MARES P. W.

GOD'S GIFT

IMO **"DANYA"**



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[Verse 1]
A board lights up in borrowed air,
two colors settle into place.
A thought crosses the distance there,
then leaves the player's private space.

The center closes, edges turn,
a quiet pressure starts to climb.
Somewhere beyond what humans learn,
the game is taken into time.

The move was made by pulse and doubt,
by tired eyes and living nerve.
But once it leaves, it travels out
where colder witnesses observe.

[Pre-Chorus]
And every version wants the truth,
and every mirror wants the proof.
But none of them was in the chair
when risk became the move played there.

[Chorus]
After the move, the echoes rise,
one game becomes a thousand eyes.
What was played once can be replayed
until the living part is weighed.

After the move, the records grow,
they say too much, they still don't know.
The line survives, the judgment stays,
and people carry what it says.

[Verse 2]
A rook is traded, space is kept,
a queen appears along the vein.
The board remembers what was left,
the later pressure names the chain.

A side gives way, a cover thins,
the ending gathers from before.
A final check arrives and pins
the game against a smaller door.

But then the second life begins:
the note, the graph, the clean review,
the perfect sentence after sins
that only living players knew.

One reading calls the move too slow,
one makes the fault a simple fact.
One cuts the room away to show
a sterile line, a polished act.

[Pre-Chorus]
And every version wants the truth,
and every mirror wants the proof.
But none of them was in the day
that bent the mind before the play.

[Chorus]
...

[Verse 3]
Between the game and what is told,
a middle current changes tone.
A comment warms, a tag turns cold,
a human reason stands alone.

The board was never only wood,
and now it is never only screen.
It passes through what systems could
preserve, distort, compare, convene.

The same exchange becomes a map,
the same mistake becomes a mark.
The same attack, in one more trap,
returns as evidence after dark.

And history splits without a sound:
one path for score, one path for style,
one path where context is not found,
one path that follows for a while.

[Bridge]
The game was lived in interruption,
in speed, in pressure, in repair,
in half-formed plans and reconstruction,
in what the record cannot bear.

A model weighs the finished line,
another ranks the risk and fall.
Another calls the pattern fine,
another cannot see at all.

Yet when the verdict starts to land,
it lands where humans have to stand.
The systems multiply the view;
the cost comes back to me, to you.

[Chorus]
After the move, the echoes rise,
one game becomes a thousand eyes.
What was played once can be replayed
until the living part is weighed.

After the move, the records grow,
they say too much, they still don't know.
The line survives, the judgment stays,
and people carry what it says.

[Verse 4]
So let the board remain exact,
let every move be kept in line.
But do not call the record fact
when life was moving at the time.

There is a truth the file can hold,
and one the file will never keep:
the human weather, hot and cold,
the reason hidden under sleep.

The final mark is clean and brief,
the page continues without care.
But underneath the coded leaf,
a living player still was there.

[Final Chorus]
...

[Outro]
A move is more than what remains.
A game is more than later claims.
The file may hold the finished view;
the price returns to me, to you.

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