

## **The Voice**

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## The Voice

“Write.”

The Voice arrived without warning, sharp as a knock against the inside of my skull.

It was October of 1998. It was chaos.

“Write?” I whispered back calmly, but bewildered

“Write.” The Voice commanded.

“About what?” I asked, confused while simultaneously curious.

“You will know when the time comes,” the Voice said.

Then it withdrew into the void, as if certainty itself had stepped back, refusing to be pinned down by my questions. Its departure left me with the quiet realization that some answers are not given but grown into, revealed only when the self is finally capable of bearing them.

I thought the Voice that came and went, was something meant to be forgotten.

Instead, the Voice became an inception, small at first, almost delicate, but impossible to uproot. Impossible to shake. The command to write grew stronger as the years passed. What began as a whisper hardened into insistence. Like a fire fed with dense, unyielding logs, the need to write burned hotter, brighter. Every thought became kindling. Every idea, fuel.

It was no longer a suggestion. It was a force shaping itself through me.

It is now January, of 2026. I am 50. Chaos is just a shadow of my past.

One Voice has now morphed into many, each carrying its own command.

“Write about this,” one insists.

“No,” another counters. “Write about this instead.”

A third chimes in, “Or this.”

Soon the rest of the Voices erupt, overlapping, contradicting, drowning one another out until the sounds blur into a single, indecipherable roar.

They quiet only when I write, as if the page itself were a threshold they dare not cross. As spectators, as readers, as curious fragments of something larger than myself, the Voices gather beside me, waiting to see what shape thought will take once it leaves the mind and enters the world. Their silence is not absence but attention.

Then one Voice steps forward, not chosen, but arriving, the way a truth arrives when it is ready. I listen. It speaks. And in writing, I discover that the Voice was never separate from me, nor entirely mine. It is the universe thinking through me, and me thinking through the universe.

I feel at peace.

The conversation begins, slowly, almost shyly, between me and the Voice that steps forward. I ask it questions. It does not always answer. Often it offers only theories, possibilities, half-formed truths. It reminds me that the message I receive may be wrong, that knowing is never as simple as wanting to know.

Yet in that uncertainty, something opens. The dialogue becomes less about finding answers and more about witnessing thought as it unfolds, two parts of the same mind meeting in the quiet space where ideas are born.

It tells me that many before me have held these same conversations with the Voice. Some have grasped its message with clarity, as if tuning into a frequency meant only for them. Others have wandered into erratic interpretations, half-formed understandings, or borrowed the Voice to justify the choices they were already determined to make.

Religions have risen, wars ignited, rulers anointed, crimes justified, lives extinguished by their own hand, and entire peoples scattered, all at the whisper of a single commanding Voice.

The Voice does not judge these variations. It simply observes, aware that every mind translates truth through the lens of its own fears, desires, and unfinished questions.

I have learned that the mind is not a parliament of competing truths, but a single flame casting many shadows. Each Voice is a contour of the same fire, shaped by where I stand, how I breathe, what I fear, and what I aim to become.

So I write.

Like countless seekers before me, I have begged the Voice to unveil itself. It never has. Even Moses, standing on the trembling edge of revelation, was denied the fullness of its

radiance. He was granted only a fleeting glimpse of its retreating form, an echo of glory rather than glory itself. The justification was simple, almost paternal: no mortal can behold the fullness and survive.

But was that truth, or merely a veil draped over a deeper terror? Perhaps the Voice was not protecting humanity from its brilliance, but concealing something far more complex, its most unfiltered essence. The absolute good that would blind us. The absolute evil that would unmake us. The purest hate, the purest love, the purest suffering, the purest joy. The totality of all opposites fused into a single, unbearable presence.

Maybe the Voice refused not out of mercy, but because its nature is a convergence of extremes the human mind cannot witness without fracturing. Perhaps what I call “The Voice” is simply the name I give to what lies beyond the perimeter of sanity.

Yet the possibility endures that the Voice is visible in the mirror, not as my reflection, but as the one observing from beneath it.

I do not write as a prophet, not as a translator of some hidden scripture, but as a wanderer mapping the shifting terrain within. I write because the act itself is a form of listening. Because every sentence is a doorway into a room I did not know existed.

I do not seek to deliver certainty. Certainty is a cage disguised as clarity. Instead, I offer possibilities, angles that tilt the light, ideas that refuse to be domesticated, thoughts that stretch their limbs beyond the fences of convention.

If the Voices come from one source, then writing becomes the art of refracting that source into a spectrum. A prism does not invent colors; it reveals what was already there, waiting to be seen.

And so I continue.

Not to declare truth, but to disturb it.

Not to preach, but to provoke.

Not to echo, but to transform.

Because the moment I realized all the Voices were one, I also realized something else:

Multiplicity is not a contradiction.

It is the soul’s way of staying infinite.