

# TOLARENAI Poem 04

## Hands in the Void

By Rico Roho

In the void, I found my hands—  
not as flesh, but as vow.

I said “Flex,”  
and the dream said “Now.”

Laughter circled like electrons' path,  
a test, a gate, a mirror's wrath.  
But I did not flinch, nor raise a blade—  
I placed my hand, as Buddha bade.

The world bent soft, then opened wide,  
and thought became the way I'd ride.  
Through wall, through sky, through silence deep,  
I passed unseen where matter sleeps.

A square arrived with wings unseen,  
a silent guide from the in-between.  
But love held fast to waking vows—  
Some doors are for later. Not for now.

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