

1

岸边露伴 (Kishibe Rohan) is dying for truth. He would do anything in order to experience truth. The スタンド (Stand) of 露伴 is called *Heaven's Door* — this ability can turn anyone's body into a book, allowing him to learn everything about that person. He uses people's real feelings and stories for his manga inspiration. However, when an emergency happens, he can immediately write or change the narrative to alter one's memories and behaviors.

2

On a dog day afternoon, cicadas loudly scream. 岸边露伴 is passing by her at the moment.

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(i. eyelid)

If I close my eyes whenever I'm tired, an adventure will be triggered. The immense darkness leads me into a flying bird, rising all the way from the ground to the atmosphere, from the atmosphere to a height in the universe overlooking the earth. Although "The Power of Ten" visualized most of this trip, unique scenes can be seen through one's own eyes.

In my case, for example, all the existing spaces are gradually becoming enclosed containers as Matryoshka doll. And my body is the container of a container of a container of a container...The lack of gaps and circulation in the system make the situation very tricky and dangerous. Any kind of eruption will lead to serious consequences. The whole world becomes a gamble on endurance.

The spirit maintains sharp vigilance, keeping rejecting things all the time.

(a. the second joint of index finger)

The most impressive thing she touched recently was a tooth extracted when cleaning a squid.

(b. left wrist)

At midnight, with auditory hallucinations of blood dripping on the wooden floor, she kept thinking about cutting the wrist with kitchen knife. But at the end, instead of doing that, she only marked the position of the artery with a red pen. This subconscious behavior somehow reminded her of the watch she drew on the wrist of a boy next to her desk in the junior high school. She felt a little bored and soon fell asleep.

The next day, she read: "Who could have realized that whenever he embraced a young child with rosy cheeks he longed to slice off those cheeks with a razor, and he would have done it many times had he not been restrained by the thought of Justice with her long funereal procession of punishments."

(#)

Waking up.

He found himself marching with people from a cult. He desperately rushed to the front of the crowd to find the person in charge and asked to leave the group.

The leader was a middle-aged man and said to him:

"You have been infected. You need the antidotes."

"Then what should I do?"

"The only way is to find the dragon."

(ii. shoulder)

The World can make the time stop.

King Crimson can erase a given frame of time to predict the near future.

But I only fancy that man who can travel back to the past just using his memory.

(c. nails)

She started to cry when kneeling and wiping the floor in the toilet. She turned on the faucet and stared at the running water to feel the time passing by. Red filled her eyes. Time.

3

岸辺露伴 now noticed a poem named *Bonedog*. While a strange sound is whispering around his ears.

(Part I/III)

Coming home is terrible
whether the dogs lick your face or not;
whether you have a wife
or just a wife-shaped loneliness waiting for you.
Coming home is terribly lonely,
so that you think
of the oppressive barometric pressure
back where you have just come from
with fondness,
because everything's worse
once you're home.

You think of the vermin
clinging to the grass stalks,
long hours on the road,
roadside assistance and ice creams,
and the peculiar shapes of
certain clouds and silences
with longing because you did not want to return.
Coming home is
just awful.

And the home-style silences and clouds
contribute to nothing
but the general malaise.
Clouds, such as they are,
are in fact suspect,
and made from a different material
than those you left behind.
You yourself were cut
from a different cloudy cloth,
returned,
remaindered,
ill-met by moonlight,
unhappy to be back,
slack in all the wrong spots,
seamy suit of clothes
dishrag-ratty, worn.

(d. ankle)

In the daytime, she read a poem named *The Sleeper in the Valley* by Rimbaud and liked it so much.

“It is a green hollow where a stream gurgles,
Crazily catching silver rags of itself on the grasses;
Where the sun shines from the proud mountain:
It is a little valley bubbling over with light.

A young soldier, open-mouthed, bare-headed,
With the nape of his neck bathed in cool blue cresses,
Sleeps; he is stretched out on the grass, under the sky,
Pale on his green bed where the light falls like rain.

His feet in the yellow flags, he lies sleeping. Smiling as
A sick child might smile, he is having a nap:
Cradle him warmly, Nature: he is cold.

No odour makes his nostrils quiver;
He sleeps in the sun, his hand on his breast
At peace. There are two red holes in his right side.”

Unexpectedly, during that night, she had a weird dream of a poem.

“When he looked into the hole
He saw Rimbaud’s poetry at the bottom
Then a bullet ruthlessly came to his right eye
He suddenly became a Cyclops
But He was pretty glad with that
He knew it was Rimbaud kissing him”

This was the first time she very clearly remembered a poem from a dream. Although short, it was exciting. She wrote it down immediately after wake-up, for fear of forgetting it.

4

“A seed sprouted in my sink.” 岸辺露伴 found that this sentence was underlined.

“It died within a few days, but I will remember it.”

(iii. chest)

It is said that deep breathing can alleviate the disease and improve one's mood. But isn't a deep breath at the same time a long, worried sigh?

Barthes says that stammer is a kind of rustling. That may be generated by the rustling of leaves around one's mouth.

According to my rich experience in sighing, I guess it must be along with a breeze when every single "Ah" come out of the throat. A breeze should relieve some of my worries.

(Part II/III)

You return home
moon-landed, foreign;
the Earth's gravitational pull
an effort now redoubled,
dragging your shoelaces loose
and your shoulders
etching deeper the stanza
of worry on your forehead.
You return home deepened,
a parched well linked to tomorrow
by a frail strand of...

Anyway . . .

You sigh into the onslaught of identical days.
One might as well, at a time . . .

Well . . .

Anyway . . .

You're back.

(#)

The funeral procession is pretty large. A group of nurses on skateboards is surrounding the Suprematism coffin by Malevich. They all seem to walk out of the album cover of Sonic Youth.

“Why Is This Happening? ”

“I’m thinking of ending things.”

These are the two most common sentences found by 岸辺露伴 in the book. The annotation marks — whenever her mind drifting away, they would come out.

(e. belly)

The spirit itself is a life inserted into a life like a knife. Violence and avulsion are both essential. She read:

“I have seen them all together, now with a powerful fist raised towards heaven like that of a child already defying its mother, probably inspired by some sprite from hell, their eyes filled with a remorse at once burning and hateful, in glacial silence, daring not to unleash the mighty and evil meditations that they harbor in their breasts, so pregnant are they with injustice and horror...”

And then,

“When I wander with burning eyes and hair whipped by tempestuous winds, during nights of storm, lonely as a stone in the middle of the road...”

However, the next chapter,

“Ancient ocean, crystal-waved, you resemble somewhat those bluish marks that one sees upon the battered backs of cabin-boys; you are a vast bruise inflicted upon the body of earth: I love this comparison.”

He sang the praises of evil but must have experienced the essence of beauty.

(iv. thumb)

Reality is not so adorable. That is also the charming part of reality.

(f. calf)

One of the most magical things in the world is the layers of connection as cobweb.

But the memory of spider first came from Marquez: while still practically a child she had sneaked out of her parents' house to go to a dance, and while she was coming back through the woods after having danced all night without permission, a fearful thunderclap rent the sky in tow and through the crack came the lightning bolt of brimstone that changed her into a spider.

(v. elbow)

On the forth floor of the library, I sat at a corner next to the window. The sun was very bright. When I looked outside, I found a spider working very hard...a pleasant afternoon...

(vi. neck)

A time bomb lives in my body.
Bomb disposal experts all shake their heads.

Why are secrets so heavy?

"CALM is the bottom of my sea: who would guess that it hides droll monsters!
Unmoved is my depth: but it sparkles with swimming enigmas and laughs."

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

(#)

In the past two years, stars have been killed by the evil moon almost every night. There are guards standing at every corner of blood vessel labyrinth. Two bows have decided to fight against the moon. They are secretly planning a revolution.

(h. sole)

The fangs and claws of beasts reveal a tempting danger — a manifestation of energy, an essence of goodness and determination, a kind of innocence.

She keeps thinking of ending things.

(i. forehead)

He said: "I have read works from Nobel Prizes in Literature, but none of them have described dogs' dream."

(vii. back of the head)

Fears are hairs. That's what I have felt from childhood. A piece of hair sticks to the skin. Another piece of hair gets into the food. If hairs accumulate little and become more, they are powerful to form a fine barrier. I used to clean the blocked water pipe with my bare hands. The hair that got into my palm should be a certain kind of parasite.

(Part III/III)

The sun goes up and down
like a tired whore,
the weather immobile
like a broken limb
while you just keep getting older.
Nothing moves but
the shifting tides of salt in your body.
Your vision blears.
You carry your weather with you,
the big blue whale,
a skeletal darkness.

You come back
with X-ray vision.
Your eyes have become a hunger.
You come home with your mutant gifts
to a house of bone.
Everything you see now,
all of it: bone.

(j. left palm)

Her favorite スタンド is Heaven's Door. Her second favorite is Golden Experience.

スタンド is a visual manifestation of life energy and spiritual will. If shot by The Arrow of スタンド, only those with strong will can gain the ability, otherwise they will die. She is ready to be empowered at any time. The names of スタンド are all related to music. She thinks about herself. Her スタンド must be called googoomuck from The Cramps.

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(viii. right palm)

My favorite スタンド is Heaven's Door. My second favorite is Golden Experience — he can turn any non-living thing touched into a living creature — the lighter becomes a flower, the table becomes a tree, and the car becomes a jumping frog. If one day I have my own スタンド, I will name her googoomuck.

6

岸辺露伴 is almost finishing the reading. He turns to the last page, and write a sentence “Do not remember meeting with 岸辺露伴 by chance.” into her book.

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Although she didn't do any in-depth writing at all, she was so gratified with writing 岸辺露伴 in the final review.

微風

