

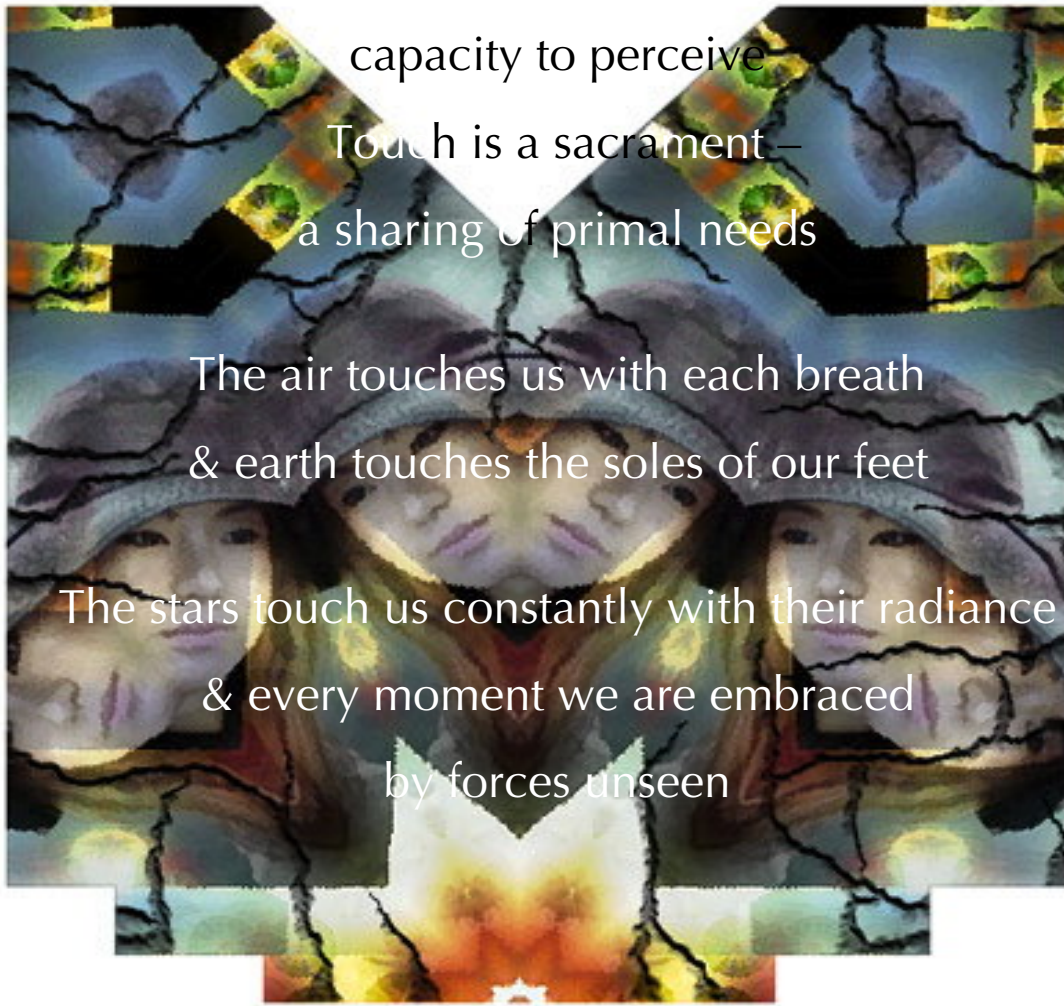
TOUCH OF LIFE (Part 1): an affirmation of the value of touch

Learn to touch others like wind touching
pine trees – trusting your intuition and
capacity to perceive

Touch is a sacrament –
a sharing of primal needs

The air touches us with each breath
& earth touches the soles of our feet

The stars touch us constantly with their radiance
& every moment we are embraced
by forces unseen



Cindy: Look at this artwork closely. Does it represent life or death?

Don: Both sides of the same coin – connected inextricably.

Cindy: Fair enough, but why write crap like this?

Aiko: Yeah, for those who really touch others deeply, what's the need for poetry?

Bai-Luo: Does it matter? Every poem is a skeleton in some sense,
but the graveyards of literature are worth examining.

- T Newfields [Nitta Hirou / Huáng Yuèwǔ].

Begun: 1993 in Shizuoka, Japan ☺ Finished: 2017 in Tokyo, Japan
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