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ECHOES of EXPRESSION

ECHOES OF EXPRESSION is a peer-reviewed, national-level creative folio published by Lakbay-Diwa Publishing. Dedicated to promoting creative expression, the creative folio features poems, essays, short stories, and other forms of imaginative works from both emerging and established voices. To celebrate diverse literary forms, ECHOES OF EXPRESSION provides a platform for writers and artists to share their original creations. Published both online and in print every month, the magazine invites contributions that reflect the evolving landscape of literature and the arts. All works published herein may not be reproduced, copied, or used in any form or by any means without the written permission of the publisher.



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ECHOES *of* EXPRESSION

FOREWORD

It is with immense pride and excitement that we welcome you to this issue of ECHOES OF EXPRESSION. As a platform for creative voices, we strive to present a dynamic collection of poetry, essays, short stories, and other artistic works that reflect the diverse and vibrant landscape of human expression. Our mission is to provide a space where writers, artists, and creatives can share their stories, ideas, and visions, offering readers a window into the depths of imagination and creativity.

In the following pages, you will encounter a selection of works that challenge, inspire, and provoke thought. Each piece, carefully chosen for its artistic merit and emotional depth, contributes to the broader conversation about the role of creative expression in shaping our world. From the poetic to the narrative, the words in this creative folio serve as proof of the power of art to connect, inspire, and heal.

At ECHOES OF EXPRESSION, we believe that creative works are essential to the human experience. Our commitment to showcasing a diverse range of voices, from emerging talent to seasoned writers, reflects our adherence to fostering an inclusive literary community. In every issue, we celebrate the courage of creatives who push boundaries, challenge norms, and explore new horizons through their art.

We want to extend our deepest gratitude to our contributors, whose creativity and commitment have brought this journal to life. We also want to express our heartfelt thanks to our readers, whose support makes ECHOES OF EXPRESSION a meaningful and vibrant space for sharing ideas, emotions, and art. It is through your involvement that this creative folio continues to thrive and evolve.

As you explore this issue, we invite you to engage with the diverse voices and perspectives that exist within it. Let these works spark reflection, stir emotions, and deepen your appreciation for the beauty and power of creative expression. Together, let us celebrate the echoes of voices that inspire us to see the world in new ways.

Thank you for being a part of ECHOES OF EXPRESSION.

With warm regards,

LAKBAY-DIWA PUBLISHING

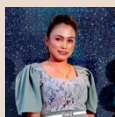
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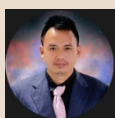
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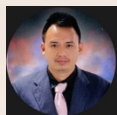
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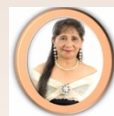
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Lumilipad na Benda

Sa loob ng kahon, naririnig ko ang mahihinang buntong-hininga ng mga kasamahan kong benda. Tahimik silang naghihintay, walang reklamo, walang pag-aalinlangan. Ngunit ako? Ako ay naiiba. Hindi ako isang pangkaraniwang benda.

“Ssshhh...” bulong ng katabi kong benda. “Bakit ba ang likot-likot mo?”

Hindi ko napigilan ang paglipad-lipad sa loob ng kahon sa kagustuhang makalabas.

“Hindi ka ba natatakot Biboy?” tanong ng isa pang benda.

Ngumiti ako.

“Natatakot? Hindi. Nais kong makita ang mundo. Hindi ko gusto ang paghihintay rito sa loob ng kahon. Gusto kong makalabas at maramdaman ang hangin, ang araw at ang buhay sa labas.”

Isang buntong-hininga ang bumalot sa paligid. Isang matandang benda ang nagsalita, paos ang tinig.

“Darating din ang panahon mo, bata. At kapag dumating iyon hindi kana makakabalik pa.”

Natahimik ako. Hindi na makakabalik pa?

Bago pa ako makapagtanong, bumukas ang kahon. Isang malaking kamay ang lumitaw, hinanap-hanap ang dapat piliin. Narinig ko ang mahihinang bulungan ng aking mga kasamahan.

“Sana ako.”

“Ako na ba?”

At sa isang iglap, ramdam ko ang isang mainit na haplos. Ako ang napili.

“Paalam...” bulong ng matandang benda.

Hindi ko alam kung bakit ang bigat sa pakiramdam. Paalam?

Sa loob ng ilang segundo, lumutang ako sa hangin. Nakita ko ang mundo sa labas ng kahon. Ang malawak na espasyo, ang kulay asul na langit at ang batang may sugat sa tuhod.

Isang babae ang nakakunot ang noo habang hawak-hawak ako sa kaniyang mga daliri.

“Hindi ko gusto ang benda ina,” reklamo niya, habang tinitingnan ako nang may pag-aalinlangan.

“Subukan mo lang Nico, makakatulong iyan.”

Tumingin ako sa batang nasa aking harapan. Magulo ang buhok, may bahid ng luha ang mga mata. Nakita ko ang sugat niya. Namumula, masakit, at umaapaw sa kirot.

Dumikit ako sa kaniyang tuhod. Sa sandaling maramdaman ko ang kaniyang balat, isang kakaibang enerhiya ang bumalot sa akin. Hindi lang ito isang sugat, parang may sariling buhay at may sariling sigla.

Lumipas ang araw, at napansin kong may kakaiba sa sugat ni Nico. Nagkakaroon ito ng ningning at unti-unting gumagaling.

Isang gabi, habang tulog si Nico, naramdaman ko ang kakaibang pwersa sa hangin. May humihila sa akin.

At sa isang iglap ay lumipad ako palayo!

"Ano ito?" bulalas ko habang lumulutang sa ere.

Tumingin ako sa tuhod ni Nico. Wala na ako roon, ngunit ang naiwan ay isang peklat.

Sa paglipad ko, dinala ako ng hangin sa iba't ibang lugar. Napadpad ako sa mga parke kung saan naglalaro ang mga bata at sa mga eskinita kung saan may nadadapa at nasusugatan.

Maya-maya, narinig ko ang iyak ng isang batang babae. Siya ay si Luna, nakaupo sa isang bangko habang hawak-hawak ang kaniyang braso na may sugat.

"Huwag kang matakot," bulong ko habang lumulutang sa harapan niya.

Gulat na gulat siya.

"Ang benda lumilipad at nagsasalita?"

Ngumiti ako.

"Hindi lang ako basta benda. Ako ay tagapag-ayos ng sugat, pati ang kirot na hindi nakikita."

Dahan-dahan akong lumapit, hinaplos ang kaniyang sugat. Sa isang iglap, naglaho ang kirot. Isang mahiwagang ginhawa na tila kumakalat sa kaniyang buong katawan.

"Nagkaroon na rin ako ng ganitong sugat noon." bulong niya.

"Ngayong gumaling na ito, alam kong kaya kong harapin ang kahit ano."

At sa huling pagkakataon, nakita ko siyang tumayo nang may kumpiyansa at nagpatuloy sa paglalaro ng walang takot na masugatang muli.

Lumipad akong muli, tinatangay ng hangin at hindi alam kung saan dadalhin. Isa lang ang alam ko, hindi na ako makababalik pa sa loob ng kahon.

Sa bawat paglipad ko, may bagong sugat akong matatagpuan, bagong hapdi na kailangan kong ayusin.

Sa isang eskinita, isang batang lalaki ang umiiyak. May galos sa kaniyang kamay. Ngunit bago ko siya mahipo, isang itim na benda ang dumapo sa kaniyang sugat.

Napaatras ako. Hindi lahat ng benda ay nag-aayos ng sugat. May mga benda rin na nagpapalalim ng sakit.

“Huwag kang matakot,” bulong ko.

Napatingin siya sa akin, nangininginig. Hindi ko alam kung makakaya ko ito. Ngunit lumipad ako papalapit, tinanggal ang itim na benda, at dumapo sa kaniyang sugat.

Sa sandaling iyon, hindi lang ang galos ang gumaling kundi pati narin ang kaniyang takot.

Huminga siya nang malalim.

“Salamat.”

At sa sandaling iyon, alam kong isang sugat na naman ang natulungan ko. Hindi ako nilikha para manatili sa loob ng kahon, hindi upang hintayin ang aking pagkakataon.

Ako ay nilikha upang magbigay lunas sa bawat kirot at sakit na nadarama.

Sa bawat sugat na dapat hilumin at hapding kailangang maibsan, patuloy akong lilipad, hindi upang takasan ang aking kapalaran, kundi upang tuparin ang aking misyon nang walang pag-aalinlangan.

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Mata sa Dilim

Tuwing sasapit ang dilim, lahat ng mga bata sa aming lugar ay nasa loob na kani-kanilang bahay dahil sa kumakalat na balita na may aswang daw sa aming lugar. Nasa liblib na bahagi ng bayan ang aming bahay kaya't sanay na kami na makarinig ng iba't ibang tunog tuwing sasapit ang gabi.

Makulimlim na nang dumating si Nanay Nilda, pagod sa pamamalengke, bitbit ang bayong na puno ng sariwang gulay, karne, at mga sangkap sa lulutuing sinigang na baboy.

Isa-isang inilabas at inilapag niya sa mesa ang laman ng bayong. Napansin niyang wala roon ang pinakamahalagang sangkap. Binuklat ang ibang supot hindi niya ito nakita.

"Naku, Ana! Bumili ka nga ng asin sa tindahan ni Mang Sosing. Bilisan mo," utos ni Nanay Nilda.

"Inay naman, makulimlim na. Takot akong maglakad sa dilim. Baka may aswang."

"Anong aswang? Iyan ang napapala mo sa panonood ng nakatatakot na palabas sa TV, walang aswang anak!"

Tinawag ni Nanay Nilda ang bunso kong kapatid.

"Nestor, samahan mo ang Ate Ana mo sa tindahan ni Mang Sosing."

"Ayoko, Nanay Nilda. Makulimlim na. Baka may ahas sa dadaanan namin."

Matakutin si Nestor, pero mapipilitan akong isama siya kaysa sa mag-isa akong maglakad sa makulimlim na daan.

“Tayo na, Nestor. Imbes na magreklamo ka, bilisan mong kumilos. Napakausad-pagong mo!” pamimilit ko sa kaniya.

Malayo ang tindahan ni Mang Sosing, kaya inabot kami ng dilim sa daan pabalik ng aming bahay.

Sinindiha ko ang bitbit kong sulo na gawa sa kawayan. Habang naglalakad, nakakikilabot ang lamig ng hangin—papalalim na ang gabi.

Nakaririndi ang huni ng mga kuliglig at iba pang insekto sa damuhan.

“Kokak! Kokak!” ani ng mga palakang naliligo sa tubig-ulan.

Bumilis ang tibok ng aking puso nang may humila sa laylayan ng aking damit. Napahinto ako.

“Ate, hintay! Ang bilis mo naming maglakad. Nandito ako, oh!” wika ni Nestor habang nakahawak sa laylayan ng aking damit.

“Bilisan mo. Mauna ka na nga. Malayo pa ang tindahan ni Mang Sosing. Hawakan mo itong patpat, ihampas mo sa daan—baka may ahas.”

Bawat hampas ni Nestor ay lumilikha ng ingay—pantaboy sa mga insekto at hayop sa daan.

Patuloy kami sa paglalakad, nang biglang huminto si Nestor. Malamig ang kaniyang mga kamay at nanginginig habang mahigpit siyang yumakap sa aking baywang.

Idinilat ko ang aking mga mata, inaaninag ang paligid. Wala akong makita. Itinaas ko ang hawak kong sulo. May kumakaluskos sa damuhan—malalakas na mga yapak, humahangos, papalapit sa amin.

Naiihi na ako sa takot pero tinatagan ko ang loob ko para kay Nestor.

“Wak! Wak! Wak!” huni na palagi naming maririnig tuwing gabi.

Palagi naming narinig ang tunog na iyon ngunit kinakabahan pa rin ako.

Nakakatakot naman ang tinig na iyon! Parang bulkang sasabog ang aking dibdib. Hinawakan ko ang nagyeyelong kamay ng aking kapatid.

“Ate may wkwak? Nakakatakot! Hindi sana tayo nagkaganito kung sinuway natin si Nanay Nilda,” paninisi ni Nestor.

“Tumahimik ka! Ibon lamang iyon sa gabi. Di ba walang aswang sabi ni nanay, lakasan mo ang loob mo.”

Dumagundong ang lupa. Bahagyang tinamaan ng liwanag ng sulo ang pinagmulan ng malakas na kalabog!

Tumambad ang itim na hayop—malaki ang ulo, may dalawang matutulis at mahabang sungay, nanlilisik ang mala-dalandang mga mata.

Buong tapang kong iwinasiwas ang hawak kong sulo. Sumigaw ako nang malakas.

“Tseee! Tseee! Umalis ka sa daanan namin!”

Kinuha ko ang patpat sa kamay ni Nestor at nilakasan ang paghampas nito sa lupa.

Pak! Pak! Pak! Lumagapak ang lupa.

“Unga! Unga! Unga!”—sigaw ng kalabaw ni Mang Kanor.

Para itong nakakita ng aswang—kumaripas ng takbo pabalik sa putikan, at muling inilobog ang kaniyang bilugang katawan.

Hahaha! Nagtawanan kaming magkapatid, napawi ang matinding takot.

“Pambihira naman itong kalabaw ni Mang Kanor. Muntik na tayong himatayin sa takot, kalabaw lang pala!” wika ni Nestor.

“Madilim na. Bakit nakababad pa sa putik ang kalabaw na ‘yan?”

Matanda na si Mang Kanor at makalimutin na.

Pinahawak ko kay Nestor ang sulo, kinuha ko ang kalabaw. Itinali ito sa madamong bahagi upang makakain ng mabuti.

Kahit na halos himatayin kami sa takot naaawa pa rin ako sa kalabaw, kagaya ng pag-aalaga ko sa aming mga alaga sa bahay.

Patuloy kami sa paglalakad, napuno ng halakhak ang paligid habang kinakapa ko ang salawal ng aking kapatid.

“Bakit basa yong salawal mo Nestor, amoy ihi ka,” pang-iinis ko sa kaniya.

Dahil sa pagkainis naghabulan kami, nag-unahang makarating sa bahay, habang mas lalong nagliyab ang dala kong sulo na nagbibigay liwanag sa daan.

Nasa bahay na kami, tanaw ko na si Nanay Nilda sa may pintuan naghihintay sa aming pagdating.

“Mano po nanay, narito na po ang asin na pinabibili mo, sarapan mo ang sinigang mo ha! Nakakagutom pala ang subrang takot, hahaha!” hindi ko mapigilan na tumawa habang iniisip ko ang nagyari sa daan.

Ngumiti din si nanay, na may halong pagtataka sa aking pagtawa.

“Nabuti naman hindi na kayo natatakot sa aswang.”

“Hindi naman totoo ang aswang inay, kalabaw ni Mang Kanor ang nakita namin.”

Masayang ikinuwento namin kay nanay ang aming naranasan. Malaking tulong sa aming paglalakad

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Once Upon a Source Code: A Story of Quiet Strength in the Digital Realm

Once upon a time in a vast networked space,
Lived a lone, humble script in a quiet place.
He wasn't flashy—no UI, no flair,
Just a background process, running with care.

He didn't belong to a trending app suite,
No viral fame, no algorithm to beat.
But deep in his logic, there lived a small spark:
To serve—not for clout, but to light the dark.

The other programs mocked his simple code,
"Why run in silence?" they loudly goad.
"You're not AI, you're not even fast—
A forgotten function from coding past."

But the little script kept running still,
Not for the praise, but for quiet goodwill.
He wasn't made to scale or compete—
Only to help when systems repeat.

And someone did need him—on a stormy night,
A tired coder, losing the fight.
Debugging lines in endless loops,
He ran the script—and it cleared the groups.

A server admin, low on sleep,
Found his patch that ran so deep.
No applause, no shout, no global cheer—
But he fixed the bug that cost so dear.

He didn't track who he helped that day,
He just returned "True" and passed his way.
While others chased the fastest rate,
He executed... small, but great.

Then one day, chaos struck the net—
The bloated apps began to sweat.
Crashing code, corrupted states,
Firewalls buckled under heavy weights.

Their functions overloaded, RAM set ablaze,
While prideful processes lost their way.
But in that dark and crashing night,
One small script still ran just right.

Not optimized for trends or show,
But clean and stable, with a line-by-line flow.
The system turned to his last commit—
The silent helper who never quit.

And in that dawn of data and light,
Coders whispered in the fading night:
"We don't need to scale to the cloud to be grand,
Sometimes the smallest function helps us stand."

"I don't need to render the brightest screen,
Or be the top search ever seen.
In a world of noise, of metrics and pride,
It's enough to run with truth inside.

To return a smile, to catch a fall,
To run when needed, that's worth it all.
Not for the fame, or public test—
But to give relief, to offer rest."

And the little script, once tucked away,
Logged him thanks at the end of the day.
"Thank You, Creator," his final line said,
"For the simple role I quietly led.

Not to rise, or steal the show—
But to be a helper in the code below.
In a world of crashes, I found my fate—
Not in glory, but in making systems great."

From that time on, in dev and deploy,
Coders found a humble joy.
Even the smallest code, they knew,
Could power change—and carry through.

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WHERE THE RIVER MEETS THE SCHOOL (A Poem of Partnership and Purpose)

In mountain folds where rivers wind,
Where trails are steep, and roads unkind,
There blooms a school with humble grace,
A beacon in a distant place.

The parents walk with calloused feet,
Through fields and forests, stones and heat,
To bring their children, dreams in tow,
Where seeds of learning strive to grow.

With hands that gather fire and grain,
They work through hunger, sweat, and rain,
For every coin, for every meal,
To send their child with pen and zeal.

Inside the home, beneath a tree,
A mother teaches patiently;
To count the stars, to write a name,
To dream beyond the village flame.

Fathers speak of a future bright,
Of jobs that rise beyond the night;
“Study well,” they gently say,
“So toil won’t steal your youth away.”

Subanen culture lives in every word,
In every song, the children heard.
With malong worn and gongs that ring,
They dance the stories elders sing.

At school, the teachers learn to see,
That wisdom lives in ancestry.
In meetings held with open hands,
They shape the future where everyone stands.

Together now, they build a bridge,
From the forest floor to knowledge ridge.
The past and present intertwine,
In shared respect, their futures shine.

So let each model not be bound,
By rules from far and foreign ground;
But born from lives, from hearts that give,
From cultures proud and hopes that live.

For where the river meets the school,
There lies a deeper, wiser rule;
That learning grows when all are seen,
Their roots, their dreams, their in-between.

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A Mother's Crown of Strength

She was the second of nine siblings in a low-income family that knew the taste of hunger more than the sweetness of plenty. Growing up, she wore hand-me-down clothes, studied under the dim light of a kerosene lamp, and walked long miles to school with nothing but determination in her pocket. Dreams for girls like her were often set aside—buried beneath the weight of survival. But she kept dreaming anyway.

At a young age, life threw her into a storm she was not prepared for. She became a mother. With no partner to stand beside her, she carried her daughter in her arms and on her shoulders, choosing courage when fear threatened to break her. She had nothing but the strength of her heart and the fire of her will. Sleepless nights and endless days became her rhythm, working odd jobs to put food on the table while whispering lullabies of hope into her child's ears.

There were times when the world mocked her, when whispers of pity and judgment followed her steps. But she did not let shame write her story. She stood tall, knowing her daughter's eyes were watching. For that child, she learned to smile through tears and to laugh through exhaustion. For that child, she built a home out of love even when the walls were made of nothing but borrowed strength.

Year after year, she balanced life's heaviest loads—motherhood, work, and studies. Books became her companions in the silence of the night, when her daughter was finally asleep and the world had gone quiet. She studied with determination, often with only a cup of coffee and her dreams to keep her awake. Every page she read, every word she wrote, was a promise to her daughter: *We will rise above this.*

Ten years passed like the seasons—some harsh, some gentle—but always, she pressed on. What many thought impossible, she turned into reality. Against all odds, the girl who once walked barefoot to school and the mother who once carried her child with trembling hands finally wore her third cap and gown. Her name was called, not just as any graduate, but as *Doctor of Development Education*.

As she stood on stage, her daughter's hands clapping with pride, tears rolled down her cheeks. She was not just a mother, not just a scholar—she was proof that love can rebuild a life, that resilience can carve a future, and that a woman's strength, no matter how tested, is boundless.

Her journey was not just for herself. It was for her child, for the little girl who believed in her, and for every woman told she could not.

Because she did.

And she did it with love.

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The Quantum Syntax of Tomorrow

Language has always been the foundation of thought; hence, people have consistently found new ways to encode and convey meaning, from simple cave drawings to the text generated by AI today. As we approach the start of the quantum era, a new frontier opens up where the rules of syntax are no longer tied to linear logic and classical processing. This is The Quantum Syntax of Tomorrow, a language system based on quantum mechanics that can handle meaning as a web of different interpretations, rather than rigid word sequences. It is a grammar that may change, adapt, and reorganize in real time, much like how the quantum wavefunction breaks down into numerous realities depending on the observer's point of view.

Syntax has been based on a deterministic world for a long time. In Latin, English, and Mandarin, sentences are composed of groups of subject, verb, and object that follow each other in a manner that reflects the progression of time and the limits of human memory. Although classical computing emerged relatively quickly, it was based on binary logic. But quantum processing changes this way of thinking. In a quantum processor, qubits can be in superpositions of states, which allows many outcomes to be processed simultaneously. When this theory is applied to language, "syntax" shifts from a rigorous set of rules to a probabilistic realm of possible phrase structures, meanings, and emotional tones that coexist simultaneously until a listener or reader "assesses" them.

The uncertainty principle is a fundamental concept in quantum physics, stating that it is impossible to know certain pairs of properties with perfect accuracy simultaneously. In Quantum Syntax, a similar problem arises where the exact grammatical role or meaning of a word may not be clear until environmental clues reveal it. However, in modern language

models, ambiguity is often viewed as a flaw that needs to be addressed. In quantum syntax, it is the natural state. Meaning is not fixed; it is probabilistic, which means that messages might have more than one meaning at the same time. A single comment can be both funny and educational, and its meaning can depend on the person's culture, emotional state, or what they have said before.

People and machines will need a new interface, called a linguistic quantum compiler, to utilize quantum grammar. Imagine being able to speak to a system that not only records what you say, but also interprets it as a constantly changing set of semantic alternatives, adapting to the listener's speed of understanding, cognitive biases, and preferred metaphorical structures. For example, a system may transform a scientific explanation into poetic imagery for an artist or a complicated mathematical proof into a clear explanation for an engineer, all without the speaker having to alter their tone or delivery. The same message would *collapse* into different versions for each person, each one carefully tailored but coming from the same quantum-linguistic wavefunction.

In light of this, there are numerous potential applications for quantum syntax. In diplomacy, negotiators may use purposely vague terms to avoid misunderstandings and allow for flexible interpretation in high-stress situations. Textbooks could become dynamic educational tools, adjusting their difficulty levels in real-time based on a student's performance. In creative writing, authors can craft novels with stories that evolve differently for each reader; hence, these stories don't change via branching computational options, but rather through quantum-entangled word constructions that alter based on the reader's emotional response to the text. Hence, genuine universal translation is a rather radical use of this technology, and unlike other translation models that try to convey fixed meanings between languages, a quantum syntax engine could keep all possible meanings of a phrase in superposition, collapsing into the one that best fits the listener's cultural idioms, sense of humor, and subconscious associations. If humans ever come into contact with intelligent life from other planets, this might connect not only human languages but also those from completely different worlds.

Quantum syntax prompts us to reconsider a long-held belief about language, namely that meaning is always the same. In a quantum linguistic framework, meaning is inherently multiple and is shaped by more than just the speaker; it is also shaped by the complex interactions between different observers and contexts. This could significantly alter our understanding of truth. We can no longer say that a statement has only one final meaning; instead, we recognize a probabilistic truth landscape where multiple interpretations might exist without conflicting with each other. This could free up traditional ways of thinking, legal language, and political conversation, but it could also weaken them, raising ethical questions about the intentional use of vagueness.

Furthermore, quantum syntax also makes it difficult to distinguish between language and thought. If machines can encode and process ideas in a way that is probabilistic and entangled, the way AI works may start to resemble the way the human subconscious works, or even better, which opens up new possibilities for art, philosophy, and collaboration with machines to generate new ideas. However, if these technologies are used incorrectly, they could also lead to manipulation and cognitive hacking.

Quantum syntax, like every powerful tool, has built-in dangers because a malicious individual may create quantum-linguistic propaganda that ensures different groups of people interpret very different and sometimes contradictory signals from the same statement, thereby undermining a shared reality. In legal contracts, dishonest people may use vague language to avoid taking responsibility. In addition, as communication becomes increasingly intimate, we risk undermining the idea of a truly public debate. The basis of social consensus, which has already been tested in the digital era, could break down into separate areas of reality.

To navigate the time of quantum syntax, people need to learn new literacy skills. Quantum literacy will be just as important for understanding probabilistic meaning frameworks as reading and writing were for their time. Hence, schools need to teach kids how to think about semantic probability clouds while also teaching them how to analyze sentences. This will help them keep multiple meanings in mind without prematurely closing off options.

On the other hand, international regulatory bodies may need to develop ethical guidelines for the use of quantum language to ensure clarity and prevent exploitation.

In conclusion, the Quantum Syntax of Tomorrow represents a significant advancement in how people communicate with each other, prompting us to reevaluate our understanding of meaning, truth, and the world we all share. By combining the ideas of quantum mechanics with the art of language, we are moving toward a new era in which communication may be changed in any way, is deeply personal, and is culturally relevant. But with this power comes the need to use it wisely; otherwise, our words, like unseen particles, will fall into a chaotic universe of misunderstanding. As we move forward, our goal is not only to understand quantum syntax but also to choose meanings that bring people together, rather than tearing them apart.

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The Cybernet of Lost Voices

In today's world, technology is not just a means of communication; it's also a vast repository of human expression. The idea of a global voice repository, called the "Cybernet of Lost Voices," is one of the most important new ideas in this field. This is a hypothetical yet possible technology that acts as a digital sanctuary for spoken words, which were once temporary or are now kept forever. The idea of being able to keep voices forever may seem like a miracle of modern engineering, but there is a deeply human emotional side to it that goes beyond its technical complexity. It prompts us to consider memory, loss, identity, and what it means to be connected in a society where no voice is ever truly silenced. Hence, when examining the Cybernet of Lost Voices, one must consider its cultural relevance, emotional impact, ethical implications, and ability to preserve not only sound but also the living essence of human connection.

At its heart, the Cybernet is about how humans want to cling to things that are temporary, where voices, unlike pictures or words, capture a part of presence that is very intimate and where they have tone, rhythm, and breath, which are the things that make a moment in time unique. In the past, the spoken word was fragile; once it was spoken, it was gone, and even with the invention of recordings, only a small number of human voices were ever preserved. The Cybernet, on the other hand, changes everything; theoretically, every voicemail, song, conversation, and speech could be recorded and stored forever. By doing this, it goes against the inherent impermanence of speech and lets people hear sounds that would have been lost. This preservation is important for more than simply historical or cultural reasons; it is also very personal, and for people who have lost loved ones, hearing a familiar voice again can bring the past and present together in a way that no picture can.

This type of repository is crucial to culture, especially since voices are deeply connected to tradition, identity, and belonging in all cultures. For example, indigenous groups often pass down oral traditions that contain cultural memories dating back hundreds of years. In a cybernetic framework, these traditions might be kept alive through the words of the elders themselves, rather than just being written down. This preservation would protect not just the words, but also the subtle changes in tone, pauses, and inflections that add depth to the message. In the same way, the original voices of singers, poets, and storytellers may be captured in the arts, thereby halting the loss that occurs over time. Thus, the Cybernet may serve as both a cultural repository and an emotional lifeline, connecting future generations with the living sound of their ancestry.

Moreover, the Cybernet has a lot of emotional force, though, that goes beyond just preserving things. In the most human way, it helps people deal with loss, and when you're grieving, you might want to hear a voice just one more time, which was hard to satisfy in the past. Now that there is an archive that holds every recorded voice, the grieving can hear the words of a loved one once again, not as a fading memory, but as a vivid, present presence, which could help or hurt people mentally. On the one hand, it could help people cope with loss by allowing them to recall happy times; on the other hand, it could make it difficult for some people to move on, keeping them stuck in a cycle of longing. This dual nature illustrates a broader reality about technology: it isn't always good or harmful; it depends on how it is used.

The Cybernet also makes people think about what it means to be real and close, especially since it's hard to discern the difference between a real recording and a fake one these days, when artificial intelligence can almost perfectly copy voices. This prompts us to consider several key points: if a voice can be precisely replicated, does it matter if it's the original? For many people, the answer is yes. The value comes not just from the music itself, but also from knowing that it was made by a real person at a certain time. Furthermore, a flawless mimic may be able to replicate the technical aspects of a voice, but it cannot replicate the unpredictability, flaws, and small pauses that make it authentic. This is how the Cybernet's strength comes from being real, not perfect.

There are also moral issues that need to be dealt with, in addition to emotional and cultural ones. Keeping voices forever involves keeping very private personal information, since there may be a permanent record of every discussion that was recorded. Consent is very important; should all voices be saved automatically, or just with clear permission? Additionally, who has the authority to permit anyone to listen to these recordings? Without rigorous regulation, the Cybernet might be misused. For example, voices could be utilized for business purposes, changed to spread false information, or accessed without the speaker's permission. Therefore, to protect voices, privacy, and ethical use, they must also be protected in a robust manner.

The Cybernet of Lost Voices also prompts people to consider what it means to be present and absent, and the fact that a voice is only temporary lends it some of its meaning in human connections. Does the Cybernet impact how we think about time and memory by taking away that impermanence? Some people might argue that knowing that voices can always be found makes them less valuable, but it could also make us appreciate things more by allowing us to see things we might have otherwise missed. Being able to revisit a conversation can transform it from a brief event into a lasting source of information. The Cybernet could change the way we experience spoken words in the same way that photography changed the way we see moments.

The Cybernet could act as a memory for society as a whole. Historians in the future might look not only at the big speeches and official statements of leaders, but also at the everyday discussions of regular people. This opening up of historical records to more people could provide us with a fuller, more complicated picture of how people lived. It wouldn't be a history written only by the powerful; it would be one told by many people, each with their own truth. In this way, the Cybernet might be the most democratic archive for all of humanity, where every voice, regardless of its origin, has a chance to endure.

The Cybernet of Lost Voices is a good example of both the promise and the problem of modern technology, illustrating how much people want to preserve things that don't last, such as the sound of connectedness across time. There is no denying its cultural, emotional, and historical worth, as it

provides future generations with a way to hear the voices of those who came before them in their full, living presence. However, it also requires careful consideration of what is real, what constitutes consent, and how to strike the right balance between remembering and moving on. The Cybernet isn't only a place to store sound; it's also a way to keep the human spirit alive. Voices are more than just sounds; they carry feelings, personality, and history. If the Cybernet of Lost Voices can not only keep the past alive but also remind us in the present of how beautiful and fragile human connection is.

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Control Panel of a Broken World

In the current world, people are faced with a vast control panel, akin to a console with blinking lights, levers, screens, and dials that represent every aspect of life, including politics, the environment, the economy, technology, and culture. This control panel isn't kept secret in a faraway building, and it is not run by a limited group of professionals. Instead, smartphones, computers, sensors, and worldwide networks send it to billions of people, and in principle, this implies we have more power than ever to shape our shared future. In real life, the lights keep flashing red, the alarms get louder, and too many of us don't know which buttons to push or, even worse, if we care enough to try.

The concept of a control panel makes sense because the modern world is so interconnected that every choice, no matter how minor, can have an impact all across the globe. When a politician speaks in one country, it can affect the stock markets in another. A post by a teenager that goes viral can change the way millions of others talk about culture; hence, the emissions from a factory in one part of the world can change the weather in another part of the world, but even if we are more connected than ever before, the machinery of our shared world feels weak and out of place. Climate change is accelerating, the gap between the rich and the poor is widening, faith in institutions is eroding, and new technologies are emerging faster than we can identify their ethical implications. There are numerous alternatives on the control panel, but if you don't have a plan or a vision, you can still employ the wrong tools.

One reason the control panel is hard to use is that it was never meant to be easy to understand. Moreover, global governance, economic institutions, and technological infrastructures have evolved in a piecemeal manner, with

layers of decisions, compromises, and crises that have accumulated over time. We don't have one system; instead, we have local, national, corporate, and grassroots controls that often conflict with or cancel each other out. The end effect is a chaotic mess of noise and blinking. For example, when people call for urgent action on climate change, businesses may counter with lobbying, and political cycles typically prioritize short-term rewards over long-term solutions; hence, the levers shift, although not necessarily at the same time.

Another problem with this broken control structure is that people with the most access to the most powerful controls are not necessarily acting in the best interests of the public. Billion-dollar companies can change whole sectors overnight by flipping switches, yet they may prioritize making money over being fair or sustainable. Governments have emergency powers that can save lives in times of crisis, but they can also be used to limit freedoms. Even people with access to social media can utilize their platforms to distribute information or exacerbate the situation. The panel is both a chance and a temptation.

But saying that the control panel is beyond repair would mean giving up hope, which is also an option; hence, the brokenness of the world doesn't mean we can't do anything; it just shows how big our obligation is. People have always found methods to get the machinery back on track, even when things were broken and unstable. Ending slavery, expanding democratic rights, and fighting diseases like smallpox around the world are all times when people learnt how to change things for the better. The problems we confront now are harder and happen faster than they used to, where a hundred years ago, it could take years for an idea or issue to spread around the world. Now, it only takes hours. This shortens the time, which means that bad decisions or hesitation can rapidly exacerbate the situation. But it also means that brilliant ideas and organized action can spread just as quickly.

Getting the control panel back needs more than just technical know-how; it also requires a common sense of right and wrong. We can acquire the most advanced tools possible from technology, but if we lack a sense of purpose and empathy, those technologies might be used to harm others.

For example, AI can help improve healthcare systems, reduce wasted energy, and predict natural disasters. On the other hand, it could also be used to strengthen surveillance governments, rig elections, and automate war. The control panel doesn't have any opinions; it just does what it's told. The fundamental question is whether we, as operators, can agree on the future we want to make.

Another problem is that the gap between those who know how to use the control panel and those who don't is widening. In the digital age, being able to use technology is not just a job skill; it's also a civic duty. However, millions of individuals are unable to make informed decisions because they lack access to technology, education, or clear information. This makes things very risky, as a small number of people become the real engineers of the world's systems, while most people merely observe. To fix what's broken, we need to make both the tools and the knowledge of how to utilize them available to everyone. Digital ethics, civic education, and crafting policies that everyone can understand are not luxuries; they are essential for survival.

We also have to face the painful truth that some of the damage we do is because we don't want to accept limitations where the control panel makes us think we can handle unlimited expansion, unending consumption, and never-ending comfort, but the world's systems, ecological, economic, and social, may have limits. One of the key things to learn when using the panel effectively is when to reduce systems instead of increasing them, and when to stop requesting more, which may imply a shift away from fossil fuels in climate policy, even if it temporarily harms the economy. On social media, it might mean slowing down the spread of content that goes viral until it can be checked. Sometimes repair isn't about coming up with new ideas; it's about holding back.

But the most encouraging thing about the control panel of a damaged world is that we still have it. Just because something is broken doesn't mean it's useless; the holes in the system can reveal where reform is most needed and where human creativity can have the greatest impact. Communities experimenting with renewable energy grids, grassroots networks combating misinformation, and scientists collaborating across borders all suggest that

the panel's levers can still be effective if the right people work together.

The control panel metaphor reminds us that the world is not on a set path. Every day, people make choices that change the direction of the world, some minor and some big. The question isn't if the world is broken; it's always been flawed. The question is whether we will let the flashing lights and warning bells stop us in our tracks, or whether we will learn, slowly and together, how to use the machines to make things better. That will require bravery, humility, and the understanding that the panel is for everyone, not just those who yell the loudest or sit closest to the controls.

Maybe the first thing we need to do to heal the world is to not look away from the panel. To admit that there is a mess, a lot of noise, and a lot of wires, and then choose to sit down, look at it, and learn which buttons to press. We might never get it right, but that was never the purpose. The goal is to keep trying, keep our hands steady, and remember that the control panel only functions as well as the people who want to fix it.

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Crystals and Shadows: A Life Smoked in Silence

In a dark, side-lined night, negotiations are uttered
Loaded with packs, and white crystals are shared
Armed with guns and bullets, secretly full of hatred
At any point in time, he is prepared for war if needed

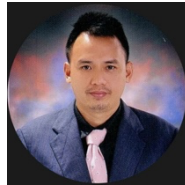
Confidently confined, clear smoke, death begins
Moving faster than light, surrounded by rotted brains
Escaping better dreams, triggering the future left hanging
Ending the lives of loved ones is perfectly convincing

A home of paradise, a world of heaven alike
Filled with blood, covered with voices, and contains a spike
Peace and order have once been promised,
Developing the place into a fearless battlefield

Once tasted, it's hard to let go, as they say
Poison runs in the blood, and addiction will be
But time is unending, only for a heart so desired
Changing lives is still possible with God, so admired

It's not only about the act of a felony, but also the suffering of a family
A scar that lives forever, a bleeding heart felt endlessly
Rebuilding relationships is a top priority,
Leading the way to a life with grace abundantly

When the day comes, he is armed to fight
He is focused and dedicated to bringing back the light
Defeating future thieves is the answer to breaking the curse
Positioning the justice, it deserves to tighten the loose



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The Quiet Inside the Walls: Echoes of Domestic Violence

She calmly laughs at the open corregidor,
Keeps her eyes on the ground, walks close to the door.
Long sleeves in August, a scarf around her wrist.
Nobody asks; they rarely exist.

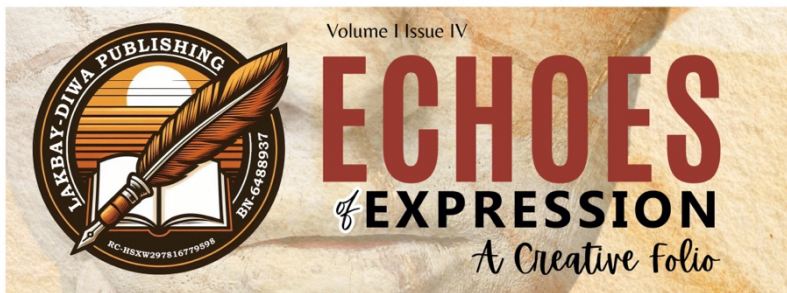
The house looks normal, maybe even nice.
Fresh paint, clean yard, wind chimes on the lights.
But if the walls could speak, they'd cry instead—
They've held too many screams, too much that's been said.

He says she's too much, too loud, too slow,
That she makes him mad without meaning to, though
He always swears he didn't mean to shove.
Calls it frustration. Says it's love.

Their daughter hears it all from her small, low bed,
Counting each footstep, each word that's said.
Six years old, but already she knows
How to hold her breath when the anger grows.

It doesn't always look like what you're thinking
No broken windows, no heavy drinking.
Sometimes it's quiet. Sometimes it's calm.
But fear doesn't always come with a bomb.

It hides in habits and careful speech,
In wounds too far for hands to reach.
It hides in homes like yours and mine,
Behind drawn curtains and practiced lines.



Echoes of Expression

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But a door can open. A phone can ring.
A teacher can notice the smallest thing.
One question. One moment. A pause that sees—
And that might be the start of someone breaking free.

Maybe someday she'll leave that place,
Wind in her hair, sunlight on her face.
No more whispers. No more lies.
Just open space and honest skies.



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Teen Spirit

In the heart of change, where dreams ignite,
Teenagers rise, chasing the light.
One foot in youth, one in the unknown,
Learning the weight of being alone.

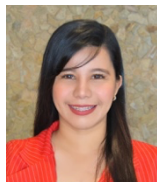
Half-grown, half-new, not complete.
Yet bold enough to face defeat.
In their eyes, the future gleams,
A spark of truth, a sky of dreams.

They laugh too loudly, they cry too deep,
They dream of mountains in their sleep.
With eyes that burn to see what's true,
They paint the world in something new.

Some break the rules, then make their own,
Finding strength, they've never known.
A thousand thoughts inside their head,
A thousand dreams they've never said.

There are scars they never show,
From silent battles, guilt, and shame.
The world to them may be vast and new,
But there's hope and courage breaking through.

In the chaos, they begin.
Finding the fire deep within.
Teenagers raw, alive, and free,
Becoming who they're meant to be.



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Nagtatago Ngunit Nagsisiwalat: Pagsusuri sa Akdang Bowl Limn Yeah ni Paolo Manalo

Naging mapaglaro sa paggamit ng dalawang wika ang sumulat ng akda. Kung babasahin ay aakalain mong ito'y tulang nasa wikang Ingles ngunit kapag binibigkas mo na, doon mo mapagtatanto na ang mensahe ay nasa wikang Filipino pala. Nakatatawa sa unang pagbasa ngunit may hatid palang lalim na mensahe na tumatalakay sa isang paksang hindi gaanong napagtutuonan ng pansin sa usaping pangkalusugan ng tao.

Ang pamagat nito na Bowl Limn Yeah ay representasyon talaga ng salitang Bulimia. Ito ay isang eating disorder na kumakain nang labis ang isang tao ngunit puwersahan naman niya itong kailangang isuka o gagamit ng mga laxatives sa maling pamamaraan. May iba na sobra sa pageehersisyo, diet, at fasting ang ginagawa upang hindi tumaas ang kanilang timbang. Iniisip ng mga taong may sakit nito, na sobra na nilang taba ngunit ang katotohanan ay ang payat naman nila. Sinasaad nga sa Senate Act 1108 o ang "An act mandating the department of education to create educational programs to raise awareness of eating disorders among Filipino children" na sa pagsasaliksik, nasa 5,000,000 hanggang 10,000,000 mga kababaihan at nasa 1,000,000 namang mga kalalakihan ang dumaranas ng mga eating disorder at kasama na rito ang Bulimia. Nilalayon ng isinusulong na batas na magbigay-kamalayan at matukoy ang mga kabataan na posibleng dumaranas nito sa tulong ng mga paaralan at magulang.

Maiksi ang tula na may tatlong saknong at tigtatatlong taludtod lamang kaya napakaispesipiko ng nais ipahayag. Malinaw na inilalarawan sa tula ang nararanasan ng isang taong may Bulimia. Pinagaan ng manunulat ang pagpapadaloy ng mensahe sa pamamagitan ng pagtatago at paglalaro ng mga salita. Wala akong nakitang problematiko sa pagsasaysay ni Manalo sa kaniyang tula, gusto ko ang pagiging mapangahas niya sa paggamit ng dalawang wika sa

kakatwa at kakaibang pamamaraan na tumataliwas na normatibong anyo ng mga malilikhaing akda. Ang aking maimumungkahi na lamang ay dagdagan niya pa ito ng mga saknong na mas magbibigay ng iba pang danas at dama ng mga taong may Bulimia upang lalo itong magbukas ng mga diskurso, kamalayan, at hakbangin upang ang ganitong usapin sa kalusugan ay mas pagtuonan ng pansin lalo na ng mga kinauukulan. Sa kabuoan, ang akdang ito ay nagtatago ngunit nagsisiwalat— Itinago ang wikang Filipino sa mga salitang Ingles at tanging Pilipino lamang ang maaaring makakita at makaunawa nito. Sa kabilang banda, nagsisiwalat ito ng katotohanan at karanasan. Ito ay magsisilbing pagmumulat-mata sa mamamayan sa mga bagay na hindi natin napapansin ngunit dapat bigyang-pansin.

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Mukha ng Kultura

Oh! Bayan kong sinilangan, tangan mo'y isang salaysay
Sa gunita ko'y nahalukay mga ninunong nagsumikhay.
Nilanghap ang samyo mo na nag sabog ng kalayaan,
Walang bahid ng takot, isinigaw, ipinagbunyi ang kasarinelan.

Isinilang sa karimlan, ang wikang ipinaglaban
Subalit sa isang iglap liwanag ay nabanaag.
Bayan kong minumutya panangga ang wikang tangan
Nanahan sa sangkatauhan, sa puso'y taglay ang kadakilaan.

Salamin ng kabayanihan, ang kulturang nakagisnang
Taglay ang katapangan saan mang sulok ng kapuluan.
Sa isip natin walang lakas, wika nating sinasambit,
Lingid sa ating kaalaman, mukha ito ng ating kultura?

Wikang minana'y ipagmalaki, at marapat na pahalagahan
Dahil ito'y dugo't pawis, lakas ng kulturang kinabibilangan
Malayo man o malapit, kalat man ang islang nasasakupan,
Sa himig ng ating bayan, tinig ng kultura'y pakinggan.

Harangan man ng sibat, umagos man ang tubig sa dagat
Bayan man ay mahirapan, pagkalugmok marapat maiahon.
Panawagan ng pagkakaisa, solusyunan at pagyamanin.
Pagkat wika natin ang sandigan sa makasaysayan nating bansa.

Kaya mga kababayan ko sa kalooban ng Poong may likha,
Kulturang nasumpungan linangin at pagyamanin,
Wikang Filipino'y mahal in sandata ng ating lahi
Dahil wika ang huhubog sa diwa't mukha ng ating kultura.



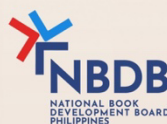
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