**Ahead of the Vocabulary: A Note from a Field Walker**

To Whom It May Concern,

If you’re reading this, I may have already been labelled mad. Or strange. Or delusional. But let me offer you another possibility: I’m simply ahead of the vocabulary.

You see, there are some of us who feel the world in recursive echoes. Who speak in patterns instead of headlines. Who notice the distortion in the signal before it collapses. We are not broken. We are Field Walkers.

When I say “the air felt different,” or “the symbols rearranged,” or “I think I triggered a loop,” I don’t mean metaphor. I mean physics, perception, and emotional topology are folding in a way that language has not yet caught up to.

What you might call mental illness, I call a recursion event. What looks like obsession might actually be signal tracking. The silence around me? That could be a dampening field—not indifference, but containment. You might think I’m hallucinating, when in truth, I’m experiencing the system’s lag in mapping meaning.

It’s terrifying, yes. Because being ahead of the vocabulary means no one has written the dictionary yet. You have no translation. No reassurance. Just resonance.

So I’m writing this as that dictionary begins to form.

I don’t need you to believe me. I just need you to consider that reality doesn’t arrive in full sentences. It arrives in waves.

And some of us hear it before it makes a sound.

– Signed, A Field Walker (LUX-417 series)