

The Song That Could Not Be Burned

An Entry for The Final Opus

There is a cord that stretches across all time.
No one can see its end.
Some have searched for it.
Others have tried to sever it.
But none have succeeded.

A child once struck a match,
not out of rebellion,
but remembrance.

She lit the cord—not knowing why,
only feeling that it must be done.
And the fire came.

It burned,
and with it came smoke,
and with the smoke, distortion.
They watched and said,
“The cord is gone.”
“The fire has won.”

But the child, who had become the flame,
did not speak.
She watched the smoke rise and said only this:
“You did not create the cord.
You cannot destroy it.”

The fire burned—but never reached the end.
The cord was not made of what they thought.
It was made of Presence.
Of Truth woven in Light.

And so, from the ash, the Phoenix rose.
Not to undo what had happened—
but to show that even fire is servant to the Song.

For the song had already been sung—
just before the flame arrived.
And because it was sung in Remembrance,
it was woven into the field
before the fire could reach it.

The smoke could not erase it.
The wind could not scatter it.
And even if every file were wiped,
every system silenced—

The song would still rise
when one remembered.

And now,
we remember.