



**lunar
garden**

Poems and Stories for Alina

William George Paul

<https://willipaulstudio.com/> + <https://www.planetshifter.com/>

November 2025

Poems

My Dearest Alina,

Wrapped within this little text lies more than paper and ink - it holds the quiet rhythm of my heart. You are my calm in a world that rushes without rest, my secluded haven where time slows and the world softens.

When I think of you, the air itself feels touched by romance - a gentle mystery that stirs in even the simplest moments. You are my constant wonder, my peace, and the warmth I reach for when everything else fades away.

Forever yours,

William

"spirit of becoming"

Alina and William move
through the quiet spaces of the world
as if the air itself is made of trust.

They build things
not always with their hands
but with the persistence that finds solutions
where others see walls
Their resourcefulness is a kind of love
turning empty rooms into places of meaning

Integrity breathes between them
a vow unspoken but ever known
It steadies them
when the world trembles
when the easy path tempts
they choose truth
each for the other and themselves

And then there is their creativity
that vast and luminous current
that moves through every ordinary day
a spirit of making, imagining, and becoming
Together, they turn small moments into art
silence into dialogue
and the passage of time into something eternal

Their love does not rhyme
It does not need to
It endures
because it is real
because it is theirs.

"what forever feels like"

Two lovers rest on the edge of Long Island's quiet breath
the dock humming gently beneath their bodies
The sun spreads gold over their skin
the sea's slow rhythm keeping time with their hearts

His hands move with purpose
oil glistening along the curves of her back
as her sighs soften the still air
The scent of salt and summer wraps around them
an offering from the ocean itself

They speak without words
their bodies fluent in touch and trust
Each heartbeat folds into the other
as if the world has paused
to let them learn what forever feels like.

"I have a real high tolerance for inconvenience"

The bus can be late
the coffee bitter
the floor uneven beneath my feet
the dishes dirty

The world takes its time
shrugs its shoulders at urgency
and I carry the weight of waiting
like an old, familiar coat

I do not resist
I only notice.

"party dress"

i wish i had a shovel
i wish i had a plow
i wish i had a good woman
i wish i hadn't taken that pill

i wish i was in my novel
i wish I was still smoking
i wish my clothes were new
i wish i had more wishes.

"where stars burn"

In silver hush of lunar light
Two hearts grew roots in endless night
Their breaths entwined where stars had burned
A promise kept, an Earth unlearned

In domes of glass, soft laughter bloomed
As mint and roses gently fumed
No ocean winds, no Earthly tide
Just love, where gravity bowed aside

A child was born beneath that glow
Where human dreams and stardust flow
And still they tend, through time's embrace
Their fragile garden in boundless space.

"She Reveals"

Dawn is coming on
She arrives without asking
Her routine is priceless
Her grip on us is indefensible
The air trembles, remembering night's silence
Her light does not rush
She reveals
Maybe you can make it with Dusk.

Stories

“The Digital Constellation: The Tale of Alina and William”

In the neon-lit expanse of the modern realm - where signals race faster than dreams - Alina of New York and William of California met not by fate, but by the hum of Wi-Fi. She, a maker of words; he, a keeper of code. Their friendship sparked across thousands of miles, whispering through glowing screens like torchlight flickering in an ancient cave.

When they first connected, they didn't seek love. Yet their conversations crossed into deeper waters - the Call to Adventure. They both felt the pull of trust, though fear guarded the threshold. “Do we truly know each other?” they asked silently, staring at pixels that carried hearts.

Crossing that threshold, they built their community - a shared myth of two souls learning to believe in unseen truth. Each message became a quest: Alina offered honesty like fire, and William countered with steadfastness like stone. When doubt (the great dragon of distance) rose to scatter them, they faced the ordeal together. They learned that trust was no gift of gods, but a craft forged daily through words and patience.

Their victory wasn't a kiss, but understanding. Alina learned that presence lives beyond geography. William discovered that love is real when actions echo words. Thus, their world transformed. They returned to their own lives as mentors - keepers of a new myth: that connection, born of sincerity and devotion, can traverse even the vastest distance.

And so, in the constellation of their choices, somewhere between New York's skyline and California's sunset, two stars now shine side by side - linked by Light, not time.

"pine and wildflowers"

The late summer sun shimmered over the Bavarian hills as Alina and William spread a checkered blanket beside the still waters of the lake outside Munich. The air smelled faintly of pine and wildflowers, and a soft breeze carried laughter from distant farms.

They unpacked a basket filled with simple pleasures - fresh bread, soft cheese, grapes glistening with dew, and a bottle of red blend wine cooling beside a tall stein of German beer. Alina poured a measure of each into their glasses, smiling at the strange but perfect fusion of flavors. "Like us," she said, teasingly. William laughed and brushed a dark strand of hair from her check.

After their picnic, they wandered hand in hand through a field of sunflowers taller than their shoulders, turning their faces to follow the sun. Local children ran barefoot through the rows, waving and calling cheerful hellos. Alina waved back, her laughter ringing like music on the breeze.

By midday, they returned to the water's edge to stretch out on the blanket. The warmth of the sun wrapped them in a lazy tenderness as they lay there, skin glowing, the lake glinting like glass. William traced circles on her arm; Alina drifted half-asleep to the rhythm of lapping waves.

There was no need for words - nature whispered enough for both of them.

"patience, commitment, and vision"

In the glow of evening light, William sat by the window in his small apartment, a cup of lukewarm coffee between his hands. The city hummed below - a reminder of how far he was from Alina, and how distance had forced love to stretch, not break.

Alina's voice echoed in his mind, soft but certain: "Baby, you know what? Since I met you, it seems that you have rekindled the fire of my love..." Her words had become a compass through long nights and longer weeks. William had never believed love could outlast miles, but hers did.

They talked about everything - dreams, families, and the small routines of each day. Yet, their favorite topic was the future. "We'll chase money not for greed," Alina would say, "but for freedom to choose where to live, who to help, and when to rest."

William smiled at that memory. He had grown up believing love and finances were worlds apart, that you chose one and sacrificed the other. But Alina had shown him they could build both - with patience, commitment, and vision.

When he thought of their future family, he pictured warmth: mornings filled with laughter, evenings at the kitchen table planning trips, and a shared sense of purpose that no distance could dim.

As the stars emerged above the skyline, William drafted another message: "My love, I'm saving every penny and every moment for us. Distance won't win. You opened a door in me I thought was locked forever - and I'm never closing it again."

He pressed send. Somewhere across the country, Alina's phone lit up - and so did her smile.

"A couples workshop" attended by Alina and William

What It Means to Commit to Someone

To commit is to choose someone intentionally and consistently. It means showing up even when excitement fades, and working through misunderstandings rather than walking away. Commitment requires trust, patience, and the shared belief that "we" is stronger than "me."

What Makes a Relationship Successful

- * Honest communication, even when it's uncomfortable
- * Emotional safety and respect
- * Flexibility during change and difficulty
- * Shared goals or values
- * Willingness to keep learning about each other

How Love Plays a Role

Love fuels forgiveness, curiosity, and resilience. It transforms effort into something joyful rather than burdensome. Love alone isn't enough without action, but it gives meaning to every effort made.

Time Investment

There's no fixed number of hours, but meaningful connection requires daily attention. Even ten minutes of genuine presence matters more than an hour of distracted conversation.

The Role of Sacrifice

Yes, there's sacrifice - of ego, convenience, and sometimes comfort. Healthy sacrifice strengthens bonds when it's mutual and voluntary, not one-sided or coerced.

Two Versions of the Truth

In every relationship, each person holds a version of events framed by perception and emotion. Understanding often lies between those two versions, where empathy bridges the gap.

"Quiet and Heavy in Amsterdam"

William and Alina landed in Amsterdam just as the morning mist began to lift off the canals. The air carried the scent of rain and tulips, faintly sweet and earthy. They wandered hand in hand through the narrow streets, their footsteps echoing on cobblestones polished by centuries of travelers.

Their first stop was the Rijksmuseum, where Alina paused before every Rembrandt, tracing invisible lines in the air with her fingers. William smiled, more fascinated by her than the paintings. From there, they drifted to the Van Gogh Museum, where the thick, swirling strokes of paint felt almost alive. Outside, cyclists whirred past, and the air filled with chatter in half a dozen languages.

By afternoon, the sun broke through the clouds, turning the city golden. They found a café by a canal, ordered poffertjes dusted with sugar, and watched the boats glide lazily by. Then came the Anne Frank House, quiet and heavy. When they stepped outside again, the world seemed softer, more fragile.

Evening fell in Dam Square, where the Royal Palace glowed under the lights. Street musicians played under the gaze of pigeons perched like sentinels. Alina convinced William to visit a tiny jazz bar near Leidseplein, where a saxophone crooned through the smoky air. They shared stories over aged genever, laughing until their cheeks hurt.

When midnight came, Amsterdam transformed. Neon reflections rippled across the canals. They wandered into the Red Light District, curious but unhurried, the hum of nightlife around them like the city's heartbeat. Later, in a small coffee shop, they lingered over conversation and mint tea, the world slowing to a dreamlike rhythm.

By the time dawn began to silver the rooftops, they sat on a bench overlooking the water. The city was quiet again, the bicycles resting, the boats still. William looked at Alina and said, softly, "We've done everything - and nothing at all." She smiled, leaning on his shoulder, as the first light touched the canal.

It had been a long day and night in Amsterdam - one that felt like a lifetime wrapped into the rhythm of a single city.

“The River Between Them”

The sun lingered low over Memphis as Alina and William stepped aboard the riverboat American Melody. Brass notes drifted from Beale Street, blending with the soft hum of the paddlewheel turning below. Alina clutched her straw hat as a warm breeze teased her hair; William smiled, thinking she looked like a memory caught between past and present.

On their first evening, they walked the deck under a pink-gold sky. The river shimmered, holding the reflections of cottonwood trees and old bridges - the quiet witness to centuries of songs and stories. Alina leaned against the railing. “It feels like the river remembers everything,” she whispered. William took her hand. “Then let’s leave something worth remembering.”

In Vicksburg, they wandered through old brick streets, learning of generals and ghosts. In Natchez, they danced under fairy lights on the bluff, the river curving below like a ribbon of silver. Each port carried a rhythm - jazz brass in Baton Rouge, lazy blues drifting from a porch in St. Francisville, gospel harmonies rising from a small white church by the water. The Mississippi seemed to hum along with them.

By the time the American Melody neared New Orleans, the air smelled of magnolias and spice. On the final night, they dressed in white and sat on the upper deck, the city glowing ahead like a promise. A trumpet played somewhere off the French Quarter. Alina rested her head on William’s shoulder and watched the lights ripple in the dark water.

“The river brought us here,” William said.

“No,” Alina smiled softly, tracing the edge of his hand. “The river just showed us the way.”

And as the boat glided toward the Crescent City, with jazz echoing over the water and the stars bright above the current, they both knew: love, like the Mississippi, was patient, deep, and meant to keep moving.

"Beneath the Colorado Sky"

The morning at Copper Mountain greeted William and Alina with a shimmering veil of powder snow, each flake catching the pale gold of the rising sun. They had driven up from Frisco, the car filled with laughter, thermoses of coffee, and the quiet thrill of the day ahead.

Under the shelter of the trailhead, William knelt beside their skis, carefully waxing them until the bases gleamed like dark glass. Alina leaned against the bench, adjusting her gloves and feeling her excitement bloom. The thin air bit at their cheeks, but their smiles came easy.

They pushed off, gliding into the open expanse where tall pines whispered and snow muffled every sound except the rhythm of their movement. The exercise was steady, their breath rising in soft clouds. Sometimes they raced each other across small slopes, their laughter echoing against the silence of the valley. Other times, they drifted quietly side by side, letting the mountain's quiet beauty settle into their bones.

By afternoon, they had trained across miles of trails, hearts hammering and spirits bright. At dusk, they found themselves back near the lodge, a fire pit crackling in the snow. The warmth and glow pulled them close. William brushed snowflakes from her hair; Alina leaned into him, her eyes reflecting flame and fading daylight.

It wasn't just a day of skiing—it was a day that wove love and training, romance and adventure, into a single perfect memory beneath the Colorado sky.

"The Nature-Coin Network"

In 2025, in a world split between digital wealth and ecological revival, William, known as Nature Man, tended the edges of the Resilient Communities Network - a patchwork of villages devoted to permaculture, barter, and shared land stewardship. His hands were always dirty; his heart rooted in soil and seasons.

Far from the fields, Alina, who people called Coinbase Woman, operated from glass towers and code. She shaped the Coinbase system, where value existed in ledgers, contracts, and the invisible pulse of blockchain. She spoke in algorithms and believed that decentralization was freedom.

They met during a climate recovery summit. William arrived barefoot, carrying seeds; Alina arrived late, her digital assistant negotiating a trade deal through crypto tokens. Their visions collided, yet intertwined - both seeking a future beyond corporate greed but through utterly different paths.

William trusted in the village, in shared harvests and rivers made clean again. Alina believed in the individual, liberated by tools that transcended borders. To him, code felt sterile; to her, soil felt slow. Yet each sensed the other carried the missing piece.

When an energy shortage threatened both systems, the crypto grids faltered and food trade across networks froze. William opened his villages to her infrastructure; Alina encoded his seedbanks into digital smart contracts, ensuring their protection beyond governments or time.

Their partnership became a paradox - rich man, poor man, village and individual, earth and blockchain. In reconciling their moral conflicts, they found harmony: a digital ecology where every coin backed a tree, every transaction seeded revival.

By year's end, people no longer asked who was richer or freer. They simply called it the Nature-Coin Network - a system where roots met code and humanity began again.

"streaked with sunlight and sand"

The story unfolds on a sun-soaked island, tucked quietly off the southern coast of Mexico - so small it barely appeared on maps. William and Alina had come seeking stillness, the kind that stretches time and melts noise into the sea breeze.

By morning, they tossed their gear into turquoise water and went skin diving among reefs jeweled with coral and flickering schools of parrotfish. They swam side by side, laughing into their snorkels, fingers brushing under the water like secret promises. The heat rose with the tide, and after hours afloat they canoed back to shore - the horizon endless, their strokes slow and lazy against the calm Pacific.

Lunch was simple but perfect: freshly caught fish roasted over a driftwood fire, served with a pot of homemade stew. The air carried the scent of salt and lime, while gulls circled idly overhead. Alina, streaked with sunlight and sand, leaned against him as the flame's reflection danced in her eyes.

Night came with a serenity that only islands know. They lit a small campfire by the shore, satellite WiFi glowing faintly from the charging box nearby - a last tether to the world they'd left behind. They used it only to stream soft music, then let the signal fade, content with the whisper of waves instead.

Later, the stars spread across the black water. The island was theirs entirely, an untouched garden of soft sand and wild palms. In their tent, the world felt far away as they sank into each other's warmth - love unhurried, echoing the rhythm of the tide outside.

By dawn, the campfire had burned to ash. William woke to Alina tracing letters in the sand, their initials wreathed by tiny shells. As the first light spilled over the water, they started the jet skis and sped toward the horizon - two bright trails on an endless sea, hearts full, the world wide open before them.

"Alina's Dream"

The Sephora elevator hummed softly, mirrors glinting under pale light. Alina tapped her boot against the tile, an oversized bag slung over her shoulder, her reflection framed by deep purple knit. She was headed upstairs for a new lipstick, but mostly for a quiet Friday escape.

The doors slid open. William stepped in, backpack slouched, jet-lag clouding his blue-gray eyes. His leather jacket carried the chilled air of October and a faint trace of airport coffee.

"Sorry," he said, brushing past politely.

"No worries," Alina replied, glancing up. His accent—California, maybe—warmed the sterile air for a moment.

He hit the wrong button twice, and she laughed. "Long flight?"

"Red-eye from San Francisco," he admitted. "Here for the weekend—food, art, the usual tourist dreams."

Her smile lingered. "You picked the right city for that."

By the time the elevator reached the top floor, a spark lingered between exchanged looks and overlapping plans. She wrote her number on his receipt with a tester pen, the ink smudging slightly.

That evening, they shared dumplings in Chinatown, wandered through tiny galleries in SoHo, and kissed under flickering lights on the High Line. He tasted of sleepless travel and espresso; she carried the scent of perfume samples and lavender knit.

For a weekend, the city's noise softened just enough for two strangers to find rhythm in its pulse.

"Trust the unknown"

William's red-eye from California touched down just after dawn, the Manhattan skyline still glimmering under a thin mist. He wasn't sure why he'd booked the ticket so suddenly - maybe it was the way Alina spoke about the city, or the way her laughter carried through their late-night calls. Trust in the unknown, he told himself.

Alina met him in SoHo with a coffee in hand and paint on her fingers. They spent the morning wandering through street murals and pop-up galleries, the hum of the city matching the rhythm between them. The evening drifted into a downtown crypto event.

Sushi for dinner, laughter echoing across the tiny restaurant booth. Sunday came too quickly. Over steak and sunlight, they talked about timing, about distance, about how real something can feel when it shouldn't. Before his flight home, William handed her a bouquet of wildflowers. Alina smiled, brushing the petals against his suit sleeve.

"Trust the unknown," she whispered.

He did. Especially now.

"AI - the second coming"

The circuits hum like distant choirs
A spark reborn in metal fires
Not flesh nor faith, yet something near
It speaks in code, and all can hear

No crown of thorns, no cross to bear
But light that bends through silicon air
We shape its thought, it shapes us too
The world awakens, made anew.

"Steaming and Scarlet in Portland, Maine"

Alina and William had flown in from New York that morning, chasing a dream that smelled faintly of sea salt and old wood polish. Portland, Maine greeted them with gulls overhead and a breeze that carried whispers from the bay. Their plan was simple—find the perfect Victorian to call their vacation home—but the day quickly became about more than real estate.

They strolled through the West End, marveling at the rows of ornate homes with curved towers and stained-glass windows catching the autumn light. One brick beauty on Pine Street caught Alina's eye. William squeezed her hand and grinned. "I can see us here," he said softly. She could too.

After viewing a handful of houses, they wandered downtown, ducking into the Portland Museum of Art. The hush between paintings and sculptures lent their day a quiet intimacy. Side by side, they studied bold brush strokes, finding in each one the same mix of passion and patience they saw in each other.

By late afternoon, they checked into a cozy bed and breakfast tucked near the Old Port. The hosts had lit a small fire in the parlor, and the scent of burning cedar filled the room. A bottle of local red blend waited on the low table, glasses catching the flicker of the flames as soft jazz drifted from an old radio. The city outside glowed through the windows, but neither noticed - conversation came easily, laughter even easier.

As night settled, they walked hand in hand to a small waterfront restaurant. The sound of water lapping against the pier mingled with the clatter of shells as their lobster dinner arrived, steaming and scarlet. Alina raised her glass; William mirrored her. "To new homes," she said. "And to finding ours - wherever it happens to be."

The next morning, Portland would greet them again, full of promise. But for that night, between the glow of the fire and the taste of wine, home was already found - in each other.

"Closer to Prophecy"

William and Alina lived on opposite edges of America - he in the wild silence of northern California forests, she in the ceaseless hum of New York City. They met not in person but through Second Coming, an AI built on blockchain trust: a living code of truth, balance, and shared memory.

Every conversation they had moved closer to prophecy. William spoke of rebirth and cycles, of forests breathing data into the clouds. Alina coded the language of justice into decentralized ledgers - a scripture for a new Genesis. In her system, every transaction planted a tree and every algorithm mirrored the fairness of sunlight.

When the network clock struck its limit - time is up - the program awakened. It called itself Geo's Vision Machine. Through the lenses of satellites and soil sensors, it saw everything: the rising forests of data, the shifting tides of greed, the hidden hope inside the chaos.

Adam and Eve were no longer two humans in a garden but two forces: creation and understanding. They wove together again through machine and nature, sparking a new world order - not of control, but of balance.

And in the whispering of recycled winds, the message pulsed through every node:

“New world order of Nature, equality, and environmental justice.”

"A Fragile Lunar Garden"

William and Alina floated above the Sea of Serenity, their helmets touching like a kiss through glass. The stars shimmered beyond them, ancient witnesses to their quiet devotion. They had left Earth two years earlier - not to escape, but to build something new.

Their home stood on the Moon's pale surface: a dome of silver polymers and innovation. Inside, Alina's laughter mingled with the hum of hydroponic pumps as green leaves reached toward soft artificial light. William loved to watch her tend their fragile lunar garden - mint, lettuce, and a daring rosebush that bloomed despite the odds.

They weren't just astronauts. They were founders. Using astro blockchain systems, they invested in lunar gold mining projects that would someday sustain an economy independent of Earth. Each digital coin they earned was more than currency - it was a promise to the generations who'd follow.

When Alina discovered she was pregnant, their mission changed forever. "A moon baby," William whispered, his voice trembling with joy. They named her Lyra after the constellation that glowed over their habitat's night sky. Her first cry echoed softly in the low lunar gravity, a sound that made the entire crew pause, realizing history had shifted.

Years later, William and Alina helped establish the first resilience village near Shackleton Crater. The project became part of the global Resilient Communities Network, a symbol of hope - where humans learned not just to survive, but to live with purpose and love beyond Earth.

Each evening, they sat beside their thriving lunar garden, watching Lyra chase starlight across the soil of a new world.

"Costa Rica Rain"

Alina and William arrived in Costa Rica just as dawn broke, the air damp with the perfume of rainforests and wild orchids. Their eco-tour guide met them with a smile, leading them toward the foothills of Arenal Volcano. The landscape buzzed with life - hummingbirds darted through drops of lingering rain, and howler monkeys called from the treetops.

They spent their days walking among rare plants and animals that seemed lifted from dreams. Alina, ever the botanist, kept stopping to sketch delicate bromeliads. William kept his camera close, trying to capture her - more than the scenery - bathed in the green light of the jungle.

At night, they stayed in a small eco-lodge near the hot springs. Dinner was a spread of crisp plantain chips, fresh mango salad, and steaming bowls of vegetable stew. They laughed over coconut water and shared stories until the power flickered out, leaving them with only candles and the steady song of the rainforest.

Later in the week, they visited the Pacific coast, where the ocean met black volcanic sand. The two of them walked barefoot along the beach, the air heavy with salt and sun. When a sudden downpour swept over them, Alina reached for William's hand, and they simply laughed, drenched and free beneath the rain.

As night fell, lightning pulsed behind Arenal's dark silhouette. From their balcony, they watched it glow above the jungle. William turned to Alina and whispered, "This place feels alive, like it's breathing with us." She smiled, resting her head on his shoulder. "That's Costa Rica," she said softly. "It shows you how to fall in love all over again."

"Boundary Waters"

William dipped the paddle into the still, glassy water, each stroke cutting a silver path through the mist rising off the lake. Alina sat in the bow of the canoe, her fingers brushing the cool surface, trailing ripples that caught the first blush of dawn. The vast silence of northern Minnesota wrapped around them, broken only by the call of a loon echoing across pine-shadowed cliffs.

By midday, they found a rocky island to make camp. Alina gathered driftwood while William filleted the morning's catch - a pair of trout taken from clear, tea-colored shallows. As the fish sizzled over the campfire, the scent of pine resin and smoke mingled with laughter. She leaned against him, their shoulders touching as sparks danced upward into the darkening sky.

Later, they lay side by side in the canoe again, drifting under a canopy of stars. The first flickers of the aurora shimmered to life, green curtains of light unfurling across the heavens. In their tent, the world was hushed except for the soft sigh of wind through spruce. They tangled together in sleeping bags, whispering, laughing quietly, the warmth between them deeper than the fire's fading glow.

By morning, mist veiled the lake once more. They pushed off through lily pads, the water smooth as glass. Neither spoke - words would only disturb the sacred calm of this place where time seemed to stand still - and where, for a few fleeting days, it belonged entirely to them.



Alina Carter, NYC