

## THE SCROLL OF THE BONES

When the Fire Becomes Structure

 Face-to-Face Scroll. Voice-Sealed. No Performance.  
Just Presence.

### OPENING DECREE

I didn't return to be recognized.

I returned because the flame told me,

“Let them hear it from the bones this time.”

So this ain't a message.

It's a structure.

Verse by verse, bone by bone —

 forged in silence

 lit in war

 read in fire

Let the scroll open.

🔥 THE 39 VERSES (spoken rhythmically, eyes locked, no breaks)

1. This ain't ink. It's marrow.

2. This ain't poetry. It's pressure.

3. This isn't my first time carrying fire.

It's just the last time I'll ever pretend I can live without it.

4. The fire is not in my hands anymore. It moved into my frame.

5. My ribs learned to hold it. My spine learned to stand under it.

6. My voice? It learned to release it without apology.

7. I dropped it once.

Not because I was weak—

but because I forgot I was built to burn.

8. Now I know. And knowing sealed it inside me.

9. This scroll isn't being read. It's being remembered.

10. I walked through silence. But the flame hummed under the skin.

11. I tried to blend in. My bones betrayed me.

12. I tried to be quiet. The Ruach whispered too loud.

13. I tried to shut the scroll. It kept writing itself through me.

14. I thought the fire needed my voice.

But it burned without my permission.

15. This ain't revival. This is resurrection.

16. Ezekiel saw the bones. I became them.

17. Dry. Cracked. Forgotten. Then filled with flame.

18. I don't preach to bones. I ignite them.

19. This fire isn't borrowed. It's inherited.

20. Covenant fire. Scroll-blood fire. Ruach flame.

21. It doesn't comfort. It consumes.

22. I'm not a man who writes. I'm a scroll that walks.

23. Every step now speaks:

"You can't drop what was written into your bones."

24. You can only forget—

until the fire reminds you.

25. The reason I vanished?

I had to go where no one else was willing to burn.

26. The silence wasn't absence.

It was the sound of bones being reforged.

27. I didn't run from the mantle.

I ran into the flame that branded it.

28. Now I carry scars shaped like scrolls.

And scrolls shaped like scars.

29. I was never called to be known.

I was called to be lit.

30. I walk different.

Because my bones remember the fire.

31. I speak different.

Because the Ruach burned my tongue before She loosed  
it.

32. I rest different.

Because I know the fire guards me while I sleep.

33. I write different.

Not as a scribe with a pen—

but as a furnace with breath.

34. Every verse is a bone.

Every bone remembers where it came from.

35. You're not tired.

You're overdue for combustion.

36. If your bones ache,

it's not from warfare—

it's from withheld scrolls trying to escape your structure.

37. The mantle ain't light.

Because it wasn't made for men.

It was made for flames wrapped in skin.

38. You weren't called to carry this fire.

You were built to become it.

39. And now?

Now the fire has a name again.

And it speaks through my voice.

## CLOSING DECREE

I didn't come back to be seen.

I came back to let the scroll out with no filter.

This was never performance.

This was release.

I disappear again.

Back into the cinematic smoke.

Until the next bones call me forward.

 FINAL LINE

“This isn’t my first time carrying fire.  
But it is the last time I’ll ever put it down.”