

## When the words are gone . . .

What do we do when the words are gone, the voice is quiet and to speak is too hard in this everchanging world? What do we do when the words we write are too controversial or too filled with sadness the world does not want to read? We learn to keep our voices quiet because the constant fight is too hard and negativity or the need for confrontation is ever present, it is just simmering beneath the underbelly of life's frustrations and angst.

Suddenly, quiet has become the new safe. I often wonder if silence is part of the complicity of the state of this world. What happened to the passion for revolution, of the march for change and hope? It all seems to have gone in the need to survive and the overwhelm of just existing.

It seems the powers and wealth of the few have won over the downtrodden desperation of the billions. How does that happen? do we all lose our voice? do all the words become a target for the powerful until we hide our thoughts, passions and feelings away and watch on as the new world order continues to march along?

The silent majority is what we have become.

In fairness, the words of others have caused me to also step away from them as people, as their support of genocide, right-wing ideology and some far-out "cooker" theories show me who they are as people, and I feel an overwhelming need to keep my fragile world safe around me.

I no longer feel the need to write my words so publicly or to step out of my ever-shrinking world, I wonder if this strange apathy is the way the powers that be win.

We are all in our own worlds living to get by generations consumed by social media and fed disinformation and fear which in turn keeps people more hidden and afraid.

It is strange to think I am now entering this phase of life where I am happy to hide away, the revolution is not going to come, the uprising isn't going to take place and the survival of the greedy, powerful and rich will reign supreme.

So, my words have gone, my voice is quiet, and I am adapting my life to my new world order and is that such a bad thing. I feel some guilt around this newfound apathy but then again, I cannot live with the rage and disillusion of the things I cannot change, so it is a form of letting go.

***"Yesterday I was clever, so I wanted to change the world,  
today I am wise, so I am changing myself"***  
***Rumi***

I love the above quote. Clever was a moment in time but wisdom is now and so my new world order revolves around controlling what I can.

I am privileged to have a home, many women my age aren't, with my age group being the biggest group experiencing homelessness in Australia. I am also blessed to have family and close friendships that create my community. I have many grandchildren who provide me with much joy, and I get a glimpse through

their window into their brave new world, I despair at the world they have inherited, but for now, we can live in our moments. I have my garden and plants, oh so many of them and I can feel the earth and watch nature's beauty grow around me, I protect what I can of my world, my little corner of the planet. My health is such that I can go for long walks and enjoy my days, hibernating in my world helps me do this.

I have all the things I need in my world, the things that give me pleasure, no words are needed any more except to cheer on my footy team or talk to my plants and those I love, and of course, I have music - all the words I need right at my fingertips.

My world is shrinking nowadays, maybe this is a part of getting older and wiser and working out this thing called life, and if anyone wants to start a revolution let me know!

xx much love Jann