

RENEWAL (near-lyphic)

The old: gone.

The new: here.

Admission: wanting.

Again.

**Sometimes only this—
make it new.**

Then: you.

Chorus

Renewal.

We dance.

Time folds into our hands.

World drops out of view.

I remember how to move.

Renewal.

We dance.

Soft breath.

Second chance.

**Heart reappears—
comes through.**

Verse 2

**When we share,
error dissolves.**

Wrong/right lose traction.

What remains:

love, lighter than proof.

You turn toward the mirror.

**Nothing changes—
except you.**

That angle of looking.

That glance.

When we dance.

This piece treats renewal as a quantum process rather than a narrative one. Meaning exists in superposition until contact—dance, touch, glance—forces a choice. Time is not a line but a parameter that folds under interaction; identity is not replaced but locally reconfigured by observation. Love behaves like entanglement: two systems sharing state without surrendering difference. What changes is never the whole world, only the measured region. The rest decoheres and falls away. Renewal, here, is not becoming new—it is remembering motion after collapse.