

## LOVE BIRTH:

*A Vernal Celebration*

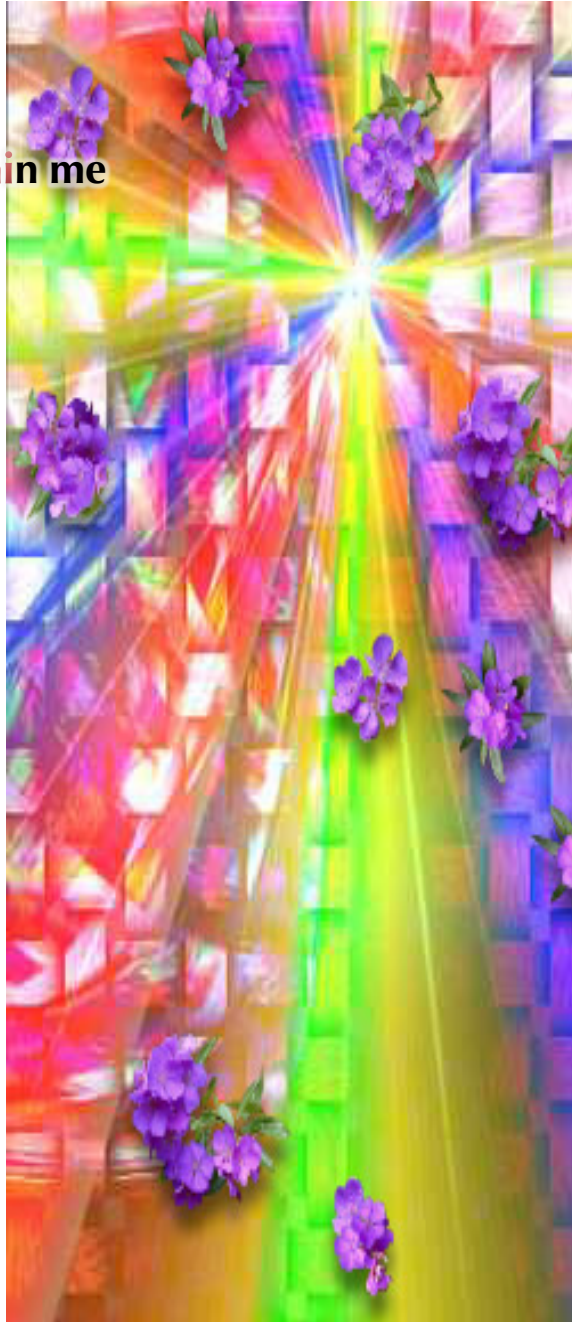
Until you sensed a blossom within me  
i slept as a dormant seed  
unaware of anything further  
than the darkness  
encasing me

As spring came  
sunlight awakened forces  
i only dimly perceived

Slowly my head lifted up  
peeping above clods of dirt  
as tendrils awakened  
in fields where countless  
seedlings gained birth

Gaining strength in sunlight  
I became a blossom  
whose petals sang  
through color:

Oh joy!  
Oh life!  
Oh spring!



**Bai-Luo:** Love is a kind of awakening – with this I agree.

**Don:** Well, there are so many kinds of love. Aren't generalizations futile?

**Aiko:** (irritated) When will you drop your intellectualizations? They're so sterile!

**Don:** (mischievously) Let's make a bargain. I'll drop my intellectualizations if you drop your rhetoric!

- T Newfields

Begun: 1978 in Tempe, AZ, USA    △ Finished: 2020 in Yokohama, Japan

