



A white page.

An empty page.

A white page I choose.

A white page I choose to see first.

A white page I choose to meet.

- Hello! How are you White Page? As I write, you are becoming less and less of the original you, aren't you? Is my writing disturbing you?
- No, not at all! Go on! I love the touch of your letters. I love how you choose them one by one. I love how meticulously, how preponderously, how genially you connect with each of them before you decide to put them onto me. I just love it!
- :)
- How you synchronise each letter with the self and how you synchronise each letter with another one so that they symphonise their most luminous WON selves. From your deepest depth. From the core of You Existence, from the Centre You, from the Source You. I appreciate.
- Thank you.
- And I love how letter by letter unfold into words, how word meets another word, how words actualise their transcendent togetherness. How they disclose You Heart's Desire, how they realise You Heart's Longing, how they crystallise You Heart's Truth. I just love. Go on! Write more!





