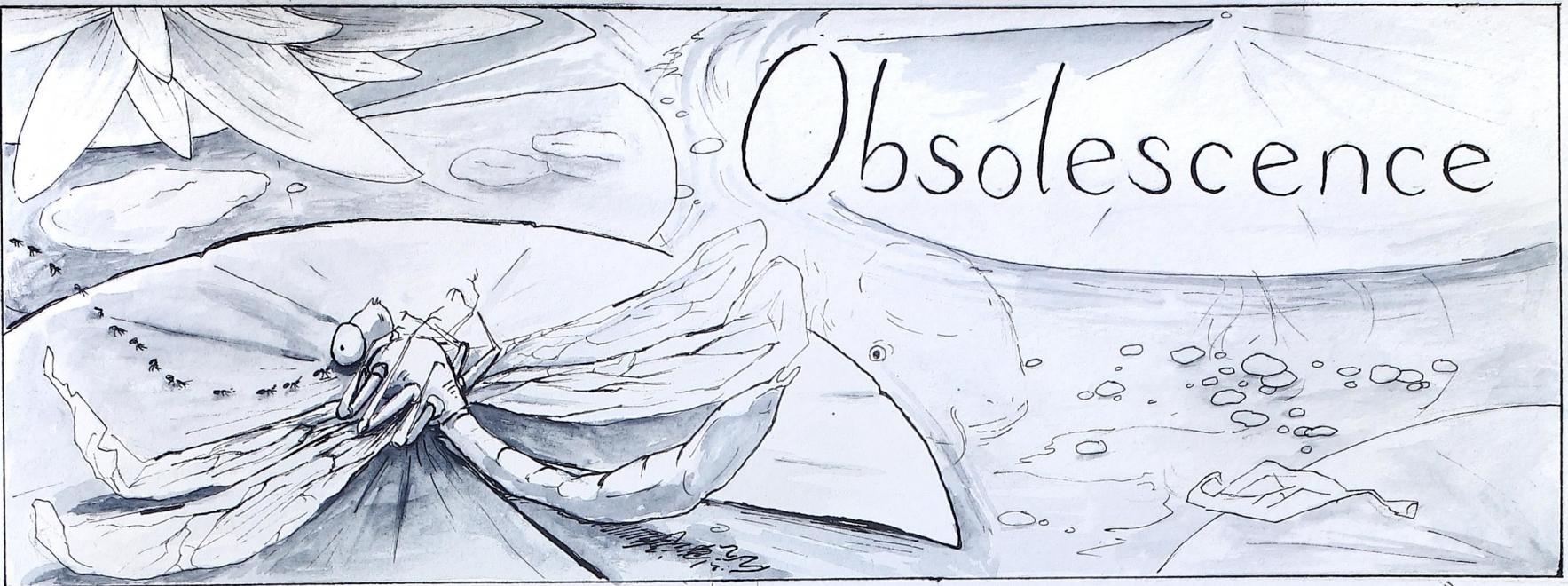
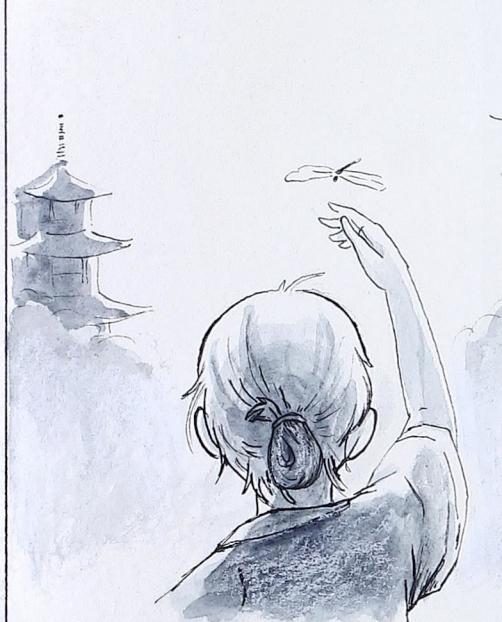


# Obsolescence



I often dream of dragonflies, of

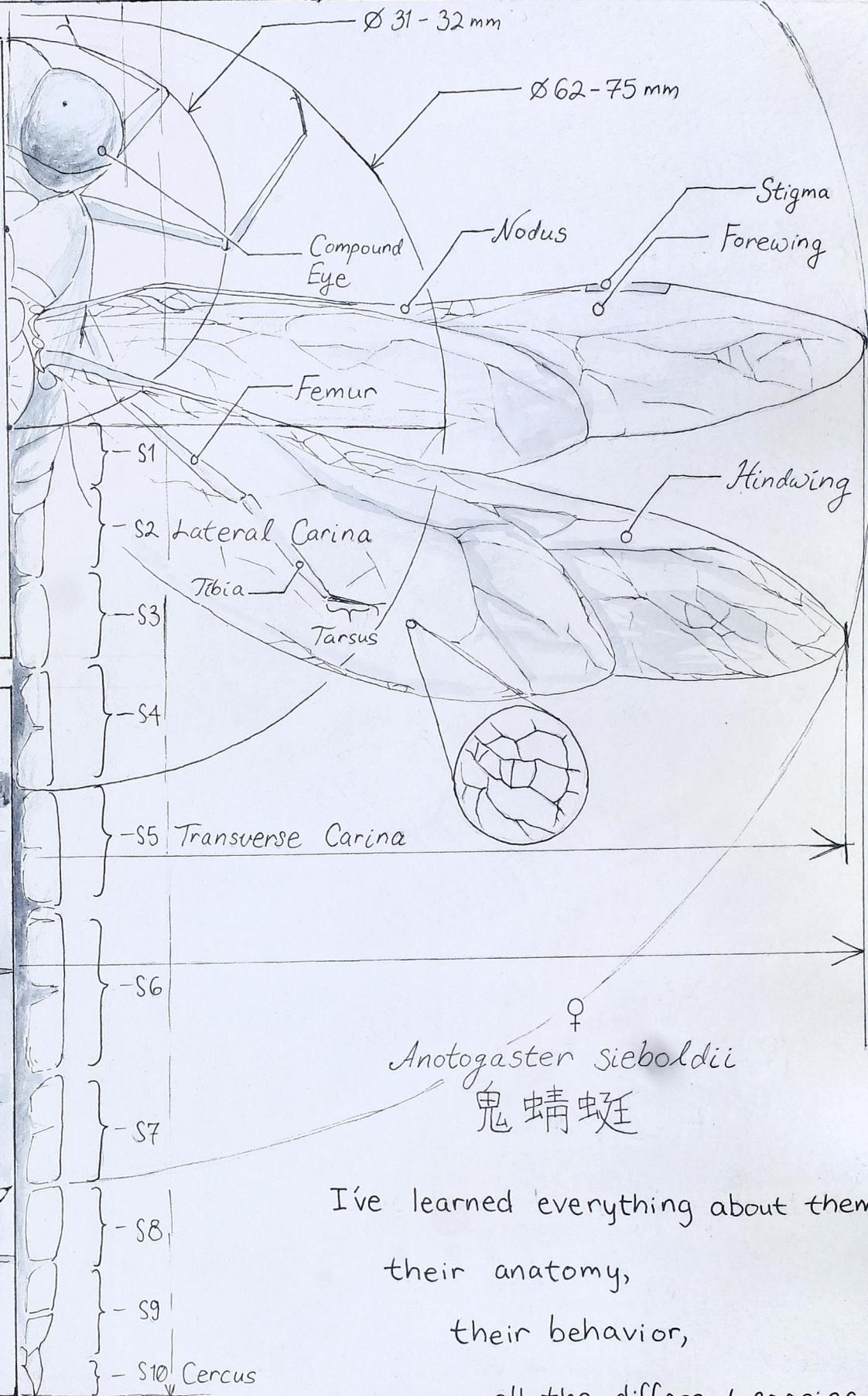


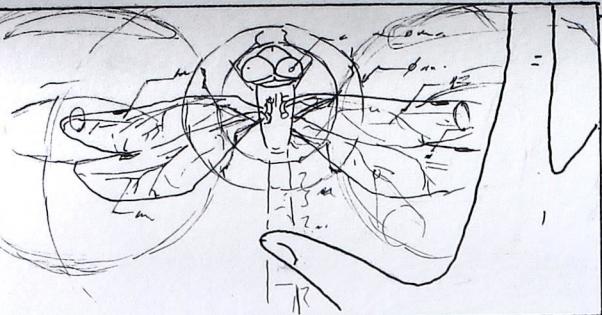
How they glitter and dance like  
living gemstones.

But they never stay for more than  
a moment in my dreams,

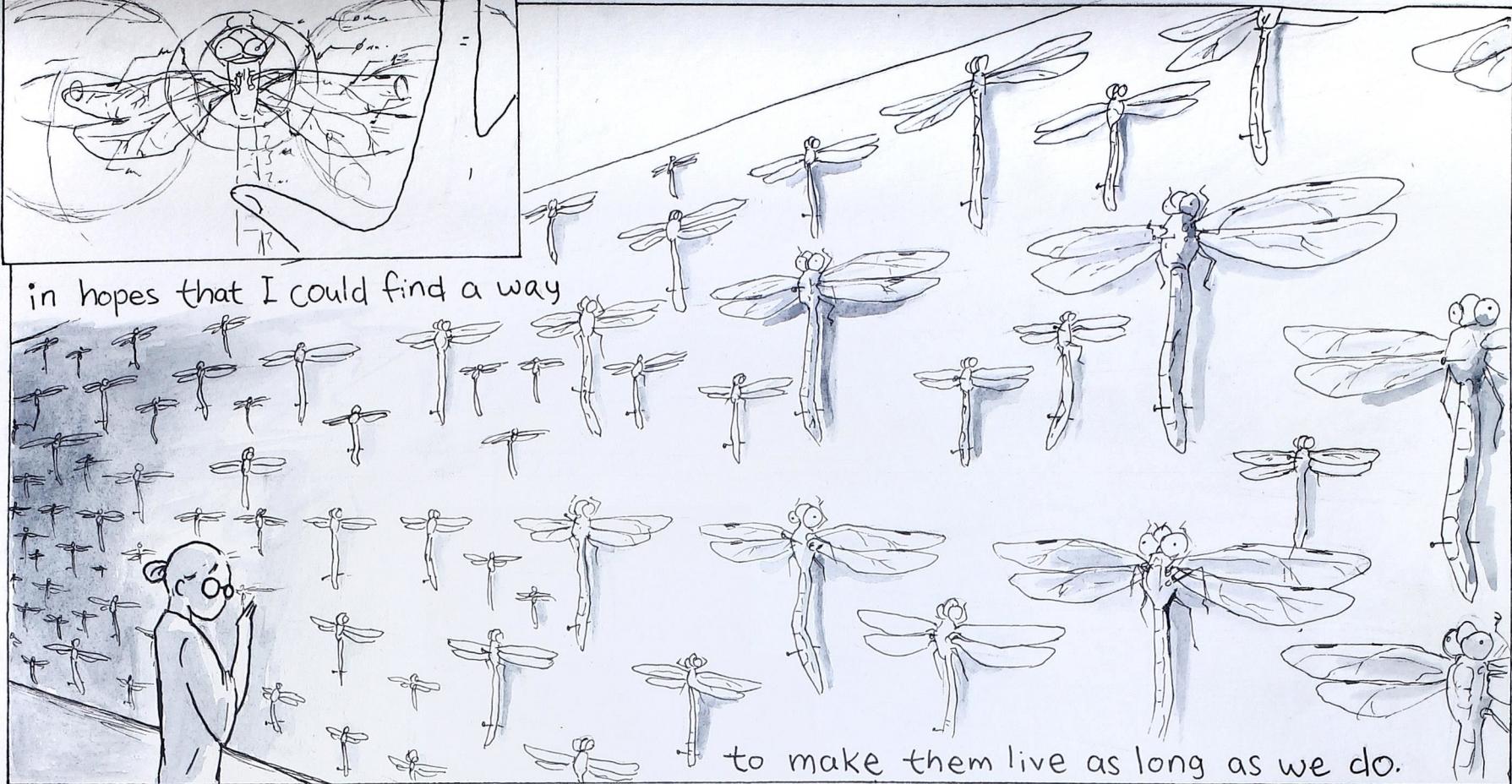


just like in real life.





in hopes that I could find a way



to make them live as long as we do.

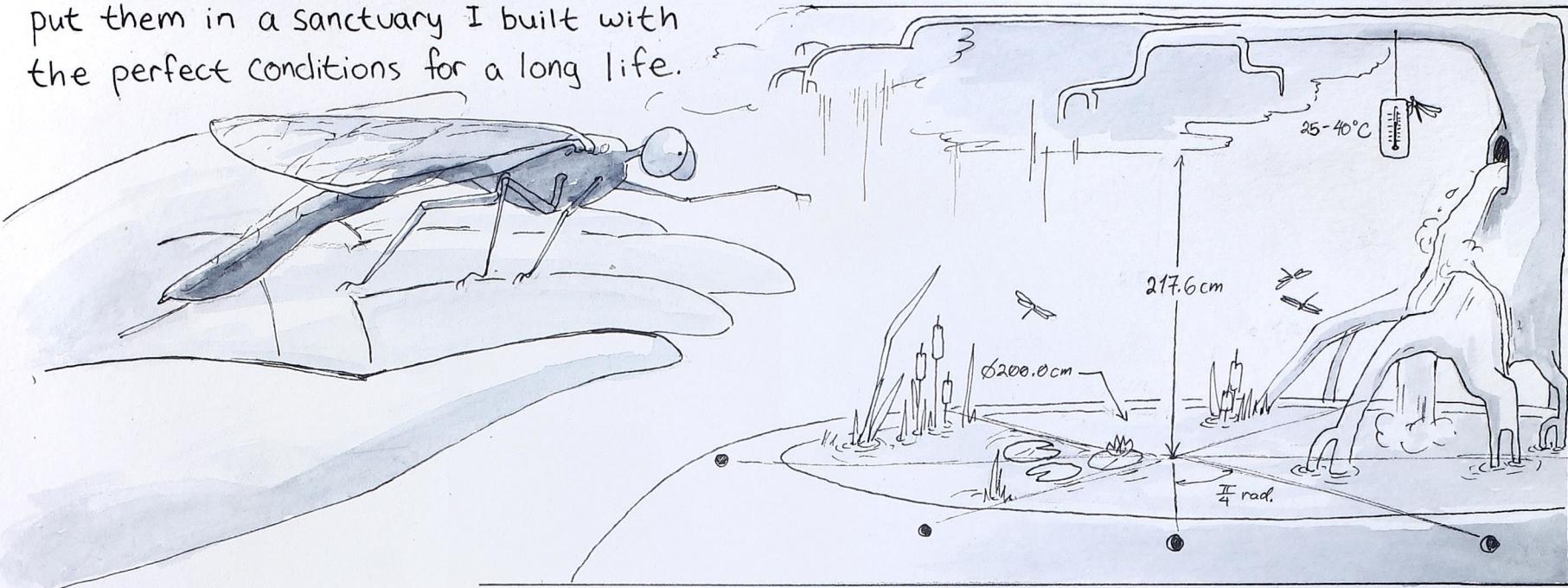
When I was younger,



I'd catch a few each summer,



put them in a sanctuary I built with  
the perfect conditions for a long life.

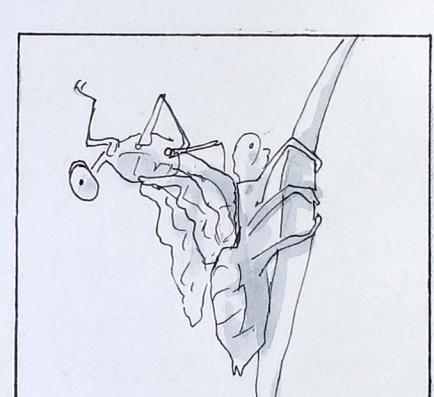
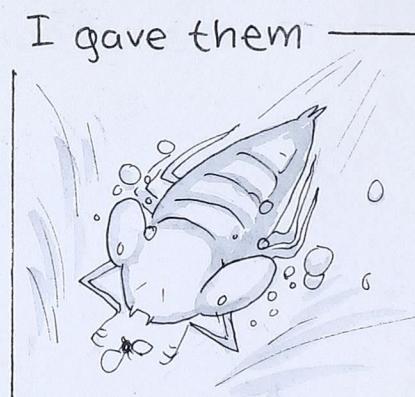
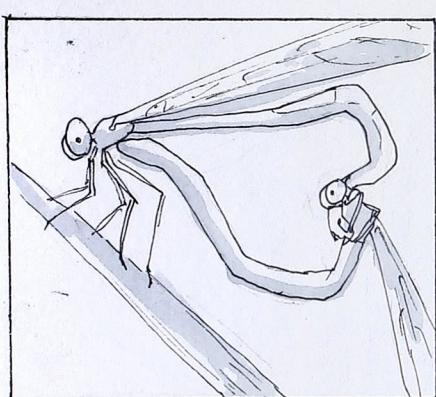


They like a bit  
of humidity

and the taste of  
mayflies.



But even as I gave them



more food,

more water,

more space,

more care,

They'd all die by mid-autumn,  
like clockwork.

I gave up on that dream last year.



There were more important things to attend to, anyway.

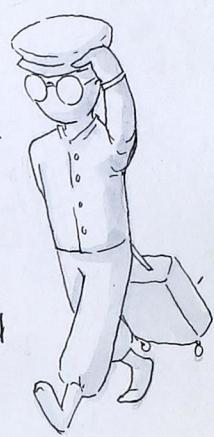
At least I have time during summer break to visit home.



I wonder how the sanctuary's doing.

I'd need to

- Repopulate the dragonflies
- Prune the tree
- Pull the weeds
- Refill the pond
- ⋮ ⋮ ⋮ ⋮



Or not...