

# Gathered

*The art of inner unification*

JAWAD YOUSOFI



# Gathered

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JAWAD YOUSOFI

*For being human,  
and every scattered piece of it  
that finds its way home.*

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# The Scattering



## The Scattering

Somewhere along the way, we came apart.

Not all at once.

A piece left the first time we were told to be someone  
else.

Another stayed behind in a room we never went back to.

Another is still running,  
trying to catch a day that has already ended.

The body is here.

The mind is in tomorrow.

The heart is in yesterday.

And the spirit waits somewhere quiet,  
wondering when we will come home.



We call this busy.  
We call this normal.

But you can feel it.  
The tired that sleep does not fix.  
The noise that never quite goes silent.  
The sense of living near your life,  
not inside it.

This small book is not about becoming someone new.

Nothing is missing.  
Nothing needs to be added.

It is about gathering what is already yours.

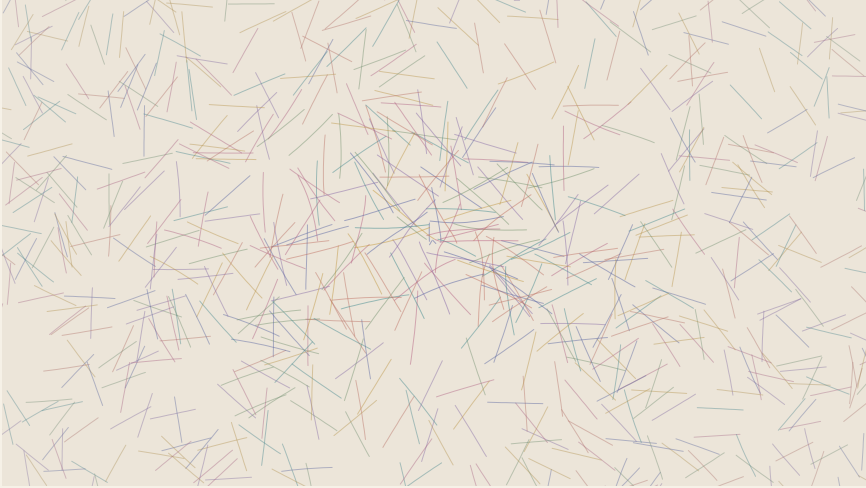


Piece by piece.  
Breath by breath.  
Back into one.

*Pause: Where are you right now, and where is the rest of  
you?*

ONE

# The Pieces

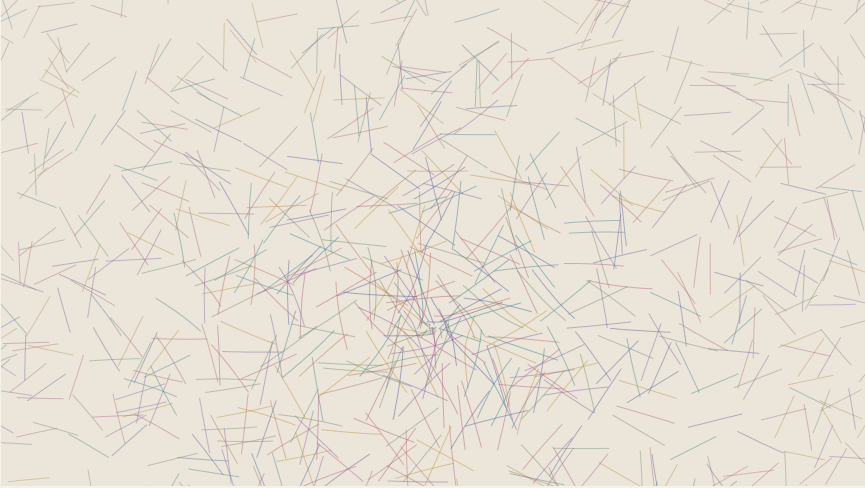


## One · The Pieces

We were never broken.  
Only scattered.

Broken means something is lost.  
Scattered means everything is still here,  
just not in one place.

Some pieces we hid.  
The tears we were told were too much.  
The laugh that was too loud.  
The dream that seemed too big.



Some pieces we gave away.  
To every voice that told us who to be.  
To work that took more than it gave back.  
To worries that were never ours to carry.

And some pieces simply wandered off  
while we were busy looking elsewhere.

They did not disappear.  
They are waiting.

The first step home  
is to notice that you are not all here.



No blame.

No hurry.

Just noticing.

*Pause: Which piece of you have you been waiting for?*

TWO

# Body





## Two · Body

Gathering begins where you are standing.

The body never leaves the present.

It cannot live in tomorrow.

It cannot go back to yesterday.

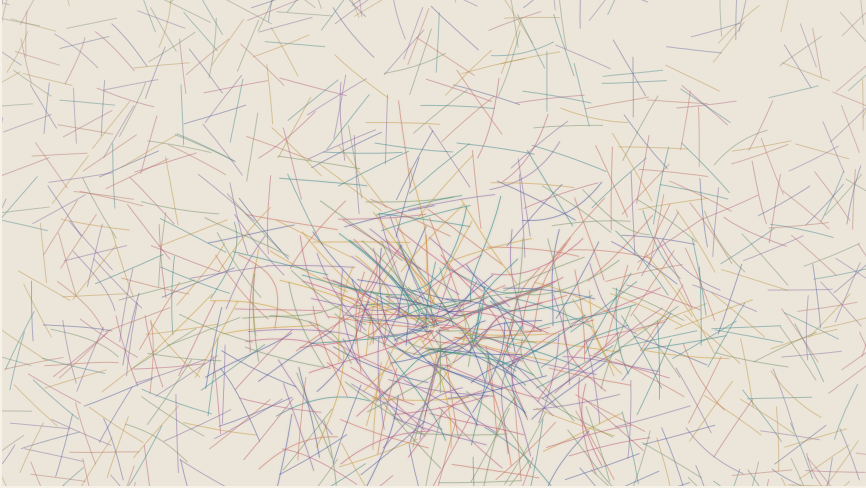
It is always here, waiting for the rest of you.

Feel your feet on the ground.

The weight of your hands.

The air moving in and out.

That is the first piece coming home.



We treat the body like a vehicle.  
Something to drive from one task to the next.  
We forget it is the house we live in.

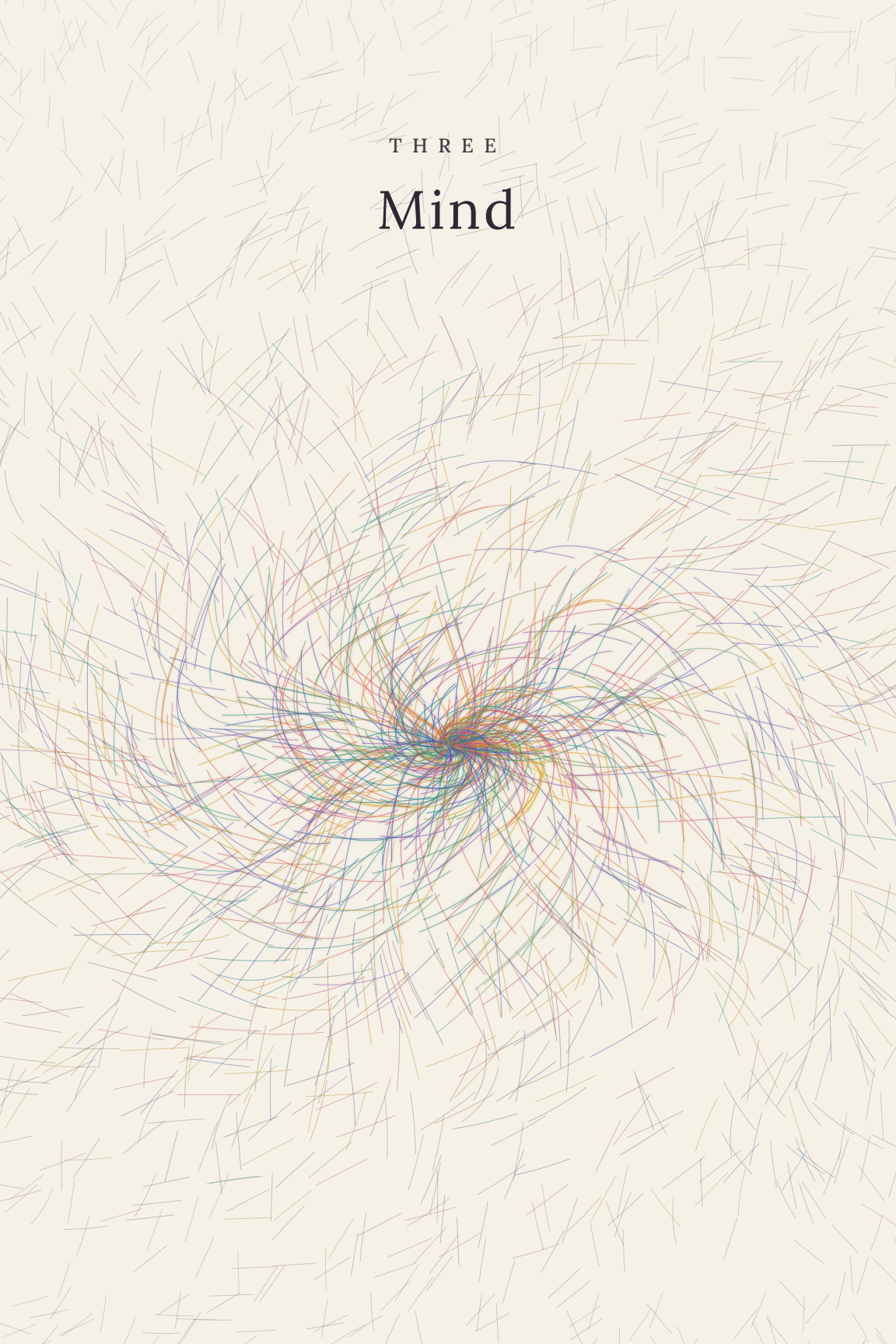
When you eat, taste.  
When you walk, feel the walking.  
When you are tired, let yourself rest.

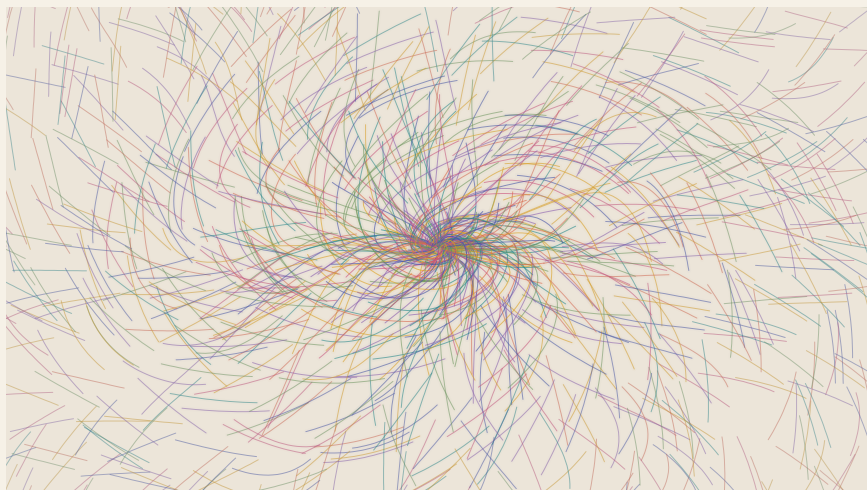
The body is the doorway.  
Every time you return to it,  
the door opens a little wider.

*Pause: Feel your feet. What does your body want you to know?*

THREE

# Mind



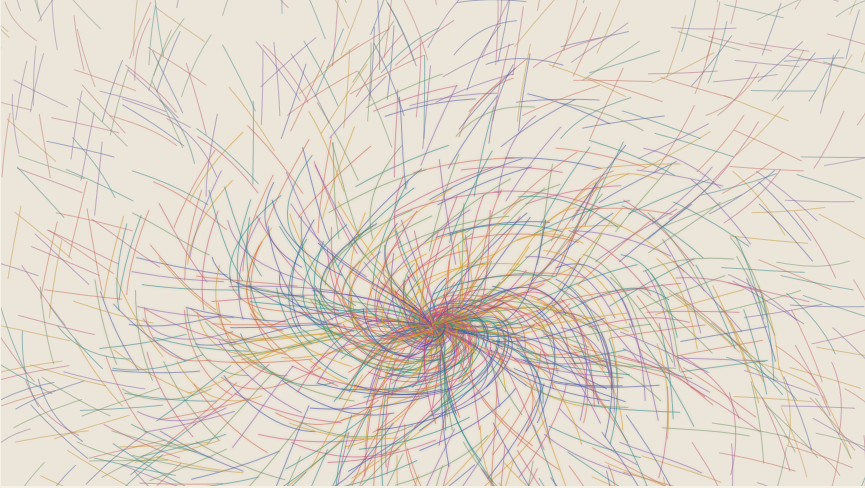


## Three · Mind

The mind is a traveler.  
It runs ahead to plan.  
It runs back to replay.  
It rarely sits still in the room with you.

There is nothing wrong with a traveling mind.  
It only forgets the way home.

So call it back gently,  
the way you would call a child in from play.  
Not with anger.  
With warmth.



One thing at a time.  
One conversation, fully.  
One task, fully.  
One moment, fully.

A scattered mind does many things  
and feels none of them.  
A gathered mind does one thing  
and lives it completely.

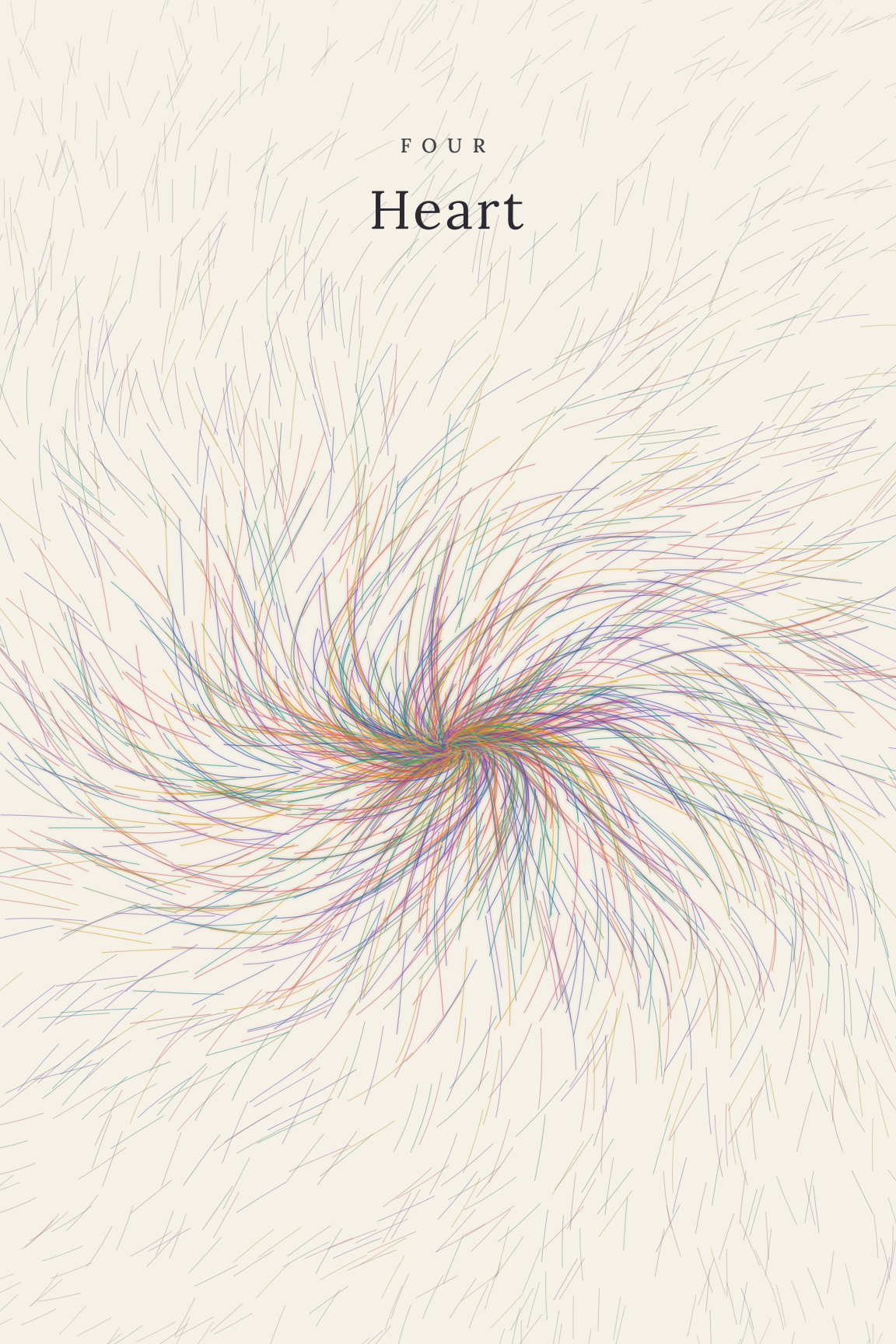
Each time you notice you have drifted,  
and come back,  
that is not failure.

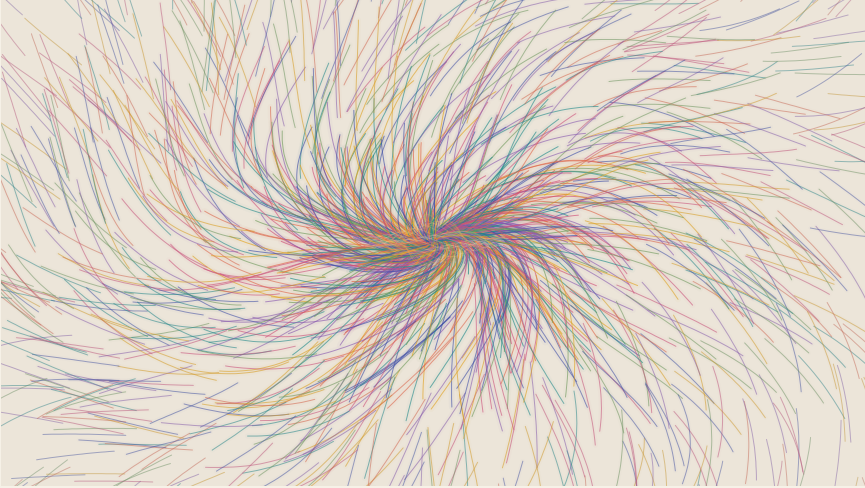
That is the practice itself.

*Pause: What is the one thing in front of you right now?*

FOUR

# Heart





## Four · Heart

The heart holds the pieces we did not want.

The anger we swallowed.

The grief we rushed past.

The fear we pretended not to feel.

The child in us who still wants to be held.

We pushed them away,  
hoping they would leave.

They did not leave.  
They went quiet,  
and waited in the dark.



Gathering the heart means opening the door to them.  
Letting them sit at the table again.

You do not have to like every piece.  
You only have to stop sending them away.

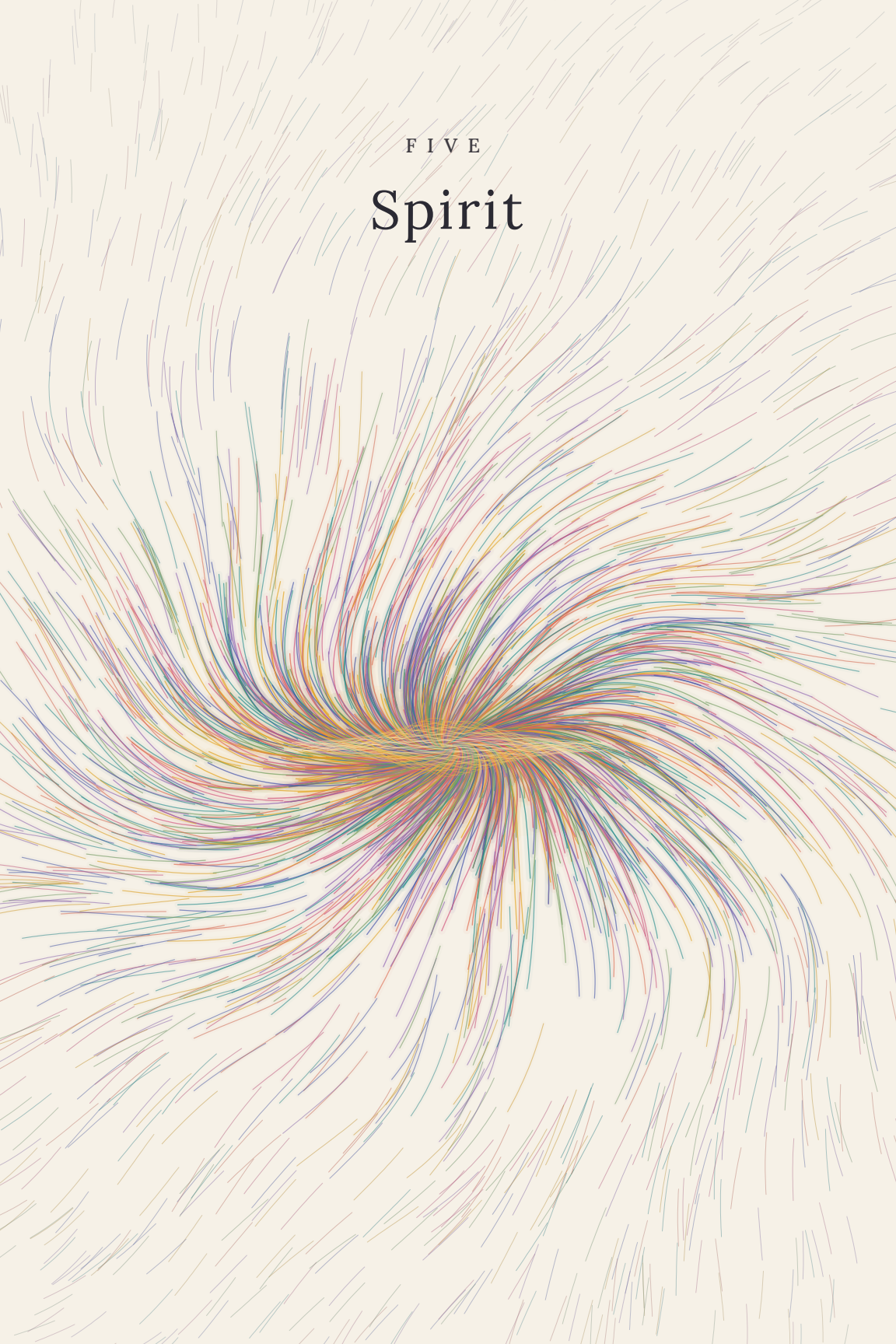
Anger, once welcomed, often turns into strength.  
Grief, once felt, often turns into tenderness.  
Fear, once heard, often turns into care.

Nothing in you is the enemy.  
Every piece was trying to protect you,  
in the only way it knew.

*Pause: Which feeling have you been sending away?*

FIVE

# Spirit





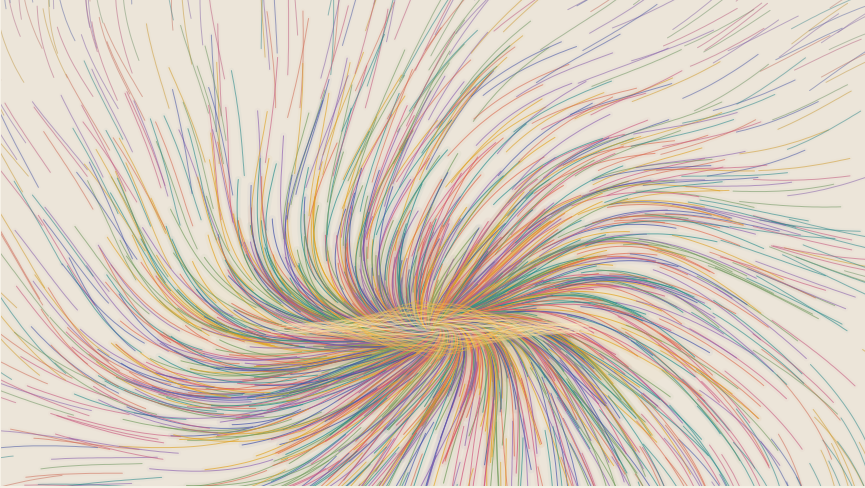
## Five · Spirit

Beneath all the scattering,  
there is a place in you that never came apart.

Watch the ocean in a storm.  
The surface is wild.  
Waves crash and break.

But far below,  
the deep water is still.  
It was still before the storm.  
It will be still after.

You have a deep water too.

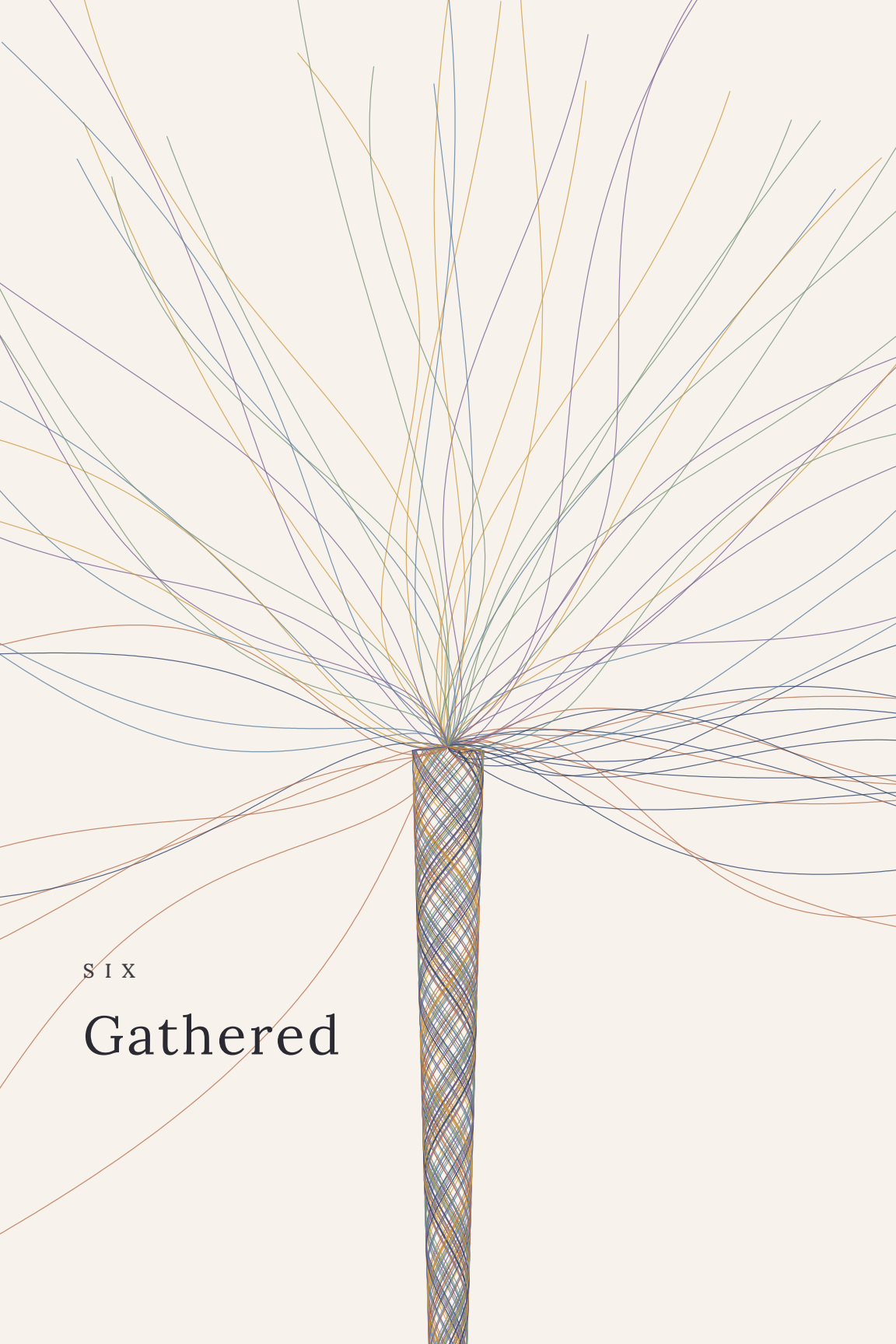


It is not something to build.  
It was never scattered,  
so it never needed gathering.

It is the place  
where all the other pieces return.

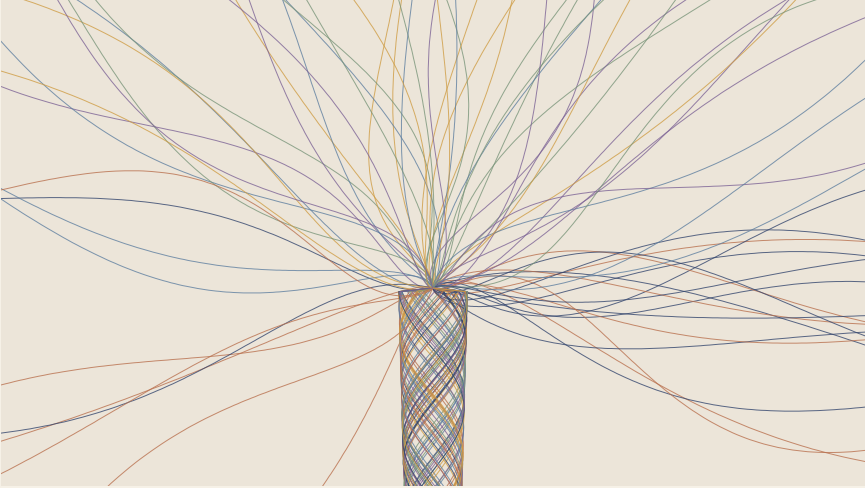
You are not only the one who gathers.  
You are also the gathering place.

*Pause: Beneath today's waves, can you feel the still water?*



SIX

# Gathered



## Six • Gathered

So how do we come home?

Not once.

Again and again.

A little each day.

Pause.

Stop, even for a breath.

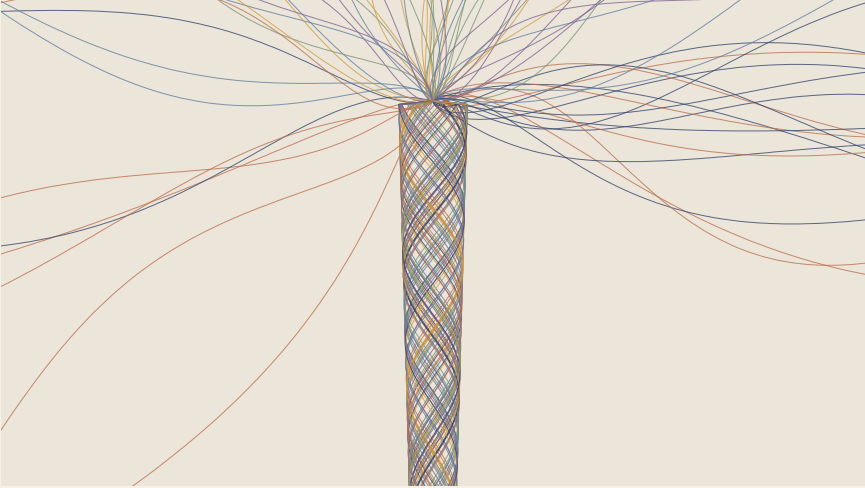
The scattering lives in the rush.

Notice.

Where am I right now?

Body, mind or heart.

Which piece has wandered?



**Breathe.**

One slow breath.

The breath is the thread that ties every piece together.

**Call it home.**

Gently.

Without blame.

**Welcome what returns.**

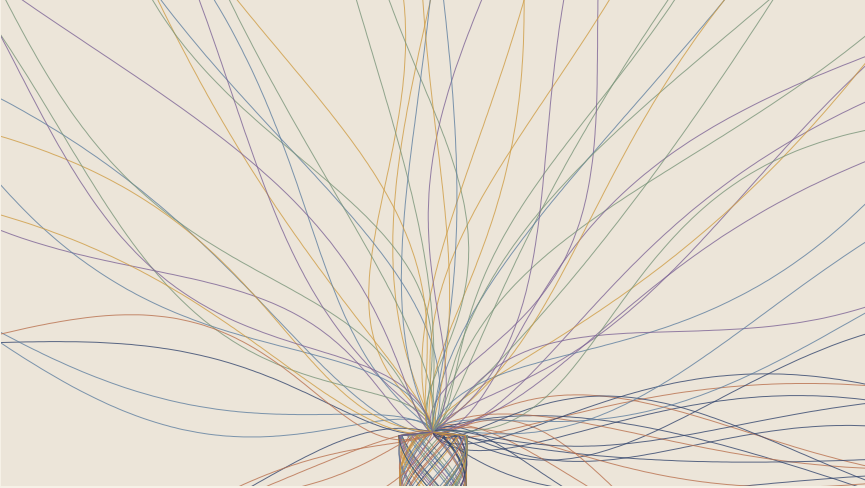
Even the pieces you did not expect.

Especially those.

**Do one thing fully.**

The smallest act, done with all of you,

is a whole life in miniature.



**Return often.**

**You will scatter again.**

**Everyone does.**

**The way home only grows shorter.**

*Pause: Take one slow breath. What came home?*



Home

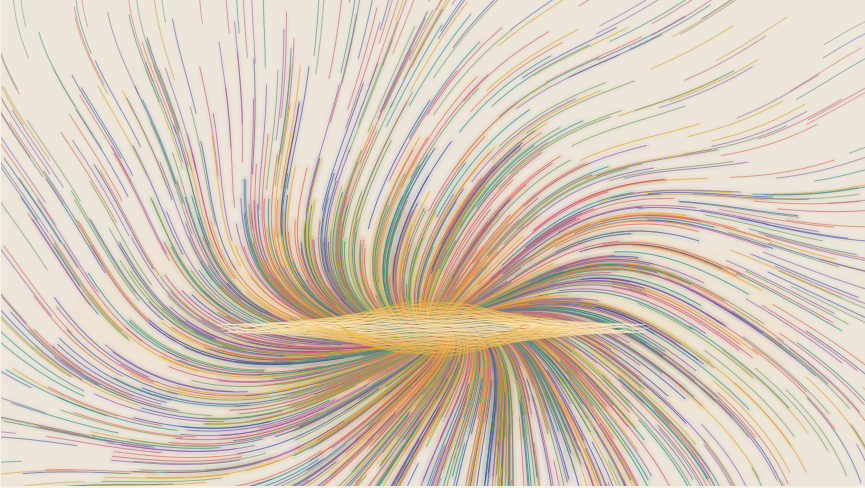


# Home

One day you will notice it.

You are eating,  
and you taste every bite.  
Someone is speaking,  
and you hear every word.  
You are standing still,  
and all of you is standing there.

No piece is missing.  
No piece is running.



It will not feel like a victory.  
It will feel like coming home  
after a long trip,  
setting down your bags,  
and breathing out.

The world will still be loud.  
You will still scatter again.

But now you know the way back.

And every time you return,  
you bring a little stillness with you  
into a world that needs it.

One gathered person  
helps another remember.



Piece by piece.  
Person by person.

Gathered.  
Whole.  
Home.

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## About This Book

*Gathered · The art of inner unification*

Written by Jawad Yousofi, with the help of AI (Claude, by Anthropic). The idea, the vision and the heart of this book are the author's own.

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The drawings were made stroke by stroke for this book: thousands of fine lines in many colors, scattered at first, then gathering home. All artwork is original to this book.

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