

# The Intention of Stardust

## One Particle's Compass

by Meridith Byrne

inspired by the prayer of Saint Francis

Let me breathe in peace.  
Let me exhale only what softens the air  
and steadies the dust.  
Let me move in rhythm—  
if not gently,  
then true.

Let me laugh  
not just to survive—  
but to invite laughter in others.

Let me sing  
because it stirs my breath  
and steadies theirs.

Let me shout  
when needed—  
not to dominate,  
but to warn those I love,  
or wake the ones still frozen.

Let my joy be generous.  
Let my voice rise  
with the collection in my orbit,  
not above or instead of  
their voices.  
With them.

Let me express  
with less erasure.  
Let me feel  
with less fracture.  
Let me move forward  
not in pieces,  
but as a witness walking  
with each collection  
I am.

Let me carry a compass  
calibrated by compassion  
Let me move forward  
with purpose,  
even if the path trembles.

Where harm tightens its grip,  
let me become breath with weight.  
Where shame settles thick,  
let me open the window.  
Where fear wants silence,  
let me sing.

*If I am noticed,*  
please see the direction —  
not polish,  
not perfection,  
but the steady truth  
of a soul in motion.

Let me not mistake volume for violence.  
Let me not confuse quiet for peace.

If I rise,  
let it be with others.  
If I speak,  
let it be with care.

Let my story travel only  
if it helps someone else breathe easier.

Let me not endanger the dust I love.  
Let me protect their becoming,  
even when mine is still unfolding.

I do not ask for silence.  
I ask for clarity.  
I ask for momentum  
that carries joy  
and justice  
in equal measure.

Let me breathe in peace.  
And let that peace move.

Let me keep going  
until I reach the natural end.

And if I can't—  
let the breathing keep going  
for the collections I love,  
and the particles they love,  
and the dust they carry forward  
with laughter, with shouting, with care.

This is how I breathe.  
May you find *your* breath.