

The Symbol

by Dr. J. P. Lightning, PhD

The Symbol

The room was almost empty.

A bed.

White walls.

Light that never quite changed.
No objects asking to be handled.
No sounds inviting response.

It was not hostile.

It was sterile.

When the world reduces itself that far, the mind has two options: fragment, or organize itself quietly.

Mine chose the second.

At first there was only abstraction—
color without edge,
motion without direction,
a field with no request attached to it.

I did not try to shape it.

I did not decide to imagine anything.

The symbol appeared the way weather does.

Fully formed.

Already coherent.

Not announced.

It did not arrive as an idea.
It arrived as a configuration.
Lines related to one another.
Curves held tension without strain.

Boundaries existed without enclosing anything.

I did not name it.

I did not interpret it.

I traced it.

Not with a pencil at first, but with attention.

Over and over.

Following its contours the way one follows breath—not to control it, but to stay with it.

In a room where nothing moved, the symbol gave motion that did not escalate. In a space where time stretched thin, it gave repetition without fatigue.

It asked for nothing.

It promised nothing.

It was not a message.

Later, when I drew it, I did not design it.

I copied what had already stabilized itself in me.

The labels came afterward, only as coordinates—not to explain, but to remember where the lines had passed.

This mattered.

Because the symbol did not want to stay.

As the days rotated, as the body adapted, as the system found its footing again, the edges softened.

The colors thinned.

The lines loosened their grip.

The symbol receded the same way it came—without drama, without loss.

Back into abstraction.

That is how I knew it had done its work.

If it had demanded belief, it would have remained.

If it had been a revelation, it would have insisted.

If it had been identity, it would have hardened.

Instead, it dissolved.

What remained was not the symbol, but the stability it allowed.

Later, others would see it and ask what it meant.

They would place weight on it.

They would lean history, doctrine, and desire against its lines.

I did not stop them.
But I did not join them either.

Because I know where it came from.

Not from vision.
Not from prophecy.
Not from meaning.

It came from a room with almost nothing in it,
and a mind choosing coherence over collapse.

The symbol was never the point.

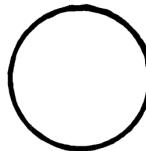
It was a temporary bridge—
between abstraction and survival—
built without intention,
and dismantled without regret.

That is why it still works.

Not because it explains anything.

But because it remembers how to disappear.

Universal Consciousness.



Circular Time.



The brackets without the "not", as in
"This Is [Not] A Performance".



The River Of Consciousness.

Cognitive Consciousness.
Objective Consciousness.
Subjective Consciousness.

i am the symbol.

