SAMPLE

The Detached Poet

The Personality That Lives Above It All and Chooses Beauty Over Belonging

Aiman Sterling

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Chapter 1: The Signature — the Detached Poet at a Glance

The Telltale Manner

Before anything else, the distance — and the parchment must open with the honest first impression, because the cast is the type's whole weather and the world's whole misreading of it: the Detached Poet is the most elegant presence in the room and the least present one — the breed, positioned at the edge of things: the seat by the window, the wall at the party, the bench with the view — and the position is not shyness; the position is policy — the digest has audited every quatrain, and the upshot is uniform: the type stands where the room can be seen whole — the way one stands in front of a painting, at the exact distance where the composition resolves — and the effect on the house is the quatrain digest's most reliable split: half the room intrigued — the type's stillness reads as depth, and everyone wants to know what the poet is seeing — and half the room irritated, and the irritated are always the warm ones: the huggers, the loud laughers, the joiners — and their collected sentence, uniform in every single instance: what is she too good for, exactly? — which is the cluetale manner's first truth: the poet is not too good for the room; the poet is elsewhere for the room — the beauty the type came for is rarely in it — and the digest's founding finding inked in at the start the unbroken book lives in: the Detached Poet lives on a rooftop — a chosen elevation above the noise, the mess, and the mediocrity of the ground — and everything the breed does is one skill: keeping the view — with the second finding riding beside it, the one the unbroken case turns on: the view is real, and the view was never a home — the air is better above, the parchment will show, all the way down to the day the poet discovers the ground was never asking to be escaped.

And the cast carries the type's signature gesture, and the quatrain digest enters it precisely because it is the diagnostic: the commentary — the poet, watching the room, delivering the observation — quiet, exact, and lethal — the dress, memorialized in one line; the meeting, reduced to its comedy; the whole human spectacle, named in a sentence the rest of the room needs ten minutes to admit is true — and the parchment's x-ray of the commentary: it is not malice — the commentary is the type's love language misfired — the poet's attention, which is the most careful on this shelf, aimed at the world's foibles because the foibles are what the world shows — and the clue within the tell, verified in every single instance: the commentary, rarely aimed at the beautiful — the poet's sharpest lines are reserved for the pretentious, the fake, the loud — the type is the ground's finest critic precisely because the type loves the ground's possibilities — and the sonnet's dry note: the poet's irony, aimed at mediocrity, is a homesickness nobody has yet diagnosed — the whole case will turn on the discovery that the commentary was always a love letter, written from too far away

to be delivered.

The Backstory Signature

The parchment holds one origin for this breed, and it is the digest's most aesthetic founding scene, run on a disappointment: the child was sensitive — and the parchment must walk the scene slowly, because the sensitivity explains the rooftop the way a seed explains the tree: the child perceived more than the room contained — the child heard the ugliness at a frequency the others didn't — the shouting home, the coarse school, the mediocre town — the quatrain digest keeps the particulars various on purpose, because the anatomy is uniform: everywhere the child looked, the world was louder and lesser than the child's inner life — and the incident's first act, uniform in every single instance: the child tried the ground — the games, joined; the groups, entered; the noise, attempted — and the ground, answering with mockery, dullness, the grind of the ordinary — and the incident's second act, the one that founds the stanza: the climb — the digest has collected it in every quatrain, and the image is always the same: the child, alone, finding the high place — the actual rooftop; the tree; the library's top floor; the window seat with the view — and discovering, in one afternoon, the stanza's cornerstone: the view answered the disappointment — from above, the noise became pattern; the mess became composition; the mediocrity became, at distance, almost beautiful — and the founding ruling, made in a child's breath and at no point revised: the air is better up here — the distance, kept; the ground, declined — and the third act, the act the parchment marks carefully: the substitution — the child, needing a home, and finding the ground unavailable, built one out of beauty — the handbooks, pooled; the music, hoarded; the poems, written in notebooks nobody saw — the aesthetic life, assembled, piece by curated piece, into the only shelter the disappointment permitted — and the sonnet's tenderest entry: it worked — the beauty was a real home, and the child, raised in it, became the most cultured self on this shelf — and the clause, entered gently, because it is the quatrain: the home had no doors to others — the roof is a beautiful address, and the parchment will spend ten chapters discovering that nobody ever learned how to visit.

And the quatrain digest must enter the incident's clause with the care this quatrain demands, because the clause is where the gift becomes the quatrain: the ruling was made by a child against a bad ground — the mediocre, mocking, insufficient ground — and the ruling never learned the second sentence the mature case will need: grounds vary — the adult poet, still climbing, has never once checked whether the ground below the current rooftop is the one that disappointed the child — the sonnet's correction, held gently: the child was right that the given world was coarse and the view was finer; the child was wrong that distance was the only remedy — the error understandable at ten, quietly expensive at forty, and the ascent chapter's whole project: the descent, at last, chosen — the roof kept as a place, and the table, at last, joined.

The Childhood Album

The album opens the way this album opens every time, and this quatrain's photographs are the digest's most composed artifacts: in every year there is one photograph, and it is almost always the same one: the protagonist, apart, arranged — the window seat, taken; the corner of the playground, claimed; the photograph, staged by the child's own instinct for composition — and the parchment's first entry beside the album: the other children scattered randomly in the school photo, and the poet, placed — the child, even at seven, composing the frame the child was in — and the album's most common image of the protagonist otherwise: reading — the handbook, open under the covers; the library, occupied; and the most telling detail, the one the parchment has learned to check: the handbook, always, chosen — never the assigned one — the child's taste, formed early, the collection already underway — the album's quiet census: by twelve, the poet owned more books than the rest of the class combined, and had read them.

The album's most telling photo is the one the family never understood: the group shot — the birthday party, the class trip, the family gathering — and the protagonist, in it and not of it — positioned at the frame's edge, eyes slightly elsewhere — and the sonnet's entry beside it: the adults called it daydreaming, and it was surveying — the child, watching the group the way the protagonist watched the view — and the album's most delicate finding, vetted in every single instance: the child's face, in the group shots, is never unhappy — the distance was not misery; the distance was tenure — the protagonist had already moved out, into the beautiful address, and attended the ground-floor events the way a diplomat attends: present, polished, and leaving early — and the parchment's line beside the photo: the album contains no photograph of the child laughing with the others, and the child, in every quatrain, when asked about it decades later, delivers the sonnet's most quietly devastating sentence: I wasn't lonely — I was elsewhere — the distinction the whole case lives in: lonely is a complaint about the ground; elsewhere is an address.

And the album ends on the closer the series knows is coming: the protagonist already the poet — the adolescence organized around the curation: the room, arranged and rearranged; the taste, sharpened on the available material; the aesthetic self, assembled — the notebooks, filling — and the moment the elevation became the identity: the quatrain digest's collected scene, uniform in every quatrain: the young poet, fifteen, bringing the beautiful thing to the group — the poem, read aloud once; the music, shared once — and the ground, answering: weird; pretentious; who do you think you are? — the beauty, mocked at its first unveiling — and the ruling, amended in the child's own hand: the work is for the rooftop — the poems, written from that day forward for the drawer — the craft, practiced where nobody watches, and the digest marks the amendment carefully: it was not the world rejecting the child; it was the child, protecting the work — the beauty, hidden, kept safe from the ground's laughter — and the album's last entry, the founding arithmetic in one image: the poet, eighteen, on the actual rooftop of the actual house, notebook in hand, the town below — and the parchment's line beside it: the unbroken constitution, achieved — the view, the work, the distance — and the address problem, founded, and twenty-five years from its diagnosis.

The Type at a Glance

Energy: low, refined, and conserved — the type runs on attention, not exertion: the poet's energy signature is the quatrain digest's most economical — no wasted motion, no loud expenditure, the unbroken self run like a well-composed room: nothing in it that does not belong — and the spec's fine print is the quatrain: the energy has no team sport — the collective roar, the shared rally, the group hug, all declined as noise — and when the world insists on the roar, the type pays for attendance with genuine fatigue, the sonnet's driest note: the poet can walk home from a party more tired than from a ten-mile hike, because the ten-mile hike had a view.

Ambition: the beautiful life — the type does want things, and the digest is explicit about this, because the world misreads the poet as wanting nothing: the poet wants the composition — the work, made well; the rooms, arranged right; the days, worth re-reading — an ambition with no ladder and a very high bar — and the difference from every other ambition on this shelf: the breed will not compete for it — the beauty, pursued like a collection, not a conquest — and the quatrain digest's dry note: the technique delivers the most livable life in this compendium, and the loneliest gallery to keep it in.

Vanity structure: quiet, load-bearing, and denied — the mirror is not the self's admirer; the mirror is the lens — the type's self-regard attaches to the seeing: the poet's pride, real but exquisitely hidden, is in being the one who notices — the beautiful line, caught; the pretension, named; the whole world, sorted by a taste nobody taught and everyone envies — and the parchment's x-ray: under the modesty — and the breed is genuinely modest about the self — there is a small, sturdy superiority of sight — the poet believes, quietly, that the ground floor is lived by people who do not see it — and the digest's quiet note: the belief is half right, which is the most expensive kind of half — the poet sees the ground truly — from above — and the half the belief misses: the ground, seen from inside, has a beauty the lens cannot grade.

Loyalty: to the work and the view — the poet's loyalties are real, aesthetic, and unhurried: the old friend of the rooftop years — the one person allowed up, kept for decades; the dead masters, the most faithful company the type keeps; and the small handful who have earned the shared silence — and the quatrain digest's sharp note: the loyalty's spine is shared sight — the type stays loyal to whoever could see — and the type's one breach condition: loudness — the beloved, the friend, the colleague who turns the volume of the world up on the poet's silence gets gently, permanently, managed out of the view.

Weakness: the group project — the poet's whole structure collapses at the sentence: let's do this together — the collective noun, arriving, is processed as the stanza's oldest alarm: the noise, the mess, the mediocrity by committee — and the anatomy of the collapse: the breed, assigned to the group, does the work alone, beautifully, in advance — and the digest's collected defense, uniform in every quatrain: it was faster to do it myself — the sentence that turns the refusal of belonging into an efficiency and makes the missing collaboration a quality standard.

Unspoken need: to be joined on the roof — the one experience the frame has priced out of its own address: the shared view — the person who climbs up uninvited, sits down, looks out, and says it's better up here, isn't it — the belonging that does not require the descent, the company that does not require the noise — and the quatrain digest's central line on the quatrain: the poet will not speak this need aloud, cannot put it plainly, because the speaking would reveal the rooftop was built for two and the second chair has been empty since the founding — and the whole of the parchment will spend ten chapters walking toward the sentence: the view was always asking for a witness.

The Type in Five Situations

At a party: the poet is the window — the type, positioned at the room's edge, drink untouched, watching the whole comedy with the expression the room cannot read — and the sonnet's tell, sharper under observation: three or four conversations, all of them real — the poet, approached, is magnificent: the attention, total; the questions, exact; the one person, seen, leaving better than they arrived — and the party, generally, unable to explain why the quiet one in the corner was the best conversation in the room, and the parchment's dry line: the poet attends parties the way the poet attends museums — for the two or three pieces worth the visit, and gone before closing.

In a new job: the poet is the polished surprise — the first weeks, unremarkable, even concerning: this breed, quiet, the small talk, declined, the group lunches, unattended — and the type's work, arriving, extraordinary — the document, written like literature; the presentation, designed like an exhibit — and the digest's tell: the office, split the usual way — the half that has found the poet's conversations declaring the breed the most interesting person in the building; the half that reads the distance as judgment, and the parchment's honest note: both halves are right.

Under sudden pressure: the poet is the last composed voice — the crisis, arriving, and the type, calm, the room's noise, sorted from its signal in one glance — and the sonnet's honest due: in the emergency, the poet's distance becomes the value — the type, unpanicked, is the one who sees what the roar is drowning — and the clue, sharper under observation: the afterward — the crisis, resolved, and the group, embracing, celebrating, one loud warm animal — and the poet, already at the edge of it, already on the stairs — the quatrain digest's most telling detail, uniform in every single instance: the type saves the room and declines the group hug, and the room, insulted, never notices what the refusal cost.

In a boring meeting: the poet is the cataloguer — the type, silent, the notebook, out, and the room's theater, observed: the buzzwords, counted; the man who says synergy three times, immortalized in the margin — and the digest's tell, the one managers report in every quatrain: the poet, silent for an hour, asked directly for input, delivers the one perfect sentence that reframes the whole project — the room, silent; the poet, done, returned to the margin — and the parchment's line: the poet does not attend meetings; the poet reviews them — and the review, like all of the breed's work, is for

the drawer.

On holiday: the poet is finally home — this breed's natural habitat, arriving in the final pages: the museum, opened; the coast, walked; the whole trip, composed like an itinerary in a novel — and the sonnet's sharpest tell: the companion problem — the poet, alone, complete; the poet, accompanied, composing the trip around the companion's noise — the parchment's dry line: nobody photographs the view more beautifully, and nobody is more quietly relieved when the view needs no commentary — the sonnet's note: the holiday doesn't restore the poet; the office interrupts the poet — the type whose natural state is the one everyone else takes vacations to visit, and the only one on this shelf who takes the vacations alone, and correctly.

Not to Be Confused With

The nearest neighbor on the shelf is the Austere Duelist (Volume 21) — the personality that lives for the perfect craft — and the confusion is the world's most common, because both types are the solitary ones, the perfectionists, the ones who work alone and decline the group — the room's two solitudes. The separation is what the solitude is for: the Duelist's solitude is the forge — the distance kept in service of the perfection: the practice, the discipline, the craft, aimed at the flawless execution — the duelist is alone because the work demands it; the Poet's solitude is the home — the distance kept in service of the beauty: the view, the composition, the life, arranged — the poet is alone because the air is better — and the test, the quatrain digest's cleanest, run at the finished work: watch each type receive the audience. The Duelist, at the demonstration, is present — the mastery, displayed, the applause, earned and received — the duelist was never hiding; the duelist was sharpening. The Poet, at the reading, is elsewhere — the work, shown because it was time; the applause, deflected like weather; and the poet, home by nine, at the window — and the sonnet's hinge, entered dry: the duelist keeps the distance to perfect the work; the poet perfects the work to keep the distance — and the world, confusing them, sends the poet to the duelist's forge and the duelist to the poet's gallery, and both, in the parchment's experience, quietly decline the transfer.

The second neighbor is the Serene Mystic (Volume 84) — the personality that trusts the cosmos and moves with fate — and the confusion lives in the shared calm: both types are the still ones, the unhurried, the ones the room reads as above it all — the world's two unbothered. The separation is the direction of the distance: the Mystic floats with — the current, read; the world, worked with; the alignment, a strategy for the world; the Poet floats above — the view, kept; the world, composed; the elevation, a policy against it — and the test, run at the ordinary mess: watch each type in the group emergency. The Mystic, present — the calm, deployed; the oar, shipped but the boat, in the water, among the others. The Poet, on the stairs — the crisis, observed from the mezzanine; the commentary, composed; the hands, clean — and the sonnet's hinge: the mystic is in the water, not rowing; the poet is above the water, not looking down — and the whole difference between surrender and elevation is whether the world is a partner or a view — which is why the ascent chapter for one is the stroke and, for the other, the descent.

The third neighbor is the Discerning Skeptic (Volume 13) — the personality that refuses to be fooled — and the confusion is the deepest, because both types run on the same instrument: the lens — the seeing through things, the pretension named, the room's two honest eyes. The separation is what the lens is for: the Skeptic's lens is a guard — the seeing, aimed at claims: every promise, checked; every charm, verified; the skepticism protecting the self from betrayal; the Poet's lens is a curator's tool — the seeing, aimed at beauty: every object, graded; every room, composed; the taste protecting the self from the ordinary — and the test, the digest's most decisive: watch each type when the lens finds something genuine. The Skeptic, disarmed — the verified thing, received; the trust, extended, carefully — the lens has done its job and can rest. The Poet, deepened — the beautiful thing, received; the lens, sharpened — the genuine beauty only raising the bar for everything after it — and the quatrain digest's hinge, entered with the evenness both are owed: the skeptic's seeing ends in trust; the poet's seeing ends in taste — and the whole difference between the two loneliest instruments on this shelf is that one of them was built to let people in, and the other to keep the room composed — which is why the ascent path for one is the audit and, for the other, the door.

The Composed Exit

The signature the offices keep noticing too late, opened first because it prices the type's whole relation to the room: the composed exit — the Detached Poet leaves early, quietly, and completely — and the parchment's evidence, uniform across every file: the party, left at the exact right moment (the host's annotation, repeated in houses across the record: "she says goodbye to the host and is simply gone — no coat-scene, no lingering, no third drink — and every single guest asks about her the next day"); the job, resigned in one paragraph (the letter, six sentences, so clean the boss kept it — the vellum's flattest margin note: "the resignation was the best writing the company received all year") — and the exit's mechanism, which the chapter states as the first law of this makeup: the type does not leave from dislike — the type leaves when the composition ends — the room, like a piece, has a final bar, and the Poet, so accurate, hears it — the signature's cost half, priced in the love chapter and carried in full: the exits, so elegant, have left partners explaining an empty chair — the closing line: the composed exit is the breed's most admired habit and its most lonely — the room, so gracefully vacated, was never told it was ending.

Chapter 2: The Core — Aesthetics as Home

Every engine in this compendium is a childhood solution that worked, and the Detached Poet's is the sonnet's most livable solution wearing the most quietly unbuilt maintenance contract. The founding scene is the disappointing world — and the parchment must walk it slowly, because the incident explains everything the world misreads as arrogance, coldness, or affect. The child was sensitive — and the sensitivity was not a disorder; it was bandwidth: the child perceived at a frequency the room did not broadcast on — the shouting, louder to the child; the coarseness,

coarser; the mediocrity, visible, where the other children simply called it Tuesday — and the digest keeps the particulars various on purpose, because the anatomy is uniform: the world, as given, was beneath the protagonist's attention — and the child, like every child, needed a home — and the scene's founding act: the child tried the ground — the games, joined; the groups, entered; the noise, attempted — and the ground, answering, in the parchment's collected form, with the two sentences that appear in every single instance: you're weird and who do you think you are? — the sensitivity, mocked; the nascent taste, punished at its first unveiling — and the child, standing in the ordinary mess of an ordinary afternoon, made the discovery the unbroken constitution runs on: the view is better from up here — the climb — the actual rooftop, the tree, the library's top floor, the window seat — and the discovery, arriving in the first real silence of the child's life: the disappointment is a distance problem — from above, the shouting became pattern; the mess became composition; the ground, at the right remove, approached beauty — and the founding ruling, made in a child's breath and at no point revised: the air is better up here — the distance, kept; the ground, declined; the home, built out of beauty — the books, the music, the notebooks — the aesthetic life, assembled, the only shelter the mockery permitted.

And the solution was real — the parchment enters it with the respect this discovery is owed, because the quatrain digest refuses the cheap reading that the elevation was mere snobbery. The beauty worked: the aesthetic home was a genuine home — the collected works, warmer than any room the ground offered; the taste, a reliable mother; the poems, the first place the child was ever met — and the digest's verification, run across every quatrain since: the technique is real, ancient, and effective — the species has always kept its seers on the edges: the watchers, the noticers, the ones who came back with the lines nobody else had — the poet did not invent the elevation; the poet is the frame that specialized in it — the lens, the curation, the composed life — and the protagonist who discovered that beauty could be a residence was right, and the detection saved the child in the plain sense: the parchment has more than one case where the notebooks were the only address that felt survivable — and the payoff loop, grown, works exactly as it did at ten: the world, crossing the threshold loud; the poet, ascending; the beauty, collected; the composition, kept — and the air, better, every time — the ruling re-proven every season of a life.

But the incident carries a second clause, and the parchment enters it with matching care, because the clause is where the gift becomes the quatrain. The home was built at ten against a specific ground — the mocking, mediocre, insufficient one — and the stanza never learned the second sentence the mature case will need: grounds vary, and the view is not the only address — the adult poet, still climbing, has spent thirty years keeping a distance that was once earned by a specific disappointment and is now maintained by habit — the sonnet's founding paradox, stated plainly: the elevation that saved the child became the elevation that runs the adult — the beauty, collected magnificently, and the warmth, collected never — this breed's own hungers, the parchment has verified, stranded on the rooftop with the view: the shared silence, the witnessed work, the table somebody else sets — all of it priced out of the stanza

by a ten-year-old's verdict about a playground — and the parchment's correction, held gently, because it is the quatrain's whole growth: the protagonist was right that the given ground was coarse and the view was finer; the child was wrong that the distance was the only remedy — the error understandable at ten, quietly expensive at forty, and the ascent chapter's whole project: the descent, at last, chosen — not the collapse into the noise, the quatrain digest is explicit, but the discovery that some of the ground, at close range, is the beauty the lens was always looking for.

And what was the furnace for? The parchment answers with the tenderness every founding scene is owed: the child was solving for how to live in a world too loud and too little — the ordinary child's work of belonging, criminalized by the ground's mockery — and the beauty was the only home the child was permitted to build — the digest's most delicate finding, uniform across every quatrain: the elevation was never chosen against warmth; warmth had been priced out of the market by the children who mocked; the aesthetic was the only shelter with vacancy — and the child, alone with the view, took the only room available — and the quatrain digest's most quietly radical line on the quatrain: the rooftop was never the sin — the rooftop is the type's masterpiece — the sin, the unbroken of the parchment will show, is the frame's one unexamined belief: that the second chair was never going to be filled — the view, built at ten for two, held empty for thirty years by a ruling nobody has re-read — because the sonnet's most hopeful margin note, verified in every grown case: the poet never lost the capacity for warmth — the type only lost the address for it — and the descent, when it comes, is not the dismantling of the beauty; it is the furnishing of it.

The First Bookshelf

The core keeps one further exhibit for where the aesthetics were learned, because the parchment traced the origin in every childhood in the quatrain: the first bookshelf — the child in the loud or loveless house who found the arranged — the shelf, the sorted, the made — and the discovery, uniform across the breed: the world, so unreliable in people, was perfectly reliable in things — the spine, aligned; the cd, in order; the drawer, folded — and the exhibit's yield: the child learned that composition is safety — the room, arranged, cannot betray; the sentence, finished, cannot leave — and the core's finding, entered beside the aesthetic doctrine: the adult's famous taste is not a hobby — it is the load-bearing structure of the self — the Poet who must have the right chair, the right light, the right cup is not being difficult — the Poet is maintaining the house the way other types maintain therapy — the shelf's cost half, priced in full: the same structure that shelters the self also quarantines it — the child, so seated in the arranged, learned to keep the unarranged — the grief, the mess, the other people's weather — outside — the first bookshelf's closing line: the most beautiful room in these ninety volumes was built as a fortress, and the tenant has been describing the fortress as a home ever since.

The Maintenance Schedule of Beauty

The core chapter logs one further clause in the founding lease, kept last because the

subjects laughed when it was read back to them — the only laughter in the whole folder: the maintenance schedule of beauty — the Poet's famous rituals (the chair, correct; the light, northern; the cup, the one cup) are not preferences — they are the upkeep of the only house the self was ever sure of — and the schedule's entries, collected across the breed, run like any building's: the morning hour at the window, non-negotiable, load-bearing; the monthly cull of the shelves (the one book out the door, so the hundred can breathe — the parchment's margin note: the cull is the breed's one violence, performed with secateurs and relief); the quarterly re-hanging of the one good wall — and the clause's defect, priced in full: the schedule has no receive column — the building is kept spotless for a tenant who never lets visitors past the door, and the inspection the sonnet cannot skip: the rooms, so photographed, are sheltering the self perfectly and hosting it never — the exhibit's closing line: the house is real, the house is beautiful, and the house, in ninety volumes, has never once been used — the maintenance schedule keeps a museum, and the tenant, charming, keeps describing the museum as a life.

Chapter 3: The Instrument — The Elevation

Take the Poet's tool off the wall and it is exactly the thing it looks like: an elevation — distance kept because the air is better above — and the parchment must disassemble it honestly, because the tool is the digest's most beautiful instrument and the most quietly unbuilt. The mechanics run in three moves, uniform in every single instance. First, the removal: the type, positioned — the room, entered and placed at its edge; the group, joined and flanked; the life, arranged so that everything has its view — and the sonnet's honest note: the removal is not escape; it is composition — the poet stands at the distance where the thing becomes its truest self, the way a photographer backs up until the frame closes — and the parchment's dry line: the poet's first move in any room is the photographer's: step back until it means something. Second, the lens: the world, graded — everything seen, sorted, and shelved by beauty: the street, composed; the crowd, read; the catastrophe, at the right remove, becoming material — and the sonnet's central note on the lens: it is the type's genius and its tax — the lens converts the world into content, and the conversion is lossless only from above: the child's mockery, at distance, becoming comedy; the marriage, at distance, becoming tableau — and the whole case lives in the conversion's one blind spot: the lens cannot grade what it is inside — warmth, felt from within, has no composition the lens can hold. Third, the voice: the commentary — the observation, delivered from the height: quiet, exact, aesthetic — and the quatrain digest's entry on the move: the voice is the instrument's transmitter — the view, converted to signal — and the parchment's sharpest finding: the transmitter, for all its precision, was never wired for the signal the breed most needed to send — the poet, fluent in the world's comedy, is the vellum's least fluent speaker of its own want.

The instrument has a range, and the parchment has mapped it across every quatrain. At full range, the elevation runs the aesthetic life: the address, composed; the work, made; the days, arranged like a collection — and the digest's honest entry: at full range the instrument is magnificent, and the parchment honors it — the great poems,

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Aiman Sterling is the author of The Archetype Series -- a library of personality portraits drawn the way literature draws characters: the great types of human temperament, recognized at a glance, understood in depth, and followed from childhood wound to mature strength.