



GRATITUDE:

Reflections on the teeth of time

So many snowflakes have touched my skin
only to melt then become nigh

Splendid symphonies have resonated against these ears
before fading into the silence of the night

Bouquets of flowers have intoxicated me
only to disappear in cold autumn skies

These lips once knew the sweetness of love
which gradually transformed into parched sighs

Perhaps all we can do
is appreciate moments as they are devoured
before turning into the turds of history
& ancient earth or primordial slime.

- T Newfields

Beg.: 1979 Port Angeles, WA / Fin.: 2022 Yokohama

