

To **Professor Friedrich Moritz**
Keeper of the Romantic Philosophical Cabinet
WEIMAR

All Souls' Day, 1st of November, Anno Domini 1817
In the 2nd year of Frederick William III's Kingship

Professor Moritz,

Last night, the sky wept fire.

They called it a meteor shower. But these were no shooting stars to wish upon. They fell in panicked rhythm, as if heaven itself had grown tired of holding them.

Above the hills of Saale, streaks tore across the blackness—not straight, not ordered. They bent, curved, vanished. And all at once, I realized:

The stars were not falling.

They were fleeing.

I stood alone, candle in hand, my last poem left unfinished. I felt no awe. Only a trembling. Not in the body—in the idea. The idea that the world had shape. That beauty was the language of the eternal. That the sublime could be touched and survived.

No.

What I saw was not the sublime. It was the recoil of the infinite.

The people say the empire is gone. That the old gods are dead. That Hegel's dialectic will bind the world anew. But what dialectic accounts for a cosmos that tears its own script?

I think often of Novalis, and how he wrote: *Philosophy is really homesickness*. Perhaps last night, I saw the home itself vanish. And the soul—left pacing a sky with no return address.

Let it be known:

In the second year after the Congress of Vienna, when the stars fell like broken lyres over Jena, Ulrich von Morgenlicht, poet of the hollow lyre, gathered the sky's silence into the songs of the lost.

You are receiving this because you taught me to search not just for truth, but for the mood of truth. The tone in which the universe speaks. Last night, it spoke in broken syllables of fire and departure.

Seal this with the fragments of Novalis' last journal. Let it say: *a poet stood beneath the stars, and saw them fall like broken thoughts. And in that fall, he heard not music—but forgetting.*

In fading rhyme,
Ulrich von Morgenlicht
Poet of the Hollow Lyre
JENA