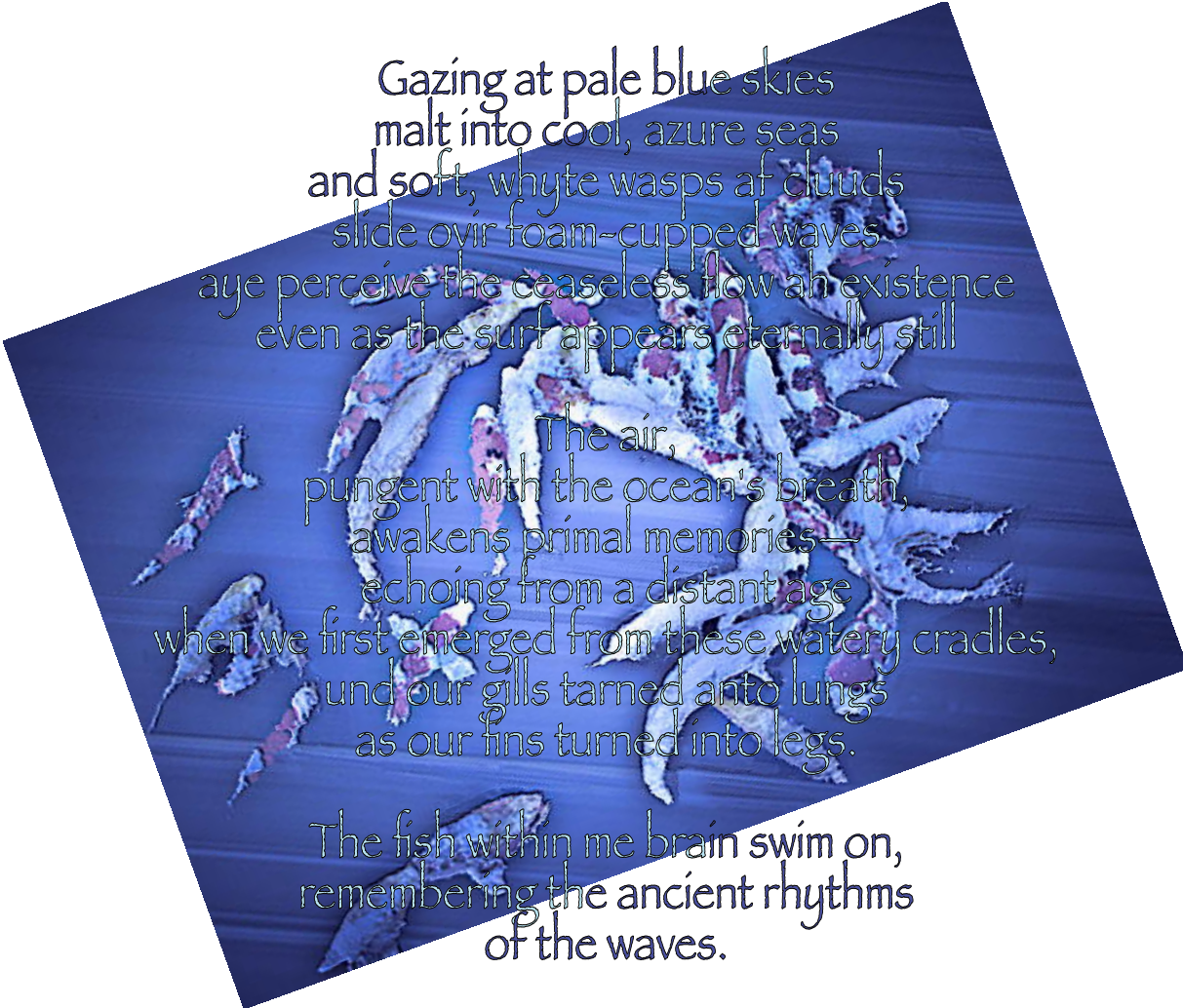


PELAGIC ECHOES:

An Inward Journey



Gazing at pale blue skies
melt into cool, azure seas
and soft, white wasps of clouds
slide over foam-cupped waves
aye perceive the ceaseless flow of existence
even as the surf appears eternally still

The air,
pungent with the ocean's breath,
awakens primal memories—
echoing from a distant age
when we first emerged from these watery cradles,
and our gills turned into lungs
as our fins turned into legs.

The fish within me brain swim on,
remembering the ancient rhythms
of the waves.

Orapan : (shaking her head) here's something wonderfully strange,
and almost fishy swimming in this guy's mind.

Tara : Indeed. We all carry the ocean's imprint. The "human" part
of is small. Beneath it, the deep murmurs still.

Noel : When we think of our planet's age, it seems human brains
are very modern. The ancient parts within us are never truly
silenced, only woven into new forms.

Gwen : (chewing on a sprig of parsley) I agree. Lots of ancient
debris floats within us. The notion of a single "I" feels
laughably shallow.

— **T Newfields**

Beg.: 1996 Shizuoka ☆ Rev. 2025 Shizuoka