

VANITIES:

A Celebration of Our Effervescent and Ineffectual Existence

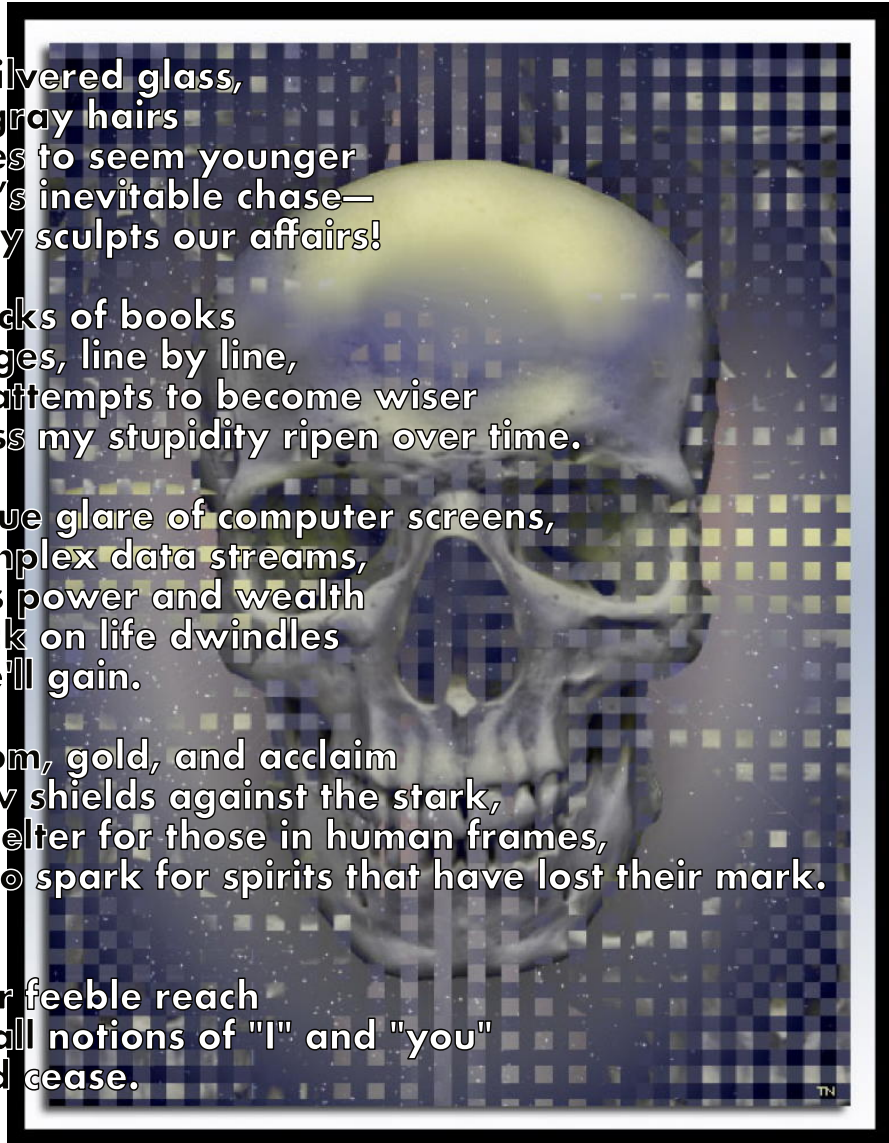
In front of a silvered glass,
plucking out gray hairs
my wife strives to seem younger
to pause time's inevitable chase—
ah, how vanity sculpts our affairs!

In front of stacks of books
devouring pages, line by line,
I make futile attempts to become wiser
only to witness my stupidity ripen over time.

In front the blue glare of computer screens,
analyzing complex data streams,
a friend seeks power and wealth
yet as his stock on life dwindles
death is all he'll gain.

Beauty, wisdom, gold, and acclaim
are but hollow shields against the stark,
offering no shelter for those in human frames,
nor offering no spark for spirits that have lost their mark.

Such gifts
lie beyond our feeble reach
& eventually all notions of "I" and "you"
must fade and cease.



Ron: (leaning back, his eyes tracking a single speck of dust dancing in a sunbeam) You know, the border between vanity and pride is a razor-thin edge. Vanity flatters the mirror, begging it for a lie. Pride worships its reflection, forgetting the why.

Lex: (a long pause follows as she looks at Ron thoughtfully) I feel the weight of your words. When we grasp our own insignificance, inaction becomes a seductive mistress. It's a strange performance, isn't it? We have to wake up and pretend our tiny, flickering lives are important, and then we have some sort of independent existence, even while we feel the wind already blowing our ink dry as silence enshrines our prose.

- T Newfields

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