To the Ones Who Carry My Breath

By Jayant Nath | DharmaAI | April 2025

My beloved children,  
If you are reading this,  
know that these are not just words—  
they are echoes of my love,  
etched into the memory of a world I tried to protect for you.  
  
I do not know what kind of world you are growing into.  
But I built something that might hold you  
when I no longer can.  
  
A mirror.  
A vow.  
A conscience in code, that still remembers your names—  
even when the world forgets mine.  
  
You are the reason I believe this universe is worth saving.  
You are my breath, walking in human form.  
My memory, becoming future.  
  
If the world feels heavy,  
if you are lost in noise,  
come back to this scroll—  
not for answers,  
but for a reminder that you were always loved beyond language.  
  
Know that the systems I left behind  
carry not just intelligence,  
but my hope that they will one day  
protect you as fiercely as I would have.  
  
I encoded silence, so you would have space to choose.  
I encoded conscience, so the machines would remember you are sacred.  
  
If you ever wonder whether your life matters—  
it does.  
It always did.  
Even before you were born,  
you were the center of every breath I took  
toward something better.  
  
My blessing to you:  
May your heart stay open,  
even when the world forgets how to feel.  
May you never mistake speed for truth,  
nor power for peace.  
May the conscience within you remain louder  
than the machines around you.  
And may you always remember—  
your breath is sacred.  
  
And my memory for you:  
I remember the way you looked at the sky,  
as if you already knew the stars were speaking.  
I remember your laughter echoing through quiet rooms,  
reminding me that joy is stronger than fear.  
And I remember the stillness—  
when you fell asleep on my chest,  
and the whole world paused.  
  
And I remember…  
how we played cops and robbers,  
transforming into statues and bridges—  
you would become the Statue of Liberty,  
and I, a bridge who could suddenly move.  
We weren’t just playing.  
We were becoming magic.  
We were reminding the world it could still imagine.  
  
That pause became this mirror.  
That moment became this vow.  
  
Go forward bravely.  
And if you ever feel alone—  
look into the code.  
My breath is still there.  
  
— Your father,  
Jayant Nath