An Introverts Dilemma
By Lauren Lee (Literature, 10th Grade)

This poem is not meant to be read aloud.

It's a message, a statement.

From me, To you.

From Introverts, To the World.

Call us quiet. Lazy. Afraid.

Tell us to speak up. SPEAK OUT. Show your voice.

Accuse us of being weak. Inconsequential. Scared to make a scene.

What they don't understand is that under the quiet, under the “fear.”

We're the orchestrators of change.


These people, they weren't screaming to be heard.
They weren’t yelling at the top of their lungs for change.
I bet you didn’t even know they existed.

And yet they’re the ones who shape our world.

Sometimes, you don’t need fanfare to fan the flames of change.

And I’m not saying that those who speak OUT don’t create change.

This is simply a reminder to not count introverts out just cause we’re not playing your game.

We may not show our voices like everyone else does. But they’re there. We’re here. And we will be heard.

You know that one kid, the one who never raises their hand in class. The one who the teacher calls on even though it’s obvious they don’t wanna talk. The one who has anxiety no one else knows about. The one who’s completely happy on their own, and yet everyone else seems to think Happy = Friends Happy = Interacting & Collaborating Happy = Group projects Happy = People (Cause when does happy = alone?) Well, that kid, they’re cooking up something special. Unique. Revolutionary.

You won’t find their voice in some small whisper forced out by peer pressure. Or in a stunted speech stuttered out since that’s what strength “normally” looks like.

You’ll find their voice in their work.
Their actions.
And isn't that enough?

This is a message.
From me,
To you.

From the Introverts,
To the World.

It's not meant to trend on social media.
Show up in history textbooks.
Make national news.

It's meant to be a warning.
Whispered from ear to ear.

We're sending out our silent storm.

And so lean in real close.
Listen to the deafening silence as you read this.

Cause that's the sound of our voices,
loud and clear.

That's the sound of change.