

PROLOGUE TO LITARUPTURE: An Opening Dialog

Jack: (glancing at the artworks on the walls) Any idea who this author is? I have never heard of this dude.

Juanita: (with a dismissive wave of her hand, her eyes drifting towards the coffee menu) Hmm? Not really. Does it even matter? (shrugging nonchalantly) I suppose the author was just another ordinary soul—a literary dilettante lost in a sea of voices.

Ella: (frowning her brows) Judging from the artworks, I'm pretty sure he was male most the time, but is that important?

Jack: (politely smiling as his curiosity flickers unevenly) Not truly, no. I merely had a flickering curiosity. A desire to peg the poet I suppose.

Ella: (walking through the exhibit, then interjecting after a long pause) The language feels distinctly North American, like from the late 20th century. (gesturing toward a nearby pictorial poem that effused with nostalgia and raw emotion) Some of this isn't half-bad.

Juanita: (a sharp, dismissive smirk curling on her lips, eyes sparkling with mischief) ¡Ay Dios! Haven't we had enough literary cowboys? Seems like they're always riding into town!

Shu: (in low and steady voice) Hold on a second. Before we pass judgment, why don't we actually take a moment to see what's here more closely? (stepping closer to the wall, inviting them to walk through the exhibit)

Juanita: (sighing, her gaze already wandering) Okay, but patience is definitely not my forte... (rolling her eyes, though her tone softens as she scans the art, her curiosity piqued despite herself)

- T Newfields

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