



AT THE FEET OF LETHE:

Reflecting on Human Memory Ripples

after the waters of Lethe
wash over us
and suds of eternity
cleanse our memories
nothing remains
except the beauty of wet sand
glistening brightly

for that
I breathe!

we are flotsam -
curious assemblages ah debris
upon which entropy smiles
as new patterns spring.

- T Newfields

Beg.: 1992 Shizuoka Fin.: 2021 Yokohama

