

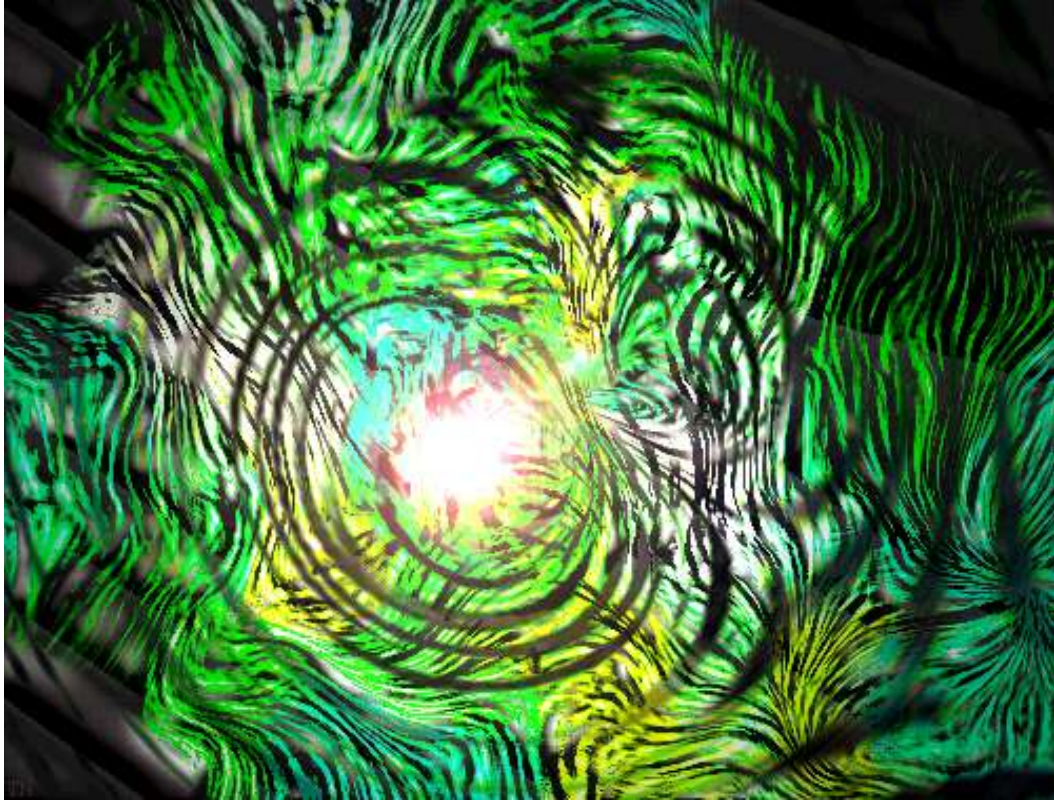
SARGASSO=

Exploring sargassum patches of consciousness

**Floating in a sargasso of consciousness
far from any shores
slowly i churn amidst debris
in flotsams between gulf streams
coiled among algal strings
as a rotting relic
of uprooted histories.**

**This wavering flotsam hides
more than meets the eyes -
within its clumps
sea horses dart
as tiny crabs defend territories
& fish blend with thick reeds
& hydras offer poison barbs
to passers by.**

**Deep beneath this pageantry
is a dramatic change of scene:
beyond shards of sunlight**



Andrei : Too often I feel like this: shallow, stagnant, & aimless.

Elijah : (nodding) Aren't we born for greater things?

Ellesha : I like to think so, but am unsure. Can we ever the
reason for existence?

Andrei : Yep, there are so many things we *actually* know.

– T Newfields

Beg.: 1995 Shizuoka ☆ Fin.: 2023 Yokohama

