

# TRANSCRIPT

<p style="text-align: center;">Esau</p> <p>** 1:1</p> <p>Brother, listen and understand. In the silence of night, when shadows stretch long upon the earth and the sky is veiled, a vision did come unto me—dim and strange as mist rising from deep waters. In the dream, I stood upon a barren plain the sun burned low, casting everything in a flickering haze.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Esau</p> <p>** 1:2</p> <p>The light shifted and the plain consumed by sudden darkness. In the half-light, there appeared thy figure, brother, shrouded in red. The colour of thy garments bled into the earth, staining it as though the sun itself had wept. Without hesitation, thou took two young goats and didst clothe thyself in their hides.</p>
<p>** 1:3</p> <p>Our father, sightless and frail, reached out to thee in trust, for thy raiment was as mine and the scent of fields clung to thee. He blessed thee with the words meant for me, "I grant thee the richness of the land." The sun dimmed and I saw it turn cold and pale, its warmth stolen as if by cunning.</p>	<p>** 1:4</p> <p>The dream twisted and I stood again before our father, the hunt complete. But when I offered the venison, his voice broke like cracked earth, "Who art thou?" The truth struck him and the light drained from his face as twilight drains from the sky. "Thy brother hath stolen thy blessing. He is made lord over the land."</p>
<p>** 1:5</p> <p>A darkness took root in my heart. I watched the sun set behind your shadow. I felt myself speak, the words bitter as poison, "The days of mourning draw near; then shall I find thee and claim what was stolen." The fields crumbled to dust and I was lost to shadows. The warmth of the sun became a distant memory.</p>	<p>** 1:6</p> <p>The dream drew me in and a dying sun hung over the broken fields and I passed into a tangled forest. In that place of silence, where even the air held its breath, I came upon a stone. I lay upon it, seeking rest, yet found none. The stone whispered beneath my ear, like echoes from forgotten times and a vision within the vision unfolded.</p>
<p>** 1:7</p> <p>A golden plough shimmered, promising me dominion over all. I reached forth, tempted to grasp it, but even as my fingers touched the handle, a chain of molten iron coiled about my heart. I saw fields stretch endless under a harsh sun, scorching and binding earth into a gilded cage.</p>	<p>** 1:8</p> <p>Dominion brought not peace, wealth came with fear and distrust. I let the plough slip from my grasp. The land may have been taken from me, but I will not trade wildness for chains of gold. Let the fields serve thee, brother. I choose the untamed places, where no plough cuts the earth and spring blossoms under skies untouched by walls.</p>

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<p>Esau</p> <p>** 2:1</p> <p>Then the plough dissolved like smoke and from the mist of that ancient wood, a figure did emerge—neither man nor beast, yet bearing both within. It shifted with the light, like living leaves and when it spake, its breath was like the scent of rain upon moss. “Esau, child of the wilderness,” there is a blessing hidden within the exile thou fearest.”</p>	<p>Esau</p> <p>** 2:2</p> <p>The forest gave way to green fire—soft and diffused, flickering from the roots of the earth. “The land was denied thee,” said the spirit, “but the wilderness hath claimed thee as its own. It is not a plot, a plough of sun-bound order that bring peace, but submission onto the unknown and embrace of the untamed. Life is born of mystery.”</p>
<p>** 2:3</p> <p>The earth beneath me shuddered, and from it grew a tree, its bark like bronze and wrapped around its trunk was a serpent, scales aglow with colours that flowed like liquid. The serpent spoke, “Do not grasp what chains thee, for power is a trap. The earth’s true gift is not in what thou canst hold, but in what thou canst release. Seek not dominion, but knowledge; seek not mastery, but harmony.”</p>	<p>** 2:4</p> <p>The vision carried me deeper into a hidden glade. The air was thick with the scent of pine and wild herbs, and the grasses bent beneath the weight of dew like jewels scattered across the earth. The trees whispered secrets, and the leaves sang songs older than man’s desire for fields and harvest. But still, the memory of our father’s judgment lingered like a thorn, twisting in my heart.</p>
<p>** 2:5</p> <p>Then, in that place of twilight, a light broke forth like dawn touching the earth with tender fingers. And from that light, thou didst appear, brother, not in the finery of a lord but humble as a commoner. Thy face was shadowed by sorrow, and thine eyes sought me out, burdened with the weight of thy deeds. Though the land was thine, the joy of it was lost, turned to dust in the shadow of guilt.</p>	<p>** 2:6</p> <p>Thou didst lay down thy staff upon the earth and knelt before me. Words failed thee, but thy tears were as rain upon parched ground, pleading for a forgiveness thou knew not how to ask. For thou hadst found that the blessing thou seized brought chains instead of peace, that the land, though thine, had become a prison. Wealth was but a burden, and power but an endless shadow cast by fear.</p>
<p>** 2:7</p> <p>In that moment, the earth itself hummed with life, as though the roots and rocks all joined in a song of reconciliation. I reached forth and embraced thee, and in that embrace, the shadows of anger dissolved like mist at sunrise. The wilderness, once a place of exile, became my cherished home. We bade farewell at the doors of the house of forgiveness and</p>	<p>** 2:8</p> <p>When I awoke the stone was warm, as if the light of the sun had filled it with contentment. I rose unburdened, needing for nothing. Neither vengeance nor wealth would save me. To witness this world was enough a blessing and sight a gift. Then I said to be alive is my true inheritance. I cannot have the world but I can hold it. Let me hold you now, brother. Little brother, let go!</p>