

A Letter to My Younger Self

You asked me once,
while crying to yourself on a cold December night,
whether you would,
or could,
change the world.

I'm writing this to tell you,
that you can, and that you will.
But not in the ways you thought you would.
In even better ways.
In even bigger ways.

Like when you picked up the pieces
of your own broken heart,
and still wore it on your sleeve.
Like when you barely mustered the energy
to share your smile with someone who really needed it.

When the small sacrifices you made
drained the delicate parts of yourself,
but stitched together
a fabric of someone else's
broken pieces.

Yes, you changed the world.
You changed the world of one person,
who did the same for someone else.
That's how you'll change the world.
Through the little things.

Because that one time
you played a stranger's favorite song
on the jukebox.
And scribbled a kind note and tucked it
between the cushions of a sofa in a waiting room.

And had a conversation
with an acquaintance on the subway.
And lent your favorite hair tie.
And willingly offered your gentle,
but scarred, hand.

But it's not over yet.
Not quite. Not nearly.
You have so much time to do so many things.
To change so many more worlds.
The worlds of so many more people.

Name: Tanya Bhandari

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