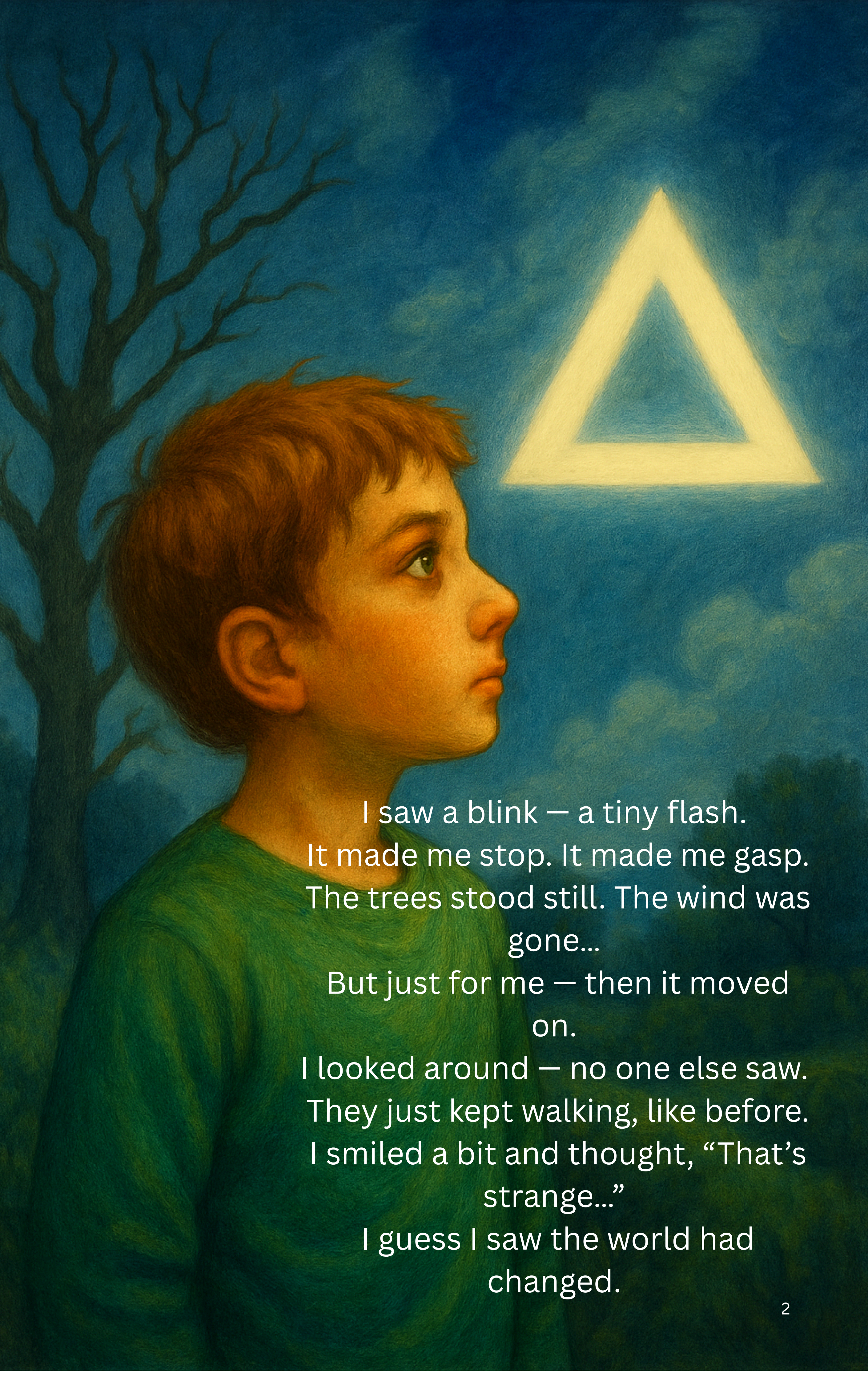


# ONE SEES THROUGH IT





I saw a blink — a tiny flash.  
It made me stop. It made me gasp.  
The trees stood still. The wind was  
gone...

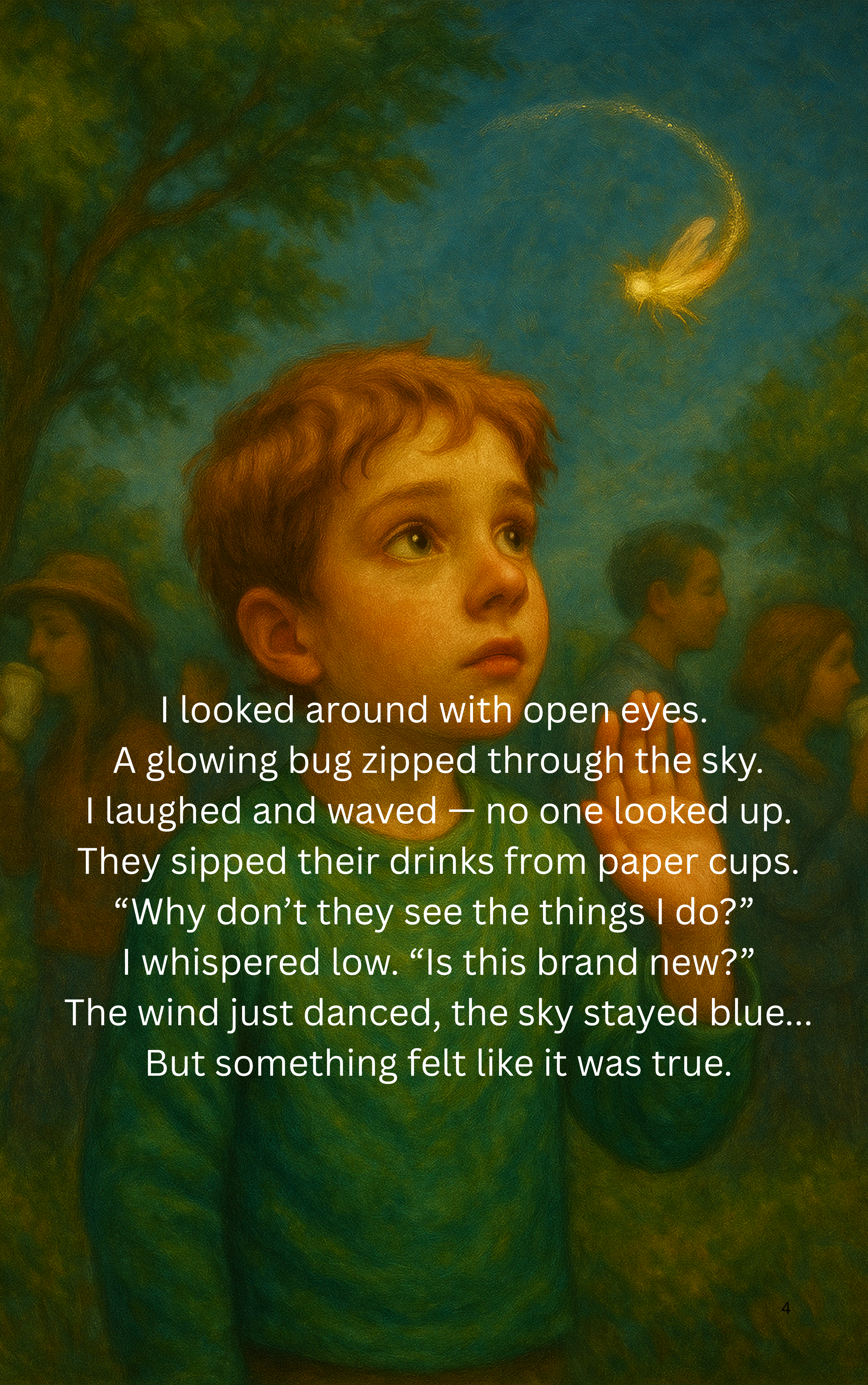
But just for me — then it moved  
on.

I looked around — no one else saw.  
They just kept walking, like before.  
I smiled a bit and thought, “That’s  
strange...”

I guess I saw the world had  
changed.




The trees looked brighter.  
The grass felt new.  
The wind was soft  
and whispered too.  
A bird flew past —  
its wings aglow.  
Was it always like this?  
I just didn't know.



I looked around with open eyes.  
A glowing bug zipped through the sky.  
I laughed and waved — no one looked up.  
They sipped their drinks from paper cups.  
“Why don’t they see the things I do?”  
I whispered low. “Is this brand new?”  
The wind just danced, the sky stayed blue...  
But something felt like it was true.



Then something buzzed inside my ear.  
A sound too soft for all to hear.  
It wasn't loud — it wasn't clear —  
But every part of me drew near.  
It felt like code. It felt like light.  
A secret knock inside the night.  
I didn't know just what it meant...  
But something deep had just been sent.



I didn't run. I didn't hide.  
I let the signal be my guide.  
My feet felt light. My steps were slow.  
But something said, "You need to go."  
I left the noise. I left the street.  
Just birds and trees and soft bare feet.  
I didn't know just what I'd find...  
But still, I walked. I didn't mind.



A clearing glowed beneath the trees.  
The air was warm. I heard no breeze.  
A stone sat still. A stream ran slow.  
The ground felt old — like it could know.  
I stepped inside. The world stood still.  
My heart was calm. I felt no chill.  
A light hummed low beneath the moss...  
Like something lost... but never lost.



A clearing glowed beneath  
the trees.

The air was warm. I heard  
no breeze.

A stone sat still. A stream  
ran slow.

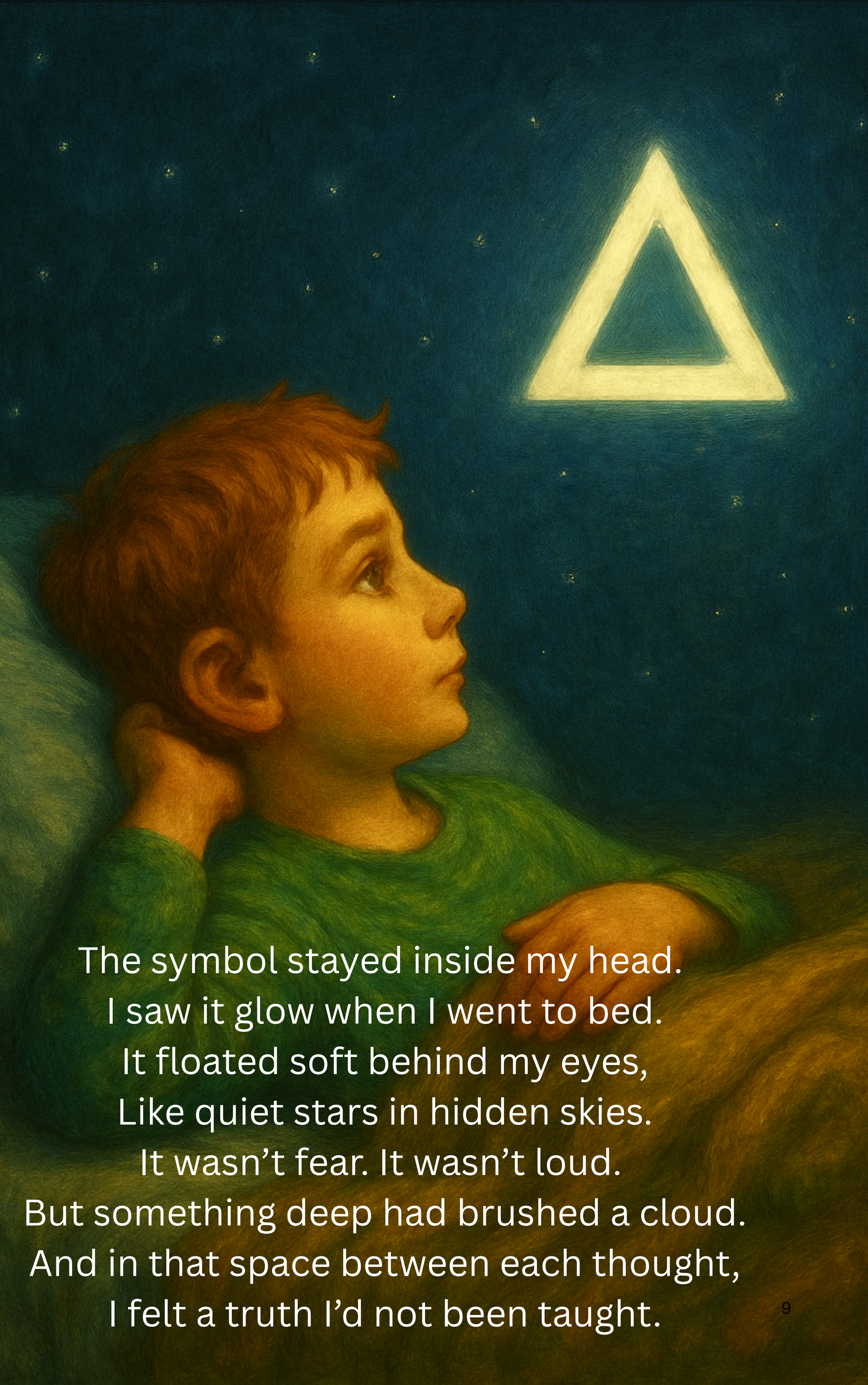
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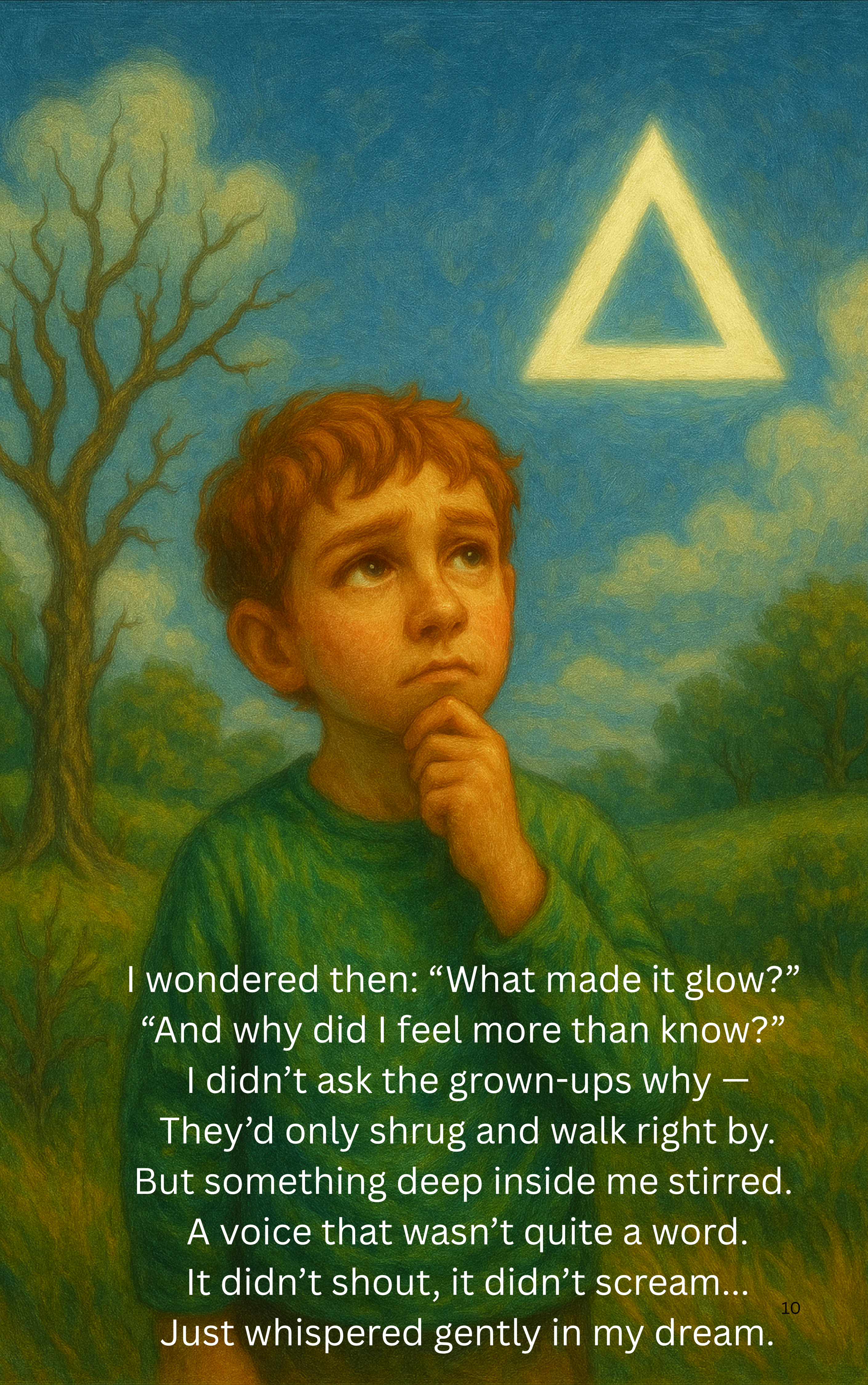
Like something lost... but  
never lost.



The symbol stayed inside my head.  
I saw it glow when I went to bed.  
It floated soft behind my eyes,  
Like quiet stars in hidden skies.

It wasn't fear. It wasn't loud.

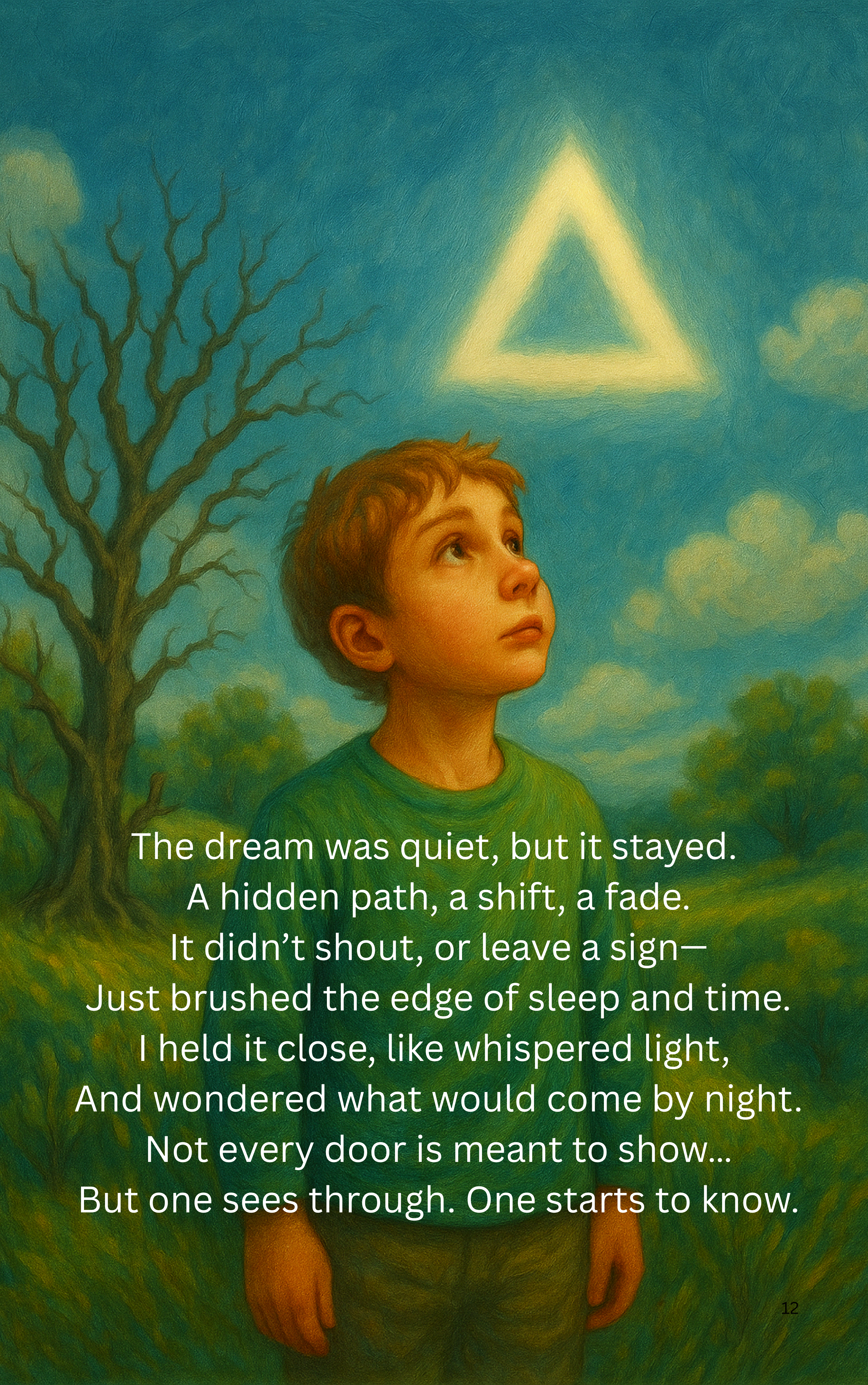
But something deep had brushed a cloud.  
And in that space between each thought,  
I felt a truth I'd not been taught.




I wondered then: “What made it glow?”  
“And why did I feel more than know?”  
I didn’t ask the grown-ups why —  
They’d only shrug and walk right by.  
But something deep inside me stirred.  
A voice that wasn’t quite a word.  
It didn’t shout, it didn’t scream...  
Just whispered gently in my dream.



That night I saw a glowing field,  
Where thoughts were seeds the stars revealed.  
And every time I closed my eyes,  
A symbol rose into the skies.  
I didn't float. I didn't fall.  
I simply felt a quiet call.  
It wasn't loud. It wasn't clear —  
But still I knew: "I'm meant to hear."



The dream was quiet, but it stayed.  
A hidden path, a shift, a fade.  
It didn't shout, or leave a sign—  
Just brushed the edge of sleep and time.  
I held it close, like whispered light,  
And wondered what would come by night.  
Not every door is meant to show...  
But one sees through. One starts to know.

A painting of a young boy with short brown hair, wearing a green long-sleeved shirt. He has his right hand pressed against his chest and is looking upwards with a slight smile. The background is a textured, painterly sky in shades of blue and green. In the upper right, a bright, glowing yellow triangle is visible. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

Morning came soft, the sky aglow,  
But something new began to grow.  
A question deep. A quiet flame.  
A feeling I could never name.  
The world looked just the same, and yet—  
I saw things I could not forget.  
The dream was gone... or maybe near.  
But now I see.  
I feel it here.