pierces the skin,
Again and again,
Each headline sharper than the last.
It doesn't bleed,
It bruises.
Leave a weight in my chest,
That no sleep can lift.

I try to stay hopeful.
I try to do it right.
I use the right words.
I care, publicly.
I speak, cautiously.
I give, when I can.
But the fires don't stop.
The pain doesn't stop.

What can I fix
In a world this undone?
I can't even fix myself.
Some nights,
I just cry
With the TV on mute,
Because the silence feels more honest
Than whatever the anchors are allowed to say.

I keep hearing phrases like:
"Thoughts and prayers."
"We're monitoring the situation."
"It's a complicated issue."
But it doesn't feel complicated.
It feels cruel.
And repeated.
And ignored.

I walk through stores
Where things look normal,
the shelves are stocked,
The music plays.
And yet I'm holding grief like groceries.
Bagging heartbreak next to milk.
Smiling at strangers
While screaming on the inside.

No one knows what to do with all this sorrow.
So we dress it up.
Make it digestible.
Hide it behind filters and punchlines.
But it lingers,
It sits in the throat.
It weighs down even laughter,

My friends say they feel it too,
This quiet panic,
This background ache.
Like we're all trying to live full lives
With a fire alarm blaring in the distance.
Like joy is a window
And the glass keeps cracking.

We are spinning in circles.
Everything repeats.
The faces. The names
Like grief.
The outrage.
The forgetting.
The pretending.

Nothing feels safe.
Not the schools.
Not the air.
Not the future.

Even love feels like something
We have to protect
From the world.

And I'm tired.
Not sleepy tired,
Bone tired.
Soul tired.
Tired of hoping.
Tired of hardening.
Tired of being told,
"This is just how it is."

I want to scream.
I want to shake the sky.
I want the earth to stop spinning,
Just for a moment,
So we can look at what we've done.
So we can ask how it ever got this far.

But it doesn't stop.
The world keeps moving,
Like a train without brakes.
And I am just one person,
Holding cold coffee,
And watching it all fall apart.