

# 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 . . .

**- T Newfields**

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