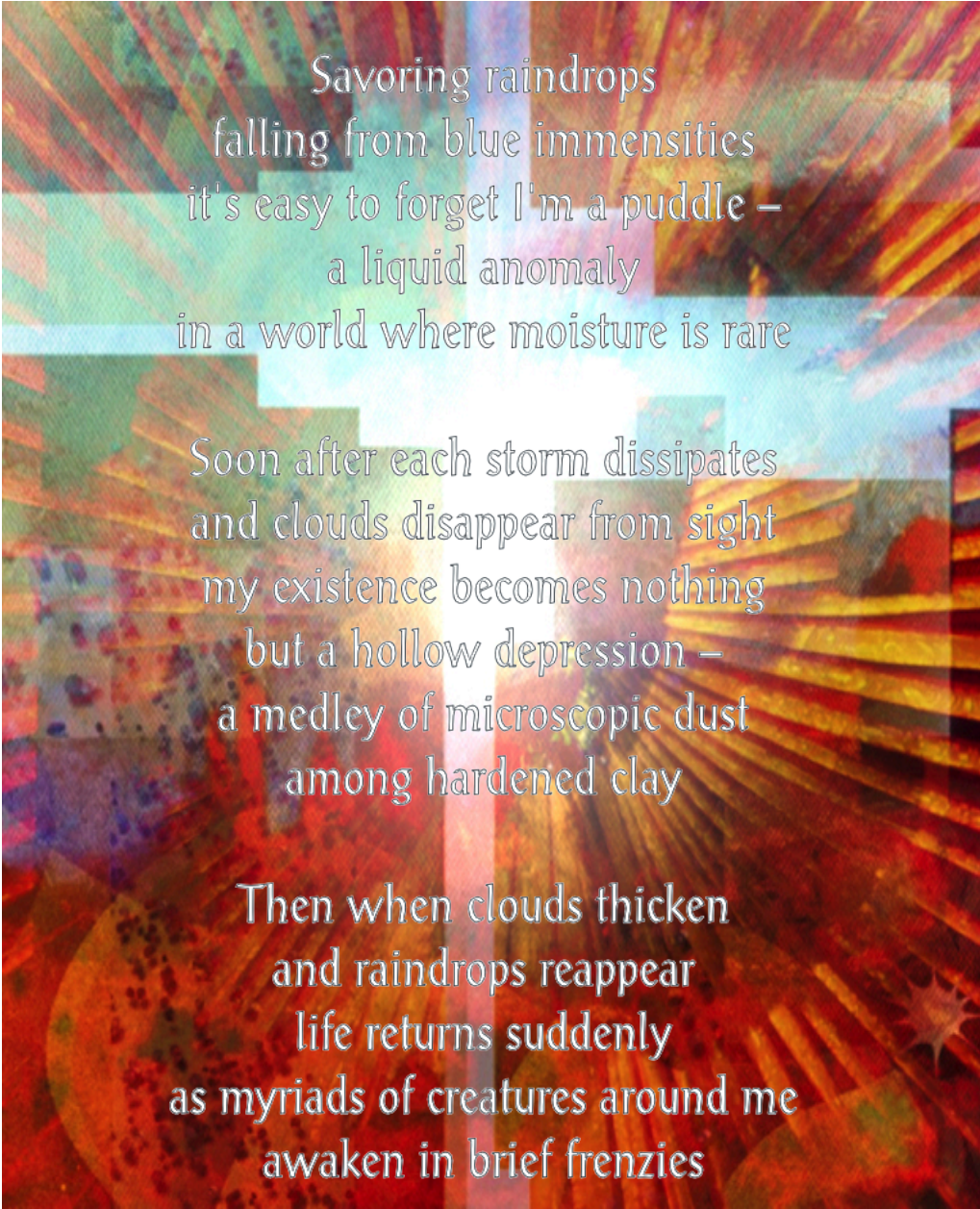


DESERT PUDDLE:

Some thoughts on evanescence



Savoring raindrops
falling from blue immensities
it's easy to forget I'm a puddle –
a liquid anomaly
in a world where moisture is rare

Soon after each storm dissipates
and clouds disappear from sight
my existence becomes nothing
but a hollow depression –
a medley of microscopic dust
among hardened clay

Then when clouds thicken
and raindrops reappear
life returns suddenly
as myriads of creatures around me
awaken in brief frenzies

– **T Newfields**

Beg.: 1995 Nagoya ☆ Rev. 2024 Shizuoka