

COASTRHYMES:

Attaining littoral awareness

Crisp, salty air blows bolder fr
Om places where cool streams of of aq
Amarine glide past fragments of
Sand coral rise where
Throngs of fish swim past jagged chasms as voices f
Rom the deep echo faintly w
Hile brisk winds whisk
Yes, we are but froth
Molded from water, winder, and land and app
Earing for but an instant before merging into
Sea again.

Lis: (glancing at a digital poem with a faint sneer) Only old people can appreciate this sort of poem. It reminds me of some flotsam strewn on the beaches of time.

Linda: (shaking her head) I don't see the point of the words. The photo is a complete work of art on its own. The poem only dilutes it.

Ron: (calmly, a philosophical glint in his eye) Wouldn't the background be better without either? Just the emptiness of the background, a blank screen is fine. Isn't a perfect space for reflection, a pure meditation?

Lis: (slapping the table in frustration) Argh! You're right, but I hate that you're right! It's like our intellectual observations are spot-on, but our spirits are still locked in a negative mindset. Dang!

Lex: (leaning forward, his voice a low, knowing murmur) Then change the game. Don't be defined by the role you're playing. To be truly alive, you have to move beyond the confines of your own game set. Don't get stuck by your role. Are you afraid of really living outside of conventional scripts?

- T Newfields

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