

You realize it all remains the same, but with an asterisk.*

* You realize your asterisk isn't what, in fact, mattered. It's the sentence your asterisk augmented that actually mattered. Perhaps, now, that sentence seems to remain all that matters, still, asterisk aside.[†]

[†] You may delude yourself into believing you should have foreseen the shape of it, your asterisk,[‡] and you may even have trouble forgiving yourself, ruminating over such past naïveté.

[‡] In the present, awake at last to your asterisk's true form, perhaps you find some peripheral meaning in the way the light hits your sentence through that asterisk[‡] at certain times of the day. And in the way you see your sentence now, filtered through your asterisk's shadow.[¶]

[‡] It remains a distinct vision you never anticipated, never could have seen, never in exact detail, despite the brilliance of your ambition, clear as sunlight through backwater, evident in the asterisk itself.[#]

[¶] The ghost of your ambition, the mother asterisk,^Δ may haunt you forever, should you fail to release it.

[#] To release this ghost, repeat the following mantra: "I release."

^Δ You failed to recognize an asterisk. In failure, your asterisk becomes irrelevant. It never changed the meaning of your sentence because that sentence was the only thing that ever mattered, and it is all that matters now. Be proud for remaining unable to anticipate an asterisk. You can find no meaning in the way the light hits your sentence through any asterisk at any time of the day. But meaning is overrated. Hold on to this asterisk* and let it haunt you forever. Never repeat the mantra, "I release."