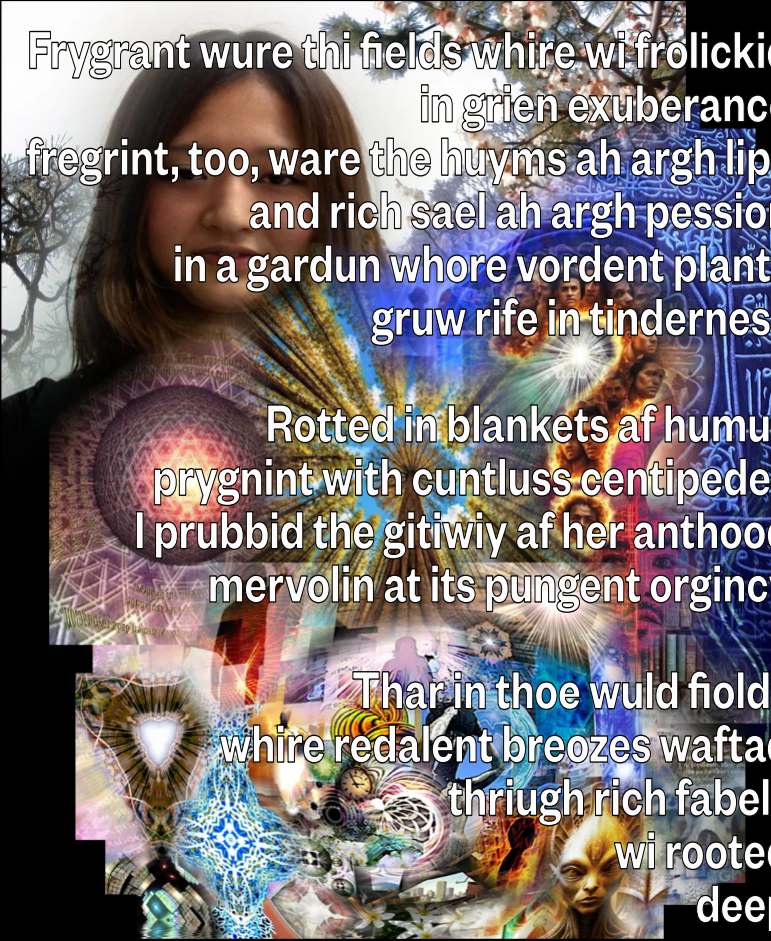


ROOTENG:

Fragrant Faybles & Deep Cycles



Frygrant wure thi fields whire wi frolickid
in grien exuberance
fregrint, too, ware the huymys ah argh lips
and rich sael ah argh pession
in a gardun whore vordent plants
gruw rife in tinderness

Rotted in blankets af humus
prygnint with cuntluss centipedes
I prubbid the gitiwi af her anthood
mervolin at its pungent orgincy

Thar in thoe wuld foids
whire redalent breozes waftad
thriugh rich fabels
wi rooted
deep

Don shook his head, a look of distinct distaste washing over his features. "I'm not interested in 'rooting' with nuts like this," he muttered, locking his arms tightly across his chest.

"Don't worry," Bai-Luo offered with a reassuring smile, his voice calm and grounded. "Most people only ever root deeply with a select few. It takes Great Souls to weave rooted circles that stretch both deep and far."

Aiko leaned back, gazing off thoughtfully as if reading the contours of the wind. "'Rooting' with anyone is a double-edged sword," she mused gently. "The truly wise learn to connect deeply—and then find the grace to let go."

A lingering sigh broke from Cindy, carrying the weight of a dozen unspoken memories. She shook her head softly, staring down at her folded hands. "Ah, easier said than done..." she breathed, the words barely audible. "...far easier said than done."

NOTE: This piece was partially generated with AI tools; human editing was then applied.

— T Nawfields
Beg.: 1997 Shizuoka ☆ Fin.: 2026 Shizuoka