

HUMAN BEANS: **ruminations on humanoid existence**

we're mere seeds
simmering under heat

next to intense burners
surrounded by steam

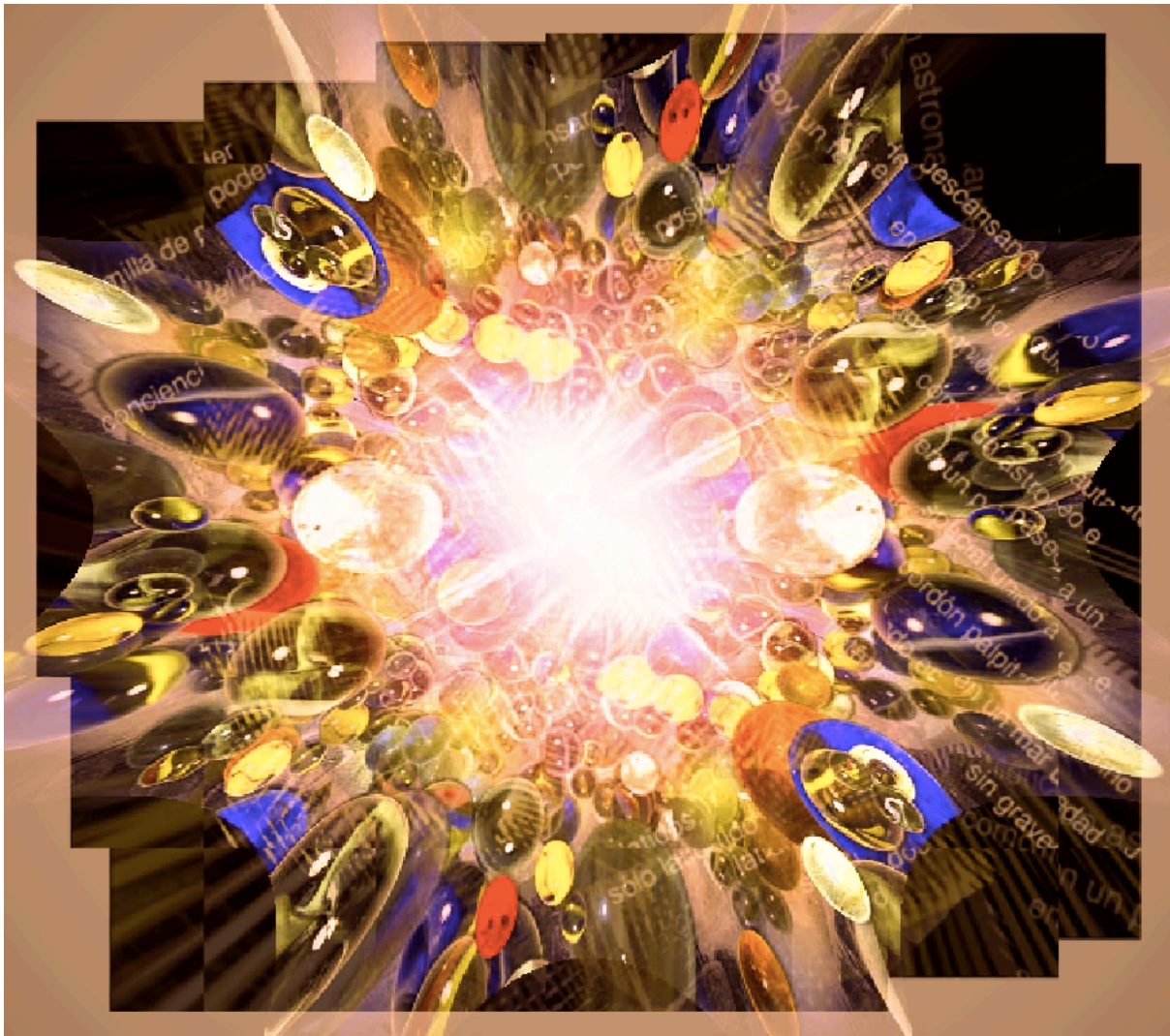
cooking under pressure
trying to avoid undue flames

almost boiling over
getting scorched again & again

after cooling off
inches above dah butane
a few venerable garbanzos
finally come to see

we're all together
not to stew, evaporate
or go to waste

but to somehow create
an amazing feast



Frida: So whud'z duh point ah diz poem?

Dmiritri: Huh? Duz poetry need a point?

Frida: (shrugging her shoulders) Why not?

Dmiritri: For me, it's all about smallness: there are forces at work on us much larger than ourselves.

Satoru: Really? For me, it's about facing death with élan. We're all going ta get cooked in the oven of time. The question is: can do it with zing instead of whimpering?

- **T Newfields**

Beg.: 1996 in Shizuoka, Japan / **Fin.:** 2021 in Yokohama, Japan

