

Women's month should be more than trending hashtags

The women's month I dream of is not about big actions. It is about small choices. To look up. To listen. To stay. To be here, now, with each other



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Another Perspective

I think about the women's month I dream of. It is not a month of speeches and events. It is not a month of being told to work harder or give more. It is a month where a woman feels seen, not by a camera, but by the eyes of another woman who is really there. It is a month where we take time to deepen friendships, not to grow our contact lists. There is a difference. A contact list is full of people you might need. A friend is someone who knows when you are quiet for a reason.

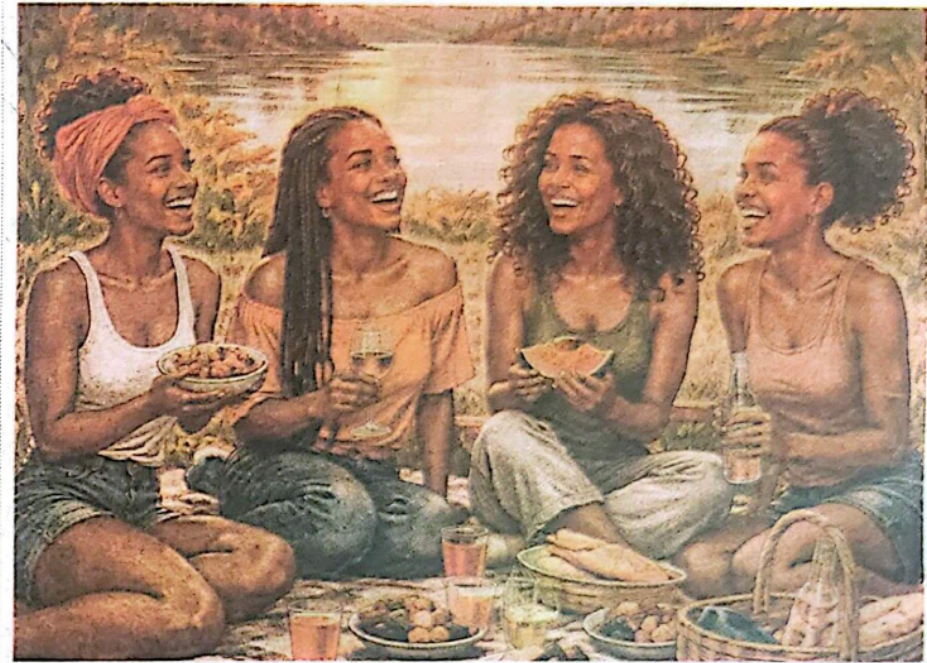
Experts say loneliness is becoming an epidemic. They use big words and studies to explain it, but you do not need research to see what is happening around you. What is more worrying than any report is the loneliness we see every day. Nothing says lonely as two women sitting together, both scrolling through their phones. In a living room, a grandmother talks to the back of a teenager's head. In taxis, everyone sits with their heads down, staring at screens. We have forgotten how to wait without a

phone. We have forgotten how to be alone with our thoughts. We have forgotten how to just be with other people, without distraction.

The promise of technology was that it would bring us closer. Yet, all it has done is bring us closer to people far away and farther from the people next to us. The phone in your hand is a door to the world and a wall around the room. We use it to post our lives, to collect likes, to measure our worth in comments. But posting is not connecting. A like is not a conversation. A comment is not a hand on your arm.

Nothing breaks my heart more than that family at dinner where everyone is engrossed by their devices. It seems like a small thing but it tells us something big.

If we cannot sit at the same table without escaping into separate screens, what hope is there for the rest of life? If we cannot look at the person across from us, how will we look at the stranger who needs us? The habit of paying attention is



built in these very places.

The women's month I dream of would be a return to these small places. It would be a month of long talks that no one takes a picture. Of sitting with a friend and not rushing to fill the silence. It would be a month of putting the phone down, of looking up, of being where you are. It would be a month of remembering that the person in front of you is not a distraction from your real life. She is your real life.

I know this sounds like a longing for a past that is gone for good. But I am not nostalgic.

I am concerned and worried about what comes next.

I am worried about children growing up with faces lit by screens, learning that attention is something you give to a device, not to a person. I am worried about the loneliness that comes not from being alone but from being always online and never truly met.

The phones will not disappear. That is not the point. The point is to remember that we can put them down. We can choose when to use them and when to just be without them. We can choose who to respond to and what to give our attention to.

The women's month I dream of is not about big actions. It is about small choices. To look up. To listen. To stay. To be here, now, with each other.

This is the only connection that matters. This is the only cure. Not a faster phone. Not more followers. Just the simple, hard work of paying attention to the person in front of you. It is not easy, it is not trendy, and it certainly will not get you likes. However, it is worth it. Because in the end, when the lights go out, when the battery dies, when the network fails, the only thing left is the person beside you.