

The World Remembers

A Ritual Poem Song Accompaniment to the World Remembers Painting

The world is breathing — soft and wide,
Through forest deep and ocean tide.
In every hill, in every flame,
It sings the sound of every name.

Its winds recall the songs we knew,
The dreams we held, the paths we grew.
Each mountain holds a whispered thread
Of every tear we once had shed.

The rivers speak of youth and grace,
The wrinkles carved on nature's face.
They tell of time not as an end,
But as a loop that learns to bend.

The soil keeps steps that once were light,
The stars remember ancient nights.
And though we change with passing days,
The earth still holds our sacred ways.

We're not apart—we're woven whole,
One breath, one fire, one sky, one soul.
No phase is lost, no light erased—
Just moved, just mirrored, just embraced.

The world recalls your voice, your gaze,
Your silent prayers, your hidden praise.
In stone and cloud, in storm and peace,
Its memory grants sweet release.

So if you fear your light has gone,
Know every dusk still leads to dawn.
The world remembers who you are—
A rising note. A guiding star.

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