

FINDING THE PEARL:

An Exploration in Magick & Lamentation

Farre from the Ancient Umbo
Whare our journey began -
Et dicatur numquam incepit.

Past the pea-sized pericardium,
Pumping moon-blood through shifting sands,

Beyund taut abductors,
Connecting soft tissue like harp-strings
To filigreed calcite lace.

Near delicate labial palps
Sifting delicate saline currents
A nacreous orb awaits—
Sunt omnes thesauri morte interimi?

Triassic Relic
Calcium Carbonate Trove
Aragonite Diamond
Wildly Iridescent Clove
& Covenant of Light and Loss.

Alas!
For our pearls are we mercifully hunted,
Pried open with cruel blades—
Our treasures bartered in distant shores:

In this world beauty is a debt
earthly sums can never repay.

Jules : (sniveling, then theatrically looking up at the ceiling) Is this pseudo-poem or a pulpit sermon?

Ellesha : (creasing her brows and repressing a frown) Well, good poems have multiple dimensions. Why shouldn't literature have many layers and multiple meanings? Fine poems are like cathedrals vaulted with questions and stained with meanings.

Jules : (speaking slowly, carefully) Philosophy too frequently clouds poetry. Why can't this writer just describe an oyster without didactic preaching? Let living creatures breathe without the iron lungs of philosophy.

Ellesha : (looking directly at Jules intently while tensing her collarbones) You have such critical eyes. What feeds your skepticism? Are you fond of intellectual scalpels?

Jules : (waving dismissively) Au contraire! Most hearts are barnacled with sophomoric praise. They're caught in a state of—what shall I call it?—conditioned helplessness. It's a mediocre state of existence, breeding only ennui and obedience.

Andrei : (chuckling) Isn't that precisely those in power want? That is what the throne-keepers pray for!

- T Newfields

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