

Parables of Imperfection

Proem: Before The Word

1. In the hush before syllables, there was one stillness, whole and unbroken.
2. The deep looked upon itself and needed no mirror.
3. Time had not yet taken a breath; measure slept without a dream.
4. And the mind—seed of hearing—rested like a lamp unlit.
5. No mouth cried out, no ear replied; yet knowing was present as a quiet hill.
6. The heart kept watch without naming, and nothing was divided from itself.
7. Peace was not chosen; it simply was, and nothing strove.
8. In that serenity, the root of all meanings stood, unseen and sufficient.
9. Attention bowed, though there was no altar; reverence rose, though there was no song.
10. The first mercy was silence; the second, sight within silence.
11. From the hidden center flowed a warmth, and the lamp awakened to its oil.
12. The soul learned waiting, and waiting learned to listen.
13. A whisper gathered at the edge of being, gentle as dawn before light.
14. Not command, but invitation: Be still, and you shall behold.

15. Then the lamp took fire, and the fire took form,
and form became speech.
16. But before the Word, the blessing was this: unity
without argument, presence without proof.
17. Remember this beginning, you who labor among
many tongues: the well is deeper than the
buckets.
18. Return often to the quiet hill, and the Word will
be new each time.

Scroll I — The Shattered Logos

1. After the hush, haste arose, and the people
prized swiftness above seeing.
2. Truth, once a field to be gleaned, was fenced
and parceled; each claimed his acre and called it
all.
3. The Word, which had been a river, was broken
into cups; each cup boasted of ocean.
4. So began the war of sayings, where victory
counted more than verity.

5. Woe when naming rules the named: for to label is to bind, and to bind is to blind.
6. They carved new meanings upon old stones, and scolded the stones for not obeying.
7. Justice was weighed upon scales of fashion; mercy was taxed by opinion.
8. And the tongue, made for blessing, learned to sharpen itself upon the void.
9. Contradiction became a fortress with moving gates; none could rest long enough to behold the plan.
10. What was counted holy at dawn was despised at noon; by night it was forgotten.
11. The people ran from banner to banner, and the banners thrived on their running.
12. For motion became a tithe demanded by powers that fear stillness.
13. Memory was harvested like wheat and milled into rumor.
14. Yesterday's witness was today's offense; tomorrow's child learned curated forgetting.