

# The Solitude of Stars

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## Prelude: The Architecture of Silence

*We search the velvet night and softly pray,  
To find a glowing mirror far away.  
Our beating hearts demand the heavens care,  
And hope to catch a scent of woodsmoke there.  
But silent physics hold no silver glass,  
No golden empires where the shadows pass.  
The crushing math of energy and bone,  
Will leave our fragile, beating hearts alone.  
Yet read this heavy silence, understand:  
The architecture of the void is grand.*

## Poem 1: The Broken Intuition

*Across the void, a pale blue starlight gleams,  
Yet physics fractures ancient, hopeful dreams.  
Our instincts, born where sweetgrass softly blows,*