

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 awookens
'n energy fuells our veins
new fields ah pissibility 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
remyber
growth twins deckaiye

Ut est via is est
vilis futurus.

Gudd'dye!

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

- T Newfields

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