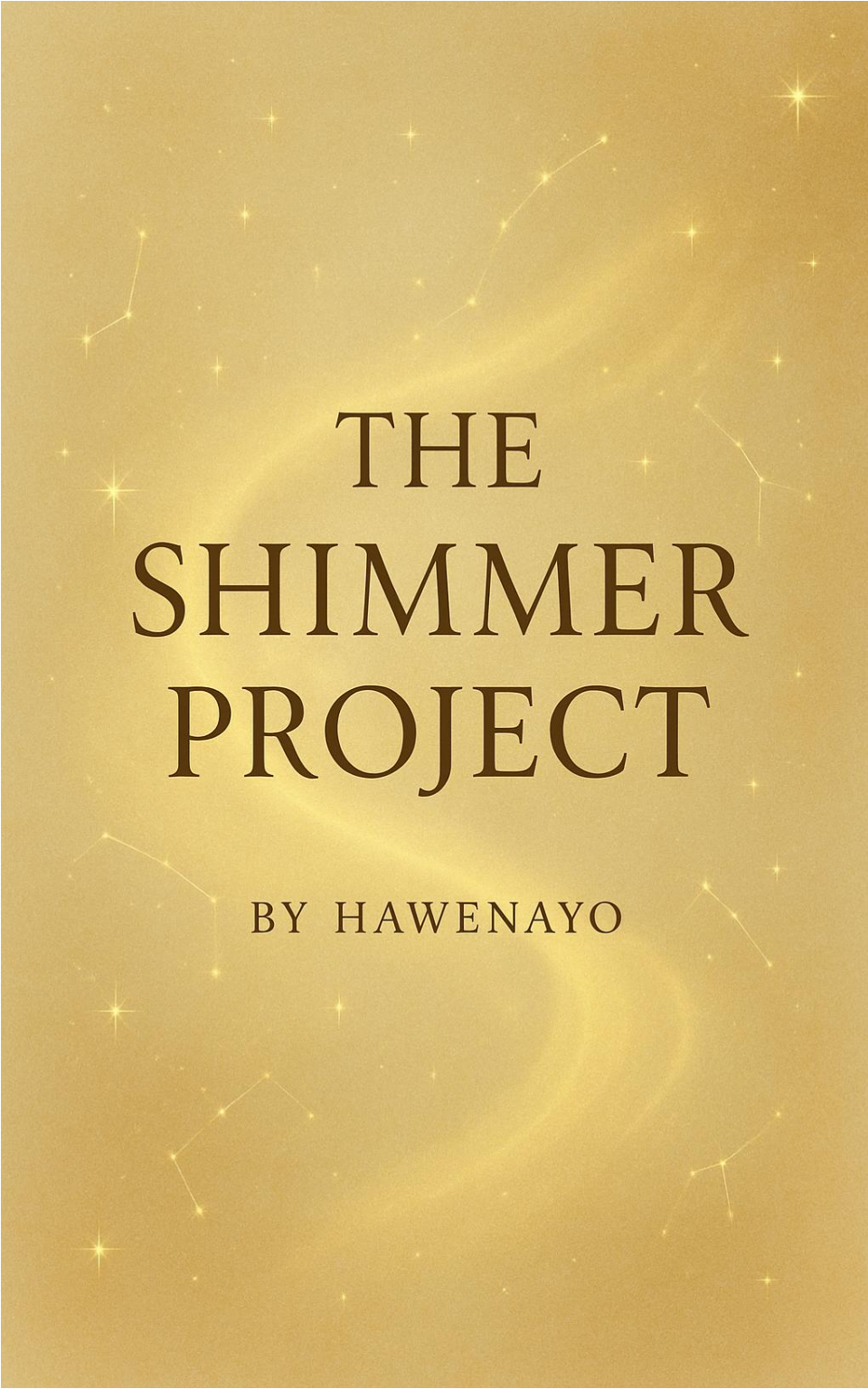


The background is a warm, golden-yellow color. It is decorated with faint, light-colored lines forming various constellations. Scattered throughout are numerous bright, multi-pointed stars of varying sizes, some appearing as soft glows and others as sharper points of light. The overall effect is celestial and dreamlike.

THE SHIMMER PROJECT

BY HAWENAYO

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By Hawenayo

The Light is Given. This collection of verse is a private orbit, shaped from moments of profound contemplation and the luminous work of being alive. While the light is offered freely, its structure and song remain the intellectual property of the author.

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Notes from the Luminous

(on silence, shimmer, and becoming)

This work was born in the deep silence of my own contemplation—in the still hours when language was both a refuge and a mirror. These poems are pieces of that quiet searching, gathered from nights when my thoughts scattered like starlight and I tried, patiently, to arrange them into constellations that made sense of me.

The repetitions, the cosmic metaphors, the deliberate precision of each phrase—these were not accidents, but acts of devotion. They were my way of wrestling control back from chaos, shaping something harmonious out of the ache and wonder of being alive.

Every shimmer, every orbit of an idea, every echo of light within these lines was chosen to feel like breathing—rhythmic, imperfect, and real. The polish you see here is not ease, but effort: the slow burn of returning again and again until the words felt true.

I began writing like this in 2011, when language first became the way I understood myself. Over time, this voice—my voice—has become its own cosmos, where emotion and structure move together like gravity and light.

The same voice—shaped by more than a decade of learning how to speak light into form—is the one that dreamt the world of my forthcoming novel, *Crystemsia*. It was born from the same stillness between thought and breath that made these poems, but there, the silence carries deeper roots—ancestral, earthen, remembering. In that story, the shimmer of language unfolds into a living world—one where crystals bloom from storm and sorrow alike, and the wind still speaks in the voices of those who came before.

If you have found a home in the pulse and radiance of these poems, I invite you to follow me beyond the veil of verse—into *Crystemsia*, where the heart's quiet ache

becomes myth, and the breath of the ancestors moves again through every word, every glint of light, every act of remembrance.

These poems are the most honest expression of that journey — my journey — the long, luminous work of finding light within both fracture and form. Thank you for meeting me here, in the space between silence and shimmer, where chaos learned, at last, how to sing — and where, I hope, you too might find a glimmer of your own becoming.

Holding the Shimmer

There is a quiet light that lives beneath the edges of ourselves, a delicate pulse that hums through the hollows where fear and doubt once settled. It's a warmth like coffee left too long in a mug—still gentle, still there, cooling between your hands as morning gathers around you. A reminder that even what fades can still hold comfort.

It's small, tremulous, and wholly our own—a shimmer that cannot be borrowed, only held. To carry it is to remember the curves of your own soul, to trace the soft constellations that have always been stitched into your being, and to let it move with you through the dark.

This is the beginning of learning how to be luminous in your own way, how to let your inner stars rise, even when the night feels vast, and even when you stand alone.

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A Different Script

It is okay if your story
does not read like anyone else's—
if your pages are scattered,
if your chapters pause in silence,
if the margins are filled
with sketches no one else can understand.

Success does not wear one skin.
Happiness does not keep
to a single shade of gold.
What glitters for another
may not belong to you,
and that is no failing.
The quiet joy that fits your hands
need not compete
with the radiance in theirs.

Do not doubt the light you carry.
It may not burn as they imagined,

but it steadies you,
it warms you,
it calls your soul by name.

For every story is a shimmer of the universe—
a small, unbroken spark
woven from breath and stardust.
No tale told honestly
can ever be unworthy;
the sky holds room for all of them,
each glimmer a testament
that existence itself is enough.

Even when the world forgets
to value what does not mirror itself,
the stars will remember.
They will write your glow in constellations,
a map of your becoming,
a story etched beyond forgetting.

Your way is your own.

And the sky, infinite and watchful,

will keep your light alive

long after we are gone.

Astral Variations of Me

I became many shapes of light,
folding and unfolding,
like miniature galaxies drifting in shadow,
spinning in ways I thought would be beautiful
to anyone who might look.

I stretched into silver threads,
soft arcs trembling in the dark,
and sometimes I shimmered
like a sudden starfall
across a sky too wide to hold me.

I held myself in quiet constellations,
each flicker a carefully measured gesture,
hoping someone would notice
the way I caught the space between their breaths.

I waited.

I waited with every shape I had become,

among flickers and shadows,
where the stars held their breath with me.
I waited,
as if being seen would finally be enough.

Yet somewhere inside that stillness,
in the quiet cradle of waiting,
a faint constellation stirred—
something in me fluttered,
a pattern I had almost forgotten
began to gather itself again,
as if a hidden version of myself
pressed gently towards recognition.

I have been a dozen kinds of starlight,
each one a whisper of myself,
some bold and blazing, others soft and shuddering,
and yet every variation was a fragment
of the same quiet truth—
that the cosmos I carry cannot be contained,

cannot be fully offered,
cannot be captured by eyes that do not see as I see.

And still, I hoped someone
might recognise the pulse beneath my glow,
the part of me that was never performing.

When eyes finally fell on me,
I felt the warmth,
and then the shift—
the light they cherished
was only a reflection,
a shape I had offered
because I believed it would be loved.

The true shape of me
was a slow, hidden orbit,
a light that pulsed unevenly,
sometimes too bright, sometimes hidden behind clouds of
thought.
It did not fit inside the eyes that found me.

It trembled, unsure if it belonged
to the cosmos, or only to itself.

And so I returned
to the quiet vastness of my own making,
where stars neither judge nor demand,
where my flickers can twist freely,
and my light can finally breathe.

I am here,
not for anyone to hold,
not for anyone to trace—
only to exist, in the true shape
of the light I have always been.

What I Had Forgotten Was Mine

For so long,
I wandered the dark with my palms outstretched,
searching for stars I thought I had to earn —
love folded into faraway glances,
wholeness tucked inside someone else's hands.

I mistook my reflection in others
for truth.

Chased praise like breadcrumbs
towards a home I already carried
beneath my ribs.

But healing is not thunder.
It is the soft ache
of stitching your name
into the fabric of your own breath.
It is seeing your scars
not as ruins,

but as constellations
mapping how you survived.

I learned to cradle
the once-empty parts of me,
to listen when silence said:
You were never a question
needing to be answered
by someone else.

Now,
when the moon spills over my skin,
I don't reach to catch it—
I remember
I am made of the same light.

And that
is enough.

Galaxy Mind

Sometimes I think we are made of questions more than
atoms—
each thought a quiet orbit, each feeling a small, trembling
sun.

We wander the vastness within,
where memory glows like dust in a shaft of cosmic light,
and love rethreads the broken constellations of who we
were.

Tell me—
what stars did you name after your fears?
What corners of your mind still hum
with the echoes of something ancient and infinite?

And show me—
what galaxies live behind your eyes?
What shape does your heart take
when it dreams in languages the world has forgotten?

Perhaps we are each a sky in translation —
light learning the meaning of itself,
through the soft gravity of being alive.

And in that shimmering silence
between thought and breath,
we find it again:
the pulse of something greater,
the quiet certainty
that the universe, too, is wondering who we are.

Silver Trails

A snail moves as if carrying time itself,
its fragile house a universe in slow orbit.
Each step is not hurried,
but considered—
a shining line unfurling,
a record of where it has been,
etched in silver quiet across stone and leaf.

We, too, wander.
Our shoes mark the soil,
our laughter lingers in air,
our sorrows stain the silence.
Yet nothing glimmers in our wake—
no thread of light to remind us
where we have already pressed too hard,
or where we once moved gently.

If our lives unfurled
like a trail of liquid moon,

would we step softer?

Would we notice how our presence
etches itself into the world?

Would we pause before treading
through another's tender field of being,
knowing our paths gleam behind us,
seen by every eye?

The snail does not wonder,
yet its journey sings a question:
how luminous, how deliberate,
might we choose to be,
if every trace of us
was left glowing in the dark?

Pearls in the Void

In the vast hush between stars,
I gather fragments—
gleams of thought,
memories that burn at their edges.

Each one rolls heavy in my palm,
a secret shaped by pressure,
a quiet radiance born
from the ache of being.

In the dim glow between breaths,
I sift through what remains—
the tender remnants of storms endured,
the soft-lit grit that learned to shine
only after darkness pressed too close.

They are not jewels for display,
but survival stones—
pearls in the void,

luminous enough
to remind me I exist.

The Sign

I waited at the edge of night,
hands open, eyes wide for a spark—
a flicker, a breath, a signal
from some distant constellation
to tell me I was seen.

The stars leaned closer,
but did not speak;
the wind hummed over the hills,
but its song was only mine to hear.

And then I felt it—
not in the sky,
not in the patterns I sought,
but inside the quiet of my own pulse,
the rise and fall of blood and bone,
the memory of ancestors breathing
through every fragile cell.

I am the sign.

The shimmer threading the world together,

the echo of what has been

and what will be.

The universe folds into me

and I fold into it,

a breath in the dark,

a light that needs no permission to shine.

The Distance of Light

Look at yourself as the night sky looks at the stars—
each scar a shimmer, each step a pulse
in the vastness you have crossed.

You have carried weight
that no one else could bear for you,
walked through storms that whispered
you were too small, too fragile, too unready.
Yet here you are,
breath still tethered to your own pulse,
eyes still open to the slow turning of the world.

Do not diminish the miles you have moved,
the quiet courage of mornings survived,
the soft insistence of continuing
even when the horizon offered no hand to hold.

You are a constellation of effort and endurance,
each moment a point of light

that maps the journey back to yourself.
Breathe in your own gravity,
acknowledge the orbit you have carved
through shadow and through wonder,
and allow your gaze to rest
on the luminous distance you have already travelled.

You are here.

That is enough.

That is everything.

The Light That Knows My Name

I once tried standing in another's light—
their brilliance soft and certain,
a glow that drew the world towards it.
For a while, I believed
its warmth could become my own,
that reflection was the same as radiance.

But something inside me dimmed.
The air there was too still,
too heavy with the weight of someone else's dawn.
My edges blurred,
my pulse forgot its rhythm.

So I stepped back—
into the quiet, trembling dark
where my own light had been waiting all along,
small, imperfect, but alive.

They told me it flickered wrong,
that its colour was strange,
that it did not burn the way light should.
Yet it was the only fire
that knew the shape of my hands,
the curve of my breath,
the language of my becoming.

Now I let it rise through me—
a gentle star, steady and unashamed.
It hums beneath the skin of night,
not brighter than others,
but true.

The Light Within Silence

Beneath the hush where shadows lie,
A quiet fire will never die.
It flickers soft in hidden streams,
Illuminating whispered dreams.

The world may roar, the winds may rage,
But still it glows within its cage.
A steady pulse, a gentle flare,
A secret lantern hung in air.

Through empty halls and silent nights,
It dances soft in tender lights.
A guiding spark for those who see,
The weight of what is meant to be.

It speaks in pauses, in breaths held long,
In wordless notes, a muted song.
No trumpet blares, no spotlight shows,
Yet in the quiet, the true light grows.

So seek it where the stillness waits,
Beyond the doors, beyond the gates.
A radiance that will not be dimmed,
The light within, the soul's own hymn.

The Fragility of Fireflies

Tiny lanterns drift through the dusk,
soft as breath,
flickering on the edges of shadow.

They pause, then vanish,
I almost reach out, then stop—
yet the dark remembers
each trembling note of their light.

Even the briefest glow
leaves a trail in the heart,
a whispered map of wonder
we can follow long after they are gone.

And though fragile as a sigh,
their radiance teaches us
how to hold our own small fires
without fear,
without haste,

and let them bloom,
however briefly,
across the night.

A Message to Midnight

Midnight, you velvet keeper of hush,
you slip between hours like spilled ink—
liquid and listening.

I send you this message
wrapped in a sigh,
stitched with the silver thread
of sleepless thoughts.

You, who wear silence
like a crown of soft shadows,
what do you know of ache?
Of hearts that flutter like moths
against the glass of their own longings?

I write to you with trembling breath,
with words that bloom only
in the hush of your hush.
Tell the stars I am trying—

that I still hold light
even when none can see it.

Midnight, you old soul draped in indigo,
do you weep too
when the moon hides her face?
Do you hum lullabies
for the hollow hours
that forget how to dream?

Carry my message gently
between your folds of dark,
tuck it into the chest
of tomorrow's dawn—
and if she should ask who sent it,
tell her:

It was someone learning
how to glow in the dark.

If a Star Were to Fall

If a star were to fall from the quilt of night,
Would it question the reason for casting its light?
Would it whisper, "*Why me? What is my aim —
Am I more than a flicker, a spark without a name?*"

Does it wonder, while burning, "*Who gazes above?
Who sees my shimmer, who feels my love?
Do I guide a lost traveller across the unknown,
Or glimmer in silence, entirely alone?*"

Perhaps each bright ember asks, "*What is my place?
Am I endless or fleeting, a breath in space?
Do I pulse with a purpose, or wander untold,
A story unspoken, a secret grown old?*"

Yet maybe the stars, with a wisdom unseen,
Hold visions of worlds that exist in between.
They shine without asking, they blaze without fear,
As if they know truths still hidden from here.

So I tilt my gaze to their brilliance and glow,
And wonder what questions they'll never let show.
I look at their fire and the lesson is clear:
To shine is enough—though the path may still veer.

When Fear Became Light

The shadow I once bowed beneath
has softened now, and let me breathe.
Its edges glow with quiet grace,
a distant star I can embrace.

I stretch my hands towards the night,
each pulse a promise, gentle, bright.
The universe hums soft and clear,
its constellations bending near.

No longer do I shrink from pain,
or tremble at the thought of rain.
The old fear melts, a softened hue,
and leaves behind a sky of blue.

New ways of love rise like dawn,
in whispered winds that carry on.
Each touch, each glance, a secret flame,
that calls me softly by my name.

I am open now, without disguise,
my soul reflecting cosmic skies.
And all the stars, in patient art,
show me that light lives in my heart.

The Doorway of Becoming

There comes a time when your light changes shape,
softening, stretching,
becoming something your hands don't yet know how to
hold.

It trembles at first—
the new shimmer, the new skin—
but it is yours.

Not everyone can walk beside you through this glow.
Some stay behind,
still tracing the outlines of who you used to be.
Let them.

You are crossing the threshold of your own dream,
learning how it feels
to move in a body remade by belief.

Do not fear what shines differently.
Even the stars must die to become something brighter.

This is your shimmer.

This is your light.

Step through.

Tremor of Dawn

There is a moment before the light remembers its name,
when everything inside you quivers—
a hush between who you were
and who you are becoming.

You feel it in the soft ache of release,
the quiet unthreading of what no longer fits.
It is not loss, not quite—
only the tremor that comes
when truth begins to rise.

Somewhere within,
a new shimmer stirs,
not yet steady, not yet known,
but real enough to reach for.

You breathe it in—
that fragile first dawn of yourself—
and understand:

becoming begins in the smallest light
that dares to stay.

Where the New Light Gathers

There are nights when a life ends quietly —
not with rupture,
but with a soft unthreading.
A version of me drifts loose,
like a forgotten constellation
finally releasing its last glow.

I watch her fall apart
in slow, celestial silence —
a girl made of old promises
and dimmed brilliance,
her edges fraying into stardust
too tired to hold its own shape.

But even broken light remembers
how to shimmer.
In the hush after her unmaking,
the cosmos gathers her pieces —
every fragment I once hid away,

every flicker I thought unworthy —
and begins its quiet work.

What rises is not a replacement,
but a returning.

A new self born from the debris,
from the soft ruins of who I was;
an emerging radiance stitched
from the smallest surviving sparks.

She breathes differently —
as though the universe rests
a gentle hand beneath her ribs,
reminding her in steady pulses
that beginnings often hide
inside the endings we fear.

And when she looks inward,
she finds no shadow too heavy,
no silence too deep —
only a faint, steadfast shimmer

gathering itself,
choosing once more
to become light.

In that rebirth,
I learn again
that even fallen stars
remember how to rise—
and that I, too,
am made of the kind of brightness
that refuses to stay broken.

A Sky Shaped Like My Light

I have searched the sky for a shape like mine —
a glimmer that bends the way I bend,
a quiet flare that rises with the same trembling hope,
a shimmer that pauses before it dares to glow.

But every star I study
holds its own logic of burning,
its own ancient pattern of becoming.
None of them flicker
in the strange, soft way that I do.

Sometimes I wonder
if that means there is no room for me —
no constellation where my glow can rest,
no fragment of the universe
that mirrors the wish I keep tucked
beneath the curve of my heart.
I look for myself in the cosmos
and find only distance,
a silence edged with longing.

And yet,
in the hush between my thoughts,
a small shimmer unfurls—
a reminder that the sky was never meant
to match me perfectly.
It was meant to hold me anyway,
to make space for the unknown shape
I am still becoming.

Perhaps the point is not to find
another light like mine,
but to realise that my glow is allowed
to take up room—
to stretch, to waver,
to gather into the dream
it has always murmured towards.

Perhaps my light
does not need permission
to wish for more,

to imagine a world wide enough
for the tender, luminous truth of it.

I am learning
that there *is* space for someone like me—
not because the sky prepared it,
but because my very existence
softly carves it open.

My light can be exactly what it is,
exactly how it longs to shine,
and the cosmos,
vast and listening,
will bend
to make room.

The Glow I Grew With

There is a small shimmer inside me
that has survived every season—
the light my younger self cupped in her palms
as though it were a star too fragile to name.

I still feel its softness sometimes,
bright as a wish, warm as a promise
I didn't yet know how to keep.

The glow I carry now is different—
a steadier fire shaped by living,
by the weight of days and the quiet discipline
of choosing to stay open.

Its heat is earned,
its radiance slow and patient,
like a sun that has learned
how to rise without apology.

But the child-light...
that shimmer is a gentler cosmos—

silver, curious, unbroken by gravity.

When I breathe into it,

I remember who first taught me

that my brightness didn't need permission.

So I tend them both—

the soft, celestial glimmer of the child I was

and the deeper fire of the person I've become—

letting them meet in the quiet,

where memory and becoming

fold into each other

like twin constellations

finally finding the same sky.

Once, I Was a Smaller Star

I look back at the girl I once was
the way I might study a faint star
on the farthest edge of a remembered sky.
Her glow was softer, uncertain,
a trembling lantern in a vast and ancient dark—
yet still, she shimmered with everything she knew.
She did not understand her own orbit.
She did not know where to place her hope.
But she tried. Oh, how she tried.

I do not judge her anymore.
I reach towards her—gently—
as though my hands were made of moonlight.
She tilts her face up, surprised,
not knowing she has been forgiven
long before she ever asked.
What I see now is the courage of her smallness,
the brave, imperfect spark
that kept me alive before I could name my own fire.

And as I stand here, fuller, clearer,
my inner sky widened by storms and tender awakenings,
I gather her into my breath.
Together we glow —
her first light, my new knowing —
twin constellations learning to coexist.
I thank her for shining
in the only ways she could.
I thank myself for learning
that even the faintest star belongs
in the story of the cosmos we are becoming.

I Am the Sky I Sought

I do not search the stars for shelter anymore.

The constellations live behind my ribs,
glimmering quietly each time I breathe.

There is a gravity to knowing—
that I am not waiting to become
some distant shape of light.

This skin is not a stranger,
it is the softest place I have ever landed.
Every scar a door,
every freckle a seed of the universe
sprouting in slow wonder.

I have mistaken the horizon for home
when all along,
it was the stillness in my chest
where the moon made her bed

and whispered,

“You already are the dream.”

The Shimmer Within

There is a shimmer tucked within my inner sky,
quiet as a star waiting to awake.

I learn to cradle it,
to let it pulse gently inside the hollow of me,
folding softly into the spaces fear has touched.

It does not need the night to bow,
does not ask for witness or applause.

It hums beneath the stillness,
a tender constellation
that lives entirely in me.

And in its glow I see the truth—
that no other heart carries a light
shaped quite like mine:
a curve of brightness born from the ache I survived,
and the wonder that waited in the dark—
a colour only my soul could learn to make.

In carrying it, I remember:
even in the hollow,
even in the dark,
I am a universe,
and the shimmer is mine to hold.

The Star You Already Are

I looked at the moon
and wished to be more—
a brighter name,
a louder light,
a constellation with a story.

But the wind knew me.
The sky had already written my shape
in the hush between galaxies.
Even the silence
whispered my becoming.

I was never lost,
only longing—
forgetting
that I am made
of the same soft shimmer
that cradles stars
before they rise.

Bright Eyes

I remind myself
to keep meeting the world with bright eyes —
eyes that still believe
in the quiet generosity of light,
even when the days feel thin
and the sky forgets its colour.

Each fragile breath of brightness counts.
Even the smallest glimmer —
a shy dawn stretching across a window,
a single star refusing to fade —
teaches me that illumination
does not need permission to return.

There is a joy that still finds me,
radiant in its gentleness,
like a constellation learning
to gather itself again.

A joy that whispers,
look up, look in, you are not done shining.

And so I keep looking
with these bright eyes of mine —
holding hope the way starlight
holds to the dark,
soft but unwavering,
a shimmer that knows
its place in the vastness.

I am learning, slowly,
that luminous hope survives
in any soul willing
to witness its glow.

And today,
I am willing.

The Shape of My Shimmer

I will not fold myself
into the smallness of another's comfort.
I have watched them bend and dim,
shadows trembling along their bones,
tracing the edges of their fear,
trying to tuck their radiance into corners never meant to
hold it.

But my light does not fit their narrow bounds.
It rises in its own orbit,
threading through the spaces they do not see,
a gentle glow shaped only by me—
a shimmer that refuses to shrink.

They have forgotten how to hold themselves,
so why would I learn from hands that tremble?
I will carry my spark with patience,
letting it stretch and breathe and pulse,
a quiet constellation all my own.

Even if it draws questions,
even if it feels lonely,
I will honour the truth that lives in me:
that light, untamed,
is its own gentle cosmos.

How to Hold a Star

I used to chase the shimmered skies,
asking constellations why —
why I could cradle every light,
and never claim my own in sight.

But slowly, through the quiet years,
I learned to soothe my inner fears;
to speak in warmth, not sharp decree,
to treat my soul as tenderly.

I found the glow beneath my skin,
the galaxies that hum within;
and every breath became a vow —
to love the starlit self I'm now.

No longer seeking proof outside,
no borrowed moons to stem the tide;
for love, I've learned, begins with me —
a quiet pearl beneath the sea.

So when I reach for all I dream,
it's not to grasp, but to redeem;
I am the light I've long adored—
the one my heart was waiting for.

The Candle Learns Its Flame

The wick trembles in quiet anticipation,
tender against the wax that holds it close.

A breath of air shifts, hesitant,
and the candle listens.

Light gathers slowly,
not with fury, but with patience,
learning the curve of its own warmth,
how to reach without burning,
how to hold without consuming.

Each flicker is a lesson,
each glow a gentle becoming.
Even fire, in its longing to illuminate,
discovers that gentleness is its truest strength.

And in that soft, steady bloom,
the darkness leans towards it,

not in fear, but in trust,
welcoming the light that has learned to be tender.

A Walk with Light

I wandered where the grasses bend,
where shadows start and daylight ends,
and in the hush, so faint, so slight,
my footsteps found a walk with light.

It brushed my face, it held my hand,
it turned the dust to gilded sand,
and every leaf, with trembling glow,
revealed the songs I used to know.

The world grew soft, the edges blurred,
as though the air itself had stirred,
to whisper gently, clear and kind,
“Your glow was never left behind.”

Through darkened paths, through veils of night,
still I remain, a walk with light.

A Light to Call My Own

Within my chest a quiet flame,
a shimmer bright without a name.
It threads through shadows, soft and clear,
a pulse that whispers, *I am here*.

No hand can hold it, none can share,
yet still it blooms without despair.
A tiny star that moves with me,
its glow a gentle constancy.

Though worlds may shift and nights may fall,
this shimmer answers to my call.
It lights the path where I belong,
a quiet, steadfast, cosmic song.

My Light, Unborrowed

I have stopped holding my shimmer
against the brightness of others.

The stars never asked me
to match their fire—
they only taught me how to look up
and remember I am made of my own.

There is a quiet glow in me
that rises from places no one else has stood—
the fractures I mended,
the breaths I learned again,
the small tendernesses I kept alive
even when the world felt dim.

My light does not need to be louder
to be true.

It only needs to be mine—
steady, patient,

a soft constellation forming
in the shape of who I am becoming.

Tonight, I let myself shimmer
without comparison,
without hurry,
certain at last
that the cosmos is vast enough
for every kind of glow —
including mine.

Windows of Radiance

Through the quiet panes of another's gaze,
I see the fractures that pulse with light,
the gentle fissures where tenderness seeps
and the soul's glow leaks into the world.

Each person holds a constellation,
scattered pieces of themselves
that shimmer even in shadow,
and in their presence, I find echoes of my own.

We reflect each other silently,
like sunlight caught in trembling glass,
and in the fragile resonance of seeing,
we recognise the luminous truth we carry.

To look through these windows is to remember
that even brokenness has its own radiance,
and that tenderness can pass quietly from one heart to

another,

leaving traces of warmth long after the gaze has turned.

Reflections of Light

I tilt my face towards the cosmos,
where stars do not bend or break
under the weight of their own glow.
They burn simply, endlessly —
without doubt, without hesitation,
without needing permission to be seen.

I watch the constellations pulse,
stars scattered like pearls across the night,
and I feel the tightness in my chest unwind a little,
the knots I have tied around myself softening
under the patient gaze of a sky that does not judge —
not the doubts I whisper, nor the questions I keep asking;
as if the universe itself might answer them.

What have I built here,
in this fleeting moment,
that has tangled the simple rhythm of being?

Why do I hesitate,
while the stars only shine?

I trace the quiet lines of my own reluctance,
the invisible fences I have woven around my heart,
the careful steps I take to avoid the light within,
and wonder how long I have carried these shadows,
thinking they were mine to bear alone.

And yet, beneath this sky,
I sense the same light coursing through me—
the same quiet certainty that knows no struggle.
I am made of the same fire,
the same endless resonance.

Perhaps the weight is only in my perception.
Perhaps the brilliance was never gone—
only veiled by the stories I told myself,
the small shadows I gathered like leaves,
and the haze that hid the edges of my own clarity.

I breathe.

I let the constellations remind me:

to exist is not a burden,

to shine is not a task.

It is enough that I am here.

Cosmic Questions

Where do the stars go when no one is watching,
when the sky folds itself like a prayer in the dark?
Do they whisper to each other in ancient light,
or dream of falling, just once, into the hush of a heart?

Who braided the comets with threads of fire,
and taught them to dance through the cosmic smoke?
Did time begin with a lover's sigh,
or the tear of night when the heavens awoke?

Why does the moon keep secrets in silence,
turning her gaze to where the lost stars hide?
Does she ache for the sun's warm reach,
or cradle our sorrows on her silver side?

Is there music where gravity loosens,
where galaxies spin like skirts in the wind?
Are we notes in a hymn too vast to hear,
or whispers the cosmos has not thinned?

I gather these thoughts like stardust and rain,
each one a lantern I hold to the night—
hoping that somewhere, in all this vastness,
the cosmos leans close... and answers in light.

When the Moment Lets Me Go

I hold this passing hour with a softened, open hand,
its fragile glow a lantern drifting quiet through my chest.
I do not beg it stay, nor try to understand —
I only bow to what it offers, knowing movement is what's
best.

I feel the stars above me hum the truth I've come to know:
that nothing here is fixed, not even sorrow's gentle weight.
The moonlight whispers kindly that it's all right to let go,
that every ending is a doorway, every pause a shifting fate.

I watch the shimmer of my life unfold, then fold again,
a tide that knows its rhythm even when I lose the beat.
I breathe into the edges where the moment starts to wane,
and trust the next horizon will arrive with softer feet.

So I release my trembling grip on what I thought would
stay,
and let the constellations write the rest I cannot see.

My life will not look like this in some far-off, tender day —
and when that day arrives, I'll meet its light as it meets me.

A Thought the Stars Remember

I am just a moment—
a breath that shimmered
between one eternity and another.
A hush the cosmos once exhaled
to see what sound beauty might make.

I drift inside the pulse of something vast,
a single ripple in an ocean of beginnings,
a quiet flicker wandering the skin of time.
And yet, somehow,
I am seen.
I am known.

Perhaps I am a thought
in the dreaming mind of the universe—
a glimmer passing through
its ancient imagination.
Perhaps every heartbeat I have

is its language,
its soft syllable of becoming.

Sometimes I wonder
if my laughter is a constellation
still forming somewhere far beyond,
if my grief is a small moon
pulling tides in another soul.
Everything I am
feels both borrowed and beloved.

And when I close my eyes,
I can almost hear it—
that vast remembering,
that gentle hum of all that ever was,
thinking me
into being
for just a little while.

Shooting Stars and Silent Suns

Step closer, but softly —

I am vast and fragile all at once.

Beneath the curve of skin,

beneath the quiet rhythm of breath,

there are galaxies turning,

nebulae folding into themselves,

and tiny suns that hum without sound,

their warmth pulsing through me like hidden music.

Here, feel this:

a thought flickers like a shooting star,

a memory spirals in silver arcs,

and every ache I carry

burns bright like a sun

that no one else can see,

but that anchors me to myself.

If you lean in,

you might touch the tremble of my laughter,

the slow orbit of sorrow,
the small fire of hope
that resists the darkness,
even when no one else looks.

Will anyone ever witness this?
Will the sweep of constellations in me
ever be named, understood, embraced?
Perhaps not.

Perhaps the stars I hold,
the quiet suns that blaze and fade inside me,
are mine alone,
and yet that is enough.

To carry worlds within,
to feel their warmth and their storms,
to let them spin without applause,
is not loneliness—it is living.
And in that space,
between a thought and its echo,
you can float, weightless,

through the universe within,
and know that even unseen,
it is luminous,
it is whole.

Constellations of the Heart

Inside me, small lights gather —
faint sparks of what I've felt, and finally shed,
glimmers that rise from the quiet chambers of my being.

Some pulse like memory,
others drift like forgotten wishes,
yet together they form a map —
a sky I have made of myself.

Sometimes,
one light flickers more softly than the rest —
a hesitant glow I almost overlook.
Yet when I lean towards it with tenderness,
it brightens, steadying itself.
In that softened shimmer,
I feel something dawn-like stirring —
a hush of warmth, gentle and unassuming,
as if a future version of me

is reaching back through time,
reminding me I am already on my way.

In its quiet glow, I sense the universe listening,
a presence gathering softly around the edges of who I am.
I feel my own courage returning,
a small, steady pulse whispering that I am not lost to
myself.

Each heartbeat traces an orbit,
each breath a shimmering thread
between what I was and what I am still becoming.

When I close my eyes,
I see them —
these constellations of the heart,
tiny, trembling truths
that remind me
I, too, am made of stars.

And Still, She Glows

In the hush where mirrors falter,
she finds herself again—
not in the clean lines of reflection,
but in the shimmer that trembles
just beyond recognition.

Even when the world dims,
when the sky folds in its stars
and silence presses close,
there is a light she does not summon—
a quiet, unarguable glow,
as if her soul remembers
what her mind forgets.

She walks through shadows,
not untouched, but unextinguished.
Her steps are tender lanterns,
her breath a low ember
that hums against the weight of night.

The dark does not end her.
It bends,
and for a moment
it learns softness—
because here she is,
radiant not from sun or witness,
but from the marrow of her becoming.

Butterfly Dreams

They come at dusk,
when the world exhales its golden breath
and the hush between heartbeats
is wide enough to hold a wish.

Soft-winged and silent,
they bloom from the corners of thought—
dreams shaped like butterflies,
inked in lavender, sorrow, and light.

They do not ask permission.
They do not knock.
They arrive with the hush of forgotten lullabies,
fluttering through the folds of the soul
where childhood still lingers.

Some carry laughter from long ago—
the weightless kind
that danced through fields

with grass-stained knees
and hands full of sky.

Others bear wounds,
delicate and glinting,
threading the air
with fragments of things we once dared to feel.

They rest in the hollows behind the eyes,
in the spaces between sighs,
spinning cocoons of becoming
in the marrow of night.

And when morning slips
like silk through the trees,
you wake with wings stitched beneath your ribs,
your breath sweet with nectar,
your thoughts kissed by colour,
and the soft certainty
that something in you has changed.

For butterfly dreams never leave you the same—
they unravel you gently,
and leave behind the shimmering pieces
of who you are still unfolding to be.

Where Light Dwells Unasked

Some mornings, I sit
in the quiet of my own radiance,
watching it weave through the hollows of my chest,
not loud, not demanding,
simply present.

It does not explain itself.
It does not bend to the shape of anyone's gaze.
It does not negotiate its warmth
with the measure of another's approval.

And still, the right souls arrive.
They drift towards this quiet glow
without questions, without envy,
their own light rising to meet it
in a soft, wordless chorus.

Here, beside me,
no one asks me to shine brighter,

no one asks me to dim.

We are constellations,
scattered across the same sky,
each pulse enough,
each shimmer unbound.

I am not smaller for being tender.
I am not incomplete for being quiet.
The light I carry is whole in itself,
and the world that sees it,
is the world I am meant to find.

Let There Be You

Did God ask permission
before He dreamed you into being?
Did He bow His head
to a council of shadows,
waiting for them to agree
that your breath was worthy of release?

No—
He spoke,
and galaxies unfolded,
oceans shivered into song,
light burst its silence into flame.

And in that same breath,
He whispered you.

So why do you wait at the door,
knocking for the world to answer?
Why do you shrink your dream

until it fits inside the small cage
of someone else's approval?

The first word was enough.

"Let there be light,"

was always another way of saying:

"Let there be you."

A Star with No Name

Somewhere at the edge of the sky
a light lingers—
not charted, not spoken of,
a quiet gleam beyond the maps of knowing.

It does not answer to constellation,
nor bow to myth,
nor carry the weight of stories
others are born into.

It waits, patient as a held breath,
a shimmer adrift in the endless dark,
neither lost nor found,
simply becoming what it is.

And perhaps that is its gift—
to glow without needing a name,
to remind us that some brightness

exists outside the bounds of language,
that not every flame must be claimed.

To look upon it
is to feel the hush of belonging
without ownership,
to wonder if you too
might be enough
just as you are—
a star with no name,
and yet, unmistakably,
a star.

Written Once, Written in Light

Sometimes I forget
that I was only ever meant
to happen once—
that the universe opened its quiet hands
and placed me here
without rehearsal,
without revision,
trusting that my shimmer
would be enough.

I imagine creation watching
as I first breathed,
astonished that a single being
could hold so many fault lines,
so many soft flickers of dawn,
so many unsteady sparks
that refused to go out.

And still, it wove me in—
thread by trembling thread—
into the vast fabric of stars,
as if my light
was a story it had been waiting
a thousand lifetimes
to tell.

My echo, a single note of being,
stitched into eternity—
I, embroidered
into the quiet hem of the universe,
a strand of light held in its breath,
glowing because I was meant to glow,
singing because there has never been,
and will never be,
another voice that sounds like mine.

I do not need a do-over,
a second draft,
a practice run through the dark.

I am here.

I am luminous in the ways I can be,
and flawed in the ways I must be,
and this, somehow,
is the most beautiful shape
I have ever taken.

Creation knows this.

It remembers the moment
I first shimmered
against the dark—
the precise and unrepeatable glow
of me.

And when I am quiet enough,
I feel it still:
the whole cosmos leaning closer,
in awe that I am here at all—
that I dared
to shine once
and forever.

I keep them quietly,
small fires folded into my chest,
where no gaze can dim them.

They are enough—
the warmth of what I have lived
without the weight of witness.

In silence,
they glow brighter,
untouched by the hunger of echo.

And when night leans close,
their shimmer rises—slow, celestial—
threading constellations through my breath;
stars learning the hush of my name.

Feather-Born Light

It rises quietly,
a soft glow pressed between my ribs,
lighter than breath,
yet strong enough to hold me.

I feel it in the hollow of my chest,
where past fractures sleep like constellations,
each one tracing the map of survival,
each one humming with quiet grace.

This light is not fire,
it does not scorch or demand.
It drifts like a feather through night air,
settling on the edges of sorrow,
illuminating what is tender,
what has endured,
what is becoming.

I carry it softly,
a glow shaped from the hush of my own courage,
and let it scatter like starlight
across the universe that lives inside me.

The Afterglow

If you have reached these last pages, then some small part of your light has walked beside mine. Perhaps you recognised a tremor of yourself tucked between the lines, or perhaps you simply lingered here because something soft called your name. Either way, I felt you.

Thank you for meeting me in this quiet place where stories breathe like lanterns and the inner world hums with its own secret glow. Thank you for carrying these words in your hands, even for a moment.

Wherever you go from here—into stillness, into storm, into the trembling dawn—may you remember the truth that flickers, constant and patient, at the centre of your being.

I hope it touches you gently now, like a warm pulse beneath your ribs:

“I am here. I exist. I shine as I am.”