

One Infinite Color

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One Infinite Color

When you look at the world in all its unruly diversity, what reveals itself to you?

Do you witness despair braided with hope, happiness shadowed by sadness, smiles rising beside tears, joy intertwined with suffering, each emotion leaning on the next like threads in a single tapestry?

And when you lift your gaze to the vastness of the universe, what comes into focus?

Do you sense chaos dancing with order, insignificance dissolving into magnificence, complexity hiding within simplicity, brilliance flickering against darkness, each truth contradicting and completing the others?

Perhaps the deeper question is not what you see, but how you see, for the world and the cosmos offer every possibility at once. Perceptions become lenses that shape the infinite into meaning. And through these lenses the mind learns to read the hidden fabric of life and becomes a keen decipherer of secrets.

Have you ever paused long enough to ask why you see everything the way you do? Not just what you see, but the architecture behind your seeing. Your view of your own life and the lives of others, your perspective of the world and your judgement of creation. Your conviction of your beliefs and your reasoning for existence.

That assessment comes not through a window, but through a multitude of lenses. Lenses that have been applied and polished by countless hands, your experiences, your culture, your upbringing, your education, your religion, your politics, your ethnicity, your gender, your age.

Each one leaves a thin lens behind, a faint tint, a slight distortion, a sudden clarity. Some widen the aperture and flood space with brightness; others cast a faint shade, inviting the darker tones to gather.

We like to believe we look at the world directly, but in truth we look through ourselves first. We inherit stories before we ever speak our own. We absorb values before we know how to question them. We learn what to fear, what to desire, what to ignore, long before we choose any of it consciously.

And so the world you see is not simply “the world,” it is the world refracted through a lifetime of accumulated lenses. The philosophical task is not to discard these lenses. That

is impossible. It is to recognize them, to understand how they shape your vision, and to ask, with humbleness and courage, whether they still serve the truth you seek.

Your distinctive perception, your way of seeing, is not a generic template shared by the masses. It is a singular constellation. Every experience, every event, every fleeting moment has layered itself into you, forming lenses that no one else on Earth possesses.

And contrary to the comforting myth that we “shed” old lenses as we grow, the truth is more intricate. You do not lose them. They remain, stacked and interwoven, shaping a prism through which your world refracts. Childhood wonder sits beside adult skepticism. Early fears whisper beneath later courage. Cultural inheritance mingles with personal rebellion. All of it stays. All of life’s colors projecting their own light. Their own darkness.

From this living mosaic emerges your particular spectrum of beliefs, values, interpretations, and dreams. A spectrum that could only have been created by the unrepeatable sequence of your life.

In this February of 2026, your perspective is one among 8.3 billion, yet it is not merely one in the crowd. It is one that has never existed before, and will never exist again. And perhaps the astonishing miracle is that the world you see is shaped by you, and you, in turn, are shaped by the world you see.

A reciprocal dance, intimate and infinite.

A question arises: is the awareness you now hold permanent, fixed like a stone in a riverbed, or is it fluid, reshaping itself as new waters pass through your life?

Your lenses, the ones formed by experience, culture, memory, identity, do not vanish. They accumulate. But the weight each lens carries, the order in which they stack, the light they let through...that changes.

Your perspective is not a statue. It is a living organism. Every new experience nudges the prism slightly. A conversation shifts a color. A loss deepens a shadow. A joy brightens an edge. A revelation rearranges the entire spectrum.

And yet, the earlier lenses remain. They do not disappear; they simply become part of a larger, more intricate framework of seeing. So, your view is both permanent and fluid.

Permanent in the sense that nothing you have lived is ever erased. Fluid in the sense that everything you live continues to reshape how the past is interpreted and how the future is imagined.

You are not a fixed point in time. You are a continuous unfolding, a perspective in motion, a light splitter that keeps learning how to bend the light.

A deeper question emerges: Are you willing to accept a new lens, a new way of seeing, or will you resist it when a new experience shakes the foundations of your understanding of the world and your comprehension of the universe?

This is the crossroads every human encounters consistently. Because a new lens is never just an idea. It is a disturbance. It asks you to loosen your grip on what once felt certain. It asks you to let an old interpretation be re-arranged, re-weighted, or even contradicted. It asks you to admit that the world is larger than the story you have been telling yourself.

And that is not easy.

Some lenses feel like home, familiar, comforting, predictable. Others feel like intruders, unsettling, disorienting, even threatening. So, the instinct to resist is natural. It is the psyche's way of protecting its coherence. But growth has its own silent insistence. A new experience does not ask for permission.

It arrives.

It shakes.

It rearranges.

And you are left with a choice, cling to the old band of color, or allow the light to refract differently.

Willingness is not about eagerness. It is about openness. It is the courage to let your understanding be porous rather than sealed. It is the humility to recognize that your current prismatic view, unique as it is, rich as it is, is still incomplete. Imperfect.

To accept a new lens is to accept that you are unfinished. To resist is to pretend you are complete. And no human being is ever complete.

It is important to understand that your prism, like the human eye, is capable of perceiving only a narrow band of the full spectrum of existence. Not because you lack intelligence or imagination, but because every consciousness is bounded by the limits of its personal experience.

Just as the eye cannot see ultraviolet or infrared, the mind cannot naturally perceive the full range of human possibility. It sees only what its lenses allow. And those lenses, remarkable as they may be, remain partial.

The only way to expand the colors of life is to live more of it, to step into unfamiliar moments, to welcome discomfort as a teacher, to let curiosity pull you beyond the edges of your certainty.

But even that is not enough.

To truly widen your spectrum, you must attempt something even more radical, to see life through the lenses of others. To borrow their colors. To let their stories refract your light differently. To allow their joys and wounds to reveal shades you never knew existed.

Because no single prism can ever reveal the whole spectrum of what it means to be human. But prisms shared, prisms exchanged, prisms held up to one another...that is how the invisible becomes visible.

Your vision expands not only by looking outward, but by letting the world look back at you and change you. Forcing others to see life through your lenses while refusing to look through theirs is futile.

It is like demanding someone admire a sunset through your window while you refuse to step toward theirs. You may shout about the colors you see, insist on the beauty you perceive, argue that your angle is the “right” one, but if you will not move, if you will not look, the exchange collapses into noise.

A lens is not a weapon. A perspective is not a command. A worldview cannot be imposed; it can only be offered. And the offering only matters if it is mutual.

Because understanding is not born from dominance, it is born from reciprocity. From the willingness to let your prism be touched, even slightly, by the light refracted through someone else's. From the courage to let another person's truth expand or challenge your subjective.

When you demand to be understood without seeking to understand, you create resistance.

But when you open your spectrum first, when you show that you are willing to be changed, you invite others to do the same. In that shared vulnerability, two prisms overlap, and new colors appear that neither could see separately.

What we can do as humans is share our lenses with the world, not as instruments of persuasion, but as invitations. To offer your prism is to say, this is how life has refracted through me. This is the spectrum my experiences have carved. This is the light I see, limited and luminous in its own way.

And to truly live in community, you must be willing to do the second, harder thing, which is to observe the world through the prisms of others. Not to adopt their lenses wholesale, not to abandon your rainbow of colors, but to let their colors touch yours, to let their angles of light reveal what your prism cannot.

Because your prism, beautiful, intricate, and uniquely yours, is still bounded. It can only refract what your lenses allow.

And their prisms, shaped by lives you have not lived, are equally bounded, equally valid, equally incomplete.

This is the gentle beauty of being human, to accept that no one sees the whole spectrum, and yet everyone sees a spectrum. When we honor this, we stop treating perspective as a battlefield and begin treating it as a shared gallery, each prism offering a different painting of the same light.

And in that shared seeing, the world becomes larger than any one of us could ever perceive alone.

In that shared seeing.

The universe becomes one infinite color.