

ECHOES IN A KALEIDOSCOPE:

A Few Thoughts on the Limitations of Words

"Whoa, Andrei, what's this?" Jules murmured, leaning closer to his phone screen.

The kaleidoscope pattern was much darker, with fragments resembling shards of stone or pieces of old bark, and an intense, almost blinding light at the center. Even the words seemed transformed: more stark, less encyclopedic and stripped of any calm.

Andrei sighed, a faint frown creasing his brow.

"This is... an ongoing experiment. I was flipping through an ancient alchemy text, feeling a bit introspective, and I took a photo of some of old feathers with strange symbols."

"And the text?" Jules asked, pointing at the mirrored script. Phrases like "sense of pessimism has grown" and "deception in every façade" were clearly visible, albeit reversed and repeated.

Almost reluctantly, Andrei's tone dropped, "Those are lines from a poem by a poet no one remembers anymore. It's about how appearances can be deceiving, and how sometimes, even in beautiful places like we are. Moreover, there can be underlying feelings of... well, fatal pessimism."

Jules was quiet for a moment, studying the image. The bright, almost aggressive central light seemed to push against the dark, heavy fragments. Unlike strange tea leaves floating in his cup, this vision felt contradictory: serenity above, turmoil underneath. It was as if light was trying to break through something old and difficult.

Andrei looked at Jules, then spoke, "The cross feels so solid, so ancient, and yet the feathers are so delicate, so persistent. Maybe that's life: the constant tension, the struggle hidden in plain sight."

"No, you're right," Jules agreed, nodding slowly. "Art should reflect all aspects of life, not just the pretty ones."

A flicker of relief softened Andrei's expression. "Thanks, Jules for reminding me that sometimes, art can really stick."

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