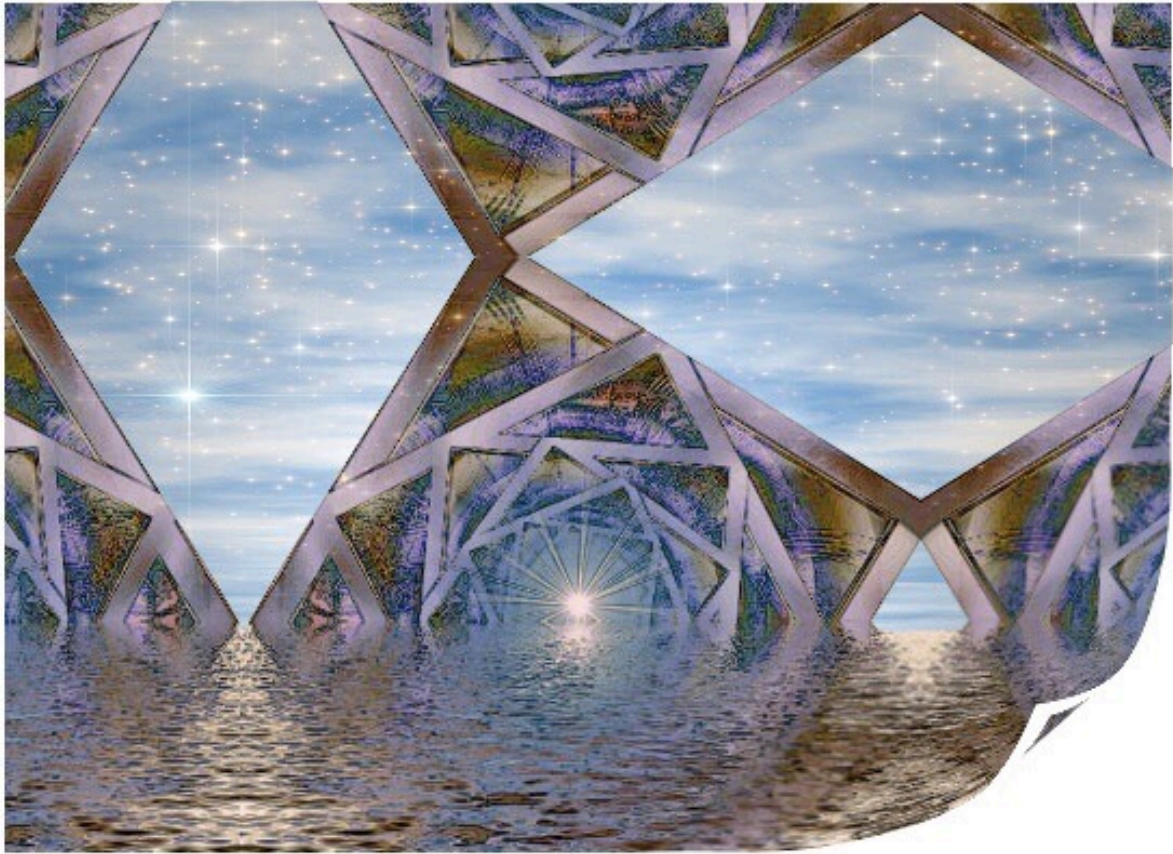


Let the waters be my witness: Messages about our watery world

IMMENSITY III: An expansive marine exultation



Let me taste your froth & accept your body
as your currents mingle with mine . . .

Next to you, there's no fear ah crashing.
From your immensity comes a confidence
nothing undermines . . .

Isn't love like swimming
& working with currents faced?

Waves are opportunities for exploration.
And if we crash – what of it?
Water finds an optimum shape.

Crashing against sands of logic
Why worry about mere foam?

The dance of earth, moon & water
is the most sublime movement we're shown.

Andrei: (scratching his forehead) Who is being addressed in this poem? Who's the author writing for?

So: I'm not sure. This writer seems to defy logic, but I risk that: he's not afraid of seeming strange.

Philgra: Perhaps poetry has its own logic. Indeed, what we call 'ordinary logic' is actually an intellectual straight-jacket.

- T Newfields [Nitta Hirou / Huáng Yuèwǔ]

Began: 1995 in Shizuoka, Japan / **Finished:** 2018 in Yokohama, Japan
Creative Commons License: Attribution. {{CC-BY-4.0}}

