

# The Power of Shared Memories

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Our world is polarized  
Split between the extremes.  
Nobody sees eye to eye,  
Instead we're glued to our screens.

We need to take a breather,  
feel the steady ground beneath our feet  
Make small talk with a stranger,  
understand their story.

Our views are shaped from childhood.  
Opinions molded by our memories:  
Comfort when our parents tuck us in with a good book.

Emptiness in our stomachs with the pantry  
empty since last week

Pride when our family applauds the sketch we drew.

Fury and tears from the sting  
of their words, strong always beats the weak

Joy as we play around with our friends in the neighborhood.

Hopelessness that for our country's  
conflicts there is no remedy

Yet we are put in a box.  
Labeled neatly by people who have never met us.  
Spoiled.

Lazy.

Idiotic.

We are scapegoats for the real problems that need fixing.

This world cannot afford to let any more  
precious memories,  
face-to-face communication,  
silenced voices,  
Slip through the cracks.

Look up from that screen.  
Make small talk with a stranger,  
Understand their story.  
This is the key to bridging the gap from a  
world filled with hostility  
to a world filled with peace.