

Introduction

Welcome

You Are Now Entering the Milliverse

! WARNING !

*This is a ten-chapter poetic journey through temptation, loss of innocence, deception,
and rebirth.*

*You may experience unexpected **epiphanies, clarity, and understanding.***

*Please **proceed with caution.***

*This is a **complete** mythic transformation cycle.*

Are you ready?

Chapter I

Chapter I – Forbidden Fruit

It is just the two of us

We are stripped of any coverings

Naked.

Exposed.

Vulnerable.

Together.

With everything we could **ever want**

Everything we could ever **dream of.**

I should feel satisfied

And it **should be enough...**

Us together.

It's not.

I crave something bigger than both of us

Something deeper

I sink my teeth into it:

knowledge.

But now it's too late

Chapter II

Chapter II—The Serpent's Promise

Everything you could ever want.

Empty promises. I told myself I shouldn't listen.

I told myself I'm strong.

That I resist temptation.

But is it temptation?

I deserve to satisfy my desires.

I deserve to fall victim to my cravings.

My curiosity.

I want to.

So I will.

So I did.

And now I **want something new.**

I want to go back.

Back to a place where everything was peaceful, innocent, and colorful.

My world now is black and white.

But then there's red.

There's a lot of red.

It is **sin**.

Sin **cuts through** the black and white.

It slices into my spirit and corrupts it.

I try to resist it —

my conscience puts up a fight.

I'm strong.

I know the difference between

the **devil on my shoulder**

and the **angel on the other**.

But it isn't true.

I was not strong.

I was weak.

No.

Not weak.

I was naive.

No.

That's self-pity talking.

I was **gullible**.

Gullible

/'gʌləb(ə)l/

easily persuaded to believe something; credulous.

Similar: credulous, **over-trusting**, over-trustful, trustful, **easily deceived/led**, easily taken in, exploitable, **ripe for the picking**, dupable, deceivable, **impressionable**, **unsuspecting**,

unsuspicious, unwary, unguarded, unskeptical, ingenuous, naive, **innocent**, simple,
inexperienced, childlike, ignorant, **foolish**.

Chapter III

Chapter I I I—Knowledge is Key

But now it's too late

I know too much

My wisdom is warped

Fear takes over.

Anxiety unravels me.

A pit forms in my stomach
and I spiral into it.

I'm falling.

I want you to catch me

You try.

But I fall through your outstretched arms.

And I keep falling

Further.

Further.

Away from the light.

Chapter IV

Chapter IV—Good vs. Evil

When we fell

We fell hard.

My ears ringing.

My head thumping.

My body heating from the inside out.

I wanted to **explode**

into a million pieces

and float back into the sky

to put myself together again.

Like a puzzle.

Every piece in its place.

Perfect.

But I am not a puzzle.

And I cannot be put back together.

So I walk.

Then I run.

Farther and farther

from the place I once called home.

Deeper and deeper

into the darkness.

The faster I run

the more I feel chased.

Like a rollercoaster

I cannot escape.

Stuck at the top

looking over the world.

The pit in my stomach returns.

The drop is coming.

I know it will hurt.

But the high is **too much**.

I must come down.

Chapter V

Chapter V— False Prophets

My feet touch the ground.

I'm safe.

But I'm **empty.**

Longing

for an unattainable

euphoria

Unbeknownst to me —

temporary.

An unfulfilled promise.

It's empty.

I chase it

The closer I get

the farther away it feels.

Finally I catch it.

I clutch it in my hands.

But when I look inside them

there is nothing is there.

Chapter VI

Chapter VI—Sinful Separations

Sometimes I **still get flashbacks.**

An awkward balance of regret,
acceptance,
and gratitude.

In my dreams I still see **him.**

His warm embrace.

Safety.

His smile.

His charisma.

His humanity.

The way he carried himself.

Confidence.

His innocence.

His laughter.

His deception.

I **itch** for answers.

For understanding.

But **knowledge** can be a curse.

Sometimes **protection** means **accepting**
that **some evil** exist
beyond your comprehension.

They are mysterious.

Tempting.

Like fire.

But when you get too close
you **burn.**

I learned one truth the hard way:

i am not fireproof.

Chapter VII

Chapter VII – Love is Blind

At first I didn't understand it.

But now I do.

I wasn't chasing perfection.

I was chasing comfort.

Relatability.

Pleasure,

Safety.

Flaws make someone human.

flaw

/flô/

(of imperfection) mar, weaken, or invalidate (something)

But I learned the difference between

flaws

and **corruption**.

Between ignorance
and intention.

Someone's actions can reveal a **lack of knowledge**
or **internal desires**.

Our morals reveal who we are.

And mind do not align
with many people's.

But that taught me something important:

Who I Am.

integrity → the quality of being honest and having strong moral principles.

honesty → speaking frankly.

empathy → the ability to understand and share the feelings of another.

respect → due regard for the feelings, wishes, rights, or traditions of others.

communication → the process of exchanging information, ideas, thoughts and emotions to
create a shared understanding.

tenacity → the quality or fact of continuing to exist

resolute → admirably purposeful, determined, and unwavering

courage → the ability to do something that frightens one

Chapter VIII

Chapter VII—Flash Forward

I've ingested yet again.

ingest

/in'jest/

take (food, drink, or another substance) into the body by swallowing or absorbing it.

The sequence begins:

ingestion
dissociation
deception
clarity

I watch myself from outside my body.

Family.
Friends.
Mentors.

Then their faces change & morph—

The light in their eyes fades and turns to darkness.

The corners of their mouths curl up in a demonic smile.

I see they aren't smiling with me— they are instead smiling from enlightenment at the judgements they make from the words escaping my lips.

They pretend to care
while collecting my pain.

They wrap it up carefully.

Save it for later.

Then one day

they throw it back at me.

And watch it explode.

Chapter IX

Chapter IX—Beauty From Ashes

I put on my **rose colored glasses**.

I realize

I like the color pink.

pink

/piNGk/

adjective

of or associated with gay people

I like being happy.

I create my own reality.

And in my world

I protect my peace.

I remove access to those who **abuse it**.

Water looks gentle.

But it reshapes the earth.

It seems harmless.

until it meets the cold.

Then it freezes.

Glass turns to frost.

Skin to ache.

Breath to knives.

The same softness

that slips through your fingers

can freeze the world still.

I wonder if **Medusa** knew that.

How quiet power can be.

How something fluid

something gentle

can become

the stillest thing in the room.

Stone.

Chapter X

Chapter X—Femme Fatale

This is bigger than me.

What i'm building is **generational**.

Every step.

Every word.

Every silence.

Moves something.

Like a stone dropped in water,
the ripple travels long after the splash.

Yin reaches for yang

Dark pulls light.

Everything seeks balance.

Even the **smallest motion**

can **start an avalanche.**

I was never small.

I am one piece
of something
much larger than me.

The **kiss of death did not kill me.**

I stand armored in faith,
the Sword of the Spirit in my hand,

anchored **hope,**

trusting the promise
of eternal life.