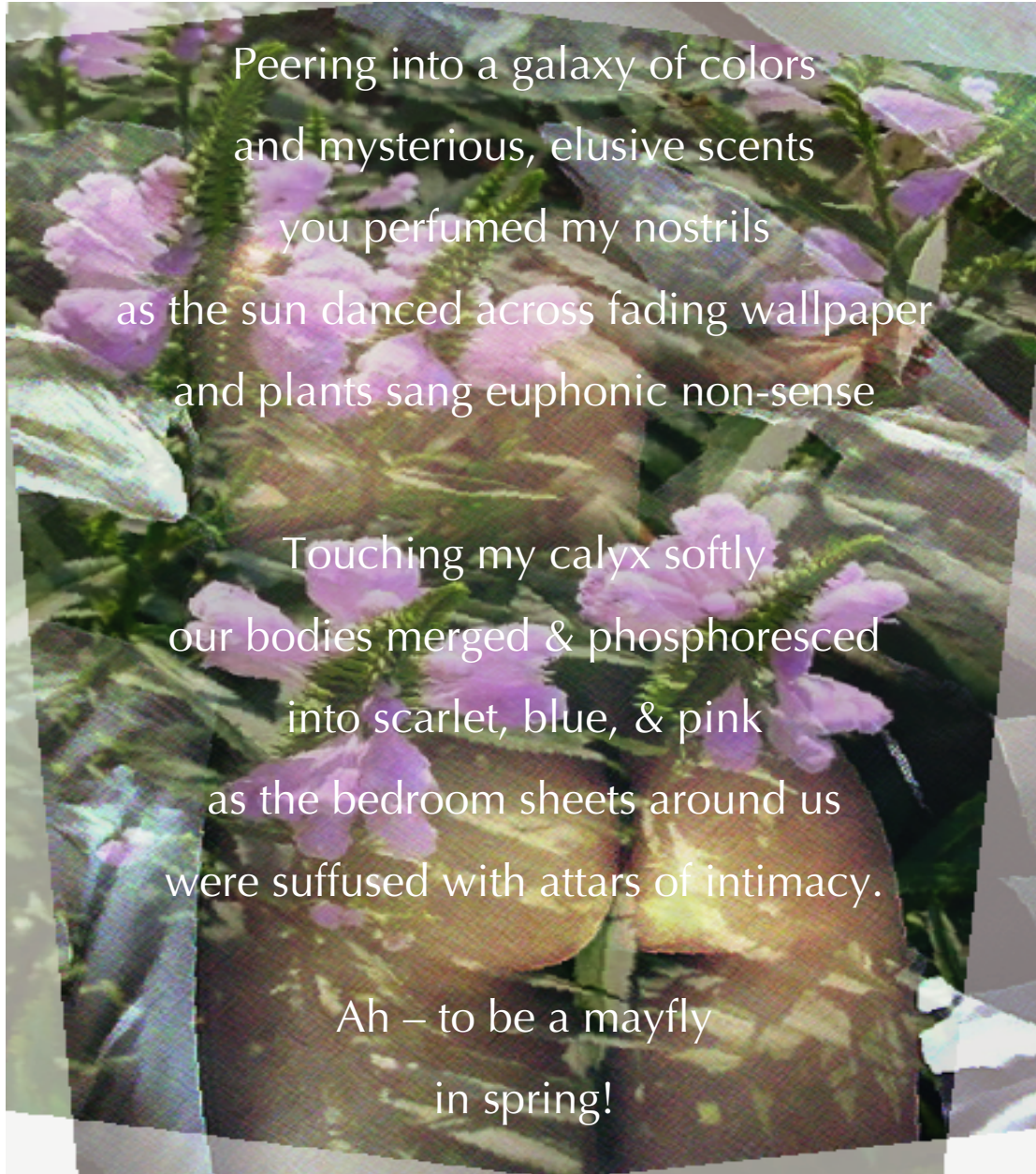


FLORAL FRENZY



Peering into a galaxy of colors
and mysterious, elusive scents
— you perfumed my nostrils
as the sun danced across fading wallpaper
and plants sang euphonic non-sense

Touching my calyx softly
our bodies merged & phosphoresced
into scarlet, blue, & pink
as the bedroom sheets around us
were suffused with attars of intimacy.

Ah — to be a mayfly
in spring!

Aiko: Any idea what's going on here?

Cindy: Perhaps simply a celebration of nonsense. Isn't most joy incomprehensible?

Don: For sure. And isn't rapture actually the anaesthesia of the intellect?

Bai-Luo: Indeed, there's something absurd about all ecstasy.

- T Newfields [Nitta Hirou / Huáng Yuèwǔ]

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