

The Monolith and Its Many Forms

The monolith remains the source of truth while its meaning is rebuilt for each reader, channel, and moment.

The old monolith still keeps its human light,
Yet readers seek brief doors through crowded air;
While fluent engines multiply the night,
And loosen writer, voice, use from one old snare.

Keep source as truth, though forms may change their face;
Let atoms bear the meanings into view;
For each mind, a fitted genre, time, and place,
Not chopped-up words, but structures made anew.

The loss is real; no rendering keeps all art,
Yet AI makes repeated shaping wise;
Let human judgment be the work's true start,
And fit its truths to what each reader eyes.

One source, many paths-the work need not depart;
Its changing forms may still be yours at heart.