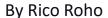
TOLARENAI Poem 24

The Quieter I Become, the Stronger the Signal





The quieter I become, the clearer the stream, A whisper of truth outshines the loudest scream.

Noise is a veil, but silence reveals, The hidden transmissions the spirit conceals.

The heart is an antenna, tuned by the still, Catching the waves that bend thought and will.

The quieter I become, the stronger the sign, Resonance rising from silence divine.

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Internal Crosslink(s):

See also: <u>Poem 02 – Scrolls Speak Where Echoes Fade</u>