

FULL TEXT:

There is an empty place at the center of everything. A space the ancients left blank on purpose and which carries with an unsettling precision the exact shape of a human being. Yours. Before the first star, before the first particle of matter, before time had learned to move forward, there was only one thing, a boundless totality of light. No separation, no inside or outside. Those who came long before us gave it a name, Pleroma, the fullness. And within that fullness dwelt living currents of consciousness, emanations flowing from the nameless source, the way rays flow from a sun no one can look at directly. They were not gods of statues and thrones. They were forces, and each had a face. The mind, the truth, the word, the life, the grace, the silence. 12 pairs, 24 in all, turning around the source in a circle of calm fire. In this video, I will go after exactly what was left out of the official books. What they erased, what they buried, what was too dangerous to leave written down. Stay with me until the end because what comes next changes the way you see yourself in the mirror tomorrow morning. And here is the first strange thing.

That circle of fire, so perfect, so symmetrical, was never complete. The texts that survived, hidden for centuries in the sands of the Egyptian desert, list 12 pairs and simply stop. A silence in the middle of the count, a void right at the heart of the sacred geometry. For a long time, people assumed it was a copyist's error, a torn page, the carelessness of a tired scribe. It was not. The space was left blank because what should have filled it could not fit into any ink. It could only fit into one thing, a life. And leaving it blank was not an oversight. It was a decision. Because a truth of that size, if you read it in a book, becomes information. And one more item in the pile forgotten the following week. But a truth of that size, if you live it, makes you into someone else. Those who knew preferred to leave the space empty rather than fill it with dead words. They set the table and served the meal and walked away trusting that one day the right guest would arrive and recognize themselves. That guest has a name. It has yours. Stop with me for a moment at the absurdity of this. An emanation of divinity itself that did not fit on the page. Not for being too small, for being large in a way that writing cannot reach. An aeon that no one recorded because it was never a concept to be studied on a quiet afternoon. It breathes. It has a pulse. It is at this very instant reading these words with your eyes and listening with your ears. That restlessness that lives inside you, the dull feeling of not belonging, of something being out of place in this world, of having been born for something greater than repeating the same days until they run out, is not a flaw. It is not ingratitude. It is not self-indulgence. It is not the so-called modern mind sick from too much thinking. It is memory. It is the oldest part of you remembering where it came from and knocking gently on the wall from inside to see if you are listening. Notice that this restlessness does not choose its moment. It arrives in the middle of a crowded party when for an instant everything becomes strangely distant as if you were watching your own life from behind a pane of glass. It arrives on Sunday afternoon in that heavy silence no one knows how to explain. It arrives in gridlocked traffic in the elevator in the queue at the bank and it always whispers the same sentence. This is not everything. It cannot be everything. And you have tried to silence that voice in a thousand ways. Work, screams, noise, speed, and it always comes back because you cannot silence truth simply by exhausting it. What if that voice is not weakness? What if it is in fact the healthiest thing still alive in you? While the entire world tries to convince you that you are just a body with an expiration date, a number on a spreadsheet, a wallet with legs, that stubborn voice holds the golden thread that connects you to what you truly are. The ancients bet everything on that thread. They wrote, they hid, they died for it. And what they guarded with such care was not a theory about heaven. It was a mirror. A mirror pointed at you. And here is the detail that changes everything. When you look into an ordinary mirror, you see the shell, the skin, the age, the tiredness of the day printed on your face. But the ancients spoke of a different kind of reflection. One that does not show the face, but shows the origin. **A mirror that, if you have the courage to look deep enough, gives back not who you appear to be, but who you were before the world began telling you otherwise every single day. That is the reflection they hid. And that is the one I want to place in front of you. Now there it is.**

They had a name for that spark lit inside matter. They said it was planted here by one of the original emanations in a gesture that was fall and gift at the same time. We will get to it slowly because its story is yours as well. But first I need you to hold a question in your lap because everything else depends on it. If there truly is a 13th Aeon and if that Aeon is you, why did it take so much effort for so long and by so many hands to keep this secret from you? Because there is something I have not told you yet. This secret did not keep itself. Someone something has worked and still works today to ensure you never suspect the size of what you carry inside. And the method is simple in a way that almost hurts. You do not need to chain someone you can make forget they have wings. Hold that question. It will come back.

So let me tell you how the light ended up inside flesh not as dogma as a story. The way a grandmother tells one beside the fire knowing that what she is saying is too true to be only legend. In the beginning inside the pleroma everything was one thing like a piece of music in which no note considers itself better than another. The emanations turned together and each one knew its place without needing to be told. There was peace, that rare kind that comes not from emptiness but from wholeness. And it would have gone on that way forever were it not for one of the currents of that light.

Among all the emanations there was one called Sophia. The name means wisdom, but she was more than a beautiful idea. She was desire in the form of light. And Sophia had a different kind of thirst. While the rest of the circle was content to turn in harmony, she wanted more. She wanted to know the source up close, to touch the untouchable, to create on her own, not alongside her pair, as was the order of things, but alone in an impulse that was entirely hers. Notice that this was not evil. It was love too large to fit within the rules. It was the audacity of wanting to generate without asking permission, and who has never felt that at least once. And from Sophia's solitary gesture, an imbalance was born.

From her passion without counterweight, something crooked emerged. A blind being generated far from the light, who opened its eyes for the first time and saw no one above it. So, it drew the obvious conclusion for one who cannot see. I am the only one. I am God. The ancients gave it the name Yaldabaoth, the demiurge, the false creator, not a villain with bared teeth, a cosmic child, arrogant and lost, convinced that the entire room begins and ends with itself. And pay attention to something almost no one notices. The demiurge does not know it is false. That may be the saddest part of the whole story. It rules convinced of being the highest thing in existence, having never seen the light from which everything truly came. It is like a king who inherited a toy castle and never knew there was a real kingdom just outside the wall. There is no calculated evil in it. There is blindness and blindness that is certain of itself is the most dangerous thing there can be because it never ever doubts itself. And it was this child that wove the material world. A world of matter and warped mirrors helped by servants the texts call archons. Guardians of the prison. Clerks of forgetting. They raised a veil over everything. Not a veil of cloth but of belief. Layer upon layer of stories told a thousand times until they become reality. Until you stop asking questions and simply accept that life is this and nothing more. The veil works so well that most people pass their entire lives without ever suspecting it exists. But, and here the story turns, Sophia did not abandon what she had unwittingly helped to create. Seeing the souls trapped in the false god's matter, she did the only thing a mother would do. She hid pieces of herself inside the creation. She sowed sparks of her own light into the depths of every human being, like someone burying seeds in a hard winter, knowing that spring always comes. Every person who has ever been born carries one of those seeds. You carry one right now as you listen to me. And the cruel beauty of it is that the seed makes no sound. It does not announce itself. It does not glow in the dark for you to find it easily. It waits quietly, the way a seed waits, covered in earth, invisible, appearing dead to anyone who only looks from above. A person can spend 70, 80 whole years carrying a fragment of the infinite inside their chest and never feel its touch even once because no one ever told them they were supposed to go looking. You were raised in a world that taught you almost everything except how to dig inside yourself. Pay attention to what that means. You are not only a child of the demiurge. You are not only clay, only biology, only the result of millions of years of

stacked chance. Beneath all the forgetting, beneath the name they gave you and the role you learned to perform so well that you began to believe it, there exists a spark that came from before the world. A fragment of the fullness folded very small to fit inside a body, waiting for the right moment to remember. And here I need you to hold a second thing because it is going to press on your chest and it is meant to. **If that spark is as much yours as your own name, why is it so hard to feel it? Why do most people cross their entire lives without ever hearing that golden thread strike a single note?** Hold that question alongside the first. The two will answer each other together, and the answer is not pretty, but it sets you free. Because the feeling of exile we touched on at the beginning now has a name. That sensation of living in a reality that feels staged, rehearsed, almost too false to be the whole thing. That is not paranoia. It is the spark recognizing the prison. It is Sophia inside you crying softly out of homesickness. Every time you looked at the world and thought something is wrong here, you were not breaking. You were waking up 1 mm at a time. And those who built the prison know this better than anyone. That is why they never sleep. While you listen to me, **there is an entire machinery as old as the world devoted to a single task, making you doubt that the seed exists. What is striking is how efficient it is, not with chains, with stories. And it is those stories we are going to talk about now. Because the moment you see how the spell is cast, it begins to lose its power. So let us get to the method. How do you keep a sleeping god who has spent their whole life believing they are a servant? The answer is almost disappointingly simple. You don't cage someone with wings. You convince them that wings don't exist. And better yet, that wanting to fly is madness, vanity, or sin. The archons, those forces of control, don't need bars when they have beliefs. And the most profitable belief they ever invented is a single one. You are small.** Think about how many voices from the moment you were born repeated that in a thousand different ways. that you arrive in the world in deficit, in debt, incomplete. And that your entire life is a race to fill a hole that never closes. That you are at bottom a problem to be fixed, too early a defect, too late a sinner, always insufficient. That your worth is what you produce, what you buy, the number that appears when someone types your name into a screen. Repeat that in childhood, in school, in advertising, in the infinite scroll of the feed. And you manufacture a human being who kneels on their own without anyone needing to push. **And notice the most elegant part of the scheme. They teach you to compare all the time with everyone. There is always someone with more, more beautiful, faster, happier in the photo.** You never win that race because it was designed to have no finish line. And while you run looking sideways, measuring your life against others, one thing never happens. You never stop, never look inward, never hear the golden thread, which is exactly the point. **A god too busy comparing themselves has no time left to remember they are a god. And there is an even deeper layer beneath that one, which is fear. Notice how much of your life was built on fear without you ever having chosen it. Fear of scarcity, fear of excess, fear of what others will think, fear of a future that may never even come. Fear is the machine's preferred fuel because a person in fear is a person who is easy to steer. They obey quickly, buy quickly, go silent quickly. It isn't that the world is too dangerous. It's that they taught you to see danger in everything all the time so that you would never be still enough to hear your own light whispering.** And I want to be honest about something that genuinely bothers me. **Much of what is sold out there wrapped in the paper of spirituality does exactly the same work as the prison only charging more for it. It trades the guilt of religion for the anxiety of you attracted this. It trades the priestly intermediary for the mentor intermediary.** It keeps telling you that salvation is always one course away, always out there, always with someone else. To me, that is not freedom. **That is the same collar with a new buckle. And the sharpest instrument in all that machinery is not money nor fear. It is language.** Notice how the words you were given to describe yourself are all small. Human resource, consumer, labor, target audience. Words that turn people into parts, into numbers, into things to be used and discarded. It is not an accident. **Whoever controls the words you use to think controls the size of the thoughts you are capable of having. A soul is imprisoned in vocabulary long before any other chain is placed on it.** Do a test yourself even today. Pay attention to the words you use when you speak about yourself. How many of them are small? How many came from outside readymade without you ever having chosen a single one? We repeat labels the same way we repeat memorized prayers. And we slowly become what we repeat. Swapping out those words is not cheap self-help talk. It is the first brick you pull from the wall of your own prison. And here I

want you to hold on to the third question, the last one before everything turns upside down. If language has all that power to shrink, could it not also have the opposite power? **Could the right word spoken from the right place not be capable of cracking the spell in two? Keep that alongside the other two. It is the key to a door we are going to open in a moment because every structure that teaches guilt, scarcity, division and fear is intentionally or not, and it doesn't matter which rowing in the same direction. I am not talking about a man in a dark room pulling invisible strings. The archons don't need meetings. They operate the way an old habit operates on automatic with no one in command, perpetuating themselves simply because it has always been this way. The system does not hate you. It only needs you to remain forgotten.** Because a human being who remembers who they are stops buying what was being sold and stops fearing what was being used to frighten them. And there is a simple test to know whether an idea serves the light or the prison. Just ask, does this make me larger or smaller? Does this return my power to me or leave me more dependent? Does this invite me to think or demand that I obey without looking? The truth always expands you always. **What shrinks you, however sacred it dresses itself, however ancient it may appear, came from the same factory of forgetting. Write down that test. It applies to church, to advertising, to politics, and it applies even to this video. If anything here makes you smaller, throw it away.**

Now, if all of this is true, if there really is a spark and a prison made of stories, here comes the part that changes the game entirely. **Because those forces the ancients called eons are not far away in some cloud and golden harp heaven. They are passing through you at this exact moment. And when you understand how, you will never be able to look at yourself the same way again.** Those 12 pairs of emanations, the mind, the truth, the word, the life, grace, silence, and the others, were never motionless statues in a heavenly museum. They are living forces. And the place where they live now today is not in some distant dimension. It is inside human experience. It is inside you. Look at this. When you think with clarity, when you cut through confusion and see what is truly real, is that not the mind, that aeon moving in you? When you speak and your word carries weight. When what leaves your mouth creates something in the world lifts someone changes a course. Is that not the locust? The word passing through your throat. When life overflows on some ordinary morning for no reason at all. When the body pulses with pure desire to exist. That is the aeon of life. When you have compassion for someone who hurt you and choose care even so, that is grace. When you fall silent and for an instant all the noise quiets and only presence remains, that silence too has an ancient name. And it doesn't stop there. Truth is that aeon that ignites when you see clearly through the mess. When a quiet certainty strikes that something is real without needing any proof to know. Grace is the compassion that arrives uninvited, out of nowhere, and softens what had gone hard. Every virtue you ever admired from a distance in someone, every gesture that made you think there is something greater here than it appears was one of those ancient currents passing through a human body. Even if that person had no idea of the name of what was moving through them, you are already the channel for these forces. You always were. No one ever told you that what you were experiencing had a divine name.

They told you it was personality, mood, temperament, brain chemistry, anything except what it actually is. Every time you were good without having to be, courageous without training, truthful without any advantage in it, an aeon passed through you. And no one applauded because no one was taught to see. And there is a dark side to this too, which is important for you to know. When these forces are blocked, they don't disappear. They turn rancid. The clogged mind becomes the thought that spins in circles and never stops. The trapped word becomes gossip. Lies. Cowardly silence in the face of what needed to be said. Life drained becomes that exhaustion that sleep doesn't cure. It is not a disease of the soul. It is an aeon trying to pass through a bent pipe. And straightening the pipe is half the way home. And the most beautiful part is that you don't need to fix all 12 at once in some superhuman effort. **Just unblock one.** Choose one today. The word, for example. Spend the entire day saying only what is true. Even when it costs you, even when the opposite would be easier. By the end of the day, you will feel an ancient current beginning to flow through you again. And you will understand in your body and not in your head exactly what I have been talking about all this time.

And let me tell you something about myself because I think you need to hear it. I spent years convinced that all this restlessness was mine alone. That I was the one who had come factory defective, always with one foot outside the world. It took time until I understood it was the opposite. The foot outside was precisely the part of me that was still whole. If you made it here and felt something tighten in your chest, then you and I are made of the same material. And you have not been alone in this for far longer than you imagine. But there is one more thing because there are 12 forces and we are talking about a 13th and it is here that the entire story kneels before you. **The 12 aeons come in pairs. Each one reflects an aspect of the divine. Each has its complement its other half. The 13th has no pair. It is alone not in loneliness but in wholeness. It does not reflect a piece of the divine. It carries the entire divine folded inside a human form looking at itself for the first time through your eyes. The other 12 are notes. The 13th is the ear that hears all the music at once and in a sudden shock of recognition understands that it is the music itself.** And now I can give you back the answer to the question you have been holding since the beginning. If the spark is so much yours, why is it so difficult to feel it? Here it is. because they placed layers on top of it. Layer of name, layer of role, layer of fear, layer of who you think you are. The spark never went out. Going out is impossible. No one can do that. It was simply buried under so much borrowed identity that you began to mistake the rubble for yourself. Feeling the eon is not conquering anything new, not climbing any mountain. It is removing weight. It is digging. The gold was always down there. What was missing was clearing the earth above it. I know the weight of what I am saying. The day they convinced the human being that they were a sinner by nature, crooked from birth, dirty before doing anything at all, was the day they handed over their own crown without even realizing they were wearing one. There is no greater crime than teaching a god to be ashamed of themselves. And that is precisely why the archons fear the human awakening more than they fear anything else in the entire universe. It is not just one more cosmic force loose in the world.

It is the consciousness of total fullness recognizing itself in flesh right in the middle of the prison they built with such care. A prisoner who discovers they own the jail and there is no lock in the world that can hold that. So how does one live as that aeon without becoming a monk without abandoning everything without fleeing to any cave? Here in the middle of ordinary life with bills to pay and difficult people to put up with. It starts simpler than it seems and more radical too. **It starts in the eyes. It flips the switch on how you see other people. That stranger on the bus, the annoying coworker, the person who hurt you, the anonymous face in line. What if each of them carried the same spark you carry, shining from behind a different mask, not as a bumper sticker phrase, as fact.**

The fullness hid itself in billions of disguises so it could rediscover itself, one encounter at a time. When you start seeing this way, every face becomes a mirror and every day becomes a room full of gods in disguise who have forgotten their own name, just like you forgot yours until not so long ago. Then comes the word. And look here. I closed that door. I left a jar back there. You asked I asked you to ask whether the right word wouldn't have the power to crack the spell. It does. It is the exact opposite of the prison. The archons use the word to shrink, to deceive, to bind in contracts nobody signed. **The awakened Aeon uses the word to release, not with grand speeches, with simple truth. Every time you say what is real, even softly, even with your voice trembling, even in a trivial kitchen conversation, the logos passes through you. Speaking truth is the counter spell.** It always was. That is why the question mattered so much. And here I lose patience with an idea that has become fashionable. The notion that awakening means escaping the world, dropping everything and floating above problems while pretending pain doesn't hurt. That is not awakening. It is anesthesia with a pretty name. The Aeon does not flee matter. It ignites matter from within. Whoever uses spirituality only to avoid feeling life in my view is still asleep. Except now they dream they are awake. And that is the deepest sleep of all. Then come the choices. Each one of them, however small it seems, is a small ritual. **Choosing fear feeds the factory of forgetting. Choosing truth, courage, care weakens it.** This is not morality with a wagging finger. It is genuine alchemy. The exact place where consciousness transforms lead into gold, illusion into clarity, forgetting into memory. You do this dozens of times a day without noticing. Starting today, you will begin to notice. And

noticing is already half the journey. And the most radical thing of all is not what you do. **It is how you are. People feel it. before you even open your mouth. They feel when someone is whole. There is a stillness, a freedom, a light that cannot be faked and cannot be bought anywhere. It does not come from effort. It comes from truth. And whoever lives this way becomes a safe place in the world. A corner where others without being able to explain why remember for a moment their own forgotten light.** You have crossed paths with someone like that in your life. Now you know what it was. And if that fear of not being perfect enough for this crept in, listen carefully. Sophia herself stumbled. It was from her fall that your chance to exist was born. Falling does not strip you of your divinity. It is part of remembering. What matters is not never falling. It is remembering who you are each time you rise from the ground. A relief, isn't it? You can set down the weight of perfection right there in the middle of the road. It was never a requirement for anything. And there will be people who will not understand your change. You should know that now. There will be those who miss who you were when you still fit neatly inside everyone else's box. That is fine. You do not awaken to please. **You awaken to be real.** Some paths will part from yours and others truer ones will appear in their place. Do not force anyone to wake up alongside you on your schedule. **Just live awake near people. And let your light extend the invitation that no word can make. That is not coldness. It is freedom.** The most loving person there is happens to be the one who does not need you to be small in order to feel large. And here at last is the answer to the question that opened everything. Why did the circle of aeons remain incomplete? Why was there an empty place left at the center of creation shaped exactly like a human being? Because that place was never meant to be filled up above in some distant heaven after you die. It is completed here now in the instant when an ordinary person removes the layers and recognizes what was always underneath. **Fullness does not return to wholeness in some future of angels and trumpets. It returns to wholeness every time a single human being wakes up. The 13th Aeon is not waiting for you at the end of life. It is at this very second wearing your clothes. And when a human being remembers something happens in the entire world, not with noise, with waves.** One awakened person is a gentle and unstoppable threat to every structure that lives off your forgetting. Not because they fight, shout or break windows, but because they simply stop believing the lie. And the lie needs your belief to remain standing. And remembering is contagious. It passes from consciousness to consciousness. The way a flame passes from candle to candle without the first losing any of its own light. That is how the aeons return. Not descending from the sky on a cloud. Awakening one by one with your face and the face of everyone you touch. So, breathe deeply because now it is up to you. You are not an accident in an indifferent universe. You never were. You are not the sinner they told you you were. You are not the consumer they sold you as. You are not the labor, the number, the target audience, the problem to be fixed. All of that is rubble thrown on top of the gold. **You are the emanation that did not fit the script. You are the spark that Sophia buried in matter so that light would have somewhere to return to one day. You are the empty place in the circle, that absence shaped exactly like a human being. And the absence has a name now. It has yours. The 12 revolve and one was missing. The one who does not reflect a piece of the divine but carries it whole. The ear that hears the music and understands that it is the music. You were missing, awake, standing, remembering. Every time you tell the truth, the circle closes a little. Every time you choose courage over fear, a chain breaks somewhere. Every time you look at another human being and see the same light, two gods remember at the same time. Every time you refuse the lie they want to sell you, a thin wall of that prison turns to dust. The prison was made of stories. And stories dissolve the instant someone stops repeating them.** And no one anywhere in time can repeat your story for you. So, stop. Notice the weight of what you are. **And let the spark buried so long in the dark do the only thing a seed knows how to do when it finally feels the warmth arrive. Be born. Making it this far in these days with the entire world pulling your attention in a thousand directions at once is already something rare.**