

1ST POEM:

Reflections on the Physiology of Consciousness

seed
of power
awake to the moment
without thought
of future possibilities -
a simple fetus resting
in warm amniotic fluid
like an astronaut

on a spacewalk
tethered to a throbbing string
floating
in a sea without gravity -
just heart beat ...
heart beat ...
heart beat ...
at ...



Ron: (sipping some wine) Spacey, huh?

Lis: You can almost feel a proto-human brain at work: core hardware without much programming.

Linda: Interesting how people liken their minds to computers.

Ron: (frowning a bit) I dunno. The artwork looks like a sliced egg & poem seems puerile.

Lex: To me it suggests raw sensation without thought.

Ron: No poem is needed to experience that: six bottles of beer will do.

Linda: What we call 'abstract thinking' is like the surface of a road with many layers underneath . . . this work illustrates a few of those layers.

- T Newfields

Beg.: 1996 Shizuoka / Fin.: 2017 Yokohama

