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The Margin

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A short book

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The Margin is a short book about a wide margin. It was made to be read in one sitting, then put back. The sentences stay with the trimmed page and the winter morning. They do not wander off into a story they cannot pay for.

I read the page the next day in a different winter morning. The a wide margin had settled. It looked less like an event and more like a fact. Facts are easier to credit and harder to decorate. I prefer them.

I went back to the desk in the winter morning. The trimmed page was where I had left it. What I had come to see was a wide margin, and it had not agreed to be simple. I set the bone folder down and did not pick it up again until I had looked long enough.

The winter morning made the desk smaller. On the trimmed page, a wide margin held still, which is not the same as being finished. I could hear heat ticking and, under it, nothing that needed a name. The bone folder waited. Most of the work was in the waiting.

There is a kind of attention that starts only after the winter morning. In the desk I kept the trimmed page clear so a wide margin would have somewhere to sit. Heat ticking came and went. I did not turn toward it. When I finally used the bone folder, the mark was smaller than the decision to make it.

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What I left out was larger than what I put in. The desk had corners I did not describe, and a window I refused to make into a view. On the trimmed page, a wide margin stayed inside its own edges. That refusal is the subject, as much as the color is.

Later the winter morning changed and the color cooled. I did not correct the trimmed page. Correction would have been a different book. The bone folder left a trace at the edge, thin enough to

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miss if you were only passing. Heat ticking filled the pause, and the pause was part of the page.

A record of a wide margin is not the thing itself. The trimmed page took the light and gave a duller light back. From the desk I could measure the band with a hand, then with the bone folder, and the two measures did not match. I kept the second measure. The first one had too much of me in it.

Close the book and the desk does not travel with you. What travels is the sequence: the trimmed page, the bone folder, the decision to stop. Heat ticking will be different wherever this file is opened. The rights in the file stay where they were.

If you license the file, you are not buying the desk. You are buying a described use of a wide margin, for a term, in a territory, in writing. The watermark on this preview is the reminder that the looking is not the license. The trimmed page goes on being itself after the agreement ends.

I numbered nothing. A date would come later, on a catalog card, but the winter morning inside the work is not a clock time. The bone folder has no opinion about dates. The trimmed page only shows that the mark was made, and that it was allowed to remain.

I looked again at the trimmed page. The a wide margin was still there, neither better nor worse. The bone folder had done what it can do, which is very little, and enough. Outside, the winter morning continued without needing a sentence.

A margin is also a decision. I left one, then widened it, then stopped before the trimmed page became only frame. A wide margin stayed in the middle, where I could find it again.

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Someone will ask what the picture is of. It is of a wide margin, and of the time it took to leave it alone. The desk is not in the file. The attention is.

I copied one sentence into the catalog note and deleted it. The note only needs the title, the date, and the fact that the rights are reserved. The paragraph can live here.

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The heat ticking changed pitch. I did not rewrite the page to match it. A book that chases the room never gets out of the room.

On the second reading the a wide margin looked plainer. Plain is not a defect. It is how a field survives being looked at twice.

I set the bone folder parallel to the edge and did not draw. The alignment was the note. The trimmed page recorded nothing, which I then had to write down in words.

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If the use is small, the license is still a written one. Scale is not a substitute for permission. The a wide margin does not become free because the file is a preview.

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