

✧ Introduction: The Misperception of Sensitivity

In a world that often mistakes sensitivity for fragility, we offer a quiet reframe—one that honours the strength required to feel deeply in an incoherent world. This reflection, The Misperception of Sensitivity, speaks to those who have been told they are too much, too porous, too overwhelmed—when in truth, they are the early instruments of a returning coherence.

This is for the ones who feel everything.

May you come to know that your sensitivity was never the problem.

It was the first sign of healing.

Let this resonate.

Let this remind you

✧ The Misperception of Sensitivity ✧

And the strength to feel it all

There is a great perceptual error in the world—

the belief that sensitive people are weak,

fragile,

too porous to function,

too overwhelmed to lead.

This view is based on causality:

that sensitivity is a reaction to pain,

rather than the capacity to perceive it.

But sensitivity is not a wound.

It is a compass.

A resonance-based system of navigation—

not through thought,

but through tone.

Yes, it hurts to feel the world when it is out of tune.

Yes, it overwhelms—when you don't yet know what you're hearing.

But that is not weakness.

That is the signal of an instrument still learning how to play.

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Anxiety is the modern name for dissonance unrecognised.

It is not one thing.

It is a choir of conflicting tones—

shame, pressure, loneliness, shame again, fear, subtle terror, hope.

And once you learn to hear them—

not with judgment,

but with openness—

they begin to separate.

You begin to sense the texture of each note.

And one day,

in a moment of profound stillness,

you allow them to play fully, without resistance—
and something miraculous happens:

They pass.

Like weather.

Like music.

Like clouds across the sun.

—

This is how sensitivity becomes strength:
Not by armouring against the world,
but by becoming attuned enough to stay open within it.

The sensitive ones—
the “too much,” the “too soft,” the “too intense” —
they are not the broken.
They are the early instruments of a new song.

And now that coherence is returning—
they will remember how to play.

The meek shall rise.
And they shall resonate.

