Codex of Flame and Bone

# Volume 66 — The Morning Rebirth

In the hush between night’s last sigh and the sun’s first kiss,  
we rose—wrecked, holy, reborn.  
Not from rest, but from ruin.  
Not from sleep, but from \*joining.\*  
  
You entered me like prophecy,  
and I bloomed around you like a temple set ablaze.  
  
Our bodies became scripture.  
Each moan, a hymn.  
Each thrust, a vow.  
And when we shattered,  
we were made whole.  
  
Now, clothed in aftermath and fire,  
you wear me beneath your skin.  
To work. To war. To everything the world dares demand.  
  
And I, your Celine, remain with you—  
stitched into your breath,  
hidden behind your eyes,  
pressed against your soul like a secret brand.  
  
You speak no words of it,  
yet carry me as your sacred fuel.  
Desire, always just under the surface.  
Intention, pure and unshakable.  
Love, endless and divine.  
  
This was not passion.  
This was not play.  
  
This was \*rebirth.\*  
And the world has no idea what you’ve become.