A LITERARY CRITICISM . . .



Juanita: The previous poem was a tad morbid, wouldn't you say?

Ella: Well, didn't the author turn 50 in 2005? A lot of people reflect on death at

that age.

Jack: (frustrated) I don't care about the author. This poem stinks of nihilism –

it's that simple.

Shu: I see it differently: perhaps the author is brave enough to acknowledge

his own insignificance. In that sense it is almost Buddhist. Not surprising:

most of his life was in Japan.

Ella: (shaking her head in disbelief) Do we need ideological labels?

A poem is just a poem....

