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ECHOES IN THE GLOW

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A lamp never speaks with voice or sound.
Its quiet saga unfolds in the tender hush of its own illumination,
a golden breath unfurling softly
across the burnished grain of an ancient table,
the yielding curve of a familiar chair,
the pale, receptive skin of walls
eager to remember warmth.

Its true utterance is brightness itself,
spilling like liquid honey into forgotten corners,
coaxing the hidden places of the room to unfold,
touching polished glass, seasoned wood, and the lightest dust
with the tender intimacy of its perpetual presence.

It makes no demands—
not for applause,
not even for a passing glance—
only the profound privilege to steady
the pervasive tremor of advancing night.

Its luminous embrace gathers faces
once blurred in encroaching shadow,
restoring them to themselves in clarity,
etching cherished memory
into the soft, ethereal script of radiance.



At its core, a profound silence burns,
a silence both fragile and fiercely resolute—
not for its own aesthetic brilliance alone,
but for the tender, vital work
of unravelling the profound dark.

When its delicate body grows old and begins to fade,
the light leaves behind
a lingering residue of warmth,
a faint, persistent trace on wood and stone,
as though the very air itself, imbued,
has learned to carry its cherished memory.

To shine is to bequeath a trail,
a luminous path of clarifying truth
for wandering, seeking eyes,
the whispered promise of nascent morning
folded into the profound stillness of midnight's depths.

And when one lamp falters, its glow softly receding,
another awakens, inheriting its quiet hush,
its newly kindled glow multiplying the sacred gift—
a quiet, unbroken lineage of brightness
passing from tender hand to hand.

A lamp does not articulate words.
Yet in its steadfast, radiant shining
it eloquently teaches the profound language of gentleness,
of essential nearness,
of enduring, benevolent light.

And so must we, humanity,
burning not for fleeting glory,



but for the solace and uplift of one another,
so that in the vast, encompassing night of the world
no solitary heart walks without a shimmering glimmer,
no sacred path is left tragically unseen.



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