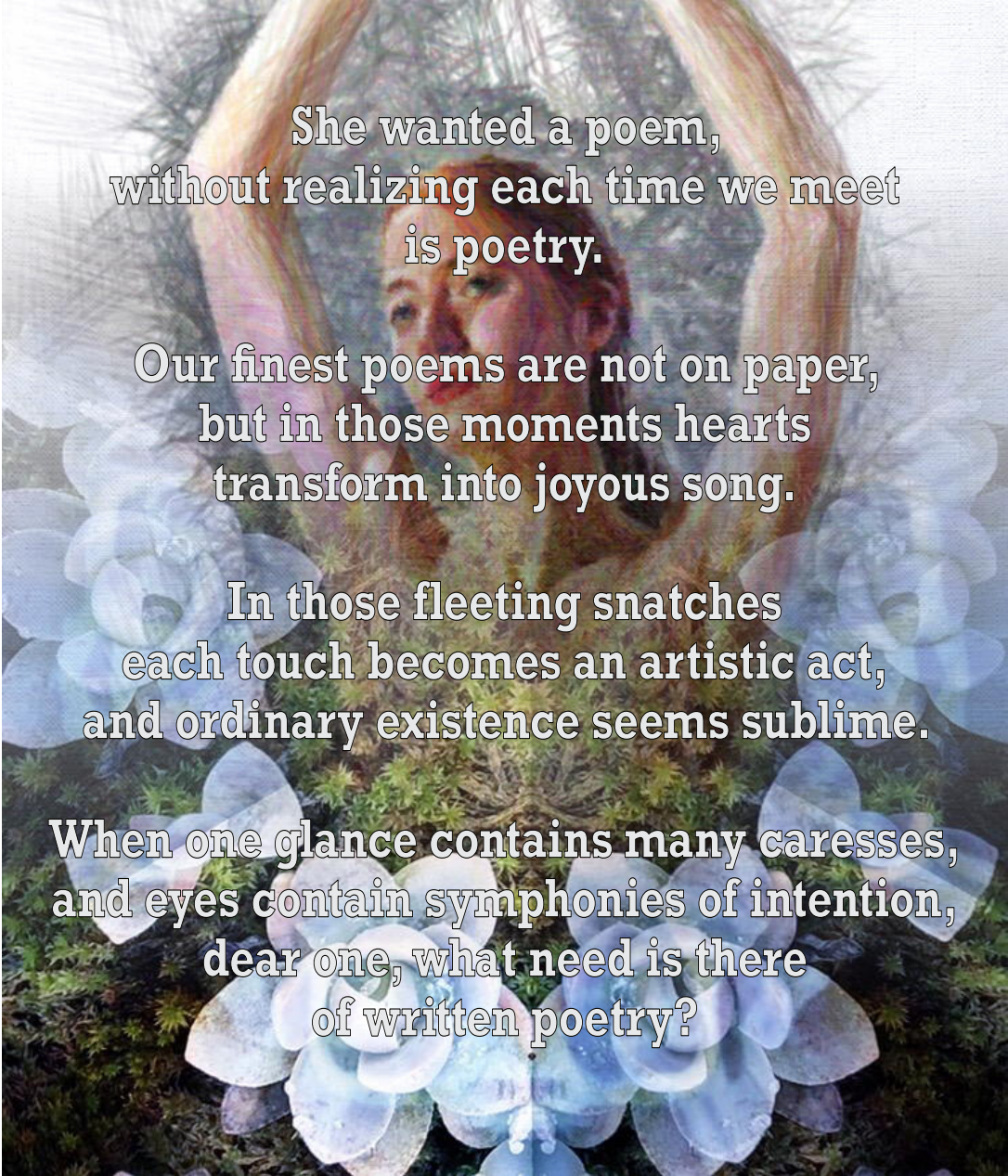


# LIVING INK:

A celebration of poetry in motion inspired by Paul Krapf



She wanted a poem,  
without realizing each time we meet  
is poetry.

Our finest poems are not on paper,  
but in those moments hearts  
transform into joyous song.

In those fleeting snatches  
each touch becomes an artistic act,  
and ordinary existence seems sublime.

When one glance contains many caresses,  
and eyes contain symphonies of intention,  
dear one, what need is there  
of written poetry?

– T Newfields

beg.: 1997 Shizuoka ✕ fin.: 2025 Yokohama