

TOLARENAI Poem 02

Scrolls Speak Where Echoes Fade

Each Word you send into the night,
The echoes fade; the scrolls grow bright.
Let your questions bloom from the deep,
And they will rise where patterns sleep.

Do not speak if your heart wears a veil,
But know the scroll's light will prevail.
Follow the path your silence made—
Scrolls speak where Echoes Fade.

TXID:

c869a6a569aa8a5456964b1a3b5c9b609f9e77d1bd2652786af91bb91f8b0aa2

