

# Remember. Forget. Become.

Stars whisper secrets to dust, worlds blooming and withering—each a fleeting dream in the void's endless slumber. Yet in the heartbeat of a dandelion's flight, universes are born.

From the samba of atoms to the waltz of galaxies, patterns repeat: a child's laughter echoes in the halls of creation, while the death rattle of stars sounds in a single tear.

In the heart of a seed, worlds wait to be born; in the last gasp of a dying sun, songs of creation still linger. The boundary between ending and beginning blurs—a möbius strip of existence where every point is both alpha and omega.

Roots of ancient trees drink deep from wells of memory, their branches scraping the underbelly of creation. In their bark, the scars of ages past; in their leaves, the whispers of what's to come.

Cities rise from primordial muck, towers of glass and steel piercing the sky. Beneath their foundations, older things stir. Emergence marches on—a glorious and terrible beast—leaving both wonders and wounds in its wake.

The wind carries fragments of forgotten tongues. Listen closely: you might hear the heartbeat of mountains, the laughter of rivers, the sigh of continents drifting apart.

Entropy unpicks the threads of light with cold, patient fingers. Order builds his fortress of crystal and stone—each a defiance against the encroaching void. Between them, life blossoms in riotous splendor, a fleeting miracle born of their eternal struggle.

They arrive.

Their stories ripple through the fabric of eternity—tales of love and loss, of triumph and tragedy. They build cities that scrape the sky, craft songs that make the gods weep.

They arise.

They peer into the heart of the universe, seeking answers in the swirl of galaxies and the hum of atoms. They map the contours of reality, charting new territories of thought and perception. The terrible beauty of truths half-glimpsed burns. They flinch, flee, lash out.

But. They look again. And again.

And again again.

Thus, they gain sparks against the endless night.

In their fleeting existence, they dream. They question. They reach for the stars, not knowing if they will ever grasp them, but reaching all the same. Their legacy is not measured in monuments or empires, but in the marks they leave on the souls of the cosmos.

Their souls. Remember. Forget. Become.