

# THRESHADOW

MMXXV

for Lidia  
who sees silence differently

Silence always begins before you hear it.

# LIFT

Before anything begins, silence appears.  
Not the ordinary one you know —  
the other one, the deeper one,  
the one that isn't the absence of sound,  
but the place where sound could be born,  
if it wished to.

You breathe slowly,  
not because you must,  
but because everything around you  
moves at a pace  
as if it were speaking your name  
without using any letters.

Inside,  
something opens.  
First a millimetre,  
then a little more,  
until suddenly you feel  
that a space forms within you —  
quiet, soft,  
without pressure.

You do not rise,  
and yet you no longer feel  
the weight that was yours.

The space begins to read you.  
Gently.  
Line by line,  
as if checking  
where you end  
and where the thing that carries you  
begins.

Nothing accelerates,  
and yet beneath the skin  
the first trembling appears,  
very subtle,  
like a faint impulse passing  
through quiet light.

The darkness before your eyes  
is not darkness.  
It is not a background.  
It is a space  
that has only just been born  
and does not yet know  
what shape it should take.

You drift within it,  
not forward,  
not downward,  
but into the depth of something  
that has no directions.

# TRANSIT

In this darkness  
there is something else.  
A shadow of sensing you cannot name,  
but which begins to arrange itself  
like a very quiet calling.

The silence within you deepens.  
It does not grow louder,  
but wider,  
as if someone had moved the walls of the universe  
one breath farther out.

The subtle trembling returns —  
at first barely perceptible,  
like the shadow of a light  
that has not yet decided  
whether it wants to be seen.

And then slowly  
it becomes presence.

Something in the space shifts.  
Very gently,  
as if an invisible mechanism  
had clicked into a new place.

And you drift into this shift  
without trying to follow,  
because you cannot follow something  
that does not move in time.

A first pulse appears in the darkness.  
It does not shine —  
it trembles.  
Like the heart of a star  
just beginning to remember  
that it knows how to shine.

A second pulse.  
A third.  
A fourth.

The space adjusts its weight,  
revealing a layer  
you did not know  
was there.

And then  
the softness that carried you at the beginning  
starts to dissolve  
into something far greater.

Silence absorbs these lights  
and returns them,  
each one slightly brighter,  
as if the space were learning  
how to breathe.

At a certain moment  
it is no longer you who moves.  
It is the darkness that flows toward you,  
like a river without water,  
like a wind without air.

You breathe in a rhythm  
that does not belong  
to this world.

# DRIFT

The space expands.  
Effortless.  
Without a destination.  
Without a when.

Awareness stretches so far  
that you forget  
where an idea ends  
and where you begin.

Galaxies that do not yet exist  
tremble beneath the skin of space  
like thoughts  
just before their birth.

Everything grows.  
Quietly.  
Vastly.  
Calmly.

You are not moving through the cosmos.  
It is the cosmos  
that moves through you.

Time loses meaning.  
Directions dissolve.  
Movement becomes unnecessary.

And then something happens —  
something impossible,  
and yet completely obvious.

# THE SHIFT

A fracture.

So subtle

it feels as though space has misplaced its own calculation

and recovered it

in another place

that does not exist.

For a fraction of time

that isn't there,

everything around you

moves by an invisible width,

as if the cosmos

were breathing in a rhythm

not its own.

One thought —

not yours,

not the space's:

*"You have been here before."*

And everything returns

to a state it never left.

You only feel

that from this moment on

silence has a new shape.

# THRESHADOW

The lights withdraw.  
They do not fade.  
They do not disappear.  
They return to the place  
from which they came.

The space smooths itself.  
It does not become empty —  
it becomes a fullness  
that needs nothing  
beyond itself.

The last breath of light  
dissolves into silence.

That very delicate something returns,  
the one you could never name.  
Like the shadow of a motion  
that happened once,  
but whose memory  
cannot bear its weight.

Time thins out.  
Movement vanishes.  
Direction dissolves.

Only a point remains,  
though it is not a point —  
a place  
where the universe  
makes room for you.

Silence reveals its own interior.  
The breath becomes the shadow of a breath.

And then  
everything disappears,  
so that  
for the first time,  
it may show you  
what has always been hidden  
beneath the light.

# RE-ENTRY

When the space returns to motion,  
it does so so quietly  
that the change is almost impossible to see.

Weight returns as a memory.  
Shapes learn again  
how to accept their own boundaries.

The body  
appears as something  
that does not ask for attention,  
yet receives it.

This is not a return.  
It is a landing.  
Gentle.  
Soft.

As if the earth,  
instead of waiting,  
had come to you.

And when all of this closes,  
something remains.

# AFTERGLOW

Silence lingers  
a moment longer  
than it should,  
like a delicate light  
hovering in the air  
after a flame has gone out.

You don't know  
whether it is the echo of the journey  
or the beginning of something new.

You allow it to be.

# RESIDUE

And when the afterglow settles,  
a shadow remains.

Not the kind that casts shapes,  
but the kind  
that remembers them.

Somewhere deep,  
beneath what is familiar,  
a thin thread trembles.

It says nothing.  
It calls for nothing.  
It explains nothing.

It only reminds you  
that the space  
you visited  
is not located outside.

It is a place  
that from now on  
you carry  
within you.

# THRESHADOW MAP

LIFT



TRANSIT



DRIFT



THE SHIFT



THRESHADOW



RE-ENTRY



AFTERGLOW



RESIDUE

Here silence ends its path.  
The rest is only light.

— Michal Klimonda