

Dad Dreams and Bad Memories

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Chapter One: The Night the Past Returned

Bad memories behave a lot like bad dreams. You don't invite them, you don't prepare for them, and you certainly don't control their timing. They appear without warning, slipping through some unguarded doorway between past and present, and for a moment—sometimes only a breath, sometimes longer—your whole body reacts as though the old world has returned. Your breath thins. Your chest tightens. Muscles brace against a danger that is no longer here. And before your wiser self can respond, the mind whispers with old confidence: *this is happening again.*

That is the peculiar power of both memory and dream: neither one exists in the present moment, yet both can feel convincing enough to steal your composure. They are not real, but they can echo with the intensity of what once was.

You know this feeling. Everyone does. You can be sitting in a quiet room or driving down a familiar

road when something—a tone of voice, a scent, a sudden pause—pulls you back toward a place you've long since outgrown. Not abruptly, not dramatically, but with that subtle internal shift that sneaks in just before fear wakes up. And you realize, almost with surprise, that your mind is replaying something that belongs to a much earlier version of you. A childhood argument. A slammed door. A moment when someone's silence felt like the whole truth. A night when safety felt thin as paper. Whatever the memory is, what matters is the way it returns: like a dream you thought had dissolved years ago.

Dreams don't ask permission before they pull you under. They bring their own logic, their own temperature, their own insistence. One moment you are drifting toward sleep, and the next you're standing in a world that doesn't exist, reacting to shadows that speak in a language you wish you didn't remember. Bad memories behave the same way. They don't need accuracy or fairness. They don't need the rules of adulthood or the context you've earned since then. They simply need access to familiar emotion, and suddenly, your mind

responds as though what happened long ago is unfolding again.

But here is a truth many of us were never taught: **memories are not the past itself—only the mind’s echo of it.**

The moment that shaped you is over. The people involved cannot step out of that old scene and into your life today. The night has changed. The ground beneath you is different. The person you are now has resources, strength, and inner breadth that your younger self did not yet possess. Yet the memory, like a dream, sometimes pretends it still holds authority.

Once I understood this, something shifted in me. Perhaps you know that kind of shift—the quiet realization that what you feared is not actually in the room with you anymore. Only the echo is. And an echo can startle you, but it cannot overpower you unless you mistake it for the original voice.

We forget this because memories rarely return as pictures; they return as feelings. And feelings have gravity. They pull you toward the place where they

were first formed. A bad memory can grip you with the intensity of a nightmare, and even when you “wake,” some part of your body is still listening for danger.

This is where the confusion begins: the mind recognizes an old emotion, and the body reacts as though the danger is real. Not because you are weak, but because childhood demanded responses that outpaced your ability to understand them. What once overwhelmed you did so because you were small—not because the memory is powerful now.

A single unexpected flash of memory can shake even the strongest person—but not because the past is stronger than your growth. It is because your nervous system remembers the feeling before it remembers the truth.

Here is the gentler truth:

Every bad memory is a dream the body hasn't fully woken from yet.

Not because healing has failed, but because your younger self carried more than their frame could

hold. Survival taught the body to stay alert long after the moment ended. What once protected you merely hasn't learned that the threat is long gone.

And this is why the metaphor matters.

If a nightmare is only a dream—terrifying but powerless—then a bad memory is the lingering story of something that once felt too big for you... but no longer is. You survived it. You outgrew it. You became someone who can stand in the daylight of the present without being pulled back into the dark of what once was.

Healing doesn't begin by erasing the past. It begins by awakening—by learning to tell the difference between the echo and the voice, between the dream and the day, between the child who endured the moment and the adult who can now hold it with perspective and strength.

You do not need to deny what happened. You do not need to diminish its impact. But you also do not need to continue living as though you are the same size you once were.

You are allowed to stand in this moment and say,
with quiet certainty:

That was then. I am here now.

**And who I am now is larger than what once
overwhelmed me.**

This is the beginning.

This is where waking truly starts.

Waking up from a bad dream is always the same: a brief confusion, a slow reorientation to the room around you, a dawning awareness that the terror was only a story your mind created in the dark. Your heart still beats too fast. Your breath still feels shallow. Your muscles stay tensed in shapes they no longer need. But in time, your body learns the truth—*you are safe now*. The dream cannot follow you into the light.

What many people never discover is that waking from a **bad memory** feels strikingly similar. The difference is that memories disguise themselves as facts. They arrive with dates, images, and familiar voices that once belonged to real life. Because of that, you trust them more than you should. You

forget that memory is not the moment—it is the mind’s interpretation of it, shaped by the smallness, confusion, and limited understanding you had at the time.

A dream may begin with truth, but it expands into something larger than life.

A memory does the same. Not out of malice—but because the child you once were was simply not big enough to hold its meaning.

As years pass, the memory absorbs more than what actually happened.

It absorbs the assumptions you made as a child trying to survive.

It absorbs the beliefs no one helped you correct.

It absorbs the weight of silence, the patterns of fear, and the instinct to blame yourself just to make sense of the world around you.

And even when you have grown into a wiser, more grounded adult, the memory can still reappear. It tends to surface when the noise of life settles—when the room goes quiet, when the evening slows, when the mind finally has space to speak.

Sometimes it returns wrapped in loneliness.

Sometimes it comes cloaked in a familiar tone or circumstance. Other times it simply rises uninvited because some deeper part of you knows you're now strong enough to revisit it.

However it returns, it behaves like a dream: it reshapes your emotional landscape in an instant. It makes the familiar feel threatening. It makes a safe moment feel uncertain. It brings a sensation that belongs to your past and blends it into your present.

This is often the moment people feel ashamed or confused. They assume the memory's return means they haven't healed enough. They believe their reaction proves the past still controls them. But that is not the truth.

The truth is far more compassionate, and far more empowering:

the memory returns because you have grown enough to finally understand it.

The child you once were did not have the language, perspective, or emotional steadiness to interpret

what happened. They endured it because that was all they could do. But the adult you are now has tools that younger you did not. You can think with clarity. You can examine without collapsing. You can feel deeply without being overtaken. You can question the meaning rather than inherit it.

This is not weakness.

This is growth revealing itself.

A returning memory is not a regression—it is an *invitation*. A signal that your inner world has expanded enough to hold what once exceeded your size.

But because the body doesn't tell time the way the mind does, it can still respond as if the danger is present. A raised voice may feel sharper than it should. A moment of disapproval may echo louder than intended. Silence may feel heavier than reality. These reactions are not proof that the past rules you. They are the remnants of patterns formed when you were small and still learning what life meant.

You are not broken for feeling this way.

You are human.

You are responding to an imprint, not an ongoing event.

So when a memory resurfaces, the question is not:
“Why is this happening again?”

The real question is:

“What is this memory asking me to understand now that I am larger inside than I once was?”

Perhaps it is showing you a pattern you’ve unconsciously repeated.

Perhaps it is offering you the chance to release an old belief that no longer fits.

Perhaps it is reminding you that your story has moved on—even if the emotional residue has not.

Or perhaps it is simply rising because you finally have the inner space to carry it without being overtaken.

Whatever the reason, the memory is not your enemy. It is not a sign of failure. It is not evidence

that you will forever relive the same emotional landscape.

A memory returns because your adult self is capable of holding what your child self could not.

And the first step in waking from the memory—just as with a dream—is to remind yourself gently but firmly what is real now.

Not what felt real then.

Not what your younger self concluded.

Not what survival taught you to assume.

What matters is what is true *today*:

The moment is over. You have grown. The story has shifted. You are no longer the child who stood inside that memory.

And when you breathe into that truth, something extraordinary happens:

the memory begins to shrink to a size that fits your life, instead of forcing your life to fit it.

This is the beginning of freedom.

The beginning of reinterpretation.

The beginning of becoming someone strong enough to walk forward with clarity rather than fear.

This is waking.

This is growth.

This is the quiet reclaiming of your life.

There comes a point—sometimes gradually, sometimes all at once—when you begin to notice the quiet ways growth has been shaping you. Not through dramatic breakthroughs or sudden revelations, but through subtle expansions happening beneath the surface of your life. You may be going about your day when a familiar memory rises, and for the first time, something feels different. The fear doesn't swell as quickly. The old ache doesn't take over your breathing. The memory no longer pulls you inward with the same force. You recognize it, but you don't disappear into it.

That moment is a turning. Not because the memory has changed, but because *you* have.

You are no longer the child who stood inside that moment without the language or understanding to hold it. You are the adult who has lived enough, grown enough, softened enough, strengthened enough to stand outside the memory and observe it with steadiness.

You are not back in the house where arguments echoed unpredictably.

You are not in the room where silence once pressed against your chest.

You are not inside the version of yourself who believed every emotional shift was their fault.

You are here, in the present, grounded in a life that looks nothing like the world that originally shaped the fear.

This distance—the space between who you were *then* and who you are *now*—is one of the clearest signs of inner expansion. Yet few people recognize it when it happens. Many still describe themselves as though the past has uninterrupted access to the present. They use names they were never meant to keep. They carry burdens that belonged to smaller

versions of themselves who didn't yet know another way.

You may have done this too. Most people do. It's one of the subtle tricks memory plays: it convinces you that emotional familiarity must mean emotional truth. A memory doesn't need accuracy to influence your reactions; it only needs resemblance. A tone of disappointment that sounds like one from childhood. A pause that feels like abandonment used to feel. A closed door that evokes the same uncertainty. The mind connects these present moments to older emotional patterns, interpreting them through a vocabulary you developed long before you understood meaning.

This is how the past can feel alive even when it isn't. Not because it has power— but because the associations formed in childhood were made before you had the perspective to question them.

The danger is not that these associations return. The danger is that you mistake the echo for the voice, the memory for the moment, the old belief

for the current truth. You assume that the emotional shift inside you must signal something real outside you. You assume that the discomfort is a prediction rather than a remnant.

But healing introduces a different possibility— one most people never consider:

some memories return not to haunt us, but to show us how much we've grown.

A memory that once flattened you may now simply flicker.

A moment that once consumed you may now pass through you without taking root.

A feeling that once dictated your behavior may now simply be noticed, acknowledged, and released.

There is unexpected grace in this.

A painful memory resurfaces, and instead of collapsing inward, you approach it with curiosity. You feel the familiar tug, but it doesn't pull you off balance. You notice the sensation, but you don't lose control. You witness the echo, but you stay fully present in your life.

This steadiness is not accidental.

It is the result of years—perhaps decades—of
internal stretching.

All the times you chose honesty over avoidance.

All the moments you faced your history without
letting it swallow you.

All the boundaries you set even when your voice
trembled.

All the beliefs you reexamined instead of inheriting
blindly.

All the quiet bravery you carried into days when no
one knew what you were navigating.

Growth rarely arrives with fanfare.

It arrives with changes so subtle they're easy to
overlook—until a memory returns and can no
longer find the same place to land inside you.

Somewhere along the way, you stopped pleading
with your memories to leave you alone.

You stopped wrestling them to the ground as
though your survival depended on winning.

You stopped treating them as threats and began
treating them as information.

And slowly, with this new approach, something profound occurred:
you began to see the child in the memory with compassion rather than shame.

You saw the confusion they carried.
You saw the love they were trying to earn.
You saw the misunderstandings they built their identity around.
You saw how small they were in comparison to the moments that shaped them.

And for the first time, you understood that none of it was their fault.

This shift doesn't diminish what happened.
It doesn't erase its impact.
It doesn't pretend it was easy.

But it does reveal something essential:
the story stayed large because *you* were still small when it was written. Now that you have grown, the story can finally shrink.

This is the beginning of liberation—not from the memory itself, but from the meaning that memory once demanded you carry.

Once you see the memory through adult eyes, something irreversible happens: you outgrow the version of yourself who believed the story was all there was.

Past and present no longer blur. Emotion and reality no longer fuse. Fear and truth no longer masquerade as the same thing.

The memory becomes something you can hold instead of something that holds you.

And this, more than anything, is the quiet revolution of healing: your inner world expands to a size where the past cannot stretch to fill it.

You are no longer shaped by what overwhelmed you. You are shaped by the growth that followed.

You are not the story you survived.
You are the one who outgrew it.

There is a threshold in healing that few people recognize until they've already crossed it—a quiet moment when you begin to sense which parts of your story belong to memory and which parts belong to you now. It doesn't arrive with a dramatic breakthrough. It arrives the way dawn slips into a room without asking permission, shifting the light before you realize it's changed. You notice that certain fears have lost their sharpness. Certain beliefs no longer feel convincing. Certain reactions that once felt automatic now pause long enough for you to consider a different response.

And you wonder, often with quiet surprise:
When did the old story stop being the whole story?
When did I stop living inside that world?

This is what it feels like when the past begins to loosen its hold—not because the memory has softened, but because *you have grown beyond its scale*. You are no longer the version of yourself who inherited every interpretation without question. You are no longer the child who believed survival

required shrinking. You have gained a broader view, a steadier center, a larger internal world.

Most people don't realize how long they've lived as though danger is stitched into the edges of their life. It becomes instinctive, a posture carried for so many years that it feels like personality. You can go decades without noticing the ways your old internal world has shaped how you move through your new one. You stay alert in situations that require calm. You hesitate where you should trust. You retreat in moments that would welcome you. You prepare for disappointment in rooms where no one is trying to hurt you. You respond to today's dynamics with yesterday's fear because the emotional patterns were formed when you were small and doing the best you could.

This is what unexamined memories do:
they train the body to expect the past wherever it goes.

And this is what bad dreams do:
they distort your sense of what is real until you open your eyes and reconnect with the present.

A nightmare can leave your heart racing long after you wake. A memory can stir tension long after the moment has passed. But neither has the authority to define your life unless you let it.

When you begin to see this distinction clearly, something deep within you starts to shift. You start noticing how often your body responds to echoes, not events. You notice how rarely the present actually resembles the past you're bracing for. You find yourself breathing for a moment before reacting, grounding yourself in the truth of your current life rather than the instinctive reactions tied to a childhood that simply exceeded your ability to understand it.

This is the early architecture of awakening—not a sudden transformation, but a subtle rearrangement inside your chest. Your body stops assuming that every silence hides danger. Your mind stops assuming that every disappointment is a pattern. You stop reading abandonment into ordinary moments. You stop projecting past fear onto present relationships. You begin to trust what

is actually happening instead of what used to happen.

In time, you realize that the memory isn't returning to hurt you—it is returning to be reinterpreted. It wants to be seen with the adult understanding you now possess. It wants to be placed in context. It wants to be seen by someone who has the emotional and spiritual size to hold it without using it as identity.

Children take everything personally because they cannot yet understand what doesn't belong to them. They don't know that adults carry their own unresolved fears. They don't grasp how stress distorts behavior. They don't understand the complexity behind someone's sharp words or withdrawn silence. So they create meaning with whatever pieces they have. If something goes wrong, the child assumes it must be their doing. If love feels unsteady, the child assumes they must not deserve it. If a room feels unpredictable, the child assumes they must adapt their entire personality to keep it from falling apart.

Those early interpretations become the roots of identity—not because they were correct, but because they were made when you were too young to hold more accurate truths.

And as you grow, those beliefs become the lens through which you interpret later moments. Not because the present resembles the past, but because the past has shaped the vocabulary through which you interpret the present.

But healing whispers a different truth:
the child inside you never had the full story.
They only had their vantage point—small, sincere, incomplete.

When adulthood brings you the capacity the child didn't have, the meaning can finally evolve. What once felt like your fault now reveals itself as someone else's struggle. What once felt like rejection now looks more like limitation. What once felt like chaos now appears as the emotional reality of imperfect humans doing the best they could with tools they hadn't developed.

This does not excuse hurt, but it does reduce its scale.

It right-sizes the story.

It reveals that the moment overwhelmed you not because you were weak, but because you were young.

And once you understand this, a remarkable thing happens:

the memory is no longer the authority in the room—you are.

The story is no longer larger than you—you have outgrown it.

The old belief no longer fits—you are expanding far beyond it.

The emotional grip that once controlled you loses its influence because you now see the truth from a vantage point the child inside you never had.

This is not erasure.

This is reinterpretation.

This is emotional maturity emerging from within your lived experience.

And with this clarity, a new possibility unfolds:
maybe you are not meant to escape your memories.
Maybe you are meant to understand them from the
vantage point of a self who is finally large enough
to carry them without being overtaken.

Because you cannot grow and cling to the same
interpretations at the same time. You cannot step
into a new chapter while insisting the old one still
defines you. And you cannot walk into your future
carrying the emotional logic of a childhood you
have long outgrown.

This is the slow, steady revolution happening
inside you.

Your inner life is expanding, making room for truth
that was once too big for you to hold.

You are becoming someone your younger self could
never have imagined—
someone capable of carrying the memory without
letting it shape your identity.

This is the unfolding of freedom.
Quiet, powerful, unmistakable.

There is a stage in the healing journey that feels uncertain, tender, and strangely in-between—a space where the past has loosened its grip but has not yet fully faded into memory. You find yourself living between worlds: one you carried for years without questioning, and one you are only beginning to trust. You're no longer overwhelmed by the old emotions, yet you aren't entirely free of their echoes. You are awake, yes—but still adjusting to the contours of this new inner landscape.

It's easy to misunderstand this season. Many people assume that if the past still stirs something inside them, it must mean they haven't healed enough. They believe that if the memory still tightens the breath or flickers with emotion, they must be doing something wrong. But this couldn't be further from the truth.

The in-between is not a sign of failure—
it is a sign of growth.

The memory is no longer burying you; it is passing through you. The story is no longer dictating your

identity; it is releasing its claim.

You are learning to experience the memory without becoming it.

This transition feels unfamiliar because you are inhabiting a larger internal world than the one you grew up with. The child you once were reacted instinctively; the adult you are now responds consciously. The child interpreted survival as identity; the adult understands that survival was simply the beginning of the story, not the end.

In this in-between space, the mind begins renegotiating meaning.

You start questioning the beliefs you once accepted as absolute.

You reconsider the assumptions that shaped your emotional world.

You realize that the story you inherited from childhood was a first draft, written by someone who didn't yet know how to read between the lines.

You begin to wonder:

What if the moment meant something different than I thought?

*What if I was responding with a child's
understanding to an adult's complexity?
What if the belief I carried all these years never
actually belonged to me?*

The moment these questions arise, your inner life begins expanding. You start recognizing that the emotional reactions you've lived with for years were not flaws—they were translations. They were your younger self's best attempt at making sense of a world that felt overwhelming. They were instinctive conclusions drawn from incomplete information.

And as your adult self steps in with more perspective, the old interpretations begin to unravel—not dramatically, but naturally, like threads loosening from a fabric that has been stretched too tight for too long.

What once felt like truth now feels like possibility.
What once felt like fate now feels like pattern.
What once felt permanent now feels open to
revision.

This opening is not accidental. It is the direct result of your inner growth—your expanding ability to hold emotional complexity, to see shades of meaning, to understand context, to step outside of the old narrative rather than merely reenact it.

This is what inner expansion looks like: not an erasure of emotion, but a transformation in how you relate to it.

And this transformation makes room for something profound— **agency**.

You start noticing choices you didn't realize you had.

You respond differently to familiar triggers.

You stand still in moments where you once disappeared.

You speak where silence used to swallow your voice.

You let people show you who they are without assuming their behavior reflects your worth.

You do not feel fully healed.

You feel newly capable. There is a difference—and it matters.

For the first time, you see that the memory itself hasn't changed, but your *relationship* to it has. It no longer feels like a threat. It feels like information—a piece of your history, not a definition of your identity. And this shift softens everything. The emotional spikes become less sharp. The stories lose their authority. The past stops behaving like destiny and begins behaving like what it truly is: **a place you lived, not a place you reside.**

This is where inner expansion becomes visible. You begin to see that the memory is not returning because you are fragile— it is returning because you are finally strong enough to encounter it without losing yourself.

You have grown larger inside.

Larger than the fear.

Larger than the misunderstanding.

Larger than the version of you who once carried the moment as if it were the whole truth.

This separation from the old interpretation marks the beginning of a quiet liberation. Your identity

shifts toward the person you are becoming rather than the person you were shaped to be. The memory moves into the background, not because it vanished, but because your life has outgrown the space where it once lived.

And yet, this is where many people underestimate themselves. They feel the old emotion rise and assume they're slipping backward. They feel the familiar ache and think they're stuck. But the truth is far gentler:

When the memory returns with less force, it is proof you are nearing freedom—not losing ground.

The past is losing its authority because the present is claiming more space within you. Your inner landscape is changing shape, developing strength and breadth the memory cannot match.

You are still in the in-between—but this is not a place of confusion.

It is a place of transformation.

It is where the old meanings dissolve and the new ones emerge.

It is where you stop bracing for what once hurt you
and start leaning into who you are now.

You are no longer the child who interpreted the
moment.

You are the adult who can finally understand it.
And understanding—not forgetting—is what frees
you.

This is the essence of becoming bigger inside.
This is the beginning of wisdom.
This is where your life begins to open toward
everything that comes next.

There comes a day—quiet, unannounced, almost
ordinary—when you realize you are no longer
bracing for the past. You move through your
morning with a sense of ease you didn't notice
forming. You feel your feet on the floor, your
breath settling naturally, your mind moving
without the familiar undercurrent of vigilance.
Nothing dramatic has changed in the world around
you, but something unmistakable has shifted
within you.

For the first time in a long time, your body is not preparing for echoes.

Your mind is not scanning for patterns.

Your heart is not anticipating a repeat of a story that ended years ago.

You aren't waiting for anything to collapse.

You're simply living—present, aware, unburdened in a quiet way you almost don't trust at first.

And then it strikes you: *this is what it feels like when the past loses its scale.*

It's not that the memory disappears.

It's that you no longer shrink to meet it.

This ease—soft, unfamiliar, but steady—is the quiet revelation that healing often hides within. It does not arrive like a blazing victory. It arrives like breath, like spaciousness, like the absence of something that used to weigh on every moment.

You begin to understand that the past released its hold not because the story changed, but because **you have grown beyond the reach of the moment that once defined you.**

You no longer interpret the present through the lens of a younger self who didn't yet understand context or complexity. You no longer experience silence as danger. You no longer assume distance means rejection. You no longer anticipate collapse where there is only uncertainty. You no longer confuse emotional echoes with present realities.

This is what waking truly means:

you stop living as the version of yourself the past required you to be.

You begin living as who you've become.

And as this shift settles deeper, you start noticing how different the world looks when you meet it with clarity instead of fear. You see possibilities where you once saw threats. You see nuance where you once saw patterns. You see your own reactions—not as absolute truth—but as stories your nervous system learned before you had the consciousness to edit them.

Now, you have the ability to choose what stays.

You have the strength to revise old conclusions.

You have the groundedness to trust your present.

You have the inner breadth to carry emotions
without becoming them.

This is not denial.

It is expansion.

It is the truth that reveals itself only when you have
grown enough to see it.

And then, almost without trying, you begin
noticing something else:

you outgrew a world you were never meant to
remain in.

You no longer fit the confines of the environment
that shaped your earliest fears.

You no longer belong to the beliefs that made sense
only to a child trying to survive.

You no longer carry the meanings that were born
from misunderstanding rather than truth.

This isn't self-improvement.

This is evolution.

You can look back now—at the room, at the
moment, at the memory—and instead of collapsing
into it, you observe it with an empowered, steady

gaze. You no longer see it as an inescapable part of yourself. You see it as a place you walked through, not a place you still live.

The memory still exists, yes—but only as history.
It no longer speaks with authority.
It no longer dictates your reactions.
It no longer shapes your identity.
It no longer fits the size of the person you have become.

This is the threshold between survival and freedom. The moment when your heart finally believes what your mind has been whispering for years:

It's over.

You have grown.

You are safe.

And once that belief settles into your bones, something extraordinary emerges.

Not a burst of joy, but a quiet strength.

Not a triumphant moment, but a grounded assurance.

Not a dismissal of the past, but a right-sizing of it.

You stop chasing validation from those who could never give it.

You stop apologizing for needs that were never unreasonable.

You stop performing for acceptance you no longer require.

You stop orienting your entire emotional world around what once frightened you.

Instead, you begin building a life rooted in truth—
who you are now,
what you value now,
what you understand now,
what you are finally able to hold now.

And as this truth deepens, the central metaphor of this book becomes more than an idea—it becomes a lived reality:

**Bad memories and bad dreams share the same limitation:
they cannot control you once you outgrow the size they held in your childhood.**

They can appear.

They can whisper.

They can echo.

But they cannot define your steps unless you shrink to meet them.

And you are no longer someone who shrinks.

You are someone who rises.

You have learned to see the memory without becoming it.

You have learned to feel the emotion without drowning in it.

You have learned to acknowledge the story without living inside it.

This is the awakening the child you once were could not imagine.

This is the awakening the adult you are now has earned.

This is the awakening that prepares you for the chapters ahead.

As Chapter One draws to its close, you stand taller—not in posture, but in presence. You feel the ground beneath you differently now. You breathe differently. You move differently. You inhabit yourself differently.

Because the truth is no longer a concept.

It is something you can feel:

What once overwhelmed you no longer does.

What once defined you no longer fits.

What once held you now rests in your hands—

small, understandable, no longer in control.

You are living proof of your own expansion.

You are the one who has grown.

You are the one who woke up.