

MORNING GLORIES.

A Celebration of Natural Beauty



- Terri:** *(gesturing with reverence towards her phone screen, where a vibrant image blooms)* Look at this—an exquisite flower, speaking a language more profound than any words we might string together. No rhetoric, no agenda. Just... existence perfected into form. *(pausing, her voice softening)* Why can't we create anything that feels this honest?
- Tim:** *(nodding thoughtfully)* I see your point, but why do we need to make any statement at all? *(closing his eyes, inhaling deeply, as if to capture the moment)* Why does everything have to be about something, signify something, or argue for something? Isn't it better to just breathe softly, smile, and whisper “ahhh,” letting beauty simply exist in its own right?
- Sam:** *(taking a swig of beer, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand)* Alright, but... *(leaning back in his chair, looking around)* what does this have to do with America? Here we are, philosophizing about flowers a Sunday morning while the country goes to hell! Doesn't that feel too disconnected from reality?
- Kris:** *(leaning forward, eyes brightening)* Maybe if we took more time to admire nature, flowers and trees, we'd realize there's less reason to fight, to kill, and to fuel our relentless capitalist madness.
- Terri:** *(laughing cynically, her laughter cutting through the tension)* Fat chance! You really think the folks making the big decisions give a single damn about morning glories? *(shaking her head)* Beauty is a luxury, Kris. It's what you ponder after you've secured your resources, established dominance, and built your walls. It's not a strategy; it's merely a souvenir.
- Sam:** *(finishing his beer with a thoughtful squint, then crushing the aluminum can)* Sounds like some silly hippie philosophy. *(pausing, he nods slowly)* But, yeah—I get it.
- Kris:** *(smiling playfully)* Maybe America could use a bit more of that hippie vibe.
- Terri:** *(finally smiling)* And maybe America could use more mornings like this—more time to just sit and bask in the glow of morning glories, whether real or imagined.
- Tim:** *(almost whispering)* There's a kind of queer truth in what you just said...

- T Newfields

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