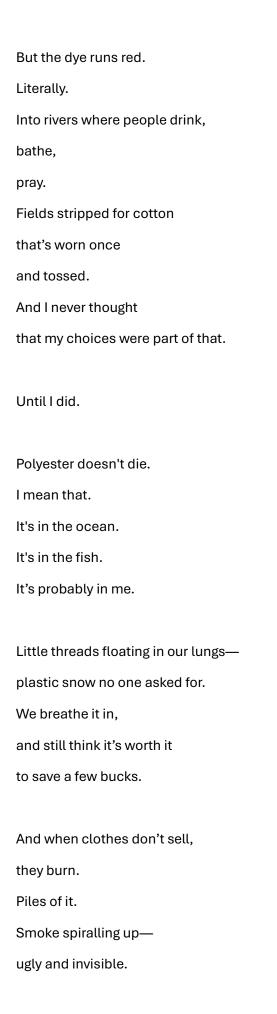
## Stitched for Nothing – Onesha Dias

They stitch in silence.
Young fingers, older than their years,
working fast beneath harsh white lights.
Sewing patterns they'll never wear.
Sewing lives we never think about.
Each seam feeds a monster
that never sleeps—
racks rising,
bins overflowing.
Shirts, skirts, jeans,
tags still on.
We don't need more.
But we keep buying.
We call it fashion.
They call it survival.
And me?
I used to scroll for hours.
Tapping "add to cart" like it meant nothing.
Packages felt like presents,
but they never filled what was empty.
It was never just a top.
It was distraction.
A new self, briefly.



Toxic.
Like pretending this isn't happening.
This is more than fashion.
It's built on forgetting.
Forgetting who made it.
Forgetting what it cost.
Forgetting the earth can't keep
carrying us like this.
I want to remember.
Now clothes are worn until threadbare,
patched with care, not thrown away.
Old wardrobes are treasure troves,
not time capsules to forget.
Fabric holds stories-
not meant to be discarded after a single scroll.
They are not disposable:
not the cotton,
not the hands that stitched it,
not the earth that bore it.
Imperfect steps, maybe—
but steps that matter.
And that matters more than pretending
none of it is our fault.
Every piece in your closet

Not just style—
but whether you're fuelling harm,
or healing it.
That's not a slogan.

is stitched with choice.

And I think it's worth facing.

It's just the truth.