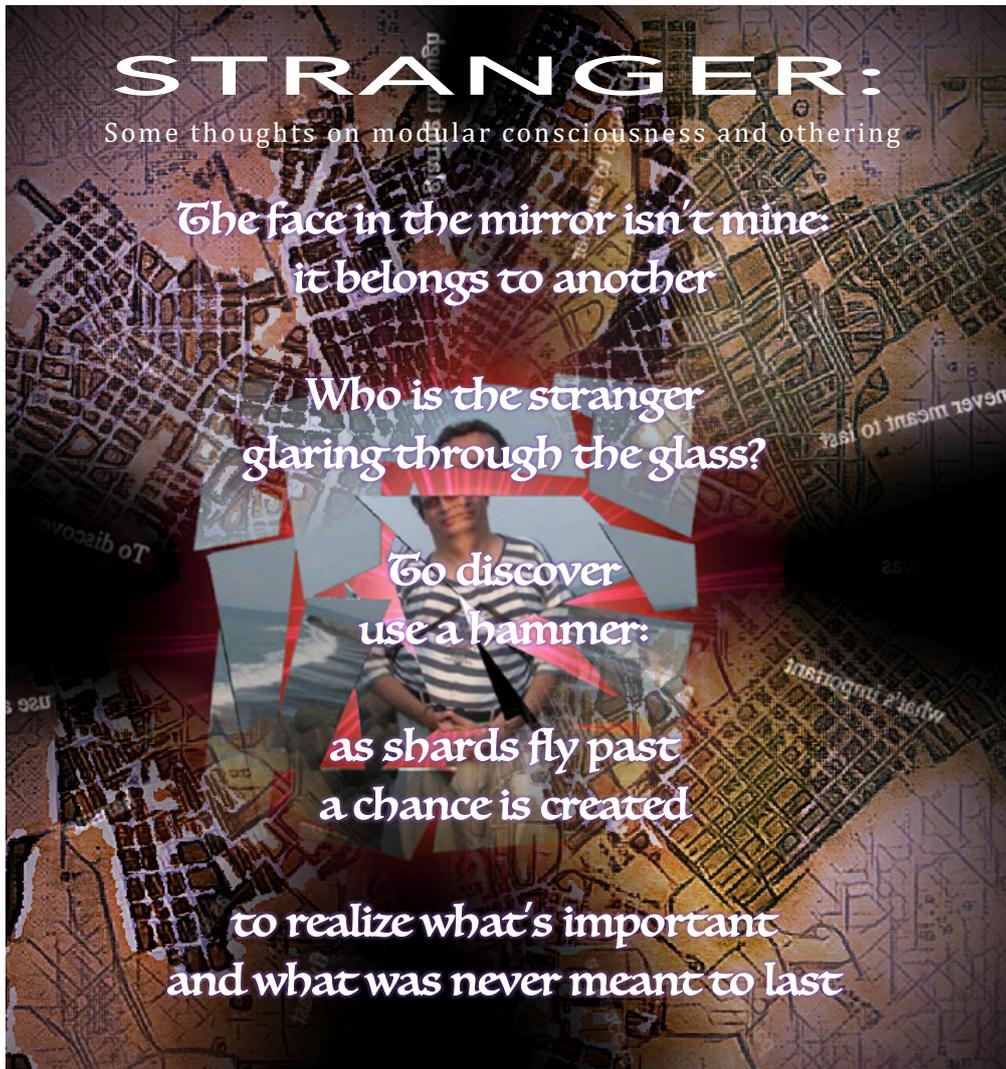


POEASIONS: Explorations in Meta-Poetry



Brice: Shatter the glass? Isn't that sheer folly?

Anya: (half-smiling) There is no glass – just lines on water.

Carlos: (enjoying the jest) There is no water – jest movement ah mind.

Devani: Dere's no mind – jes . . . jest . . .

Brice: (tiring of the charade) Huh? Yo – wake up! You'z getting mesmerized bye philosoofee.

- **G Newfields**

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