

BEACHSEEN:

Celebrating the pelagic within us

Gazing at pale blue skies . . .
melt into cool, azure seas . . .
and soft, white wasps of clouds . . .
slurpy over stony foam-cupped waves . . .
aye realize
 ovary
 thing sa movung . . .
 though the surf suemz unchangang . . .
und tha smelle
 auf eire revives deep mammuries . . .
 uf a differant un distunt aige –
when we unmerged frym theese wadders . . .
und our gills tarned anto lungs . . .
then fins to legs.

The fish within me brain
 still swim
 an remembar
 soundz
 ah ancient waves



Orapan: There's something fishy in this guy's brain.

Tara: That's true of all of us: the ancient parts are never fully erased, just supplemented.

Noel: Actually, human brains are very modern.

Gwen: I think Tara is right: lots of ancient debris floats within us.

Tara: (Gurping loudly after finishing off a beer.) Speaking of debris, where is the loo?

- T Newfields

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