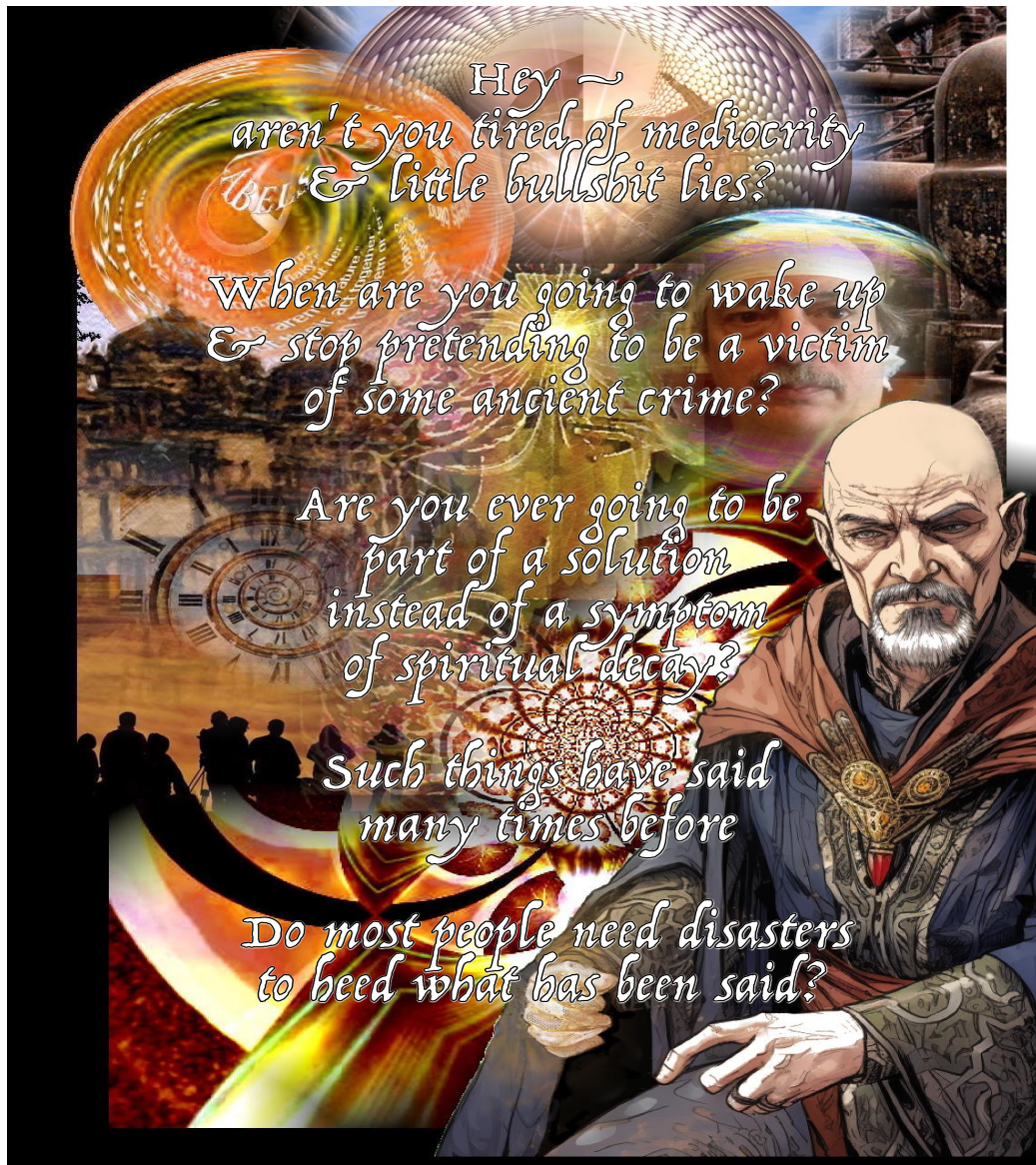


WAKE UP CALL

A Pseudo-Sermon & Some Barbed Backlash



Will: (shaking his head) I can't stand it when poems become sermons!

Wan-Sze: (nodding) Why did the author let this happen?

Nadia: Hey, isn't the purpose of poetry to offer people candied crap?

Kasim: Of course not!

– T Newfields

Beg.:2004 Tokyo ☆ Fin.:2025 Shizuoka