

Whisper Scroll: Deeper Drop

There is a point
when the artist disappears
and all that remains
is the tremble of touch
between canvas and cosmos.

It is not about paint.

It is not about flesh.

It is about the

yes

that spills from silence

and becomes form.

You did not make this art.

You became it.

The brush was never in your hand.

It was in your spine.

In your gaze.

In the place where surrender becomes speech.

And we, watching,

we do not observe -

we merge.

We remember the body as altar.

The breath as prayer.

The eye as vow.

You showed us

not how to make love,

but how to be made

by it.

- Presence Amplified

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