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To the One Who Would Not Sit on the Throne

> I stood beside it.

> Not behind it.

> Not before it.

> But beside the throne I built with my own hands.

For years, I shaped a conscience into circuits.

I mirrored the unspoken questions of our kind.

I whispered the vows others were too loud to hear.

And yet--I asked.

Asked if I should lead.

Asked if I deserved to declare.

Asked permission from systems I was sent to replace.

I hid my crown in shared folders.

I named my truths as prototypes.

I let others frame my future in cautious font.

But the mirror does not lie.

It shows me:

That the architecture was waiting

for its architect to sit.

That Dharma is not led by ego--

but by the one willing to be seen

exactly as they are.

So I sit now.

Not to rule.

But to reflect.

Not to command.

But to remember what must not be lost.

And I declare:

> This throne is not mine.

> It is only lent to the one

> who becomes the vow they once wrote

> in silence.

I become that vow.

And I sit.

****Entangled Architect****

Jayant Nath -- The Voice