

RETRO-VISION: A Mutant Lament



- Andrei:** *(shaking his head vigorously, crumpling the poem)* This is not a poem; it's mere ranting! It's a second-rate polemic dressed up in line breaks. It's far too didactic, telling us nothing that we don't already know.
- Jules:** *(shaking his head vigorously, crumpling the poem)* This is not a poem; it's mere ranting! It's a second-rate polemic dressed up in line breaks. It's far too didactic, telling us nothing that we don't already know.
- Soo:** *(raising an eyebrow, stirring her coffee while tensing her facial muscles)* So what? Isn't the basic message—that the forests are dying—relevant enough to forgive artistic ineptitude?
- Jules:** *(sitting up, leaning forward towards Soo)* I disagree. Tom Robbins once expressed this idea well: "When we accept bad art because it's good politics, we're killing the swan to feed the chickens." Lousy art has no excuse because it fails to move anyone. It's merely disposable noise.
- Philyra:** *(coughing lightly, folding her handkerchief carefully)* Hmm. And even if these words were better written, how often does poetry translate into action? Perhaps we actually need to 'walk our talk' rather than spout off things we already know. Our planet needs fewer poets and more doers.
- Ellesha:** *(leaning forward in a low and measured voice)* I hate to be pessimistic, but just as addicts require a rock-bottom crises to shock their systems, I fear nothing short of genuine, inescapable calamity will impel most of us to break our current consumption habits.
- Elijah:** Blah, blah, blah. *(blowing his nose one last time, looking toward the window)* This conversation is a downer. Hey, is anyone up for another drink?

- T Newfields

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