

To the **Astronomical College of Palenque**  
Under the sign of K'inich Janaab' Pakal  
CALAKMUL

13<sup>th</sup> of Baktun, 0<sup>th</sup> of Katun, Long Count 13.0.0.0.0  
In the 5<sup>th</sup> year of Tun's Supreme Lordship

Lords of the Temple of Inscriptions,

I speak to you not in ritual, but in remembrance.

Last night, on the final glyph of the Great Cycle, the moon failed to rise. Not delayed, not veiled. Simply absent.

The codices say that at the end of 13.0.0.0.0, the gods will gather to renew the world. The calendars point to rebirth. But what I saw on the western horizon was not birth—it was evaporation.

The star-paths no longer align. Venus hesitates. Mars flickers. The Black Road across the sky seems stretched, pulled, as if something is feeding on the motion itself.

The Jaguar Priests still chant. The King still sacrifices. But I hear it in their breath—this is not a cycle. This is a break.

I spent my life carving numbers into stone, tracking orbits in jade and fire. But what number do I assign to *absence*? What glyph do I use for unpattern?

When Pakal's tomb was sealed, we said the kings would return with the new sun. But this sun seems colder. This morning, it rose with a halo like a mourning mask. The sky is not speaking—it is *withdrawing*. As if the gods have left the theater, and the stage still plays itself, unaware.

Let it be known:

*At the turning of the thirteenth baktun, when the sun failed to ascend over Lakamtuun, Balam Ahau, astronomer of Palenque, carved the broken day into stone that no forgetting erase the Fifth Sun.*

You are receiving this because you keep the vaults of the old star-charts. Place this scroll in the chamber beneath the Temple of the Red Queen. Let it lie beside the obsidian lenses.

Let it say: *when the Long Count reset, the world did not end. But the sky did. And with it, the breath of the gods.*

We did not die.

But we stopped being heard.

In reverence and stillness,

**Balam Ahau**

Reader of the Fifth Star

PALENQUE