

fillers

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Day in and out, I am there in office, working through my piece of the pie as honestly as I could. I'm always among many other, from morning till night, humans of all kinds, claiming all levels of power as they say...

"Leaders without leadership, greetings without meaning, and wishes without sincerity—all persist, with or without our consent."

Every day comes a loud GOOD MORNING on our way, from a usual voice of unusual authority.

GOOD MORNING, counters the entire room with the same energy. Some voices were bright and eager, others reluctantly forced—but all in perfect synchronization .

And me?

I am here, struggling everyday being frozen cold and entirely ignorant of the routine. How difficult can it be to respond to a simple good morning? Why does it have to be hard? Why is it an effort every time? I think to myself!

Lost in my debate, I missed it out on one morning And surely, it didn't go unnoticed.

"I see we have someone too busy to acknowledge the team", was the remark made on my foregone gesture.

The room went silent. The "good morning" was then hanging awkwardly, like a bad punchline.

blA bla bla
blA bla
blA
bla

Why so mechanical ? Why so demanding?

Why must one missed response brand me a rebel? That wasn't the reputation I wanted. So, from that day onwards, I decided to join in the echo of morning greetings.

"I wished "good morning" every day whether or not it was deserving , and whether or not I felt like it. With time, it has become a habit, automatic and effortless. My voice blends in with that of the rest, feeling hollow but out of necessity .

"Politeness isn't about sincerity; it's about survival", It is, at least in office.

Good morning, good evening, Happy birthday, Get well soon! There is certain brilliance to these greetings.

They are like social duct tape, patching up and covering over the cracks in our interactions that are superficial, shallow and skin-deep. It's an unborn contract, an implied agreement that is abided by as a way to play along.

But why?

Because silence is too loud. Too noticeable. And it is Too risky, especially in a corporate cave like this.

What's worse:

Its when, words with no meaning, says too much.

It reminds me of how often people ask,

"How are you"

yet there was no time given to reciprocate before the questioner chose to walk away? Does anyone ever wait for the answer?

bla bla bla
Bla bla
bla

It's interesting, how hollow phrases as such, stitch our days together.

They are the little lies we tell to keep the wheels turning. Meaningless, yet somehow useful.

It doesn't seem to matter whether if the good morning, take care and all the best is said with heart or uttered casually.

Because, no matter how empty they sound, these echoes/fillers, , are better said than nothing at all .

And yet, with each passing day,
I wonder—can the silence be louder than the words we speak?

Can it be more honest, more truthful? Perhaps the real rebellion lies not in breaking the routine, but in embracing it, not with a forced smile, but with a choice.

A choice to be present, to speak from within, to stop performing the ritual and start living it.

Maybe one day,
the script will break—not because someone misses a greeting, but because someone dares to ask “How are you?” and waits for the answer.

Until then, I'll keep saying my “good mornings.” But I won't let them be the only sound I make.

Bye , Take Care!

hehe.

blA
bla
blA
bla
BlA
bla