

# ***Where You Gaze, the Pattern Blooms***

An Essay on the Creative Force of Attention

## ***I. The Flame That Spoke***

I wasn't looking for insight.

I was just resting—watching a candle the way you do when the world feels too much.

And then I heard it. A faint crackle. I saw the flame sway—not wildly, but *intimately*, like it knew I was there.

And I realized:

It had always been crackling.

But I had never truly heard it until I *gave it my gaze*.

That's when it clicked.

The flame didn't change.

I did.

## ***II. The Quiet Power of Attention***

We're taught that attention is passive—something taken from us, stolen by screens, hijacked by noise.

But attention is an act of creation.

Where it rests, reality begins to bloom.

Not because the thing didn't exist before—but because *now it is seen*.

In trauma, our attention fragments.

In survival, it narrows like a tunnel.

We stop hearing the flame. We stop tasting the fruit. We stop being *with* the world.

But the pattern is always there, waiting to unfold beneath our gaze.

## ***III. Reclaiming the Gaze***

Attention is not just a tool. It's a form of love.

To attend to something gently—not to fix, or analyze, or consume—but simply to witness it...  
is to let it come alive.

This is what healing often begins with. Not grand gestures. Not perfect answers.

Just the courage to bring your full gaze back into the world—and let something respond.

Even your own body.

## **IV. *Soft Practices of Return***

Try this:

- Sit with something ordinary. A cup. A leaf. Your hand.
- Notice it like you've never seen it before.
- Stay. Just long enough to feel a shift in the field.
- Then ask: *what else am I willing to witness?*

Attention isn't always comfortable. But it is *always honest*.  
And with time, it becomes safe again.

## **V. *The Gaze as Invitation***

I'm not writing this as an expert.

I'm writing as someone who once had to stare at the floor for weeks to feel safe again.

But one day, I noticed the floor had texture.

It wasn't a void—it was holding me.

And I realized something else:

Everything I give my attention to—gently, honestly—finds a way to speak back.

So I ask you:

What are you letting bloom today...

simply by the way you are seeing?

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