

Last Poems: Lost Poems

VANITIES:

Celebrating effervescent and ineffectual existence

In front of a mirror
pulling out gray hairs
my wife tries to seem younger:
ah, how vanity shapes our affairs!

In front of a stack of books
devouring page after page
I make attempts to become wiser
only to witness my stupidity each day

In front of a computer
analyzing production arrays
a friend seeks power
yet as his stock on life dwindles
death is all he'll gain

Beauty, wisdom, riches, fame
offer no refuge
for those in human frames

Such gifts
are beyond our feeble reach
& eventually all notions of "I" and "you"
must cease

Ron: I'm tempted to say all of us are foolish in some ways.

Linda: (picking her nose while smiling) Agreed!

- T Newfields [Nitta Hirou / Huáng Yuèwǔ]

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