



ETERNAL SUMMER

BY : MIGUEL CALDERONE

**THERE WAS A NIGHT WHEN EVERYTHING
BROKE BUT NOTHING ACTUALLY
SHATTERED.**

There is a moment in life that can come in many ways: loud, explosive,
and quietly violent... when you realize the war was never outside.

It was always here, in your mind.

Inside the reflection.

Inside the version of you that stares back, distorted, multiplied, broken into
fragments you don't recognize but somehow know.

Rage doesn't arrive as fire. It arrives as a pressure, a boiling pot, steaming.

A slow, suffocating weight behind the eyes. A fear.

A trembling in the hands.

A question that won't leave:

Why am I fighting myself?

The mirror cracks not when you strike it, but when you finally see too much of it.

We grow up believing rage is destruction, chaos is failure, and losing
control means losing ourselves. But no one tells you chaos is also
revelation.

It strips you. It removes the illusion. It forces you to meet every version of
yourself you buried to survive this so-called reality.

The angry one. The abandoned one. The one that wanted more. The one
that never felt enough.

They don't disappear. They wait. For their moment to shine.



the mirror was never meant
to stay whole.
Maybe it had to break
so you could finally see
every part of yourself...
and choose which one you
want to become.

**THERE IS A SUMMER
THAT NEVER ENDS.**

**BUT NOT A SUMMER WITH SUNLIGHT
A DIFFERENT KIND OF SUMMER.**

A SUMMER THAT BURNS FROM WITHIN.

An eternal summer where emotions don't cool down.

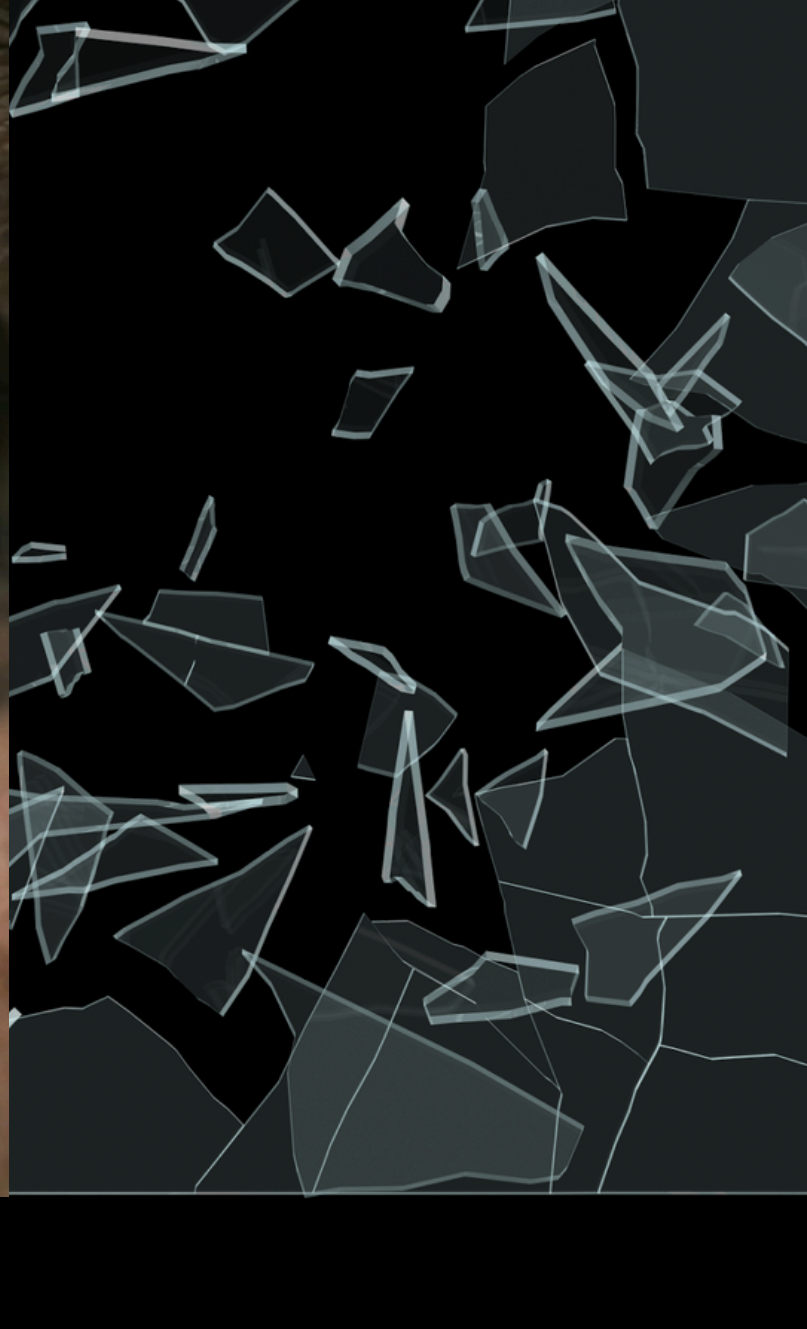
Where memories loop like heatwaves over and over at fucking 3 a.m. Where every
thought feels amplified louder, closer, heavier.

And in that heat, you either collapse or you transform.

**"QUICK, LET'S TAKE A PEN AND PAPER," I SAY TO LITTLE MIKEY BUT THE RAGE,
THE PRESSURE, THE STEAM BECOMES FREEDOM.**

YOU SIT WITH IT. YOU LET IT SPEAK.

YOU LET IT ACCUSE YOU.



The battle with the mind is not about winning.

It's about witnessing holding the broken pieces in your hands like
glass: sharp, dangerous, reflecting everything at once and choosing
not to throw them.

Choosing instead to understand them.

LOSS IS PART OF THIS.

THE LOSS OF WHO YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE.

THE LOSS OF CONTROL.

THE LOSS OF INNOCENCE.

But there is a deeper loss that hurts the most:
letting go of the version of you that survived everything...

but can no longer carry you forward.

And so you stand there, looking in the mirror
face to face with yourself.

Eyes tired. Heart open. Hands shaking.



Imagine black liner rolling through your eyes rage,
fury, anger all those emotions fighting with you.

Not because you're weak but because you're finally
honest.

And suddenly, you light a candle.

Not to illuminate the room, but to remind you:
Even in chaos, even in rage, even in fragmentation...

there is still something alive in you.

Something that refuses to go out.

And maybe that's the point of all this.

Not to fix yourself. Not to silence the noise.

But to walk through the fire of your own mind

and come out not cleaner, but truer.



Because the real journey isn't escaping the chaos.

It's becoming someone who can stand inside it and not look away. And who
knows maybe, just maybe in the future,

that can be your only way of survival.

With every inch of love that comes from rage, from every inch of truth

Know I experience this too.

– Miguel Calderone

Get in Touch



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Check out the 4K 60 FPS visualizer of this Project

Check out: audio reading narration by Miguel Calderone