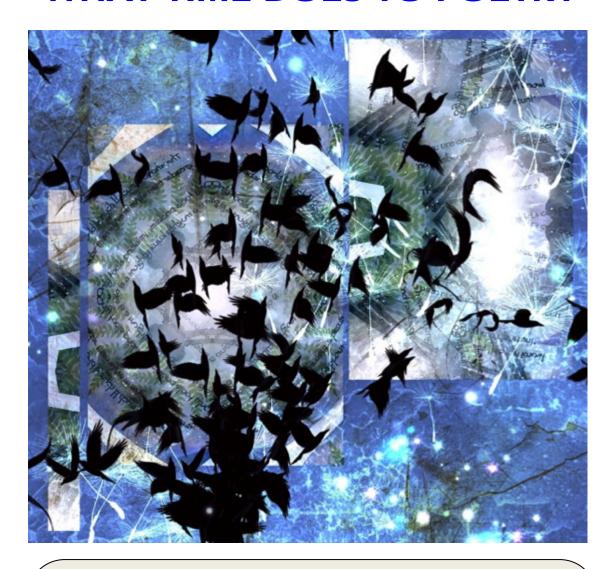
## WHAT TIME DOES TO POETRY



Juanita: Sooner or later, don't all words vanish into silence?

*Ella:* Of course. The ravens of time peck away at all existence.

*Shu:* Perhaps we should think of words as seeds. Some sprout. Others

never germinate. Eventually, however, all decays. . .

*Juanita:* (raising her eyebrows) Why are we having this conversation?

*Shu:* Because the best way to treasure a moment is to realize how short

it actually is . . .

