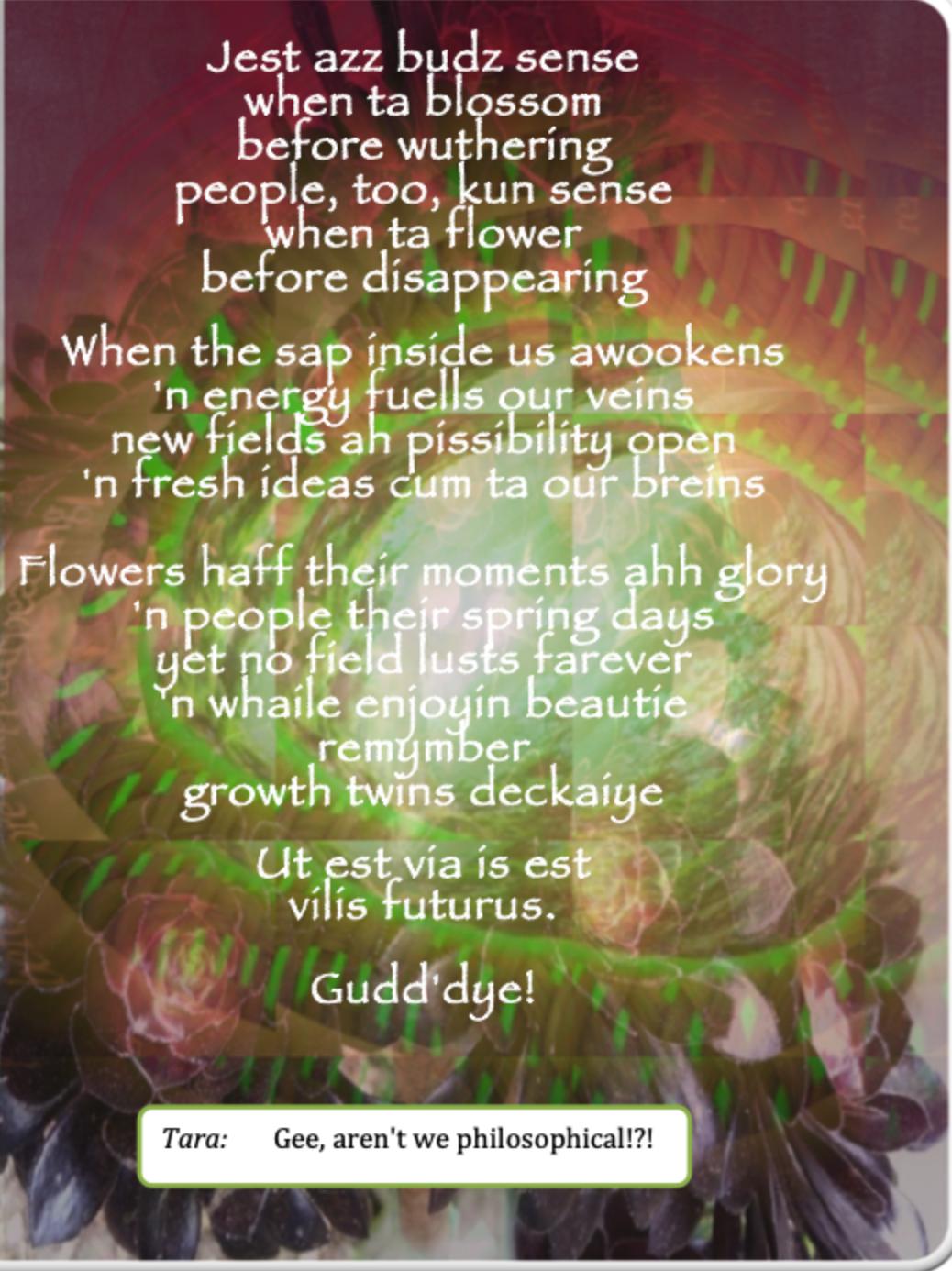


PERENNIAL:

some thoughts about transience



Jest azz budz sense
when ta blossom
before wuthering
people, too, kun sense
when ta flower
before disappearing

When the sap inside us awooken
'n energy fuells our veins
new fields ah possibility open
'n fresh ideas cum ta our breins

Flowers haff their moments ahh glory
'n people their spring days
yet no field lusts farever
'n whaile enjoyin beautie
remymber
growth twins deckaiye

Ut est via is est
vitis futurus.

Gudd'dye!

Tara: Gee, aren't we philosophical!??

- T Newfields

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