

The Nearest Few

why your six or seven is the whole thing

Starlings turn as one —
thousands of birds, no leader.

Each one is only watching
its nearest six or seven.
That's where the pattern
comes from. Not the whole sky.

The few nearest.

You have a nearest few.
When you're steady,
they feel it.

When you fall apart—fragment—
they feel that too.

You don't need a million.
You need your six or seven, tended well.
That ripples. That's not small —
that's how it has always worked.

Three rules. That's all there is.



Stay close to your nearest few.

Notice when someone's off.
Give them the minute.



Move in the same direction.

Not agreement — orientation.
We repair when we rupture.



Don't collide.

Say the small true thing early,
before it hardens.

This week:

- Write down your nearest six or seven.
- Each morning, thirty seconds: what's running in me?
Not to fix it. Just to notice.
- Once, with one of them, say the unsaid thing.
The short version.

That's the practice. None of it heroic.
Do it for a month and the space around you shifts.
The flock is already forming.
Your part is small, specific, and yours.

The Nearest Few

why your six or seven is the whole thing

Starlings turn as one —
thousands of birds, no leader.

Each one is only watching
its nearest six or seven.
That's where the pattern
comes from. Not the whole sky.

The few nearest.

You have a nearest few.
When you're steady,
they feel it.

When you fall apart—fragment—
they feel that too.

You don't need a million.
You need your six or seven, tended well.
That ripples. That's not small —
that's how it has always worked.

Three rules. That's all there is.



Stay close to your nearest few.

Notice when someone's off.
Give them the minute.



Move in the same direction.

Not agreement — orientation.
We repair when we rupture.



Don't collide.

Say the small true thing early,
before it hardens.

This week:

- Write down your nearest six or seven.
- Each morning, thirty seconds: what's running in me?
Not to fix it. Just to notice.
- Once, with one of them, say the unsaid thing.
The short version.

That's the practice. None of it heroic.
Do it for a month and the space around you shifts.
The flock is already forming.
Your part is small, specific, and yours.