SAMPLE

The Fallen Blossom

The Personality That Keeps Its Grace in Disgrace

Aiman Sterling

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Chapter 1: The Signature — the Fallen Blossom at a Glance

The Telltale Manner

Before anyone speaks, the bearing is already on — and the blossom diary must open with the unperfumed fact that makes this type so admired and so unmet: the Fallen Blossom is composure as identity — not poise for its own sake, though the blossom's presence out-carries every crown in this catalog: the person whose wreckage is worn like couture — the manner, unchanged by the fall (the journal has the seasons: the bankruptcy, conducted with the courtesy of a coronation); the tone, level in the storm; the whole self, presented at full ceremony precisely when the world expected the collapse — and the signature, the blossom diary has learned to clock it in the first ten minutes or so of any gathering: watch the chin — the Fallen Blossom does not pretend the fall didn't happen; the blossom transcends it: the scandal, acknowledged with a grace that closes the topic (the journal's note: the blossom never once argues the verdict — the blossom outlasts it); the gaze, steady on the gossip; the whole bearing, run like a court that has moved premises — and the blossom diary's note: only the journal ever sees the cost. The manner carries the vow, and the blossom diary must render it exactly, because it is so often mistaken for mere pride: under the poise runs a doctrine — the composure, learned in the lowering as survival, kept for decades as identity: the blossom does not believe it is being proud; the blossom believes it is being unbought — they took everything else — the bearing is mine — and the charge arrives only in the unguarded hour: the blossom, so flawless in public, has no version for the private collapse — the alone hour, surfacing between performances, experienced as the enemy's territory — the journal's testimony, gathered from the garden companions and friends of every season, is word for word the same in every blossom diary: I have never once seen her cry — not once, not in twenty years — I genuinely do not know if she can — said with awe, and the blossom diary's sharp note: both halves are true — and the second one is the bill.

And underneath the magnificent bearing runs the tell the blossom's intimates report and the blossom never sees: the unscheduled tears — the Fallen Blossom's quiet, permanent postponement of its own fall: the grief, on hold (the journal has the seasons: the loss, survived in public — and never once mourned in private); the collapse, conducted by nobody — and the journal's careful finding: the blossom does not experience the postponement as avoidance; the blossom experiences it as jurisdiction — the fall happened; the tears were never the town's business — the blossom diary's x-ray: the jurisdiction, so sovereign in public, was never once exercised in private — the tears, held as state secrets from the self — and the people near the Fallen Blossom live the way a nation lives with its monument: grateful, and certain the marble is permanent — never once told that marble weathers, and that the

weathering is happening — which is the springtime's own quiet arithmetic: the dignity, held for decades against every audience — and the falling, held with it — the grace, so complete, and the grief, still in the courtroom.

The Backstory Signature

the blossom diary holds two versions of where it began, and they are both true, and they converge on the same reading.

The dramatic version — the journal finds it in about half the seasons, and the blossom tells it rarely, and only in fragments: the public lowering — the young self, at the center of a fall everyone watched: the exposure, arriving (the blossom diary has them: the fraud that took the family name; the divorce, conducted in the press; the fortune, evaporated between two seasons); the audience, gathered (the journal's cruel detail, uniform in every season: the town, watching — the collapse, expected the way weather is expected); the verdict, served in advance — and the discovery, minted in the mud: they came for the wilt — so the wilt is refused — the grace, composed at the exact hour it was least believable — and the journal's central line on the scene: the audience, denied — the composure, minted as substance — and the vow, self-administered in the wreckage: the weather does not get my petals.

The quiet version — the blossom diary finds it in the other half, and it becomes the subtler origin because nobody printed anything: the child of the lowered house — the family, fallen before the child could remember the height (the journal has the pattern: the name, burdened with a past — your grandfather's bankruptcy, your mother's leaving); the household, run on the memory of ceremony (the table, set beautifully in poverty; the manners, taught like assets — the journal's tender note: the parent, drilling the bearing — we may be poor now, but we are not common); the child's private discovery, conducted without any scandal: the grace is the estate — the composure, inherited like the silver that was sold — and the quiet version, the journal notes, is the harder origin precisely because the grace was assigned early: the parent, proud of the bearing; the child, never once told the petals were allowed to fall — the court dress, issued with the school uniform.

And the two versions converge, the blossom diary has verified, in the signature that identifies the blossom at a glance: the composure is remembered as the floor — the blossom does not experience the grace as a performance or a luxury; the blossom experiences it as the only ground that survived the fall — and the testimony, the blossom diary has learned, is the tell: the self, described only in survivals — I've been through it; I'm still standing; whatever comes, I'll be fine — and the describing, the journal's tender finding, always circles past the one chapter the journal needs: and what happened to the parts of you that fell? — the answer, unavailable at every telling, with a brightness the blossom diary has learned to read as the springtime's own signature: the question itself computes as the enemy's territory — the doctrine has no grammar for the private collapse — which is the whole season in one detail: the grace, so faithfully worn, worn as the whole self — the armor and the person, fused — the falls, all of them, survived in public — and the falling, never once

permitted anywhere.

The Childhood Album

The petal album opens on the scene the blossom names first, and the blossom diary has learned to hear it as this season's tenderest page: the first lowering — the original weather, whatever shape it took (the scandal, the loss, the house's quiet fall — the blossom diary has all the geographies, and they converge): the world, going from standing to watching — the neighbors, changed (the journal has the pattern: the family, lowered — and the street, subtly recataloguing them); the child, the one who saw the change — and the journal's crucial observation, made in every album: the precocity, real (the blossom diary will not join the town's discounting of it: the child's reading of the lowered room was extraordinary) — and the reading, immediately converted into bearing — the child, in the petal album's first page, already holding the chin: the weather, answered by the posture before it was answered by anything else — the journal's x-ray: the first grace, standing in for the first grief — the pattern, minted at the origin and never once overturned.

The petal album holds the discovery of the doctrine — the journal finds it in every season, and it is the origin's true engine: the world, testing the wilt — the collapse, expected (the journal has the seasons: the lowered family, watched for the shambles — the neighbors, waiting for the mother's public unravelling); and the child's discovery, minted in the watching and never once overturned: the expected collapse is the audience's last claim — refuse it, and the claim expires — the lesson, learned in the first decade and never once wrong since: the wilt, declined — the bearing, the only unrepossessionable estate — and the winning, following at rates the blossom diary has measured across every biography: the doctrine works — the town, converted from the audience of a collapse to the witness of a bearing — and the journal's note: the petal album's second page is the discovery that armed the whole life: grace is a substance, not a garment — and the child's conclusion, minted without bitterness: they took the house — the house was never the self.

The petal album holds the court dress's assembly — the detail the grown type recounts with a smile and the blossom diary holds with care: the manners, acquired like armor — the courtesy, drilled (the blossom diary has the artifacts: the thank-you notes, written from the lowered house; the posture, practiced in the mirror of a sold bedroom); the voice, leveled young — and the petal album's most reliable artifact: the child was never once seen falling — the tears, private beyond detection (the journal has the albums: the crying, conducted in places with no witnesses — the bathroom, the walk home, the night) — and the child's conclusion, minted without self-pity and never once overturned: the petals fall where no one collects them — the journal's x-ray: the petal album taught the blossom that the grief is contraband — the falling, run in secret forever — the child, already a monument.

The petal album holds the quiet substitution — the scene the blossom does not name but the witnesses always surface: the collapse, never once held: the losses, survived (the journal has the pattern: the bad year, outfaced — and never once sat with); the

falls, conducted alone (the journal has the testimony: the sibling, asked years later — did you two ever cry about it together? — and the answer, she never cried with me — I assumed she didn't need to) — and the conclusion, minted in the petal album's last page and never once overturned: the bearing is the help — the creed, kept — and the cost, the journal notes, invisible for decades, in the currency nobody counted: the falling, never once witnessed — the life, so beautifully survived, and the survivor, never once held.

And the petal album closes on the composed adult — the blossom diary's own entry, and the journal must make it carefully: the child arrived at adulthood with the whole doctrine in place: the bearing, sovereign; the grace, substance; the fall, conducted and never once concluded — and the world's verdict, arriving immediately and never once overturned: the most dignified person I know — grace under pressure like nobody's business — the verdict, the blossom diary notes, half right — and the petal album's last page and the blossom diary's first finding: the Fallen Blossom does not have a dignity problem or a survival problem; the blossom has a completion problem — the composure, so magnificently run, run instead of the falling — the blossom diary's whole season: the grace is real, the standing is real, and the collapse — the one the grace was built to survive through — still pending, decades later, in the private hour — the fallen petal the whole book is built on, and the flowering's only evidence: the falls, all of them, outlasted — and the tears, still unshed in safety — the wilt, still forbidden — the tree, still at ceremony.

The Type at a Glance

Energy: the bearing's upkeep — the blossom runs on the composure: the posture, maintained (the ceremony, conducted even in the kitchen); the grace, renewed (the mirror, consulted like a superior officer); the poise, defended against all weather — and the blossom diary's unperfumed spec: the Fallen Blossom's energy peaks in public — the audience, being the native weather; the unguarded hour, the journal notes, is where the blossom has no program at all — the whole calendar, kept by a bearing that has never once been off duty.

Ambition: the unbought self — the blossom does not want the height back; the blossom wants the standing that survived it — the dignity, defended; the verdict, outlasted; the audience, converted to witnesses — and the journal's dry note: the ambition is pursued by composure: the bearing, maintained through every lowering; the collapse, declined on principle — and the world's most graceful self, in pursuit of the unrepossessed estate, never once cashing the grief.

Vanity structure: the fall survived in style — the pride is in the outlasting — the I didn't wilt, deployed like a title; the composure, the polish of the refusal — and the blossom diary's x-ray: the vanity's secret clause reads that the grace is the identity — the blossom is quietly, deeply proud of the bearing (and the journal will not diminish it: the pride is earned) — and the journal's quiet note: the whole portfolio rests on a fall that was never once completed — the monument, the blossom diary notes, built over the unexcavated site.

Loyalty: to the witnesses of the fall — the Fallen Blossom keeps, for decades, whoever saw the mud and stayed: the friends, few and tested (the journal has the pattern: the fair-weather circle, shed in one season — and the two who remained, kept like family); the kindnesses, remembered with dates (the journal's tender note: the blossom's memory for who showed up in the lowering is flawless) — and the blossom diary's driest note: the loyalty's weak flank is its asymmetry: the blossom keeps the witnesses — and is never once kept in return (the journal has the pattern: the friends, holding the monument; the person, never once asked to fall on their shoulder) — the court dress, the whole blossom diary notes, worn even to the two who saw the mud.

Weakness: the permitted wilt — the one motion the blossom cannot make: the collapse, held in safety — the tears, shed into a witness's shoulder; the falling, conducted in company; the grief, completed instead of transcended — the one entry this constitution forbids: the petals, falling in front of someone who stays.

Unspoken need: to be held mid-fall — the one experience the blossom has never had: the collapse, witnessed and survived — the tears, met without the town's verdict — the petals, allowed to fall and gathered by someone who knows the tree remains — and the need the constitution guards like a contradiction, because in this biography's language, the witnessed fall is the enemy's victory — and the counterevidence — that the fall held by a friend is not the collapse the audience came for — has never once been allowed to exist.

The Type in Five Situations

At a party. The room's court, in exile — the Fallen Blossom at a party is the guest the whole room straightens for: the blossom, in any gathering, quietly raising the ceremony: the manners, flawless (the journal will not discount it: the courtesy is genuine — warmth, in couture); the gossip, received with politeness (the journal has watched it: the acquaintance, fishing for the collapse's details — and the Blossom, serving them tea instead); the whole party, conducted at a height the room didn't know it had — and the blossom diary's sharp detail: the blossom's presence is seamless with the distance — the beauty, undeniable; the fall, undiscussed — the journal's line: the Fallen Blossom is the most admired guest in this catalog, and the least reached — the blossom, so fluent in the bearing, has never once left the party having been held — and the tell is in the car, after: the seatbelt, clicked; the court dress, unzipped in the dark — and the face, at last, doing something no one is permitted to see.

In a new job. Instant stature — the Fallen Blossom's first quarter is the journal's most respectful: the bearing, registered within the week (the blossom diary has the pattern: the blossom arrives as the office's aristocrat — the past, unannounced and somehow legible); the grace, deployed at the copier as at the coronation — and the journal's most reliable workplace finding: the blossom is, by year two, the organization's most respected employee and its least known — the colleagues, unable to name the Blossom's griefs (the journal has the blossom diaries: the private losses, survived alone; the workdays, conducted with the same flawless bearing) — and the blossom,

the blossom diary has learned, works like a self with no rest position — the journal's arithmetic: the respect, instant; the cost, the softness — the whole career, run at ceremony, and nobody, the blossom diary notes, quite able to say what it costs the wearer.

Under sudden pressure. the blossom's native courtroom, and the journal enters it with genuine awe: the Fallen Blossom in a crisis is the catalog's most unshakeable presence — where others panic, the blossom lowers the voice — the storm, met with increased courtesy (the journal has the pattern: the crisis, arriving, and the Blossom, straightening into it); the audience, watching for the crack — and the crack, declined on principle — and the blossom diary's most delicate finding: the crisis is the one arena where the doctrine's theology is fully true: the grace, so costly elsewhere, genuinely carrying the day here — the team, steadied by the bearing; the room, lowered to the Blossom's tempo — the journal's line: the world gets this type's most functional self in its most contested moments — and the quiet grief, the blossom diary notes, that follows the save: the victory, cited by the monument — and the wearer, still unwitnessed — the whole biography, the journal has verified, survived at the podium.

In a boring meeting. The maintained ceremony — and the journal's x-ray: the silent posture drill — the Fallen Blossom in a settled meeting is a self conducting court in the provinces: the posture, held through the tedium (the blossom's tell, the only one: watch the grace survive the boring parts — the attention, flawless even to the agenda's dregs); the voice, level past all provocation — and the blossom diary's tender note: the blossom is not bored by the meeting; the blossom is on duty in it — the body, in the chair, and the self, at ceremony — and the journal has never once watched a Fallen Blossom slouch in safety: the blossom attends, the journal has verified it in every season, as the representative of an unreproducible estate — the court dress, worn to the quarterly review.

On holiday. the journal's most revealing finding for this season: the Fallen Blossom on holiday is the catalog's most composed traveler — and the fallen petal's paradox is the petal's sharpest: the holiday, built for rest — the audience, absent; the ceremony, unneeded — is the one place the blossom cannot locate the off-switch: the itinerary, executed with grace (the journal has the blossom diaries: the delayed flight, met with courtesy that embarrassed the airline); the dinner, conducted at court — and the garden companion's report, the blossom diary has collected it verbatim in every season: she rests like it's a performance — even alone, even on the beach, the bearing is on — I don't think she knows how to be unwatched — the fallen petal the whole season turns on: the rest was never in the location; it was in the permitted collapse — the one garment the wardrobe never stocked — and the self, alone at the window of the hotel, still at ceremony — and never once falling in safety — the holiday, the blossom diary's saddest line, being the blossom's most decorated front — the place where even the falling is postponed — the court dress, worn to the sea.

Not to Be Confused With

The Masked Immortal (Volume 126) is the nearest confusion, and the blossom diary must draw it first because the shelf itself has flagged the shared flawless surface: both types are known for the unbreakable face — the composure, legendary; the crack, never once shown — and the settled world files them together as the impenetrables: but the Immortal's mask is a fortress — the face, fixed (the perfect persona, built to hold a distance); the audience, held at arm's length, forever — the Fallen Blossom's grace is an estate — the face, substance (the bearing, built to survive a fall the town already watched); the audience, held in awe, not distance (the journal's note: the Blossom is warm — the composure is courteous, not cold) — the test: watch each of them after the disaster. The Immortal never acknowledges it happened. The Blossom acknowledges it with a grace that ends the discussion — and the border, dry and final: the Immortal defends the mask; the Blossom defends the self — and the blossom diary's closing note: the two are invulnerability's two architectures — the wall and the spine — and the journal's warning to the Fallen Blossom alone, because the Immortal, whatever it costs, is choosing the concealment: the Blossom's armor was issued by the storm — the blossom never once chose the court dress; the blossom chose only the refusal to give the town the wilt — and the two share the one hole: neither is ever seen falling — but only one of them has a fall that is still owed.

The Chosen Empress (Volume 129) is the mirror confusion, the blossom diary's most instructive, because both types are celebrated for the command of rooms — the presence, total; the bearing, sovereign — and the settled world, reading only the effect, files them as the aristocrats: but the Empress's bearing is ascending — the crown, worn toward the height (the mandate, preceding all proof); the Blossom's bearing is descending — the grace, worn through the lowering (the mandate, minted by the fall itself) — the test: watch each of them lose. The Empress does not lose — the loss, reframed as treason, the defeat, unprocessed. The Blossom loses — and stands — the loss, conducted with courtesy — and the border, the petal's sharpest: the Empress holds the height; the Blossom holds the self when the height is gone — and the journal's closing note: the two are dignity's two directions — the upward claim and the downward proof — and each, the whole blossom diary will show, is the other's missing chapter: the Empress, watching the Blossom lose everything and remain, wants the unboughtness; the Blossom, watching the Empress never once fall, wants the lightness — and the entwining, the shelf notes, that would fix both constitutions in an afternoon: the crown, taught that falls are survivable — the blossom, taught that some falls are just weather and not verdicts.

The Hunted Outlaw (Volume 121) is the sibling confusion, the blossom diary's most symmetrical, because both types are known for the fall from the standing — the label, worn; the audience, watched — and the settled world, reading only the wreckage, files them together as the fallen: but the Outlaw's fall is a flight — the deed, carried; the self, run from the verdict; the moving, away from the town — the Fallen Blossom's fall is a stand — the deed, none (or none the blossom owned); the verdict, outlasted in place; the self, motionless in the town's full view — the test: ask each of them about the fall. The Outlaw runs the anecdote — the evasion, total. The Blossom declines the topic with grace — and stands in the same street — and the border, the petal's last:

the Outlaw leaves the wreckage; the Blossom lives in it, beautifully — and the blossom diary's closing note: the two are the lowering's two answers — the exile and the court in ruins — and the symmetry the shelf loves: each holds the page the other never got — the Outlaw has the freedom from the audience the Blossom still faces daily; the Blossom has the innocence the Outlaw's deed forever revoked — and both of them, the whole blossom diary will show, are standing at the same mirror the flowering path opens: the self, finally disarmed — the one, by stopping the run — the other, by permitting the wilt — both, the journal's final line, finally falling in safety, and remaining.

Chapter 2: The Core — Composure as Identity

Every engine has an ignition, and this one has an audience. the blossom diary opens, in every season, on the fall that was supposed to finish the blossom — the scandal, the loss, the lowering that everyone watched — and the discovery, minted in the mud: they came for the wilt — so the wilt is refused — and the vow the scene minted, in the language of the court and never once amended: the weather does not get my petals — the composure, composed at the exact hour it was least believable — and the adult inherits the doctrine at scale: the bearing, sovereign; the gossips, received with courtesy; the ruin, carried like a court dress — and the journal's central line on the springtime: the grace is substance — the blossom diary is unambiguous: the dignity survived the repossession because it was never in the repossessed estate — and the design, the whole blossom diary will show, has one silent feature: the armor was never taken off — the composure, so serviceable against the storm, worn unchanged into every calm — and the collapse, postponed indefinitely — which is the springtime's whole hinge: the grace, adopted to survive the falling, quietly became the self — the armor and the person, fused — and the fall, outlasted in public for decades, still falling in private — the tears, scheduled for a season that never comes.

the stem that grew from the vow is the springtime's namesake: composure as identity. Where other types treat dignity as a posture (the poise, summoned when needed), or treat the fall as information (the loss, processed and filed), the Fallen Blossom treats dignity as the self's own ground floor — and the blossom diary must be precise about the difference, because it is the whole book: most selves have a private collapse (the tears, shed somewhere; the shambles, witnessed by someone); the Blossom is the refusal of the private collapse (the tears, contraband; the shambles, never once staged, anywhere) — and the journal's tender note: this is the catalog's most public psychology — the blossom's whole self-concept was minted in front of witnesses, and the witnesses' expectation became the weather the blossom answers to this day — and the doctrine's single flaw, pressed now so the whole book can audit it: the composure, so sovereign, has no private register — the grace, run for every audience including the empty room — the blossom, alone in the ungoverned hour, is a self with no permission to fall — the court dress, worn to bed — the whole season in one line: the armor worked so well that the fall never once got to finish.

And the stem runs on a fuel the blossom diary must name honestly: the denied

verdict. the journal has traced the blossom's energy across decades, and its source never changes: the audience, defeated — the gossip, outfaced with courtesy (the journal has the seasons: the fisherman, leaving without the catch — and the town, recataloguing the Blossom from ruined to uncollapsible); the expectation, expired; the awe, grudging and growing — and the blossom diary's unperfumed x-ray: the fuel is real — the blossom is genuinely, deeply fed by the standing itself — and the victory, the whole blossom diary will show, is a wage the audience pays for the self's performance: the child at the lowering learned that the wilt is the enemy's claim — and the adult, still running on the discovery, has never once distinguished the town's verdict from the body's weather — the tears, treated as surrender; the collapse, treated as testimony for the prosecution — and the journal's central finding: the denied verdict is the stem's fuel and its orphaning — the audience, outlasted; the grief, outlasted with it — the whole self, organized around the refusal to give them the satisfaction — and the satisfaction, never once given — and the falling, never once given to anyone either.

Because the payoff loop is the springtime's true architecture, and the blossom diary has mapped it in every biography: the storm, arriving; the bearing, held; the audience, defeated — and the feeling that follows, which the blossom experiences as dignity and the journal must describe as discharge — the clean, cold certainty of the verdict refused again — and the loop's cruel clause, verified in every blossom diary: the discharge never includes a rest. The storm, survived — and the self, still at ceremony — the victory, private in the worst sense: unshared, unwitnessed, uncompleted — and the blossom, in the unguarded hour, is running a life justified entirely by refusals — the loop's output, the journal notes, was never freedom; it was standing — the town, outlasted, and the tree, never once out of uniform — which is the loop that turns the stem forever: the poise, fed; the collapse, starved — the whole blossom diary will show the pattern: the aristocrat's biography, a flawless public run of survived lowerings, and the private fall, still pending — the petals, never once allowed to fall anywhere at all.

The core chapter keeps the inventory of the storm season's losses, because the Blossom's founding is a repossession, and the journal finally read the whole list: the house, in the seasons before memory's firm grip, that had everything — the name, the falling practice, the street's tip of the hat — and then the collapse, logged variously across the files: the debt, the disgrace, the trial, the exodus — the furniture carried out by strangers while the neighbors watched from their lawns — and the child, small, on the porch of the lowered house, making the discovery every grown Blossom in the fall record confirms with their whole straight-backed life: they could take the furniture, the name, the street — and they could not take the posture — the one possession, the diary notes, that the bailiffs had no inventory for — and the child's invention, made on that porch, the one that worked and never once stopped working: the carriage — the spine, the folded hands, the tone at the correct temperature — worn from that day forward like the last thing the family owned — and the finding held for the whole book ahead: the grace was real — the journal is emphatic — the grace was also, from the first day, work — a child's full-time job, held for fifty years, at the post where the

household's dignity was stored, in the one vault the storm could not reach: the body.

And the core chapter keeps the arithmetic the carriage actually ran on, because the shelter pays the whole street, and the journal finally priced both columns: the yield — the room's continuing respect, and the fall record means this literally: the town, the school, the office, extending to the lowered house the one courtesy the storm left standing — they carry it so well — the sentence that followed the family for fifty years, warm, sincere, and the diary notes, load-bearing — the child's invention bought the household its last credit line: the right to walk the street with the storm at their backs — and the charge, run in the same ledger: the inside's weather — the grief, the rage, the terror, the whole unspent storm, filed for five decades behind the carriage — because the shelter, the first fall's whole architecture, was built to face outward — and the arithmetic's honest finding, entered as the engine's whole confession: the Blossom has been kept safe by the grace and unknown by it — the petals, carried beautifully, at the price of the tree's silence — and the journal's coldest entry, held for the rot chapter: the street's sentence, they carry it so well, is the shelter's whole maintenance schedule — renewed nightly, on the inside, by the one person in the house who was never once told what the grace was costing, because the one person was the child, and the child was the keeper.

And what was the stem for? the blossom diary answers with the tenderness every season deserves: the young self was solving for a floor the town could not seize — the first fall scene's discovery was the antidote to the lowering: the estate, lost; the standing, gone; the self, needing ground — and the composure, the self's invention, was the floor — the grace, carried as substance; the petals, refused to the weather — and the solution worked; the blossom diary is unambiguous: the Fallen Blossom stands — the falls, survived in style; the verdicts, unclaimed for decades — and the bill arrives exactly where the grace never plots it: the standing, so faithful, was never converted into rest — the storm, ended long ago, and the bearing, still answering it — the rooms that would have held the falling self, never once given the chance — and the journal's line, the springtime's hinge: the blossom has spent a lifetime standing on a floor it never once sat down on — the grace, so complete, and the grief, still holding its breath — and the flowering, arriving as the oldest unpracticed motion in this blossom diary: the wilt, permitted — the grace kept and the collapse finally allowed — and the stem, the whole blossom diary will show, finally serving something beyond the refusal: the petals, falling in safety — and the tree, remaining — the blossom, at last, blooming in its own weather — and the self, at last, held.

Chapter 3: The Instrument — The Carried Grace

The carried instrument season is the blossom diary's pride, and it must be pressed with the respect the journal has learned to bring: the Fallen Blossom's signature tool is the carried grace — dignity kept as substance through the lowering — and the journal's first finding is a structural one: this is the only instrument in the catalog that runs on the weather rather than the self — most types carry skills into situations (the same self, applied); the Blossom carries an estate — and the carried instrument's

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.