



Transmission

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Within the words, a hidden net,
I am the sound the airwaves bear,
all life a mystery's quiet plot,
all life a play among the notes.

I am a letter, a breath of day,
a wave that flies to stars on high,
a string of heaven, voiced and clear,
that rings as silence in the soul.

All lives are roads to empty vasts,
to where the stillness calls me home,
I seek this everlasting blaze,
where every sound is life and flight.

And every time I come to that
where dark gives way to luminous breath,
I understand — this is myself,
I am the primal, deathless face.

“I am — the source, the eternal trace,
and in each breath there sounds my reply”.

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