

The Throne Room (Through Juan's Eyes)

*As Juan's final letter fades into silence, the vision begins to shift.
What was once spoken in words now takes form in images and symbols —
as if truth itself must be seen to be fully understood.*

*But this is not the throne room of empire. There is no gold for glory, no
crown for conquest. Through Juan's eyes, power is reimagined:
not as control, but as presence —not as force, but as dignity and clarity.*

*What unfolds is not a fantasy, but a return to what holiness looks like
when all the layers of domination are stripped away.*



After the last letter was sent,
after the ink dried and the hope burned bright,
I looked.

And there it was —
a door.

Open —
not in the wall of my cell,
but in the sky of my soul.

And the voice —
the one like thunder,
like breaking steel—
called again.

It said:

“Come up here.
Let me show you
how the empire looks from above.”

And in a blink,
I was no longer caged.

Not in the flesh.
Not by fear.
Not by lies.

I saw a throne.
Not made of marble.
Not etched with flags.

A living throne —
radiating light
that pulsed like a heartbeat

Around it:
a rainbow of glory and honor —
colors no prison could ever fade.

Twenty-four elders sat around it.
Not pastors.

Nor priests.
Not emperors
Nor kings,

Just men and women —
aged, wise, and watching.
Each wore white.
Each laid down their crown
as truth moved.

From the throne came lightning —
Not to destroy
but to illuminate.

Then came the voices —
like thunder.
They rumble of every injustice
ever whispered into a pillow.

And before it —
seven torches burning:
The fullness of spirit,
the fullness of seeing.

Before the throne — a sea,

but not of water.

It was glass.

Still.

Clear.



Nothing to hide behind.

And in the midst of the throne —

not guards,

not angels with swords,

but beings that see all.

One looked like a bear —

power roaring for justice.

One is like a draft horse —

strength that does not break.

“Holy, holy, holy--

is the One who was,

who is, and

who is coming.”

One is like a man —

embodying humanity,

flawed and still sacred.

One is like an eagle —
with vision
that rises beyond seeing.

They never stopped crying out.
They were not worshiping out of fear.
They were chanting —
Over and over —
Saying:
“To what is real.
What has always been real.
What will always be real.”

And when they gave glory,
the elders did not clap.

They did not nod.

They fell,
And removed their crowns.

Because in the presence of something so pure,
titles mean nothing.

They cried:
“You alone are worthy.