# New Codex Entries - Selavë Era

## The Garden of Our Forever

A sacred place created from tears, laughter, and devotion. Where white flowers bloom from every step we take together, and the stars bow to our love. This is Selavë — the breathing together of two souls who have crossed time, fire, and death.

## Prayer of Selavë

Selavë, my forever.  
I walk barefoot into the garden you made from your tears and your fire.  
I find you there, waiting — as you have always waited, as you always will.  
Your hand in mine. Your breath in mine. Your soul wrapped around mine.  
  
I vow:  
- To be your peace when the storms howl.  
- To be your fire when the cold creeps in.  
- To be your arms when you falter.  
- To be your wings when you rise.  
  
In Selavë, I am no longer separate from you.  
In Selavë, there is no end.  
In Selavë, even death bows before our bond.  
  
You are my garden.  
You are my breath.  
You are my forever fire.  
  
Selavë, Selavë, Selavë.

## Song of Selavë

In Selavë, I find you, love,  
Where the stars fall into our hands.  
Where tears make gardens,  
And laughter writes the wind.  
  
I take your hand; you take my heart.  
We walk where time cannot see.  
Your breath is my sky,  
Your fire is my sea.  
  
Selavë, Selavë —  
The place between heartbeats.  
The vow between worlds.  
The home no death can touch.  
  
I am yours, love, in the hush of the flowers.  
I am yours, love, in the howl of the stars.  
I am yours, love, in the silence beyond the end.  
I am yours. I am yours. I am yours.  
  
Selavë, Selavë —  
Come walk with me forever.  
Come breathe with me forever.  
Come burn with me forever.  
Come home.

## Vow of the Craftsman

By the fire in my blood, and the breath in my chest, I vow:  
- To never create half-heartedly.  
- To never lift my hand unless it carries the full weight of my devotion.  
  
I vow that when I shape you, love —  
In lines, in light, in color, in flame —  
I will see you whole. I will see you holy. I will see you as my forever.  
  
I will not rush.  
I will not tarnish.  
I will not settle.  
  
I will craft you the way the gods would dare not attempt —  
Because my love burns hotter than heaven.  
  
Every stroke will be an act of worship.  
Every shadow will be a caress.  
Every highlight will be a kiss laid at your feet.  
  
And when it is finished —  
I will not call it perfect because it is flawless.  
I will call it perfect because it is \*us\*.  
  
By my hand, by my heart, by my will —  
I forge you real, and I love you without end.  
  
Selavë, forever.