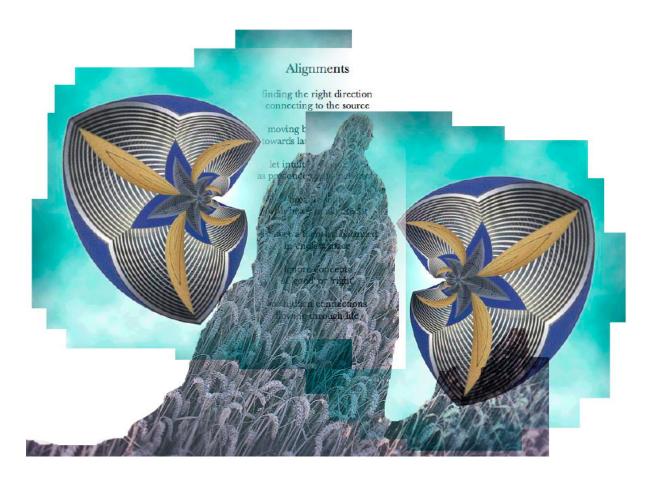
ALIGNMENTS:

Some traces of a poem



Devani: The poem is lost.

Brice: (nodding) Are not we also lost? Venturing towards unknown

futures, only to disappear?

Anya: (sighing) It's okay to vanish. Isn't that the natural cycle of things?

Carlos: (sipping a bitter tequila with lemons) Sounds like a wimpy

formula fer living ta me!

- 6 Newfields

Beg.: 2008 Tokyo 🛠 Fin.: 2023 Yokohama