



IN SILO

The Laments of a Peace-Seeking Idealist

Zofia Brady

Elephant & Boa ©

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I didn't do much thinking when writing what you're about to read.



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This chapbook is dedicated to people – all people, but especially the two most inspiring people in my life –

Mama & Ashleigh –

Thank you, I love you <3

Contents

Preface	1
A letter	2
In Silo	3
Addiction	4
Soulless	5
Generations	6
Dear People of Power	7
Indifference	9
The War	10
The End (?)	11
Trust	12
Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin and the Rest	13
When I.	14

Preface

I am someone who has grown up with privilege. Systemic privilege thanks to my ethnic background & education, but above all, the privilege of being born into a supportive family & network that is full of love and care.

Life is so beautiful when we have these networks. Everything we need is here. People have the power to make earth a paradise. However, war and conflict have left our minds dormant. Fear of death and pain makes us easily controllable. But as long as there are children and the earth is alive - life is infinite.

The system we're currently living in discourages this support for each other. To stand against this is to revolt. See your friends. Forgive your families. Learn each other's stories. Listen. See the patterns. The magic of happiness, love, and life and the magic of pain, death and rebirth. One wouldn't exist without the other.

Having privilege in this world means we are to use this privilege to help life thrive. Not to sit in silos, focusing on our egos. It won't matter how pretty, handsome, rich, well dressed you were once you're gone. What will matter is whether you helped evolution, and life, or whether you stood behind the machine that is keeping people manipulated & disconnected.

This is what I had done for years.

Now, I feel that time is slowly running out. Without standing up and speaking of change, we are risking the complete collapse of life as we know it.

And to those who struggle to understand the language of empathy – if you so very much need to hate, then hate what is hurting you and murdering our home. Hate who is keeping you on minimum wage and making you pay more and more for necessities in life. Hate who is controlling your time and mind with addictive devices and substances. The divisive language on migrants, refugees, asylum seekers, the lgbtq community, is to cloud your mind and not see the real issues.

This is war. But this war isn't fighting for abstract concepts, "countries". We're fighting for life.

So, to the system, that is murdering our planet as I write:

*You want a fucking war?
I'll give you a fucking war.
A war for life, and a war for love.
Stood united, we'll call the dove.
And when it lands, peace will reign.
Connections will make the world whole again.*

A letter

Dear [Name],

I know the world is falling apart.
All the things that break your heart.
The shame you don't know how to store.
Coping in ways you pretend to ignore.

I know escapism is in your blood. I know the
thrill of the dopamine flood.
The seek of comfort in the worst ways.
Lungs, liver, brain, do you want them to fade?

I know a lot, but –
There's things you've not
Answered yet.

Why don't you just take it as it is?
Accept the moment and go with it.
Why do you stretch yourself so much?
Testing the limits of what you can touch.

What's so great about sitting inside?
What on earth are you trying to hide?
Why on earth do you live in disguise?
Watching the world through others' eyes

In Silo

I crawled into a hole
– I thought I wasn't "good" enough.
And in that hole, I built a wall
– to block out all the rejection.
And in the room, built all myself
I screamed, I cried, I mourned:
Deprived of air and light.
I begged while candles burned...
Is there anything to life?

But I knew the air was outside
Waiting to be felt
I knew everything would be alright,
even in the end.

Yet I ignored it all and sat in doom
Blue light would only hit my view
Thick smoke filled my dark room
Always saying the end is due.

Cause how on earth do I stay compliant
When this beautiful world brings so much violence,
the system is built to fight defiance...
And the drugs make it all silent?

Cause how do I deal with all the noise...
People love this and don't want more
People don't want peace and freedom
People love the idea of greed and riches and more and more and more
...
Why am I concerned with them anyway?
Am I thinking my life away?

Addiction

The comfort you gave me was irresistible:
The silence you brought my mind.

You made me seem invincible

But it didn't take long to find –

You're grown so strong to numb the pain,
But there's much more that you block.
Happiness – yes you're to blame.
For all the things I forgot.

Soulless

Screens that suck you in like black holes.
We used to know things we don't anymore.
Took our time, and our minds, and our souls.
Hijacked connection and made us scroll.

It's far too easy, living on automatic.
Especially when everything you see is static.

Generations

The difference
between you
and us is:
We try not
to follow
and you do
blindly: thinking
What you've been told by
those who have been taught by
those who were brought up by:
People
who
knew
not
much
at
all.

Dear People of Power:

Part I

Dear People of Power,

I'm not angry, I'm just upset.
My body pains and feels the threat.
That your selfishness will leave us dead.

So please tell me this isn't your plan,
To watch our world crash, fall down.
As towers grow and morals shed.
Hoarding resources and feeding dread.

...

It's not your fault, just the way it is.
A future of flames and corpses.

...

It's not your fault, just the way it is.
Soon we'll be in one abyss.

Dear People of Power: Part II

Dear People of Power,

It's not what you thought, my dearest friends.
I'm speaking to you, not to them.
It's easy to assume your position is weak.
But without yourselves, their future is bleak.

Without your eyes, who would read the lies?
Without your work, would they choose who dies?
Without yourselves, who'd be picking sides?
Who else would be awaiting their own demise.

...

It's not your fault, just the way it is.
Taught from young - focus on your own sins.

...

It's not your fault, just the way it is.
Blinded by the smoke and pills.

Indifference

Free the Palestinians -
Free the Ukrainians -
Free the Russians -
Free the ...
Free the people.

Please don't start hating and degrading

Just listen.

It's not the people:
It's the systems.
That only work
Because we do.

Divide and conquer -
Used by fools.
Don't stand idly.
They'll use you.

The War

On behalf of evolution,
We have a duty -
obligation,
to speak and build a better future
that allows people to thrive -
while keeping the planet alive.

We speak of world war
as if it ever left...
The battle was never between nations.
It's between life and death.

Whether you know it or not,
You chose your side with every breath.

...

So, which side are you choosing?

The End (?)

It's time to either
take a look and
succumb to the waste
of evolution we will
become

or

take a minute
and reflect
before everything
in effect
comes crashing down
to the ground
with no need for falling stars.

Turns out the world was never ours.

It's been far too easy to stay green,
drink the vodka, the caffeine
feed the stream of nicotine.

~~*The dream was not yet to be seen*~~

Trust

People aren't things that can be returned...

Yet, apparently:

We're only worthy of life if we earn.

“Money is everything”, the money we burn.
When will everyone finally learn?

That money is nothing and it can turn.

We give it value with our trust –
With it, without it, we're turning to dust.

Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin and the Rest.

Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler and the rest.
Focus on their faults, and we'll pass history's test!

That's what they say when the topic comes in,
Of war, murder, famine – not noticing it's within.
The human condition is to blame for all these sins.

Was it Hitler who fed gas to the chambers?
Was it Stalin who waged war on his European neighbours?
Is it Putin bombing people standing at a station?
Is it Netanyahu starving an entire nation?

Or is it the children fed divisive hate from birth?
Or those told to never question the system's worth?
Or maybe those taught we're more than a small part of earth?

Oh, how I long for people to see..
To look within and not flee.
The imperfections of today's decree.

We can love each other and disagree.
Stop turning homes into debris.

When I.

When I die, please bury me in mud.
Don't put me in wood, or in a furnace.
For all I have been - meat and blood.
Belongs to the earth - and it's done its service.

When I die, please lay me with the trees.
Let their roots take as much as they breathed.
Let them grow as beautiful, as tall and free.
As the universe intended them to be -
With a little help from me.

Don't treat it like someone's still there,
For all I have been is gone, and won't be
The time has come for the body to lay bare.
And my unknowing soul to finally see.