



The Echo of Silence

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Vennala sits by the window in a room swallowed by shadows, her silhouette framed by the cool glow of the moonlight. The silence is heavy, no longer interrupted by the familiar ping of a notification or the warmth of a digital greeting.



Her gaze is fixed on the vast, dark sky, but her mind is a storm of questions she has spent weeks trying to outrun. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, feeling the weight of a pattern she promised herself she would never repeat.



Memories of her past heartbreak flicker like dim candles, reminding her of the vow she made to protect her heart. She never intended to make someone the center of her world again, yet his presence lingers in every thought and every quiet moment of her day.



She reflects on the days when he feels worlds away, even when they are talking, leaving her feeling invisible in his presence. The hurt of his silence often outweighs the comfort of his words, making her wonder why she continues to reach back for him.



Every time she tries to create distance, an invisible thread pulls her back to him, searching for meaning in the gaps between his sentences. She finds herself making excuses for his harshness, hoping there is a hidden warmth beneath the cold exterior he shows the world.



The fear of being the only one holding on grips her chest, a familiar ache from a survival she barely managed once before. She watches the rain begin to streak the glass, mirroring the uncertainty that clouds her understanding of what they have become.



She wonders if he is just as frightened as she is, hiding behind a wall of indifference to protect a heart that has also been broken. Perhaps they are both standing on opposite ends of a bridge, waiting for the other to take the first step across the treacherous gap.



A bittersweet smile touches her lips as she whispers a question to the empty room, wondering if they are already lovers in every way but the name. The thought is as terrifying as it is beautiful, suggesting a healing process they are both undergoing without even realizing it.



She remembers the boy from the beginning, the one who listened with his whole soul and whose eyes silently pleaded for her happiness. She searches for that version of him in her mind, questioning if he was real or a beautiful tapestry woven from her own desires.



A single tear escapes and is quickly brushed away as she lets out a soft, ironic laugh at the complexity of her own heart. She looks up at the ceiling, left with the one question that haunts the silence: if this is truly just friendship, why does it carry the weight and ache of love?