

LAST WORDS

Some thoughts about exegesis & incomprehensibility

All words sink into silence

All images evaporate

We are stuff of pixel-clouds -
spun together by networks
that arise for a time
then dissipate.

Gazing at the countless graveyards of history
what can be said?

Efforts at exposition seem futile -
who wants to listen to
archaeologists now dead?

No matter how much we browse
the libraries of the past
eventually everything becomes
a discarded stack.

Contemplating the cyber-libraries of tomorrow -
is anything worthy of note?

Whirling through time and space
and soon to become remote,
perhaps we should relish
the bubbles of each moment?

Pop!
Another bubble just broke!

- T Newfields

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