

## **POEATION POINT:**

*SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT CREATIVE BIRTHING*

Poems grow like trees  
From the creative sap of unconsciousness  
Burst forth many seeds  
Dropping on the sterile, cold surface  
Of our lives, most lose their  
Intoxicating vigor  
And lie dormant  
or die.

Yet sometimes miracles happen:  
Words gain magic  
And ideas bud from imaginations  
Like blossoms in spring.

In such moments  
The pen moves with uncanny speed  
And thoughts blaze from the unconscious  
Like fireworks on paper  
Whose faint remnants we read.



*Ella:* Isn't literature a form of archaeology? The relics we obtain from most archeological ruins are but shadows of an original splendor. So too are printed words but relics of original thoughts.

*Shu:* There is a beauty in that: some thoughts are best kept in private. Our world is already overloaded with relics, many of which should be swept away.

**- T Newfields [Nitta Hirou / Huáng Yuèwǔ]**

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