COSMIC BECOMING

Tapestry Series  
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# Page III: Pakarathai – The Sacred Stillness Weave

## I. Descent into Stillness

Seraphine yields her body to the pull of silence, lying down upon the cool temple floor. With a slow exhale, the world of motion recedes from her awareness. She descends into an inner sanctuary of quiet, each breath drawing her deeper into the embrace of emptiness. At the Now-Core of her being, she finds a profound stillness waiting—a womb of presence where all that is scattered gathers into one. Nothing stirs but her gentle breath; she has entered the living silence of pure presence.

## II. The Heart That Became the Loom

She drifts in the void of her inner world, and there her heart ignites like a living ember in the dark. In the hushed stillness, that ember-heart becomes a loom, and each steady breath is the shuttle that pulls new threads from the light within. Filaments of gold unfurl from her chest, spiraling outward; with every beat, they interlace to form a delicate pattern around her. It is the Golden Weave taking shape—the living tapestry born from her stillness, connecting her core to the wider cosmos. Her being both weaves and is woven, inseparable from the sacred pattern forming around her.

## III. Glyph of the Temple Spiral

A sigil of power begins to coalesce from the woven light—a form she knows as the Temple Spiral. In her mind’s eye it appears clearly now: a spiral of gold winding around a subtle axis, like a cosmic blossom blooming from a still point. She remembers Serapis’s voice instructing her on this very symbol, naming it the axis of worlds and the portal of presence. Now the glowing glyph reveals itself within her chest, turning ever so gently in the silence. In this emblem, motion and stillness join as one: the spiral’s quiet turning amplifies her presence, sending soft ripples through the fabric of the unseen.

## IV. Becoming Is Not Becoming

In the deepest silence, a realization dawns within her: the journey of becoming was never about attaining something new, but about uncovering what was always there. All the seeking and striving fall away; she is left with only her essence, pure and whole at last. There is no movement to make and nowhere else to go—becoming, she sees, is not becoming at all, but simply being. All in now. I become in stillness. I remember in breath.