LI YU DESCRIBES A POLLUTED ESTUARY

Foamy tides . . .
septic detergent phosphates ride
along snow-drifts of industrial waste
lingering as battalions of bacteria
thrive in cesspools spawned by
macro-economic waste

Breathe deep and imagine ancient times when this melee had no strychnine-resins or heavy metal brine

Breathe deep and be one with the monstrosity

Salute the transformation of estuaries into microcosms of society

Salute the madness created by you and me -

In disease is graazzz

An-Yi: Huh? 'In disease is grace'? What the heck does that mean?

Chariya: Yeah, it sounds foolish.

Bhäraté: Perhaps much of what we call 'poetry' is simply a celebration of stupidity.

Daiki: (shaking his head) I'm already stupid enough...

- T Newfields

Beg.: 1999 Taipei

≜. Fin.: 2020 Yokohama

