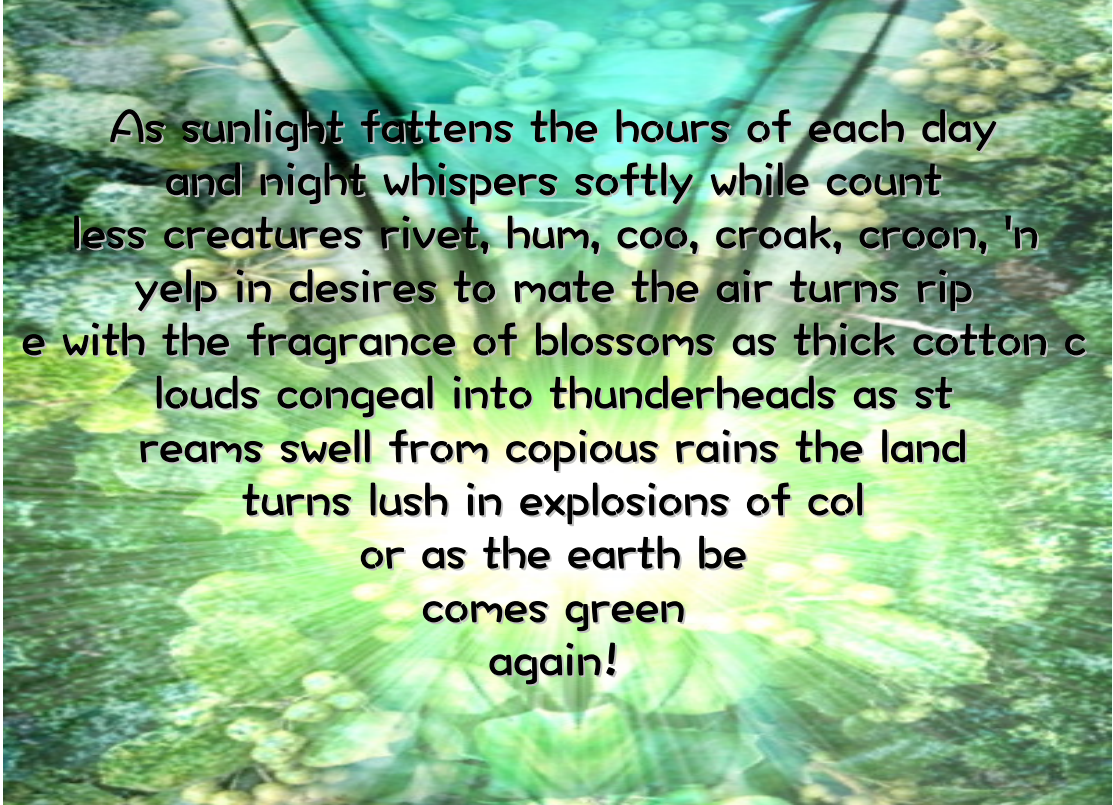


SPRING:

A Vernal Eulogy



As sunlight fattens the hours of each day
and night whispers softly while count
less creatures rivet, hum, coo, croak, croon, 'n
yelp in desires to mate the air turns rip
e with the fragrance of blossoms as thick cotton c
louds congeal into thunderheads as st
reams swell from copious rains the land
turns lush in explosions of col
or as the earth be
comes green
again!

An-Yi : (Sighing) You know, I'm lost. The private exultations of most poets are indecipherable.

Daiki : Perhaps the best way to understand any poem is to envision it in terms of your own experience. You enjoy spring, right?

An-Yi : (shrugging her shoulders) Yeah.

Daiki : And don't you sometimes feel giddy when surrounded by fragrant blossoms?

An-Yi : (impatiently) Sure – that's a typical reaction!

Daiki : Well, the rest of the poem is just filler: that feeling of freshness is all that counts.

- T Newfields

Req.: 2001 Nagoya ≡ Fin.: 2024 Shizuoka

