

Beneath the Noise

There is a layer of the world that only appears when you stop trying to make sense of it. The hum of a fan, footsteps far away, the soft weight of your own breathing — all of them remind you that life keeps unfolding even when you're not steering it. Listening deeply is a way of returning to presence — not to gather meaning, but to meet what's here.

Describe the small, background sounds around you — distant voices, wind, your own heartbeat. Write them down exactly as they are.

What simple thing could you do in the next 10 minutes to match that feeling?
