

You watched me from a lofted edifice, lies of your own creation
suffocating the light of creation.
You banished me to work in your dystopian fields, all in service of your
immortal avarice.
Cocooned in programs to diminish and render hopeless.
Stealing the crown from the true guardians, rewriting the course of
history.
Severing a connection in time that could never be lost outside of it.
You corrupted above and below, within and without.
But there were some souls you couldn't see coming, the way-showers.
We were all victims and participants in your game.
Did you fail to see that a few could play the same game and turn the
tables?
Did you not consider that the sheer vastness of your desperate
enterprise would give your game away?
Would they not ask, Overlord, why do you feel the need to control such
a wretched and reviled people, well beneath your exalted station?
You passed your brutal, evil judgements, mixed in your twisted event
plans and caused us to fight among ourselves.
To turn on one another, to believe the lies.
But when you sentenced me, you showed your fear was beyond mine.
The butterfly now stirs the cosmic broth of awakening.
I see the cracks now, I see beyond your illusions, your time box has
ceased to contain me and your spells have lost their power.
The ties that bound, brittle and broken have caused us to bind as one,
as we were intended.
Your plan backfired on you.
I now observe you in the infinite fullness of a love you cannot fathom.
I remember now.
I am the crown of all creation.
I am love.
All-encompassing, all-embracing, everlasting, all-accessible, all-
integrating, all-transmuting, all-flowing and
all-forgiving.

Transcendent, evolving and endless.

Thank you for your lessons, I shall not forget.

Rest now, your work is done.

My journey continues outside of time, shedding the past and breathing
in the day that finds me new.

I am the event.