THE LETTER

Tell me, what is it that you believe has power over you? Is it the opinion of a stranger you will never meet, etched on a screen? Is it the outcome of an event you cannot command?

Do not be ashamed. I was born a slave. My body belonged to another man, but I learned that my mind did not. In my age, men begged for the favour of the powerful and the approval of the crowd. In yours, they beg for it on a screen. We are the same creature, you and I. We pour our energy into what is not ours, and then wonder why we feel lonely, lost and trapped.

Some things are within our power: our judgements, our impulses, our desires, our aversions. Everything else, possessions, reputation, the will of others, the noise of your age, is not. Our suffering is not born from the world's cruelty. It is born from our confusion between the two. We give our power away through our own misdirected allegiance.

I observe your age with curiosity, not judgement. Reputation has become a metric counted in symbols by strangers. Attention is bought and sold without your knowledge. The opinions of others arrive in a scrolling stream, and you have learned to mistake that stream for reality.

You are not weak for being caught in this current. You are simply human, in a world designed to keep you looking outward: at what others think, at what others have, at what others say you should become.

But here is what I have always known, and what you have always suspected:

No one can give you freedom. And no one can take it.

The only territory that was ever truly yours lies between your ears. Your judgement. Your response. Your choice, made in the brief, quiet moment before the world claims it.

You cannot silence a thousand voices with a thousand facts. But you can silence them with a single truth, chosen and held.