

Hi, theyleaveshadows here! A quick TLN: In the entries, translations I'm particularly unsure about are colored gray. If you see any mistakes/problems or have any other suggestions for wording/formatting/etc, please comment here or message me on reddit (/u/theyleaveshadows). An additional note - this document was created on desktop, so please use the top link if you are on mobile or experiencing lag.

As of July 25th 2021, song lyrics are included in the diary. Amy was translated by rachie, Nautilus was translated by EJ Translations, and the rest were translated by yours truly. I also used both EJ and rachie's translations as reference for some of my own, particularly for Kokoro ni Ana ga Aita as the TL is so ingrained in me. Lyrics are notoriously open-ended, so PLEASE check out their translations as well!

Now that that's out of the way - please enjoy this amateur translation of the diary included with the Yorushika album, "Elma". Here are some links to resources, before we begin:

Source of Diary Transcription / Chinese Translation (c. @rikaipopmusic):  
[https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/10iZoWMXA\\_JWe5SBxdc0qOeqs1aNbPd4](https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/10iZoWMXA_JWe5SBxdc0qOeqs1aNbPd4)

Elma (Album) Lyrics Translation Doc (c. rachie ft. Night Deer Translations, EJ Translations):  
[https://docs.google.com/document/d/1oTZmOU1CqN5M5\\_JJMv46J7dZn8qqS7xdGz-jADwnApI/](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1oTZmOU1CqN5M5_JJMv46J7dZn8qqS7xdGz-jADwnApI/)

Yourshika Masterlist (Translations for Other Albums):  
<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1yAAZ0U5a8aNTW2GB4pNDpZ0p8S9sopg-i91DhUtZKeU/edit> (c. Night Deer Translations)

ヨルシカ Fan Zone Discord, where translations are frequently posted: <https://discord.gg/wdam3HB>

Amy's Letters to Elma (WIP; c. Night Deer Translations ft. EJ Translations):  
[https://docs.google.com/document/d/1Xg4IvbWF0lDc0HrP\\_SqRf1yWrN04NFBGMfm-Upg2LA/](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1Xg4IvbWF0lDc0HrP_SqRf1yWrN04NFBGMfm-Upg2LA/)

Cool Analytical Essay on Amy's Letters and Elma's Diary (c. Loafer):  
[https://docs.google.com/document/d/1NpkZ\\_mbvCIAuw5CrwNqu0C8t0-injnY5VTJX8VCpBJA/edit?usp=sharing](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1NpkZ_mbvCIAuw5CrwNqu0C8t0-injnY5VTJX8VCpBJA/edit?usp=sharing)

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**Amy's Letters to Elma (Complete; c. Loafer ft. Night Deer Translations, EJ Translations, and others):**  
[https://docs.google.com/document/d/1AYYdLls9-09GX0WNGIxoXgt\\_6Ne4jr6-bvVPd43UsGg/edit?usp=sharinTranslations](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1AYYdLls9-09GX0WNGIxoXgt_6Ne4jr6-bvVPd43UsGg/edit?usp=sharinTranslations)

**Translation of the Plagiarism Novel (c. CapC0, zednet, me!):**  
[https://docs.google.com/document/d/1prIkw51bZ8qqOfJVnpjLKYIpoqS6Uoj\\_Gkq7WebVJ5c/edit](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1prIkw51bZ8qqOfJVnpjLKYIpoqS6Uoj_Gkq7WebVJ5c/edit)

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Please return to:

Elma

regards:

Amy

作品の中にこそ神様は宿る、それが彼の口癖だった。

私達人間の中では決してなく、人間の生み出した

作品の内側にしか存在出来ない。神様の宿った作品は数多存在すれど、神様の宿った人間など一人も存在しない。

だからこそ手の届かない位置にまで行ってしまったそれを、私達は崇めるように触れるのだと。今でも覚えている。雨の伝う窓辺で指先を滑らすようにして日記帳の背を撫でる彼。彼はいつだって思い出の中を生きていた。

それでもエイミー、貴方の残した作品を大切に思えど、貴方に変えられるものなど無いように思う。山椒魚が岩屋に蛙を閉じ込めてしまったように、少しだって漏れ出さぬよう入口へと栓をする。絶えず逃げ出そうとする思い出を見過ごすなど出来ない。そしてそれは決して作品を想ってのことなんかじゃない。貴方を閉じ込めるためだ。作品の中にこそ神様が宿る。そんなことあの頃の私にはどうでも良かった。

私にとっては今でも、貴方こそが神様に近い。

## Memory 1

God lives within the work itself. That was his saying. God doesn't exist among us humans, God only exists on the inside of the works that humans create. There are many works in which God has resided, but God does not exist within a single person. That is how God exists in a place just out of reach – why we touch those works as if in reverence. I still remember it. Him, tracing the trail of rain dripping down the window with his fingertip, caressing a diary in his arm. He was always living inside of his memories.

But you know, Amy, I think the work you left behind is important. I don't think there's anything you should change about it. Just like in Ibuse Masuji's story, just like a giant salamander traps a frog in a grotto all while stuck itself, your work blocks the entrance, keeping anything from leaking out. I don't think anyone should overlook the memories that relentlessly try to run away. And that's not just me thinking about your work, either. It's about keeping you locked away, too. "God lives within the work itself." I couldn't care less about that phrase, back then.

But even now, to me – you're the closest thing to God.

<p>コペンハーゲンから東へ向かう鉄道の中で、 車掌からパスポートの提示を求められた。 旅行鞆から取り出した見せながら、 国境を越えていたことに気付いた。</p> <p>座席の後部から耳慣れない異国の言語が聞こえる。 様々な人種詰め込まれた車両の外側に、 潮風に揺れる新緑見え隠れしている。</p>	<p><b>3/14</b></p> <p>On the train heading east from Copenhagen, the conductor asked me to show him my passport. When I took it out from my travel bag and reached up to show him, I realized that we were crossing the border.</p> <p>From the seats behind me, I could hear the sound of people speaking a foreign language I couldn't recognize. Outside of that car, filled with people of all different races and backgrounds, I could see glimpses of fresh leaves swaying in the sea breeze - appearing and disappearing from sight.</p>
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<p>憂一乗 (9/5) YUU ICHIJOU / ONLY SORROW</p>	
<p>湖の底にいるみたいだ 呼吸の一つが喉に絡んだ 気泡を吐き出して数秒、やっと足が着いた 柔らかな泥の感触がした</p> <p>ずっとずっとずっと ずっとずっと 君を追っているだけで</p> <p>どうしようもないことばかり言いたかった 睡蓮が浮いていた 水圧で透明だ もう蜃気楼よりも確かならそれでいいよ 適当でもいいから 目的とかいいから このまま何処でもいいからさ、逃げよう</p> <p>湖の底にいるみたいだ 濡れる鼓膜がくすぐったいんだ 期待も将来も明日も何も聞きたくなかった 口から溢れる泡ぶくが綺麗で</p>	<p>It's like I'm at the bottom of a lake A single breath of air becomes tangled in my throat In the brief seconds that I let air bubbles free My feet finally touch the ground I can feel the gentle sensation of mud</p> <p>Always Always Always Always Always Just following behind you, and that's it</p> <p>I always wanted to talk about things that didn't matter The water lilies float - they're transparent from the water pressure At this point, I'd be okay with anything more certain than a mirage I don't care if it's vague I don't care if it's planned out At this point, I don't care where we go - Let's just run away</p> <p>It's like I'm at the bottom of a lake My wet eardrums start to tickle Expectations, the future, tomorrow - I didn't want to hear any of it The bubbles leaving my mouth are so pretty</p>

<p>ずっとずっとずっと ずっとずっと 見惚れてしまっただけ で</p>	<p>Always Always Always Always Always Always Captivated by them, and that's it</p>
<p>心より大事なものを見 つけたかった 言葉って薄情だ 水圧 で透明だ なあ、建前より綺麗な ものを探してるんだ そんなの忘れていいか らもう、逃げよう</p>	<p>I always wanted to find something more important than the heart Words are so cruel - they're transparent from the water pressure Hey, I'm searching for something prettier than just a pretty facade But it's okay if we forget about all that - Let's just run away already</p>
<p>こんな自分ならいらな い 僕には何にもいらない お金も名声も愛も称賛 も何にもいらない このまま遠くに行きた い 思い出の外に触りたい また君の歌が聴きたい</p>	<p>I don't need this person that I am I don't need anything - Not money, or fame, or love, or acclaim - I don't need anything At this point, I just want to go somewhere far away I want to touch outside of these memories I want to listen to your songs again</p>
<p>ずっとずっとずっと ずっとずっと 君を追っているだけで</p>	<p>Always Always Always Always Always Just following behind you, and that's it</p>
<p>どうしようもないこと だけ歌いたかった 睡蓮が浮いていた 水 圧で透明だ もう屋気楼よりも確か ならそれでいいよ このまま何処でもいい からさ、</p>	<p>I always wanted to sing about things that didn't matter The water lilies float - they're transparent from the water pressure At this point, I'd be okay with anything more certain than a mirage, At this point, I don't care where we go -</p>
<p>本当は全部置いてただ 逃げ出したいだけだっ た 人生は透明だ 水圧で 透明だ もう屋気楼よりも確か ならそれでいいよ 適当でもいいから 目 的とかいいから このまま何処でもいい からさ、逃げよう</p>	<p>In reality, I just wanted to leave everything behind and run away Life is transparent - transparent from the water pressure At this point, I'd be okay with anything more certain than a mirage, I don't care if it's vague I don't care if it's planned out At this point, I don't care where we go - Let's just run away</p>

<p>マルメからルンドへ。彼の書いた手紙 には学生の街と 書かれていた。北欧の春は思うより ずっと肌寒い。 この街を彼が歩いたのか。 街の端、小さなホステルの一室を借 りた。</p>	<p><b>3/21</b> From Malmö to Lund. The Nordic Spring is so much colder than I thought it would be. He wrote about a town full of students in his letters.  Did he walk through this city? On the outskirts, I rent a single room at a hostel.</p>
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<p>今にも壊れ落ちそうベランダで彼の残した手紙を読み返している。今では日課に近い行動だった。</p> <p>部屋に戻って、これまでを手帳に書き付ける。</p> <p>私は怖い。彼と過ごしたあの日々が、少しずつ頭の箱から漏れ出していくのがわかる。</p> <p>日を追うごとにそれは加速する。脳の容量から漏れた思い出が、底に空いた小さな穴すり抜けていく。日記をつけなければいけない。せめて書き切れる部分だけでも。</p>	<p>Even now, I stand on the nearly-broken veranda, rereading those letters he wrote. At this point, it's almost a daily routine for me.</p> <p>I return to my room; write down everything that happened before now in my notebook. I'm scared. I know that the days I spent with him are going to start leaking from the box of my head, bit by bit. And I know that it'll only accelerate as the days pass me by. From my full-capacity brain, the leaking memories will make a small hole, and slip on through it. I have to keep a diary. Even if it's just the parts that can be written down.</p>
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<p>彼が写真に撮って残していた場所はすぐに見つかった。</p> <p>中央駅から出て南側の広場、そして、 Lund 大学近くの民家の外壁。</p> <p>古びた建物達の屋根から頭を覗かせる、大聖堂が見え隠れする。</p>	<p><b>3/22</b></p> <p>I found the place where he took the photo quickly. Past the southern exit of the central station, outside of a private home near Lund University. I see the cathedral appear and disappear from sight between the roofs of old buildings.</p>
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<p>夕凧、某、花惑い</p>	
<p>(3/22) YUUNAGI, BOU, HANAMADOI / EVENING CALM, SOMEWHERE, FIREWORKS</p>	
<p>夏になる前にこの胸に散る花火を書いた夜が来るから明後日の方ばかりを見てる</p> <p>口に出してもう一回八月某日を思い出して僕には言い足りないことばかりだ</p> <p>ギターを鳴らして二小節この歌の歌詞は380</p>	<p>Before the summer came, I wrote about the falling fireworks inside of my chest But because the night is coming, I can only look towards the day after tomorrow</p> <p>I'll put it into words one more time Remember that certain August day To me, it's full of things I can never say enough about</p> <p>I'll play two measures on my guitar The length of this song is 380 characters</p>

<p>字 ロックンロールを書いた あの夏ばっか歌っていた</p>	<p>I wrote rock-and-roll songs Always singing about that summer</p>
<p>さよならじゃ足りない 君に茜差す日々の歌を 思い出すじゃ足りないのさ 花泳ぐ 夏を待つ 君は言葉になる</p>	<p>Goodbye just isn't enough - I'll sing this song of those days with you aglow in the red of the sunset Just remembering isn't enough I'm waiting for a summer of swimming flowers and you're becoming words</p>
<p>忘れないようにあの夏に見た花火を書いた 思い出の僕ら、夜しか見えぬ幽霊みたいだ</p>	<p>So that I wouldn't forget, I wrote about those fireworks we saw that summer The us inside of my memories Are like ghosts that can only be seen at night</p>
<p>何にも良いことないんだ この世は僕には難解だった 君が教えなかったことばかりだ</p>	<p>There's nothing good that exists To me, this world was incomprehensible Full of things you never taught me</p>
<p>ピアノを弾いていた ホール あのカフェももう無いんだ 僕らを貶す奴らを殺したい 君ならきっと笑ってくれる</p>	<p>The hall where we played piano and that cafe aren't there anymore I want to kill all those people who spoke ill of us I know that you would laugh at that</p>
<p>このままじゃまだ足りない 僕ら花惑う風の中を 思い出すほどに苦しいのさ 夏が来る 夢を見る 心に穴が空く</p>	<p>It's not enough to go on like this The more I recall the memory of us in the wind that had lost us in flowers - the more it hurts The summer is coming I'm seeing a dream And inside of my heart, a hole is opening</p>
<p>唄歌うじゃ足りない 君に茜差す日々の歌を 美しい夜が知りたいのだ 花惑う 夏を待つ僕に 差す月明かり</p>	<p>Just singing a song isn't enough Through this song of those days with you aglow in the red of the sunset I want to know a beautiful night Lost in flowers, waiting for the summer, the moon leaves me glowing in its light</p>

<p> ルンド大聖堂。街の心臓部にある、  12世紀に建てられた  ロマネスク様式の教会。高い天井。キ  リストの祭壇画。  中央に据えられた石台。パイプオル  ガン。  天井に吊るされたシャンデリアと蠟燭  の灯り。  整列するように並べられた椅子。地下  広間。  柱にしがみ付いた、伝承に残る巨人  の像。  エイミーが手紙に書いていた天文時  計を眺める。  聖堂端の木製の椅子にもたれて、彼  を真似るように。  詩を書く日々が続いている。   彼と出会った時のことを、この頃よく  思い出す。 </p>	<p> <b>3/23</b>   Lund Cathedral. Right in the heart of the  city, built in the 12th century, romanesque.  A high ceiling. An altarpiece of Christ. A  stone platform set in the center. A pipe  organ. A chandelier and candle lights hanging  from the ceiling. Chairs lined up in rows. An  underground hall. A statue of a legendary  giant, clinging to the sides of a pillar. I  gaze upon the astronomical clock that Amy  wrote about in his letter.  I imitate him, leaning on a wooden chair at  the edge of a cathedral wall.   The days of songwriting continue onwards.  Nowadays, I often think back to the time I  met him. </p>
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<p> 祖母の家へと向かう途中、  急な雨から逃れる為に寄ったそこで、  彼は熱心に何かを書いていた。木製  の丸テーブルには  小さな皿とカプチーノが置かれてい  た、湯気の上らない  様子を見るに冷めるくらいの時間が  経っていることが  想像出来た。それを押しよける様にし  て白いルーズリーフが置かれ、端を止  めるための消しゴムが立っていた。   彼の目はずっと下を向いていた。まる  でそこにこの世の真理が描き出される  とでも言うかのように紙をじっと睨み、  幾度も鉛筆の尻で机を叩いた。そして  思い出したかのように筆を走らせると  息をつく間も無くまた紙を睨んだ。 </p>	<p> <b>Memory 2</b>   On the way to my grandmother's house, I had  to stop for shelter from a sudden rain. That  was where I saw him, writing something down  eagerly.   On the wooden, round table in front of him,  there was a small plate with a cappuccino  cup – the steam dissipated. I could imagine  that it had been there long enough to cool  down completely. The cup was pushed aside to  make room for a sheet of loose-leaf paper,  which was held in place at its end with an  eraser.   His eyes faced downwards the entire time. He  kept his gaze fixed on the paper as he  tapped on the table with the butt of his  pencil. It was like, to him, the entire  truth of the world was written on that </p>
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少し離れた席で私は手持ち無沙汰に  
テーブルの木目を  
なぞっていた。大粒の雨は中々止む  
気配を見せず、  
持っていた鞆にも特に暇を潰せるよう  
なものは  
入っていなかった。

そうしてぼとしていっているうちに、彼は長い  
間動かし  
続けていた手をようやく止めて鉛筆を  
置いた。  
気になって横目に見ていると、彼はそ  
の書き上げた一枚を  
何故かぐしゃぐしゃと無造作に丸め、  
テラスに設置された  
屑入れへと放り込んだ。そして傍の鞆  
に手をつまむと、  
皮の手帳と万年筆、そしてインク瓶を  
取り出すと、  
また熱心に何かを書いた。  
今度は止まらず、つかえることもなく  
ずらずと  
書き終えた。たった今書いたものを写  
すような、  
作業的な動きだった。

流石に集中も切れたのか、彼は軒先  
を眺めながら  
テーブルに上半身を伏せた後、目を  
閉じ、  
そのままぴくりとも動かなくなった。

小粒の雨が疎らに屋根を鳴らす音  
が、  
テラスを静かに満たしていた。屑入れ  
の縁から  
溢れるように落ちた紙が一つ、風に吹  
かれて転がり、  
少し離れて座っていた私の足元にま  
で  
辿り着いて止まった。

彼は突つ伏したまま動く気配もなかつ  
た。

何を思っていたのかは覚えていない。

single page. Then - as if remembering - he  
would run his pencil across the paper before  
he took a breath, and returned to glaring at  
the words before him.

In a seat a little ways away from him, I was  
bored - tracing the patterns of the wooden  
table with my finger. The rain was showing  
no signs of stopping, and the bag I had with  
me had nothing inside that I could use to  
kill the time.

I absentmindedly watched him as he kept on  
writing for a long period before finally  
putting his pencil down. Interested now, I  
watched him actively from my peripheral  
vision. He nonchalantly took the single page  
he had just finished, crumpled it up into a  
ball, and tossed it into the garbage can  
that was resting on the terrace. He reached  
his hand into the bag beside him to take out  
a leather notebook, a fountain pen, and an  
ink bottle before he returned to writing  
something down eagerly. This time though, he  
didn't stop - he didn't get stuck. He wrote  
smoothly. It appeared as though he was  
copying what he had just written onto  
another page - that's the impression his  
movements gave me.

As one would expect though, even he couldn't  
keep his concentration forever. As he stared  
at the eaves of the building, he laid his  
upper body down over the top of the table  
and closed his eyes. And then, just like  
that, with a single twitch, he stopped  
moving.

The pitter-patter of the rain sounded from  
the roof, gently filling the terrace with  
white noise. From the brim of the garbage  
can, a single piece of paper fell -  
overflowing from the pile. It was lifted by  
the wind, rolled across the ground, and then  
- eventually - it reached the feet of me,  
who was sitting close by.



<p>その時、私は静かに床へ手を伸ばすと、丸められた紙を指先で持ち上げて机まで引き上げた。</p> <p>中には一遍の詩が書かれていた。</p> <p>A5サイズほどのルーズリーフに詰め込まれるようにして、殴り書いたような様相で、文字達は静かに整列していた。その頭上には簡易的な記号が添えられていた、無知な私にもそれが音楽を示すことは理解できた。</p> <p>カタン、と椅子の擦れる音がして我に返った。慌てて紙を膝の上に置いて顔を上げると、彼は体を起こして、何かを言っただけに此方を見ていた。</p> <p>私は覗き見をしたようなばつの悪さを感じて、目を逸らして俯いた。雨はいつの間に、薄く静かだった。濡れた床板から初夏の匂いが立ち上っていた。</p> <p>エイミーと出会ったのは雨の滴り落ちるカフェテラスだった。</p>	<p>He was laid out on the table still - no signs of moving.</p> <p>I don't remember what I was thinking.</p> <p>But at that moment, I reached my hand down quietly towards the floor, and lifted the paper to the table with my fingertips.</p> <p>Inside, a single song was written.</p> <p>Jammed within the borders of that A5, loose-leaf paper, the characters - silently standing in line - looked like they were scribbled. Above the words, there were simple symbols. Even I, ignorant as I was, could work out that it was music.</p> <p>Screech - the sound of a chair scraping against the floor brought me back to reality. I panicked, and hurriedly folded the paper into my lap before raising my head. He had woken up, and I searched for something to say to him.</p> <p>I felt the awful feeling of being a voyeur weighing down on me - I averted my eyes, and looked down.</p> <p>All of the sudden, the rain sounded thinner, quieter than I remembered. The smell of early summer rose from the drenched floorboards.</p> <p>I met Amy on a cafe terrace, within the sound of dripping rain.</p>
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<p>北東へ向かう途中、鉄道の不具合から途中の街で宿泊することになった。ヨンショーピンというらしい。この国第二の大きな湖の南にある、静かな湖畔の街。</p>	<p><b>4/5</b></p> <p>On my way Northeast, I had to stay in an out-of-the-way town, Jönköping, because of a problem with the train. It's a quiet lakeside town, south of the country's second largest lake. I watch the setting sun that, in the white night, never seems to fully</p>
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<p>白夜から中々沈まない夕陽を眺める。 砂浜に座って、 湖の風を浴びる。</p> <p>松尾芭蕉は俳諧は三尺の童にさせよ、 という言葉 遺らしい。彼の手紙に書いてあった。</p> <p>芭蕉のことを調べるうちに、与謝蕪村 を書いた本に 行き着いた。この俳人は芭蕉に影響さ れ俳句を書いた。 蕉風回帰、つまり芭蕉の句風こそが正 道なのだ 説き、芭蕉に憧れて生きた。 いつしか、彼の旅した道を進むほどに。</p>	<p>disappear. I sit on the sandy beach, taking in the lake wind.</p> <p>The famous poet, Matsuo Basho, once said: "Haikus should be written by a three-year-old child". That quote was written in one of his letters. While I was doing some research on Basho, I found a book written about Yosa no Buson. He was a haiku poet who wrote haikus that were influenced by Basho. He thought that Shoufu - that is to say, Basho's writing style - was the correct way to write. He admired him.</p> <p>So much so that, one day, Buson reached the path that Basho himself was following.</p>
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<p style="text-align: center;">雨とカプチーノ (9/3) AME TO CAPPUCCINO / RAIN AND CAPPUCCINO</p>	
<p>灰色に白んだ言葉はカ プチーノみたいな色し てる 言い訳はいいよ 窓辺に 置いてきて 数え切れないよ</p> <p>灰色に白んだ心はカプ チーノみたいな色して る 言い訳はいいよ 呷ろう カプチーノ 戯けた振りして</p> <p>さあ揺蕩うように雨流 れ 僕らに嵐す花に溺れ 君が褪せないような思 い出を どうか、どうか、どう か君が溢れないように</p> <p>波待つ海岸 紅夕差す日 窓に反射して 八月のヴィスビー 潮騒 待ちぼうけ 海風一つで</p> <p>夏泳いだ花の白さ、宵 の雨 流る夜に溺れ 誰も褪せないような花 一つ どうか、どうか、どう か胸の内側に挿して</p> <p>ずっとおかしいんだ 生き方一つ教えてほし</p>	<p>Words whitened to gray have a color just like cappuccino Don't bother with excuses, leave them by the window I can't count them all</p> <p>A heart whitened to gray has a color just like cappuccino Don't bother with excuses, let's gulp down this cappuccino And pretend to be stupid</p> <p>Now, as if indecisive, the rain flows And we are drowned in a storm of flowers From these memories I hold of you that still haven't faded Please, please, please don't overflow</p> <p>The shore waits for the waves, and the sun aglow in the fading evening reflects off of the window In Visby in August, with only a slight sea breeze I'm waiting in vain for the roar of waves</p> <p>The whiteness of the flowers swimming in summer, and the late evening rain, Are drowned in the flowing night So that nobody fades away, take a single flower And please, please, please, place it inside of your chest</p>

<p>いだけ          払えるものなんて僕にはもうないけど          何も答えられないなら言葉一つでもいいよ          わからないよ          本当にわかんないんだよ</p> <p>さあ揺蕩うように雨流れ          僕らに嵐す花に溺れ          君が褪せないように書く詩を          どうか、どうか、どうか          今も忘れないように</p> <p>また一つ夏が終わって、          花一つを胸に抱いて、          流る目蓋の裏で          君が褪せないようにこの詩を          どうか、どうか君が溢れないように</p>	<p>It's always been so strange          I've only ever wanted to be taught a single way to live          Even though I don't have anything left to pay you back with          If you're not going to answer, then just a single word is okay          I don't understand          I really don't understand</p> <p>Now, as if indecisive, the rain flows          And we are drowned in a storm of flowers          This song I'm writing so you won't fade          I'm begging please, please, please don't let me forget - even now</p> <p>Another summer is coming to an end,          I hold a single flower to my chest          And from the back of my flowing eyelids -          from this song made to keep to you from fading -          Please, please, please, don't overflow</p>
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<p>エイミーは無駄という言葉が好きだった。          そして、病的なまでに余白好んだ。彼の部屋には充分に物が無かった。筆筒からソファから食卓まで、何もかもが無かった。ただ部屋の中心には小さな机と椅子がぽっりと置かれていて、傍にアコースティックギターが立て掛けてあった。そこには、生活には無駄とも言えるほどの空白が空いていた。</p> <p>彼は一つ詩を書くにも余分に紙を使って、まず下書きを書いた。A5サイズほどのルーズリーフに纏めてから、全く同じ内容を愛用の手帳に書き写していた。私がいつか、カフェで見たのもそれだった。彼の暮らしは決して豊かなものではなかったが、それでも物を書く紙とインクにだけは金を借しなかった。</p> <p>また、彼の使っていた日記帳、兼ノートには数えられないほどに付箋が貼り付けられていた。そのページの大半には日付だけしか記されていないかった。</p>	<p><b>Memory 3</b></p> <p>Amy liked the word "pointless (muda)". He liked writing it down too, to the point where it was abnormal. His room didn't really have enough in it. Dresser, couch, table - he didn't have any of that. There was just a small desk with a single chair in the middle of his room, an acoustic guitar leaning beside it. There was a blank space that existed in that room, a vacuum that one could say was "pointless" to his lifestyle.</p> <p>To write a song, first he would write a draft on excess pieces of paper. Then, once he would get it all down on those A5 loose-leaf pages, he would copy it down into his notebook. That's what I saw that day at the cafe. His life certainly wasn't lavish - but he still needed money to buy ink and paper.</p> <p>In addition, there were countless sticky notes affixed to his diary. Most of the pages had dates written on them and nothing else. There was always a spare diary ready</p>
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彼の部屋にはいつでも日記帳のスペアが用意されていて、何も書かれていない白で埋め尽くされたページを彼は好んで眺めていた。この空白こそが想像力の受け皿なのだと、彼は嘯いた。時折、その過去に空けたページへ新たな詩を書き込んだ、少しずつ埋めるように彼は余白を愛でた。

in his room, and he enjoyed staring at the yet-unwritten, blank white pages. He liked to boast that they were receptacles for the imagination. From time to time, he liked to write his newest songs on the pages he had already opened in the past - it made him happy to fill in the blank spaces, bit by bit.

<p>リンショーピンに着く。 この街に来て未だ、彼がこの国を旅した実感など湧かない。 何処にも彼を示すような痕跡は見つからない。 当たり前だ。あの箱が私の元に届くまでに、 どれだけ掛かったのかもわからない。</p> <p>中世の町の暮らしを保存した野外博物館、 ガムラリンショーピンへ行く。 至る所に昔の生活を再現した展示が 散りばめられている。 古い家々に隣接する森のベンチに座って、 詩の続きを書く。</p> <p>彼の書くメロディを想像して、一つ一つ 詩を綴る。 きっと、彼ならこう表現をする。詩の隙 間に情景を 盛り込む。自らを抉るように言葉の棘 を作る。 最低限の押韻を重ねて過去や実体験 を入れ込む。</p> <p>どうでもいいという口癖。夏への憧憬。 理想への渴望。 一人称は必ず「僕」を使った。 きっと、彼ならこう歌詞を書く。 この場所で、あの頃を思い出しながら。</p> <p>わかっている。勿論、私のやっているこ れは 創作なんかじゃない。ただの模倣だ。</p>	<p><b>5/1</b></p> <p>I arrive in Linköping.</p> <p>Even though I've made it to this town, I still don't get the feeling that he traveled in this country. No matter where I go, I can't find any traces that suggest he was here. Of course I can't though. I don't even know how long it took before his box reached me.</p> <p>I visit Gamla Linköping, an open-air museum that preserves the lifestyle of a medieval town. Everywhere I look, there's exhibits scattered all around that reproduce the old ways of life. Beside the old houses, I sit on a bench at the outskirts of a forest, and continue songwriting.</p> <p>I imagine the melody that he would write, and write it out note by note. If he was the one writing, surely this is how he would phrase it. Within the gaps of the song, he'd put in scenery just like this; make the words as sharp as thorns, as if digging into himself; use minimal rhyming; mix past and real experiences; include his habit of saying, "I don't care (dou demo ii)"; show a constant yearning for the summer, a reaching for an ideal; use "boku" as his first person pronoun. Surely, this is the song that he would write. Sitting here, looking back on that time.</p> <p>I understand that what I'm doing isn't really creating, of course. It's only an imitation.</p>
<p>ストックホルムに着く。 ドロットニングホルム宮殿近くのカフェ で食事を摂る。 何も味がしない。</p>	<p><b>5/15</b></p> <p>I arrive in Stockholm. I have lunch at a cafe near Drottningholm Palace. There's no taste to anything.</p>

<p>一日は呆気ないほどに短いし、ただ生きるにも長い。 あの頃の私は、いつも何かに急かされるような心地で生きていた。一日が過ぎる毎に焦燥感が募った。 何を為す訳でもなくただ生きている自分から、少しずつ殻が剥がれていく。その殻はきっと可能性や、素質や、時間といった類で出来ていて、何層にも重なった 殻の内側の、その更に奥に、何も無い私がいる。</p> <p>人生にはきっと、賞味期限がある。 私が彼に、昔漏らした言葉だった。</p>	<p>A single day is far too short, but just living is too long. The me back then lived feeling like she was always being rushed by something. With each fading day, I feel my irritation pile up. It's not because I need to accomplish something, it's just that I can feel the shell coming loose from my living self, bit by bit. The shell is made of possibilities and character qualities, all within the genus of <i>Time</i>. And beneath all of those countless layers, all the way deep inside, there's me, with nothing.</p> <p>Life surely has an expiration date. Those are the words that I let leak out to him, a long time ago.</p>
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<p style="text-align: center;">神様のダンス (5/28) KAMISAMA NO DANCE / DANCE OF GOD</p>	
<p>忘れるなんて酷いだろう 幸せになんてなるものか 色のない何かが咲いた 君のいない夏に咲いた</p> <p>人に笑われたくないから 怯えるように下を向く 心より大事な何かが あつたまるものか</p> <p>暮れない夕に茜追い付いて 君を染め抜いた 見えないように僕を追い越して 行かないで</p> <p>僕たち神様なんて知らん顔 何処までだって行ける なあ、心まで醜い僕らだ 世界は僕らのものだ</p> <p>音楽だけでいいんだろ 他人に合わせて歩くなよ 教えてくれたのはあんたじゃないか</p> <p>どうだっていいよ、このまま遠くへ</p>	<p>To forget is horrible, isn't it? Is it really something that can make someone happy? Something without color bloomed It bloomed in a summer without you</p> <p>I don't want people to laugh at me So I look down, as if I'm scared Are you really expecting me to believe That there's anything more important than the heart?</p> <p>The sunset red catches up to the fading evening, dyeing you And you pass me by, so I won't see Please don't go</p> <p>We who choose not to acknowledge God Can go anywhere Hey, we might be ugly all the way down to our hearts But the world is ours</p> <p>Isn't music all we need? We don't have to follow in step with other people, right? Weren't you the one who taught that to me?</p>

誰も知らない場所で月  
明かりを探すのだ

名もない花が綺麗とか  
どうでもいいことばっ  
かだ

君の口癖が感染してる  
喉の真下には君がいる

言葉も生活も愛想も  
全て捨ててこそ音楽だ  
その価値も知らないあ  
んたに  
わかって堪るものか

暮れない夕に茜追いつ  
いて  
僕を染め抜いた  
いつか時間が全て追い  
抜いて  
消えないで

僕たち神様なんて知ら  
ん顔  
世界の全部が欲しい  
なあ心まで醜いあんな  
の、想い出全部をくれ  
よ  
価値観だって自由なら  
人を傷付けていいだろ  
教えなかったのはあん  
たじゃないか

どうだっていいよ、こ  
のまま遠くへ  
誰も見てない場所で生  
きる真似をしてるのさ  
酷い顔で踊るのさ  
胸も痛いままで

神様僕たちなんて知ら  
ん顔  
何処までだって行ける  
なあ、言葉が世界だと  
云うなら、世界は僕ら  
のものだ  
忘れるなんて酷いだろ  
幸せになんてなれるか  
よ  
僕を歪めたのはあんな  
じゃないか

そうだった、僕はこの  
まま遠くへ  
誰も知らない場所で月  
明かりを探すのだ

I don't care -

Let's just go somewhere far away, to a place nobody else knows of  
And search for the moonlight

I couldn't care less

About things like calling some nameless flower beautiful  
Your phrases are rubbing off on me  
You're there, right below my throat

It's only when you've thrown away your words, your way of life, and  
your courtesy

That music is made

How could you, who doesn't know the value of any of those things,  
ever understand?

The sunset red catches up to the fading evening,  
dyeing me

One day, time will overtake everything

Please don't disappear

We who choose not to acknowledge God

Want the whole world

Hey, give me all of your memories

You're ugly all the way down to your very heart

If you're free to choose your own values,  
then you're free to hurt others too, right?

Weren't you the one who never taught me that?

I don't care -

Let's just go somewhere far away, to a place nobody else has seen  
And do our best imitation of living

And keep dancing with these horrible expressions

Even as our chests start to hurt

We who choose not to acknowledge God

Can go anywhere

Hey, if you think of the world as words

Then the world really is ours

To forget is horrible, isn't it?

As if it could make anyone happy

Weren't you the one who made me twisted enough to think that?

	<p>That's right -  I'll just go somewhere far away, to a place nobody else knows of  And search for the moonlight</p>
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<p>思い出だけを置いて消えるくらいなら、私だけ  あの街に置いて行くくらいなら、一緒に逃げてくれたら、エイミー、私は何処へでも  付いていけた。全部捨てられたんだ。いつか終わりが来ると知っていても、何も無い  現実よりはましだ。何処か遠くの国で、  音楽のことだって、全部忘れて、貧しくたって  何とか仕事を見つけて、ポロ屋でもいいから二人で  生活を見つけて、また心を見つけて、ただ一緒にいてくれたら、それだけで良かった  本当にただ、私はそれだけで</p>	<p><b>Memory 4</b></p> <p>Rather than leaving my memories behind and disappearing, rather than leaving that town behind - if we were to run away together, Amy, I'd go anywhere with you.  I'd throw everything away. Even if one day the end were to come, it would still be better than a reality where we have nothing. In some far off land, we'd forget everything - even music. Even if we were poor, we'd find jobs somehow. Even a run-down place would be fine - we'd find a life together, find our hearts again. If we were together, it would all be okay.</p> <p>Really it's just that - with just that, I-</p>
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<p>ガムラスタン。玉石敷きに落ちる雑踏。エイミーは五月末の日付が記された詩で、  雨上がりのガムラスタンを書くことを示していた。  彼は結局それを詩に書かなかった。箱に入っていた六月日付の手紙は、別のこと謳った詩だけ。   私はその理由が知りたい。</p>	<p><b>6/15</b></p> <p>Gamla Stan. The hustle-and-bustle falls over the cobblestone roads. Amy dated his song for the end of May, and made it clear that he was writing a song about Gamla Stan after the rain. In the end, he never wrote that song. Inside of the box, all the letters dated for June talk about other ones.</p> <p>I want to know the reason why.</p>
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<p>いつか彼が私の詩を読んで零した言葉を覚えている。 嫉妬するよと、彼はそう言った。 私は優しい冗談だと思って、笑った。</p>	<p><b>6/16</b></p> <p>Some time ago, he read one of my songs and told me that he finally remembered the words that he'd let slip away.</p> <p>"You're making me jealous," he said.</p> <p>Thinking that it was just a kind-hearted joke, I laughed.</p>
<p>中々雨は降らない。</p>	<p><b>6/18</b></p> <p>It doesn't seem like it'll rain.</p>
<p>雨は降らない。</p>	<p><b>6/20</b></p> <p>It won't rain.</p>
<p>あの公共施設へ向かう途中の、 小さな病院に入っていき彼を見かけたのも、 こんな晴れの日だった。</p>	<p><b>6/22</b></p> <p>On my way to that public facility building, I saw him enter a small hospital. It was such a sunny day, that day.</p>

雨が降る気配はない。することもないので、  
ガムラスタンを廻る。小さな島の中は入り組んだ  
迷路のようで、大通りには観光客が溢れる。

裏通りに上裸の少年がいた。  
流石にこの暑さは活発な子供も堪えるらしい。  
走る子供の後を何となく歩いて追う。  
少年は時折振り返るようにして私を見て、  
誘うように手を振った。  
ドロットニングホルム宮殿へと近付いているのがわかる。  
狭い路地を抜け、角を曲がる。通り脇の小さな門を  
通って、何処かの敷地へと少年は入っていく。  
入り口に刻まれた文字は読めない。  
後に続いて門を潜ると、静かな裏庭のような  
場所に出た。誰も人はいない。  
少年はいつの間にか、消えていた。

敷地の隅に植えられた一本の木の隣に、  
四角い鉄の台座が据えられていた。  
その上には小さなベンチが置かれ、更にそこへ  
乗るようにして、小さな少年の像が座っている。  
屋下りを少し過ぎ、雲が伸び伸びと遊び始める、  
微かに雨の匂いがしている。

6/25

There's no sign that it's going to rain. Since I have nothing else to do, I decide to take a walk around Gamla Stan. Though it's a small island, the streets are complicated and maze-like, overflowing with sightseers and tourists.

I see a naked child running down a back alley. Seems like even heat like this can't beat out the most rambunctious kids. Somehow I managed to follow him. From time to time, the boy looks back at me, and waves his hand as if beckoning me. I realize that we're getting closer to Drottningholm Palace\* the further we go. I push through a narrow alleyway and turn a corner. On the street-side, there's a small gate - the boy must have turned and entered it, heading off towards wherever the path leads. I can't read the characters engraved onto the entrance, but I pass through it anyway, following him, and the place I find myself in is reminiscent of a quaint little backyard.

There's nobody else there with me. It's as if, all of a sudden, the boy had disappeared. Nestled next to the single tree standing in the site is a pedestal, iron and square-shaped. Affixed to the pedestal, there's a small bench. And there, sitting on top, as if it had led me there, a statue of a small boy.

As early afternoon starts to pass, I see the clouds in their carefree way begin to play, and I start to smell the faint scent of rain in the air.

\* Elma says Drottningholm Palace here, but she likely meant the Royal Palace in Gamla Stan

彼の後ろを付いてまわるだけの私に、  
彼は内心  
呆れていたのかもしれない。  
今となっては彼の気持ちも、伝えた  
かったものも、  
私には何もわからない。

**6/25**

Since I was always following close behind  
him, I thought that maybe he might have been  
fed up with me deep down.

But now, I don't understand any of it - not  
his feelings or what he was trying to  
convey. I don't understand anything.

駅から離れた場所にある施設の公共広間には  
小柄なアップライトピアノが置かれていて、  
私とエイミーは雨の日になるとよくそれを  
弾きに行った。  
元々人気の無い施設だったか雨ともなれば  
言うまでもなく静かで、打鍵の音や、ペダ  
ルの擦れる音まで聞くことが出来た。  
貸し切られたように閑散とした空間の中、  
自然のホールリバーブが掛かる、雨音の  
ような  
リストを彼は鳴らした。

彼のように本格的に音楽へ打ち込む人達  
からすれば、  
私の弾くピアノなど児戯に近いものだった  
と思う。  
それでも私が鍵盤を弾くたび、彼は大層な  
喜びを示した。  
一つ鳴らせばエイミーは口を開くことはな  
く、緩く目を閉じ、  
海中を遊泳するように深く呼吸した。私が  
どれだけ辿々しく  
演奏をしても、弾き終わると彼は必ず小さ  
な拍手をした。  
その瞬間だけ、いつも私はコンサートホ  
ールで演奏を  
したかのような心地になった。

彼の中には音楽への否定の言葉など存在  
しなかった。  
稚拙であっても音をならしたという事実だ  
けを、愚直なまでに  
大切にしていた。  
私が上手く行ったと感じる箇所を彼は見通  
すように褒めた。  
私のどんなミスタッチですら丁寧に包み、  
巨匠の手遊びか  
のように扱った。  
彼は音楽への愛情を、そのまま体現する  
ように生きていた。

そして、ある時を境に、彼はピアノを弾くこ  
とを辞めた。

## Memory 5

A little ways away from the station, there's  
a hall open to the public with a small  
upright piano. Me and Amy, when it rained,  
would play there often. Needless to say,  
since it was already an unpopular place to  
begin with, it was quiet on rainy days - you  
could hear the keys when you pressed them  
down, and the sound of the pedal chafing  
when you stepped on it. The atmosphere of  
the deserted hall made it feel like we had  
rented it out. Carried within the reverb,  
the Liszt he played sounded like falling  
rain.

To people like him who were serious about  
music, I'm sure my piano playing came off as  
something close to child's play. But even  
still, whenever I played the keyboard, he  
seemed really happy. Once I started on the  
first note, Amy wouldn't open his mouth -  
he'd close his eyes lightly, and breathe in  
deeply as if he were swimming in the sea. No  
matter how many times I messed up or  
faltered, once I finished playing, he would  
always give me a small round of applause. It  
was always at that moment, and that moment  
only, that I would feel like I was playing  
in a real concert hall.

There were no words inside of him that could  
reject music. Even if the notes were clumsy  
and awkward - they were still notes, and he  
embraced that with a simple kind of honesty.  
When I started to feel like I had played  
something well, he would praise me as if he  
had seen it coming. It was as if he was  
living to embody his own love for music.

And then, one day, he stopped playing piano.

雨が止んだ。

6/29

The rain stopped.

雨晴るる

(6/30) AME HARURU / AFTER THE RAIN

やっと雨が降ったんだ  
この青をずっと思っ  
ていたんだ  
心臓の音が澄んで  
いた言葉以外何にも  
いらな  
い空だ

あの日まで僕は眠っ  
ていたんだ  
言い訳ばかりで足が  
出  
な  
か  
っ  
た  
想像よりずっと、君  
が  
いた街の青さを  
ず  
っ  
と

歌え 人生は君だ  
ず  
っ  
と  
君  
だ 全部君だ  
藍の色だ  
言葉になろうと残  
っ  
た  
思  
い  
出  
だ  
け  
が  
遠  
い  
群  
青  
を  
染  
め  
た  
も  
っ  
と  
書  
き  
た  
い ず  
っ  
と  
冷  
め  
な  
い  
愛  
の  
歌  
を  
君  
の  
い  
な  
い  
夏  
が  
ま  
た  
来  
る

やっと雨が上がった  
ん  
だ  
この街をきつと君が  
描  
い  
た  
ん  
だ  
心臓の音が澄んで  
いた  
あ  
の  
日  
か  
ら  
ず  
っ  
と  
君  
が  
待  
っ  
て  
い  
る  
何  
も  
言  
わ  
な  
い  
僕  
が  
笑  
っ  
て  
い  
る、誤魔化すよ  
う  
に

消えろ 全部消えろ  
声も言葉も愛の歌も  
この目を覆った淡い群  
青  
中  
で  
白  
い  
カー  
テン  
が  
揺  
れ  
る  
も  
っ  
と  
触  
れ  
た  
い ず  
っ  
と  
触  
れ  
た  
い  
愛  
の  
歌  
を  
君  
の  
い  
な  
い  
夏  
の  
青  
さ  
を

白いカーテンが揺れた  
そ  
っ  
と  
揺  
れ  
た 僕に揺  
れ  
た  
愛に触れた  
言葉になろうと残  
っ  
て  
いた君の詩は  
あ  
の  
憧  
憬  
は  
消  
え  
な  
い  
き  
っ  
と  
消  
せ  
な  
い  
ず  
っ  
と  
褪  
せ  
な  
い  
無  
謬  
の  
色  
だ

At last, the rain started to fall  
I was always thinking of this blue  
A time when the sound of my heart was unclouded,  
a sky in need of nothing else but words

Until that day, I was asleep  
Full of excuses, unable to take a step forward  
So much more than what I could imagine,  
Was the blueness of the town you were in  
So much more

Sing - this life is all you  
It's always been you  
All of it, you  
The color of indigo  
Even if you turn into words, only the memories you left behind are  
stained a far-off ultramarine

I want to write more  
songs of love that will never cool down

Another summer without you is coming

At last, the rain let up  
I'm sure that you wrote about this town  
The sound of my heart cleared up  
Ever since that day, you've been waiting  
And I've been smiling, not saying anything

So I can play dumb

Just disappear, let everything disappear  
Your voice, your words, and those songs of love  
In the pale ultramarine that hides my eyes  
A white curtain sways  
I want to touch them more  
I always want to touch those songs of love  
And the blue of a summer without you here

<p>歌え 人生は君だ</p> <p>全部君だ ずっと消えない愛の色だ この目を覆った淡い群青の色だ 思い出すように揺れた もっと書きたい ずっと冷めない愛の歌を 君のいない夏がまた来る</p>	<p>A white curtain swayed It swayed softly, swaying me Swaying love Even if you turn into words, those songs you left behind - My longing for them will never disappear, They'll never be erased They're an infallible color that will never fade</p> <p>Sing - this life is all you All of it is you It's the color of love that will never disappear It's the pale ultramarine that hides my eyes And it sways, as if remembering I want to write more songs of love that will never cool down</p> <p>Another summer without you is coming</p>
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<p>街を出る。</p>	<p>7/2</p> <p>I'm leaving town.</p>
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<p>ゴットランド島へ向かうフェリーの中で一人の老婆がいた。 杖をつき段差を登ろうとするのを見兼ねて手を貸すと、 彼女は"Tack"と、そう言った。彼女は私がこの国の 言葉をあまり喋れないことに気付いていないらしく、 ニコニコと笑いかけながら何かを喋り続けた。 私が答えに窮していると、彼女は持っていた 黒のポーチから写真を取り出した。 写真には少し皺の減った老女と老齢の男性を 囲むようにして談笑する、三人の男女が写っていた。  人の名前であろう単語を三つ、老婆はゆっくりと口にする。</p>	<p>7/5</p> <p>On the ferry heading towards Gotland, I saw an elderly woman with a cane having trouble climbing up a steep incline. I couldn't overlook her, so I lent a hand. She told me, "Tack," and went on saying something - smiling this big smile, laughing, not realizing that I couldn't speak the language all that well. While I was struggling to find the words for a reply, she took out a photo from her black pouch.</p> <p>In the photo, I could see two older women and a man - all with their wrinkles just starting to come in - engaged in some friendly chit-chat. I couldn't tell, but the three words that the old woman strung together might have been their names. In the midst of wondering where those three might</p>
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<p>彼らは今、何処で何をしているのだろう      と思いながら、      私は頷く。</p>	<p>be and what they might be doing, I nodded.</p>
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<p>ゴットランド島、ヴィスビー。      聞いた通り、美しい街だと、そう思っ      た。      通りには薔薇の花が咲き、街の至る所      には      古い遺跡が残る。      またかつて盛んであった牧羊の名残を      示すように、幾つもの羊の彫像が街に      散らばっている。      囲むように街を覆う輪壁から続く、      転がるような坂道が、そのまま      海へと繋がる薔薇と遺跡の街。</p>	<p>7/6      Gotland, Visby.      You've heard it said before, but it really      is a beautiful town. There are roses      blooming on the streets, and wherever you      look, there's the sight of old ruins.      Scattered throughout the town as well,      there's statues of sheep carved from stone,      honoring a history of farming. A circular      wall outlines the town as if enclosing it,      and the rolling green hills beyond connect      the town, made up of roses and ruins, to the      sea.</p>
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<p>歩く          (7/8) ARUKU / WALK</p>	
<p>今日、死んでいくよう          な          そんな感覚があった          ただ明日を待って          流る季節を見下ろした            どうせならって思うよ          もう随分遠くに来た          何も知らない振りには終          わりにしよう            確かめるように石畳を          歩いた          俯きながら行く 何も          見えないように            君の旅した街を歩く          訳もないのに口を出て          行く          昨日まで僕は眠ってた          何も知らずにただ生き          ていたんだ          それだけなんだ            今日、生きてるような          そんな錯覚があった          妄想でもいいんだ          君が居てくれたらいい</p>	<p>Today, I had the feeling          That I was dying          Just waiting for tomorrow to come          Looking down upon the changing seasons            I figure I might as well          Since I've already come this far          I'll put an end to pretending not to know anything            Just to be sure, to confirm, I walk the stone pavement          Looking down as I go          So that I don't see a thing            I walk this town where you traveled          Even though I don't have a reason, I keep putting things into words          Until yesterday, I was still sleeping          Despite knowing nothing, I was living            That's all I was doing</p>

<p>や</p> <p>悲しいような歌ばかり 書く 頬を伝え花緑青 本当は全部を知っているんだ</p> <p>夏の終わりだった 流れる雲を読んで 顔上げながら行く街は 想い出の中</p> <p>君の言葉を食べて動く 僕の口には何が見える 今でもこの眼は眠っている 何も見えずにただ君を見てる 彷徨うように</p> <p>あの丘の前に君がいる その向こうには何が見える 言葉ばかりが口を伝う 何も知らないまま生きていたんだ それだけなんだ</p> <p>今でも、エイミー</p>	<p>Today, I had the illusion That I was living I don't care if it was a delusion It would be better if you were here</p> <p>Writing those sorrow-tinged songs With emerald green trailing your cheeks To tell the truth, I always knew everything</p> <p>It was the end of summer, I was reading the drifting clouds I will go with my face raised That town is in my memories</p> <p>What do you see in the mouth Of me, who only moves from consuming your words? Even now, my eyes are still asleep Looking at nothing, only seeing you</p> <p>To keep you wandering</p> <p>You are there in front of that hill What can you see from beyond there? Only your words trail my mouth Knowing nothing, I keep living</p> <p>That's really all I'm doing</p> <p>Even now, Amy</p>
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<p>私が詩を書くことを辞めたいと零したとき、 エイミーがくれた言葉を私は今でも覚えている。 「例えば才能というものが一つの糸のような何かだとする。」 彼はそういった時、いつでも私を勇気づけるように、 目を合わせるようにして話した。 その糸は細く、吹けば揺れ、千切れそうなほどに 頼りなく、薄く、僕たちの日々の暮らしの中で</p>	<p><b>Memory 6</b></p> <p>Even now, whenever I feel like I want to quit songwriting, I remember the words Amy gave to me:</p> <p>"You can think of talent as something like a single piece of thread."</p> <p>He would always try to encourage me when he said that, making sure to keep eye contact as he spoke.</p> <p>"That thread is incredibly thin. If you blow</p>
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いつも目の前に垂れ下がっている。  
その癖、ふとその気になって掴んでみ  
ると  
見離すように切れる、努力は裏切らな  
いという  
言葉があるけど、才能は裏切る。  
簡単に君の手を擦り抜けていく。  
でもエルマ、僕の才能を信じていない  
んだよ。  
人が垂らし、縫ろうと掴むその糸は  
空想の中にしか存在しない糸なんだ。

理想を押しつけ、己を納得させるため  
の、  
諦めから見えるようになる糸だ。  
本来、どんなものによってそれなりの  
価値がある。  
汚れたキャンパスにすら美しさは存在  
する。  
路傍の花にも、不規則に入り乱れただ  
けの  
曲線にも、泥水にも、折れた鉛筆の芯  
にさえも、  
価値を与える人がいればそこに必ず美  
しさはある。  
ようはそれを見出す、瞳だよ。  
何だっていいんだ。  
人の産み出す全ての価値は平等だ。  
才能なんて概念は、  
本当はここにはないんだよ、エルマ。

わからないよエイミー。

on it, it wavers; it's so fragile that it  
always seems like it's about to break,  
unreliable and imperceptibly light. But, in  
our daily lives, it's always there,  
suspended in front of us.

And if by chance, you get the urge to reach  
out and touch it, it'll snap like it's  
abandoning you. There's a saying that hard  
work won't betray you. The truth is that  
talent will. It'll slip right through your  
fingers, just like that.

But you know, Elma, I don't believe in  
talent. Talent is a con artist. If you cling  
to it and rely on it, it's only a matter of  
time before you realize that it's something  
that only exists in fantasy.

It's a string that you'll only look up  
towards from the point of giving up, when  
you feel unsatisfied, when you feel like  
you're not meeting your own ideals. But in  
reality, there's so much that has worth  
beyond that. Beauty exists, even on a dirty  
canvas. In roadside flowers, in the curves  
that develop in a jumbled mess of disorder,  
in muddy water, in the broken lead of a  
pencil. If there's someone out there who  
gives those things value, then there's  
definitely beauty somewhere within them. In  
short, beauty is in the eye of the beholder.  
It doesn't matter what it is. The value of  
everything created by humans is equal.

The concept of talent - it doesn't exist,  
Elma."

I don't get it, Amy.

森を抜けて、背の高い崖際に辿り着  
く。  
露出した岩肌の先端に立つ。  
遠くにヴィスビーの街が見える。

7/10

I stroll a little ways away from town. Pass  
through the forest, and arrive at the edge  
of a cliff. I stand there, on the tip of

<p>遠く陸地からやってくる船が、船着場へと吸い込まれていく。</p>	<p>that exposed rock surface.</p> <p>I see the town of Visby, far off in the distance. There's ships out there too - arrivals from some far off land - being sucked up into the waiting harbor.</p>
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<p>アルメダールの公園から北上して、輪壁沿いの海岸線。その輪壁内側は豊かな緑に囲まれた自然公園が広がる。</p> <p>その北側で、輪壁を模して作られたベンチを見た。</p> <p>遠目には寄り添う二つの家にも見える。</p> <p>小さな家と、大きな家。</p> <p>その間を結ぶようになだらかな坂道が繋げられている。</p> <p>輪壁のすぐ向こう側には夕暮れが広がっていた。</p> <p>夜混じる燦んだ夕暮れ。</p> <p>遠くから、定時を打つ教会の鐘の音が聞こえている。</p>	<p><b>7/12</b></p> <p>Going North from Almedalen Park, you'll find a circular wall along the coastline. On one side of the wall, a natural park spreads out, surrounded in lush greenery. On the North side, there's a bench, meant to imitate the wall. Though it's far away, I can see two towers built into the bench frame, huddled close together. There's a small one and a large one. To tie the time between them together, a meandering path connects the two. Beyond the confines of the wall, the twilight spreads out across the sky. It's a smoldering twilight, mixed with the colors of night. From far away, I can hear the sound of church bells signaling the time.</p>
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<p>私が例の施設広間へ行くと、彼は珍しくピアノを弾いていた。触れるようなタッチで黒鍵を鳴らしている。</p> <p>ペダルを押し付ける音が聞こえる。細やかな休符を挟んで指が踊る。</p> <p>私が物珍しげに見ていると、彼はこちらに気付いて、苦笑いをしながら席を立った。</p> <p>夏の広間は雨上がりの湿った空気が流れていて、厚い壁のガラス越しにも蝉の声が聞こえた。</p> <p>もう君の方が上手くなったからねと、彼は笑う。</p> <p>私は口に出してそれを否定する。</p>	<p><b>Memory 7</b></p> <p>When I went to the facility hall that day, he was playing the piano in an unusual way. He pressed the keys down with a touch that seemed trembling. I could hear the pedal when he pushed it. His fingers danced over the keys, interposed between the tiny rests.</p> <p>He looked over, catching me watching him with curious eyes, and with a forced smile, he patted the seat beside him. The hall in the summer was humid with the air of a recent rain, and the sound of cicadas could be heard from behind the thick glass wall.</p> <p>"[I called you over] since you've gotten so good at this," He laughed. I denied what he</p>
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彼が私をピアノの前に座らせながら、最近よく考えるんだけど、と話し始めた。僕たちは何処から音楽を見つけたんだろうね。私は首を傾げる。彼は腕を伸ばして、人差し指で鍵盤を押す。現代音楽、クラシックを遡って、バロック、ルネッサンス音楽も通り越す。その原型を辿れば、例えば声だけの音楽、聖歌に辿り着く。辺境の民族音楽も同じだろう。楽器が作られる前には人々は声で音楽をしていたんだよ。聞きながら、私は相槌を打つ。彼の目は深い夜の色をしている。灰暗い夜の色。

ならそれを前は？  
例えばプランクトンのような何かだったとして。彼らは歌えないだろうね。でも音は出せる。僕たちは音さえ鳴れば音楽の表現するだろう？  
打楽器や、拍手のリズム、その音を音楽と呼ぶなら、プランクトンが泳いだ拍子に鳴る小さな音も音楽に成り得る。

じゃあその前は？  
宇宙が始まる前、僕たちが何も無かった頃の話だよ。無だ。全くの無音だ。それは音楽に成り得るのかな。

なるんだよ。  
僕たちの音楽にも休符があるだろう。その瞬間だけを切り取ってもそれは音楽のまま。全く無音を芸術作品だと言う輩がいてもおかしくない。僕の価値観においては、本当の静けさを音楽だと言われたら、たぶん納得する。

昔、芸術の神様の話をした。だろ。

was saying, putting my complaint into words.

As he sat me in front of the piano, he began, "I've been thinking about this recently. Where do we find music?"

I tilted my head. He reached out his hand and tapped the keyboard with his index finger.

"Past modern and classical, past baroque and renaissance music - leaving it all behind. If you follow that framework, even if you're left with vocals alone, you'll find hymns at the very bottom. It's the same for everyone, even for the most isolated groups of religious people. Before instruments were created, people made music with their voices."

While I listened, I chimed in to make sure he knew I was following. His eyes were the color of the deepest night - the color of a night almost ashen.

"So what was before that? Even if it's a creature as simple as a plankton. I doubt they could sing, but they could still make sound. As long as we have sound, will it give the impression of music? If we can call percussion or the sound of applause "music", then would it be such a stretch to call the rhythm of a plankton swimming "music", too?

What about even further back than that? Back before the universe began, back when we had nothing.

There was nothing at all. Complete silence.

Could *that* be music?

It *could*. Even in our music, rests are an important part. If you cut out everything of a song except that exact moment of a rest, it would still be music. There's a reason that people say, "silence is an art."

作品の価値を決める神様の話だよ。  
僕たちの音楽の価値も、きっとその神様が決めてる。  
彼か彼女かはわからないけど、神様って言うくらいだからきっと何処までも公平だ。  
全ての音楽にも価値を付けてくれる。それこそプランクトンの奏でるメロディにも、  
本当に無音を象った作品にすらも。  
なら、僕たちの音楽って何なんだろうね。  
人生を音楽に捧げたとして。  
僕の人生の価値は、何処にあるんだろう。

私はよくわからないまま、彼の顔を見上げている。  
彼はピアノの縁を優しく叩いて、何でも無いよ、と言う。  
彼が微笑んだので、私は少し安心する。

今日は何を弾く？と私は聞く。  
彼は手首を振って鐘を鳴らす仕草をする。  
フランツ・リストだ。パガニーニの主題を元にした技巧曲。  
私は黒鍵に指を置く。  
彼はピアノに置いた指でカウントを取る。

その日を最後に、彼は街から姿を消す。

Leaving behind my own values, if someone were to say that true silence was music, I think I would be inclined to agree with them.

A long time ago, I'm sure people spoke about a God of Art. About a God who determines the worth of any artistic work. I'm sure that God determines the worth of our music as well. I don't know whether that God is a woman or a man, but I know that, as a God, their judgment would be impartial. That God would assign value to all music in existence - whether that's the melody of a moving plankton or a work modeling complete silence. I wonder what value our music would be given, in a case like that. If you were to define the whole of our lives as music, I have to wonder - what value would mine have?"

Not really understanding what he was saying, I kept staring at his face. He began to tap the edge of the piano gently. "It's nothing," he said. He smiled when he said that, so I felt a little relieved.

"What are we playing today?" I asked. He made a motion with his wrist as if ringing a bell, "Franz Liszt. A technical piece based on Paganini's Theme."

I placed my fingers on the black keys. He began to count with the pinky he had left sitting on the piano.

At the end of the day, he disappeared from town.

### 心に穴が空いた

(9/6) KOKORO NI ANA GA AITA / A HOLE OPENED UP IN MY HEART

小さな穴が空いた  
この胸の中心に一つ  
夕陽の街を塗った  
夜紛いの夕暮れ

A small hole opened  
A single one, right in the center of my chest

忘りたいのだ  
忘りたいのだ  
忘りたい脳裏を埋め  
切った青空に君を描き  
出すだけ

だから心に穴が空いた  
埋めるように鼓動が  
鳴った  
君への言葉も  
口を開けば大体言い訳  
だった

だから心に穴が空いた  
降る雨だけ温いと思っ  
た  
繕って 繕って 繕って  
顔のない自分だけ

少しずつ穴の開いた木  
漏れ日の、森で眠るよ  
うに  
深海みたいに深く  
もっと微睡むように深  
く、深く、深く  
深く夜を纏った目の奥  
に月明かりを見るまで

君の心に穴を開けた  
音楽が何だって言うん  
だ  
ただ口を開け  
黙ったままなんて一生  
報われないよ

忘りたいことが多く  
なって  
諦めばかり口に出して  
躓いて、躓いて、転  
がって、土の冷たさだ  
け

君の人生になりたい僕  
の、人生を書きたい  
君の残した詩のせいだ  
全部音楽のせいだ

君の口調を真似した  
君の生き方を模した  
何も残らないほどに僕  
を消し飛ばすほどに  
残ってる

心の穴の奥に棲んだ  
君の言葉に縋り付いた  
でも違うんだよ、もう  
さよならだなんて一生  
聞きたくないよ  
忘りたいことが多く  
なって  
これから僕だけ年老い  
て  
冷め切って、冷め切っ  
て

僕の心に穴が開いた  
君の言葉で穴が開いた  
今ならわかるよ  
「君だけが僕の音楽」

A night-imitating twilight  
Painted the town cast in the setting sun

I want to forget  
I want to forget  
But even still, in the blue sky that fills my mind that wants to  
forget, I can only see you

That's why a hole opened in my heart  
My heart beat, as if to fill it  
Even the words I want to say to you  
When I open my mouth, all that comes out are excuses

That's why a hole opened in my heart  
I thought only the falling rain was lukewarm  
And I'm mending, I'm mending, I'm mending  
My faceless self, all alone

It's like sleeping in the forest, the sunlight filtering through the  
small holes between leaves  
Deep like the bottom of the sea  
It's like falling deeper, deeper, deeper, into a deep sleep  
Until I see the moonlight, in my eyes blindfolded by the deep dark  
night

I opened a hole in your heart  
What's the point of music, anyway?  
Just open your mouth,  
If you don't speak up, you'll never be rewarded

There's so much that I want to forget  
All that comes out of my mouth is resignation  
I'm tripping, tripping, tumbling  
Until all I feel is the cold ground

I want to write about my life, which I wanted to make into your life  
It's all because of the songs you left me  
It's all music's fault

I copied your habits of speech  
and I tried to imitate your way of life  
Until nothing was left, until all of me was blasted away  
But I'm still here

I clung to your words  
Living deep within the hole in my heart  
But that's not true anymore

<p>なんだよ、エイミー</p> <p>だから心に穴が空いた その向こう側に君が棲 んだ 広がって広がって広 がって 戻らない穴だけ</p> <p>穴の空いた僕だけ</p>	<p>I never want to hear "goodbye" for the rest of my life</p> <p>There's so much that I want to forget From here on out, only I will grow older I'm growing cold, I'm growing cold</p> <p>A hole opened in my heart A hole opened because of your words I understand now That "you alone are my music," Amy</p> <p>That's why a hole opened in my heart You were living on the other side of it And it's spreading wider, spreading wider, spreading wider It's a hole that can never be closed</p> <p>There's only me, with this hole in my heart</p>
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<p>私は強欲だから全てが欲しい。 地位の先に名誉があるように、 作品の先に評価が欲しい。 貴方みたいに、芸術のことだけを考え て物が書けない。 ヘンリーダーガーになんてなれる気が しない。 足りない。何もかもが足りないんだよ、 エイミー。 この胸に空く余白を埋める何かが見 たい。 それを埋めるためだけに名声が見 たい。 自分以外の何かになりたい。</p>	<p><b>7/18</b></p> <p>Because I'm such a greedy person, I can't help but to want everything. Just like there's fame before fortune, I want my value estimated before my work is complete. I just can't seem to write for the sake of art the way that you did. I can't be an outsider artist in the way that Henry Darger was. There's just not enough. Nothing is enough, Amy. I want something that can fill in this blank, empty space inside of my chest. I want fame just so I can fill it in. I want to become something other than myself.</p>
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<p>輪壁沿いのベンチで、落ちない夕日を眺める。 白夜が続いている。明日には街を出る。</p>	<p><b>7/20</b></p> <p>From the bench in front of the circular wall, I gaze at the sunset that never completely falls. The white nights continue onwards.</p> <p>Tomorrow, I'll leave town.</p>
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ヴィスビーを出てフォーレスンドへ向かう途中。  
森に囲まれた田舎道の教会で、あの時の老婆に出会った。  
彼女は私を見て驚いた顔をしたが、すぐに笑顔を見せた。  
教会の敷地には等間隔に何かが並んでいた。  
様々な材で作られた、墓石の群れ。墓地だと、すぐにわかった。  
彼女が杖をつき始めたので手を貸すと、  
教会左手にある墓石の一つの前で止まった。  
膝き、花と蠟燭を添えると、彼女は目を閉じ祈った。  
とても静かな屋下がりだった。  
水面を打つさざ波のような風が吹いて、  
オークの木に鳥が止まっては鳴いた。  
彼女は顔を上げてこちらを向くと、  
"man" と言って、微笑んだ。  
フェリーで彼女が取り出した写真に写っていた、  
老齢の男性の姿がフラッシュバックする。  
それが夫を指す言葉だと、私にもすぐにわかった。  
何かを喋っているのが聞こえる。  
あの日から全てがぼやけて見える。  
全てが歪んで聞こえる。  
まるで私だけ湖の底に取り残されているみたいに。  
老婆は黒いポーチからハンカチを取り出して、  
黙ってままの私に差し出す。  
私は何も言わず、ただ俯いている。

7/22

On the way from Visby to Fårösund, outside of a church in a rural town surrounded by forest, I met the same old woman that I had met before. When she saw me, she looked surprised before her expression morphed into a smile. On the church grounds, there were objects lined up in rows, equally spaced. They were made up of various minerals, and it suddenly clicked for me that they were rows of tombstones.

I immediately knew that I was standing in a cemetery. I saw that the woman had begun to walk using her cane, so I reached out to lend her a hand. On the left wall outside of the church, she stopped in front of a single grave. She kneeled, placed a candle and a bundle of flowers onto the ground, and then closed her eyes to pray.

It was a calm early afternoon. A breeze like rippling water blew through the grass. A bird landed on the branch of an oak tree and began to call. The woman lifted her head towards me.

"Man," she said, and smiled.

I flashed back to the old gentleman in the photo she had shown me on the ferry. Even I could understand that she had used the word for "husband".

I can hear you talking about something. Everything past that day seems blurred. Everything sounds like it's distorted. It's like I've been left behind, all alone at the bottom of a lake.

The old woman takes a handkerchief out of her black pouch, and hands it to me without a word. I say nothing, and keep looking downwards.

祖母から連絡があったので帰省した。山間は色を変えて、秋も深く暮れた頃だった。家に何か妙なものが届いていると、祖母はそう言っていた。顔を見せるついでだと思った。特に心当たりもなかったが、どうやら遠くの国から郵送されて来たものらしく、それが妙に気に掛かっていた。

駅から出た先、祖母の家へと向かう途中のカフェテラスは今ではもう無くなっていて、代わりに何か、施設の建設が進んでいた。

家へ着くと、祖母はよく来たねと労ってから、紙に包まれた郵便物を差し出した。角ばった長方形の何か。包みを破って中から出て来たのは、少し薄汚れた、妙な木箱だった。蓋を開けて、彼の、エイミーの遺した手紙を読む。

あの日から私の瞳はずっと夢を見ている。

## Memory 8

My grandmother contacted me, so I made the decision to return home. According to her, the mountains near her house had changed color, and it was clear that fall was nearing its end. She told me that something strange had arrived at her house. I figured that I might as well poke by and see what it was. I had no real clue as to what it might be, but the package appeared to have come from some far off country, and I found myself strangely curious about it.

On my way to my grandmother's house, close to the train station, I passed by the spot where the terrace cafe had been. It was long gone. Something had replaced it, construction on the building well underway.

When I arrived at her house, my grandmother welcomed me inside, and handed me a package wrapped in paper. It was in a sort-of angled rectangle shape. I took off the wrapping to find a strange, slightly dirty wooden box. I lifted the lid, and there I found His letters - the letters that Amy had left behind. I read through them.

From that day forward, my eyes have always been seeing a dream.

フォーレスンドの船着場から、船に乗ってフォーレ島へ。島では今でも原始的な牧羊が行われている。至る所に風車を見る。

## 7/24

From the docks of Fårösund, I boarded a ship headed towards Fårö Island. Even now, a primitive type of sheep farming happens there. Everywhere I look, I can see windmills.



箱に入れられていたのは、数十枚の手紙と詩と、五線譜に書かれた音符、何処か異国の写真。筆跡は間違いなく懐かしい彼のものだった。食い入るように中の手紙を読んだ。彼は北欧の一国へと旅に出ていた。数ヶ月をかけて南の古都ルンド、リンショーピン、首都ストックホルムを周り、中世の街ガムラスタンに滞在し、ゴットランド島、フォーレ島へ。そして、最後はストックホルムへと戻り、全てを終えるのだと。

彼が手紙に書いていた内容を語る術を私は持たない。擦り切れるほど読み返しても、彼が伝えなかったものの真の価値を私が理解することなんて出来ない。私には何もわからない。ずっと、彼の後ろを付いて回ることしかしなかった私には、今更自分で物を考えることも出来ない。今も彼を真似るように、彼の旅した街を巡る。彼がしたように其処で詩を書く。何も変わっていない。何も思い浮かばない。

## Memory 9

Inside of the box, there were dozens of letters and songs, notes written onto blank sheet music, and pictures from a distant country. The handwriting was nostalgic and unmistakably his. I read the contents of his letters voraciously. He set out on a journey for a Nordic country. Over the course of a few months, he traveled south to the ancient city of Lund, to Linköping, took a trip to the capital Stockholm, stayed in the medieval city of Gamla Stan, went to Gotland and then to Fårö island. At the end, he returned to Stockholm to finish everything - that's what he said.

I don't have the technique to describe the contents of his letters. I can't even seem to understand the true value of what he was trying to say, even after rereading the letters to the point of wearing the paper down. I don't understand anything.

For me, who was only ever following close behind him, I can't even think for myself anymore. Even now, I'm on this journey in order to imitate him. I'm writing songs in the same places that he did. Nothing has changed. Nothing comes to mind.

フォーレ島の北端へ。奇岩群を見た。見渡す限り石灰岩の砂浜。至る所に数メートルの巨大な岩が屹立している。エイミーが写真に撮っていたのはその中でも一際目立ち、岩の群れから離れ、寂しげに聳え立つ岩だった。

## 7/29

The northernmost edge of Fårö Island. I can see strange rock formations. As far as the eye can see, there's a beach made of limestone. Everywhere you look, giant boulders a few meters high stand tall over the ground. Amy took a picture of a formation that stood out, even among all the rest. Away from the crowd, it stood - lonely - soaring above its surroundings.

声

(7/28) KOE / VOICE

どうしたって触れない  
 どうやっても姿を見せない  
 簡単に忘れるくせに  
 もうちょっとだけ覚えていたい

No matter what I do, I can't touch it  
 No matter what, I can't even see the shape  
 Even though it's so easy to forget  
 I want to remember just a little longer

この歌の在り処を

Because I don't understand

わからないから言葉の  
 ずっと向こうで  
 この喉を通るさよなら呑  
 み込んで  
 笑っている  
 朝焼け空、唇痛いほど噛  
 んで  
 虚しさは全部今日のもの  
 だ  
 わかっているけれど  
 わかっているけれど

The whereabouts of this song, the words are always beyond me  
 So I swallow down the goodbye passing through my throat  
 And smile

話すとき顔を出す  
 出てきたってすぐに消え  
 てく

I bite my lips until they hurt  
 At the colors of the sky at sunrise  
 All of this emptiness belongs to today

泣くときに溢れる  
 黙ったって喉の奥にい  
 る、神様の話

I understand that, but...  
 I understand that, but...

描きたいのは心に空いた  
 時間だ  
 言葉よりずっと重い人生  
 はマシンガン  
 さよならの形をただ埋め  
 られないと零して  
 僕は昨日も今日もここ  
 で座っているばかり  
 笑っているばかり

When I speak, it always comes out  
 But even if it does, it quickly disappears  
 When I cry, it overflows  
 And if I stay silent, it's still there deep within my throat  
 It's the talk of gods

わからないから言葉の  
 ずっと向こうで  
 この喉を通るさよなら呑  
 み込んで  
 眠っている  
 朝焼け空、唇痛いほど噛  
 んだ  
 貴方の世界を今日も知ら  
 ない  
 私がいるばかり  
 笑っているばかり

What I want to write about  
 Is the time where my heart was opened up  
 A life heavier than words alone is a machine gun  
 If you can't fill the shape of goodbye, it'll spill  
 Yesterday and today, we'll keep sitting right here  
 We'll keep on laughing

Because I don't understand  
 the words are always beyond me  
 So I swallow down the goodbye passing through my throat  
 And keep sleeping

I bite my lips until they hurt  
 At the colors of the sky at sunrise  
 Still today, I don't know that world of yours  
 There's only me  
 Only me, smiling

夢を見た。  
舗装もされていない田舎道を、彼は一人で歩いている。  
途方もなく長い道の先に、あの森の教会が見える。  
私は彼を追いかけるをよように歩く。  
数え切れないほど歩いて、漸く私たちは門を潜る。  
教会の左手には百日紅の木が立っている。  
赤い花が小さな爆弾のように散っていく。  
彼は正面の扉を開けて、中へと入る。  
私はすぐに彼を追う。

ぼんやりと目が眩んで、私は海辺にいる。  
何か大切なことを考えていた、そんな気がする。  
月明かりに照らされる海の表面に、赤い百日紅の花が浮いている。  
そうだ、私は人形を造らなければいけない。  
人形は手頃な大きさで、成る可く様になっているものが良い。

私は形の良い作品を造らなければいけない。

砂浜から濡れた砂を汲み上げて、手の先で人の形を造っていく。  
胴を固め、腕を成形し、足を取り付ける。

しかし砂では耐久性に欠けるのか、造った先から崩れていく。  
私は早くそれを造らなければいけないのに。  
苛立ちから砂を握る指に力が籠る。  
私は彼の顔をした人形を造っている。  
ずっと、ずっと。

そうしているうちに、ふと頭の隅で、これは夢だと思い当たる瞬間を迎える。  
この夢の先を私は知っている。

7/30

I had a dream.

On an unpaved country road, He walked alone. Beyond the winding, endless, directionless path, I could see that forest church. I walked, chasing close behind him. After what seemed like forever, we finally reached the church gate. On the left side, a crepe myrtle stood in bloom. The red flowers fell and scattered like tiny bombs. He approached the front door and entered. I quickly followed after him.

I found myself on a beach, disoriented and eyes bleary. I had the feeling that I was thinking about something important. On the surface of the sea, illuminated by the moonlight, red crape myrtle flowers floated gently on the water.

That's right, I remembered, I'm supposed to make a doll. It should be a reasonable size, and made of a material becoming of its build.

I need to make a work with the right shape.

Packing the wet sand together, I began to create a human figure, sculpting it with my two own hands. I hardened the body. I molded the arms. I attached the legs.

But if the sand lacks durability, it will collapse from the place where it was made. No matter how fast I feel I need to make it. The irritation made me clench the sand in my fingers tightly. I'm always making a doll with his face.

Always, always.

It was with that thought that from somewhere deep in my mind, I realized suddenly that I was dreaming. At that moment, I knew what

<p>顔を上げると、私は雨の滴るカフェテラスにいる。</p>	<p>would happen next.</p> <p>When I raised my face, I found myself in a cafe terrace, within the sound of dripping rain.</p>
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- 8/1 - Release of the Rain and Cappuccino MV -

<p>フォーレ島から戻る。 船着場近くのレストランで食事を摂る。 変わらず、何も味がしない。</p>	<p><b>8/2</b></p> <p>I return from Fårö Island. I eat at a restaurant close to the docks. As usual, there's no taste to anything.</p>
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<p>エイミーがあの日、私を置いていなくなったときを覚えている。 その時の自分の心情も。 彼を探し、涙を流し、頭の中で空いた穴の大きさ、虚しさ、 胸を掻き穿つような苦しさに囚われながらも、 心の奥底には別の感情が隠れていた。 私は少し、安堵していた。 彼が隠していた病気のこと、そう長くはないであろう 身体のこと本当は気付いていた。</p> <p>私は逃げ果せたのだ。 彼の優しさによって。彼が目の前でふと消えてしまう、 その終わりの瞬間から逃げられたのだ。</p> <p>きっと、私はそこから何も進めていない。 彼が街から消えたあの日から。 いっそ私を連れて行ってくれればと思ったことも本当だった。 それでも、その奥にはいつでも恐れが隠れていた。 目を背ける、醜い私が隠れていた。 彼はきっとそれをわかっていたのだ。 全て、臆病な私の所為だ。</p>	<p><b>Memory 10</b></p> <p>I remember that day, when Amy left me behind. I remember my feelings from back then, too.</p> <p>Searching for him, sobbing, the size of the hole that opened up in my head, the futility of it all - and, hidden below the seizing pain that felt like it was tearing out my heart, another feeling. Just a little bit, I felt relieved. I had already known, deep down - about the illness he was hiding, and about how little time he had left.</p> <p>I was able to escape that reality, through his kindness. I was running away from the moment it would end, the moment when he would suddenly disappear.</p> <p>I'm sure that I haven't moved forward from back then - from that day when he disappeared from town. Even the thought that he should've just taken me with him - it's still there. But hidden deep inside me, there's fear. There's the real, ugly person that I had averted my eyes from. He must have known that about me. That I, the coward, was at fault for everything.</p>
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私は変わっていない。彼の残したものに縋り、  
自分で歩くことを辞めたこの心は、ただ  
虚しさばかり肥大していく。  
岩屋を抜け出せなくなった、かの山椒  
魚のように、  
それが酷くつかえている。  
私は何も変わっていない。  
彼の部屋から盗んだこの日記帳ばかり  
大切に抱えて。  
あの日から私の瞳はずっと、夢を見て  
いる。

I haven't changed at all. All I do is cling to what he left behind. This heart that's given up walking on its own is filled with an emptiness that just keeps expanding. I can't escape the grotto - just like that giant salamander, I'm completely stuck in place.

I haven't changed a thing. All I do is hold the diary that I stole from his room close to me. From that day forward, my eyes have always seen a dream.

ヴィスビーに戻ると、街は人に溢れていた。  
通りすぎる人に聞くと、中世週間に  
入ったのだと言う。  
古き伝統を尊び、人々も街もあの頃に  
戻る祭りをしているのだと。  
頭巾を被った民族衣装の女性、騎士の  
装いをした青年から、  
中世の海賊、バイキングに扮した人ま  
で。  
至る所に出店が並び、狭い路地まで人  
が詰めかけている。  
街は活気に溢れ、祭りの様相を見せて  
いた。  
人混みの中で、音楽を聞いた。  
民族楽器の笛の音色、コントラバス、  
そして、フィドルのような  
弦楽器が鳴るのが聞き取れる。アイル  
ランド音階に似て、  
違うメロディ。  
広間に出ると三拍子を鳴らす楽団に合  
わせて、  
手を取り合い踊る人々が見えた。  
彼もこの祭りを見たのだろうか、ぼん  
やり考えた。

8/7

When I returned to Visby, it was overflowing with people. When I asked a passerby, they said it was almost time for Medeltidsveckan, a celebration called Medieval Week.

In respect of tradition, the people and their town return to the old days in the form of a festival. There was a woman in the hood of a certain historical group of people, a young man in a knight costume, people dressed as medieval pirates, and even some as vikings. Wherever you looked, you could see food stands lining the streets, and even the most narrow alleys filled with crowds of people. The city was vibrant, painted with the appearance of a festival.

From within the bustling crowds, I heard the sound of music. It was a folkish sound - the timbre of a flute, a double bass, and a fiddle-like stringed instrument. It was like the Irish scale, but a completely different melody. When I followed the sound and entered the music hall it was coming from, I could see people, hands interlocked, dancing in sync with the band playing in triple time.

Absentmindedly, I wondered if he had seen this festival as well.

<p>アルメダールの公園。小さな鳥が眼前を歩く。 この国にも雀がいるのか。植木に囲まれた椅子に座って、 考え込む。筆が進まない理由にふと行き当たる。 書くことがない。  何も浮かばない。</p>	<p><b>8/10</b></p> <p>Almedalen Park.</p> <p>A small bird passes through my line of sight. I start to wonder if sparrows live in this country as well. I sit on a bench surrounded by garden shrubs, pondering to myself. I suddenly realize why I haven't been able to write anything, why I haven't moved my writing brush. I have nothing to write.</p> <p>Nothing comes to mind.</p>
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<p>雨が降った。輪壁に作られた見張り台の中で雨宿りをする。 数階分ほど木の階段を登って下を見ると、 あの奇妙な、皆を模したベンチが見えた。 もう彼との思い出も尽きていた。私には何も書けない。</p>	<p><b>8/15</b></p> <p>The rain falls. I take cover in the watchtower built into the circular wall. If you take the wooden stairs up a couple floors, you can see that odd bench, the one imitating the wall, far down below. My memories with him are all used up. I can't write anything.</p>
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<p>何も書けない。</p>	<p><b>8/21</b></p> <p>I can't write anything.</p>
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<p>ホステルのキッチンで、パンをスライスして食べる。 彼は料理が苦手だった。 家事不精だったと言ってもいいかもしれない。 よく、二人でこんな風に、雑にパンを切って。</p>	<p><b>8/22</b></p> <p>In the hostel kitchen, I cut a slice of bread and eat it. He was really bad at cooking. It might even be right to say that he was just lazy about doing chores. Often, together, we'd cut into bread messily - just like this.</p>
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何も浮かばない。	<p><b>8/23</b></p> <p>Nothing comes to mind.</p>
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<p>何も 今日</p> <p>何も書けない。</p>	<p><b>8/25</b></p> <p><del>Nothi Today</del></p> <p>I can't write anything.</p>
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書けない。	<p><b>8/26</b></p> <p>I can't write.</p>
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<p>街を出て、北へ向かった。 舗装もされていない道を、私は一人で歩いた。 頭の中には空白があった。 真っ白な、混じり気のないペンキで塗りたくったような、空白。 彼の好きだった余白の色。</p> <p>地面に足が引っ付いたようにつかえて、何度か転びかけた。 旅の間ずっと履いた靴はもう擦り切れかけていた。 田舎道を抜けて、疎らに見える民家を過ぎて、 あの森の教会へと向かった。 正午を過ぎて、乾くような日差しが照り付けた。 人生の価値という言葉ばかりが頭を巡っていた。 ふとした拍子に足がもつれて、硬い土の上に転がった。 夏も終わりに近づいた、浅い藍色が視界に入った。 その時だった。</p> <p>朦朧として顔を上げた先、 木々の隙間に、私は確かに彼の影を見た。</p>	<p><b>8/27 (#1)</b></p> <p>I left town, and headed north. On an unpaved road, I walked alone. There was a blank space inside of my head, the color as if painted on thickly with the purest white paint. It was the same color of those margins that he always loved.</p> <p>I kept finding myself tripping, feet getting stuck against the ground. The shoes I had worn all throughout my journey were worn out, falling apart. I passed through a rural town, passed by sparse-looking private houses, and headed towards that forest church. Noon passed, bearing down on me with dry rays of sunlight. All that circled through my mind were those words, questioning the value of a person's life. In a split second, my foot caught something hard, and I began to tumble down towards the hard earth below me. Summer was nearing its end, and when I opened my eyes, the pale blue filled my field of vision.</p> <p>It was at that moment that it happened.</p>
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足の痛みは消えていた。茂みをかき分け、獣道に足を取られるようにして走った。息苦しさなどもう無かった。心臓の音だって聞こえなかった。海の音が近く聞こえる。優しいさざ波の音。彼の好きだった音。遠く向こう側で、誘うように影が揺れる。何度か足をもつれさせて、漸く森の終わりが見えた。転がり込むようにして、茂みから抜け出す。

広い海岸線と、そして砂浜が広がっている。私は顔を上げる。人気のない浜の中心で、毛並みの美しい雄鹿が私を見ていた。

砂浜沿いに、一つの棧橋が見えた。歩き去る雄鹿を尻目に、ただぼんやりと導かれるように足が進んだ。

「終わりのない小説なんてものは詰まらない。だらだらと情性で続く物語は美しくない。」  
「人生の価値は、終わり方にある。」  
私を支えて来たものは最後まで、彼の言葉だった。  
棧橋の先端に立って、下を見た。さざ波のバルト海は、何処までも深く青く、優しい夜の色をしていた。  
靴を脱ぐ。旅の数ヶ月を思い返す。彼も、こんな気持ちだったのだろうか。ただそう思いながら、私は棧橋を飛んだ。  
思ったよりも簡単に体は沈んだ。泡の塊が顔に纏わりついた。  
海拔0mを越えて視界が不鮮明に変わっていく。  
棧橋の隙間から漏れ出た日光が、月明かりのように  
海中へと挿して、綺麗だと、そう思った。

I lifted my face, dazed, and in between the crevices of trees - I was sure that I saw his shadow.

The pain in my feet disappeared. I tore through the thicket of forest cover, and ran as if the animal trail were seizing my legs. It didn't feel hard to breathe. I couldn't even hear the sound of my heart beating. But, nearby, I could hear the sea. The gentle sound of small waves - a sound that he loved.

Far on the other side, the shadow wavered, as if beckoning. After getting my legs tangled in the brush several times, I could finally see the forest's end. I tumbled through the final parts of the thicket, and escaped.

A wide coastline and its sandy shores spread out before me. I lifted my face. From the center of that unpopular beach, a thoroughbred, beautiful stag stared at me.

Alongside the beach, I could see a single pier stretching into the water. The stag took a backwards glance at me as it began to walk away, and dazed, I let myself follow it.

"A novel that never ends is boring. A story that drags on forever with a sluggish momentum can never be beautiful."

"The only value of a life is in the way it ends."

The thing that supported me until the very end were those words that he gave to me. At the edge of the pier, I looked down. The waves of the Baltic Sea were a deep blue, and seemed to continue down forever - as if filled with all the colors of a gentle night. I took off my shoes. I thought back on the last few months of my journey - did he feel like this, too?



エイミー。彼の言葉が頭の中を  
通っていく。  
ぼやけた視界の端で何かが  
光っていた。  
泥の中に、何かが埋まっていた。  
手を伸ばして掬い取る。私は  
これを知っている。

私はこの万年筆を知っている。

With that thought, I jumped into the water.

My body sunk, easier than I thought it would. A clump of bubbles clung to my face. At far beyond 0 meters sea level, my field of vision changed, blurry and indistinct. The sunrays slipped through the crevices of the pier and shined into the sea like moonlight. I had the thought that they were pretty.

Amy. His words traveled through my mind. From within my blurred vision of the seafloor, I saw something shine, buried within the mud. I reached out my hand, and scooped it up. I knew what it was.

I knew that fountain pen.

棧橋近くの砂浜にインク瓶が転がっていた。  
そこから少し離れた岩陰で、彼の鞆を見つけた。

鞆の中には手帳が入っていた。  
彼のいつも使っていたそれだ。  
私が彼の部屋から持ち出したこのスペアではなく、  
彼がずっと持っていた本当の。  
私はずっと彼の残した手紙を追うように旅して来た。  
あの手紙だけが私の支えだった。  
私を動かす、謂わばガソリンのようなものだった。

彼はいつでも彼の決めた万年筆とインクを持ち歩いていた。  
私を万年筆に明るくないが、  
彼を真似て使うようになってわかった。  
普通に使えば早々簡単にインクは無くならない。  
尋常でない数を書いていたにしろ、  
減りはそんなにも早いものなんだろうか。

## 8/27 (#2)

On the beach near the pier, there was an ink bottle rolling across the sand. A little ways away, I found his bag beneath the shade of a rock shelter.

Inside of the bag, there was a notebook. It was the one he always used - not the spare that I took from his room, but the one he always had with him. I had always journeyed to follow the letters that he left me. They were my only support. They were what kept me moving, as if they were the gasoline fueling me.

He always carried his choice of fountain pen and ink along with him. I'm not very bright with a fountain pen, but I learned how to use it by copying him. For someone who used it the right way though, the ink could last forever. Even if he wrote more than he usually did, how did the ink run out so fast?

彼はいつも下書きを書いてからあの手帳に写していた。

私を送られたあの手紙が「下書き」だったとするなら、この手帳が、この手帳こそ、彼の本当の。潮風に傷んだそれが目の前にあった。私は表紙を開いて、彼の残したものを読む。

He always wrote a draft before copying what he wrote into his notebook.

If the letters he sent me were "Drafts" - then this notebook. This notebook was his real one. Right in front of me, damaged by the sea breeze. I opened the cover, and read what he left behind.

- 8/27 - Release of the Nautilus MV -

何かになりたい。私以外の誰かに。見下されない自分が、他人の悪意に負けない自分が欲しい。苦しい。何も言い返せない私が、私はこんな私が嫌いだ。エイミー、貴方が言ったこと全部覚えてる。忘れられないよ。あの日から私の日々は変わったんだ。一言一句違わず書ける\*、ほんとうだ。覚えてるんだ。

「それなら、君はエルマだ。」  
今から君はエルマだよ。  
辛いことなんて何もない。  
泣き虫で、臆病な癖に曲げない自分を持っていて、  
詩を書くことが得意な、ただのエルマだ。  
僕のことだって、好きに呼んだらいい。  
頭文字だけ被せて、エイミーなんてのもいいね。  
昔、そういう詩人がいたんだよ。

君の指先には神様がいる。誰一人見えない。  
今は僕たちしか知らない、小さな神様だ。  
君の価値を君は知らない、他の誰かも、  
君を馬鹿にする奴等も、友達も、両親も、君の祖母も、

### Memory 11

I want to be something. I want to be something other than myself. I want a me who others don't look down on, a me who won't lose to other people's malice. It hurts. I hate the me who never talks back, I hate the me that I am.

Amy, I remember everything you said. I can't forget it. My everyday has changed since that day. I can write down every single word and phrase - I really can. I remember.

"In that case, you're Elma."

Starting now, you're Elma. There's nothing hard about it. You're a crybaby, holding the you that won't give in to cowardly habits, good at songwriting - you're Elma. You can call me whatever you like. Only use the first letters of my name and call me Amy, that might be a nice choice. There was a poet who did the same, a long time ago.

God is in your fingertips. Nobody else can see. It's a small God that only the two of us know. You don't know your value, and neither does anyone else - the people who make fun of you, your friends, your family, your grandmother. Even I don't know.

<p>勿論僕だって知らない。</p> <p>ただその神様だけが君を知ってる。 芸術の神様だけが本当の君を見てる。</p> <p>エルマ、君のしたいことは何だ？ 君が本当に見つけたいことは。</p> <p>エイミー、私は...</p>	<p>Only that God knows you. Only the God of Art really sees you.</p> <p>Elma, what do you want to do? What do you truly want to find?</p> <p><i>Amy, I...</i></p>
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<p>エイミーの手帳は、潮風で所々読めなくなっているものの、殆ど手紙とは変わらない内容がそこには書かれていた。ただ最後の数ページ、そこだけが違った。そこには手紙には無かった歌が数編、挟まっていた。雨上がりの晴れを書いた詩。冬に眠り、夏を待つ詩。自らを負け犬と標榜する詩。日付は疎らで、後に書かれたものは所々掠れ、薄く、それでも凜として並んでいる。</p> <p>最後のページを捲る。</p> <p>8/31の日付、きっと彼がその旅を終える直前に、残ったインクで書いたものだ。余白に詰め込まれるように書かれた詩の題は、「エルマ」。</p> <p>彼がくれた、私の名前だ。</p>	<p><b>Memory 12</b></p> <p>In Amy's notebook, there are some places where the words can't be read - weathered by the sea breeze. For the most part, the contents haven't changed from the letters. It's just on the last few pages that things are different. There are several songs that weren't in the letters, inserted in between.</p> <p>A song about the sun after the rain. A song about sleeping in the winter, waiting for summer. A song calling himself a loser. The dates are all over the place, and what comes after is light, thinly penned - but always lined up, dignified.</p> <p>I turn the last page.</p> <p>Dated 8/31, undoubtedly right before his journey ended, written with the last of his ink. Crammed into the margins, a song titled "Elma."</p> <p>It's my name, the one that he gave to me.</p>
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<p>エイミー (9/16) <u>AMY</u></p>	
<p>口に出してもう一回 ギターを鳴らして二拍 歌詞を書いてもう三節 四度目の夏が来る</p>	<p>Say it one more time Two beats ring out from a guitar Three measures worth of lyrics written down</p>

誤解ばっかさ、手遅れ  
みたいなのが一つ  
頭の六畳間、君と暮ら  
す僕がいる

忘れないこと、わから  
ないことも僕らのもの  
だ  
長い夜の終わりを信じ  
ながら

さあ人生全部が馬鹿み  
たいなのに  
流れる白い雲でもう  
想像力が君をなぞって  
いる  
あの夏にずっと君がい  
る

生き急いで数十年  
許せないことばかり  
歌詞に書いた人生観す  
ら  
ただの文字になる

言葉だって消耗品  
思い出は底がある  
何かに待ち惚け、百日  
紅の花が咲く

このまま、ほら  
このまま、何処か遠く  
の国で浅い夏の隙間を  
彷徨いながら

さあ人生全部で君を書  
いたのに、忘れぬ口癖  
のよう  
想像力が紙をなぞって  
いる  
指先にずっと君がいる

もういいよ

さあもういいかい、こ  
の歌で最後だから  
何も言わないままでも  
人生なんて終わるもの  
なのさ  
いいから歌え、もう

さあ人生全部が馬鹿み  
たいなのに  
流れる白い雲でもう  
想像力が僕をなぞって  
いる  
あの夏にずっと君がい  
る

The fourth summer will come

We've been so full of misunderstandings, I have one more story to tell before it's too late  
I live there with you, inside the room in my head that's six tatami mats wide

These things we want to forget and that we don't understand belong to us  
While believing that this long night will end

Come, even though life seems stupid through and through  
Just by looking at the moving white clouds above  
My imagination is reproducing you  
You forever exist in that summer

Decades will pass quickly, full of unforgivable things  
But even the view of life I pen in lyrics will turn into meager words

Words are consumable goods, memories exist somewhere deep down  
Waiting in vain, a crepe myrtle will bloom

At this point, see  
At this point, as you wander in the cracks of  
A pale summer somewhere far away

Come, though I've written about you my entire life, like a phrase I can't forget  
My imagination is tracing the paper  
You forever exist in my fingertips

It's alright now

Come, is it alright now? Since this is the last song  
Even if you don't say anything  
Life is something that ends  
So sing already!

Come, even though life seems stupid through and through  
Just by looking at the moving white clouds above  
My imagination is reproducing you  
You forever exist in that summer

「この世で一番美しい音楽が何処にもあるかわかるかい？」

私が見つからないと答えると、彼は私の頭を掴んで優しく揺らした。頭？と私は聞く。

彼は頷く。

「バッハもベートーヴェンも超えられない音楽がそこにある。君だけじゃない、誰の頭にだってある。

可能性という言葉に、今この世にある全ての音楽は叶わない。」

彼の瞳は優しい夜の色のような深さがある。

「今、君は想像力という名前の海の中にある。」

私は想像する。

「自由に息は出来ないかもしれないけれど、

泳ぐための腕が付いている。

下を見ればすぐ其処は海底だ。

大きな大きな、言葉の砂漠が広がる。その砂に紛れて、大小様々な石が転がり隠れている。

君はそこから、自分の思う宝石を取り出す方法を

学ぶんだよ、エルマ。」

私はその美しさが、神様の居場所が知りたかったんだ。

貴方の教えてくれた、作品にだけ宿る神様の。

貴方の見ていたその景色を。

どうして忘れていたんだろう。

どうして私は、ちゃんと考えてこなかったんだろう。

この頭で、貴方の教えてくれたこの瞳で。

"Do you know where the most beautiful music in this world comes from?"

I told him that I didn't know. He grabbed onto my head, and gently shook it.

"My head?" I asked.

He nodded.

"All of the unparalleled music that both Bach and Beethoven wrote - it's all right there. Not just in yours, but in everyone's heads. The constraints of the word "possibility" can't hope to capture all of the music in the world."

His eyes had a depth to them, as if filled with all the colors of a gentle night.

"Right now, you're floating in a sea called the imagination."

I imagine.

"You might not be able to move freely, but you have arms that you can use to swim. When you look down, you can see the bottom of the sea, right there below you. This giant desert, made up of words, spreading out before your very eyes. You can see stones - all different sizes - mixed in among the grains of sand, rolling and hiding. That's where you start. Take those words, and learn how to craft a gem that you want out of them, Elma."

I wanted to know that beauty, the place where God resides. The God that you taught me about, the one that lives only within

<p>エイミー、どうしてこんなにも、エイミー、私は</p>	<p>people's work. I wanted to know the scenery that you saw.</p> <p>Why have I forgotten?</p> <p>Why can't I just do it right - make it all come back to me?</p> <p>With this head - what you taught me with those eyes of yours.</p> <p>Amy, why is it so, Amy, I</p>
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<p style="text-align: center;">ノーチラス NAUTILUS</p>	
<p>時計が鳴ったからやっと眼を覚ました 昨日の風邪がちょっと嘘みたいだ 出かけようにも、ああ、予報が雨模様だ どうせ出ないのは夜が明けられないから</p> <p>喉が渇くとか、心が痛いとか、人間の全部が邪魔してるんだよ</p> <p>さよならの速さで顔を上げて、 いつかやっと夜が明けたら もう眼を覚まして見て寝ぼけまなこの君を何度だって描いているから</p> <p>傘を出してやっと外に出てみようと思ったのはいいけど、靴を捨てたんだっけ 裸足のままなんて度胸もある訳がないや どうでもいいかな 何がしたいんだろう</p> <p>夕飯はどうしよう 晴れたら外に出よう 人間なんてさ見たくもないけど</p> <p>このままの速さで今日を泳いで、 君にやっと手が触れたら もう目を覚まして見て寝ぼけまなこの君を忘れてたって覚えているから</p> <p>丘の前には君がいて随分久しいねって笑いながら</p>	<p>When the alarm clock rang, I finally woke up The flu I had yesterday doesn't seem real anymore I think of going out, but, ah, the forecast says it looks like rain Well, I couldn't go anyway because it's still dark</p> <p>A dry throat, a hurting heart-all these human things are getting in my way</p> <p>Lift your head at the speed of the farewell Someday dawn will finally break Come on, try and open your eyes Because I've pictured your sleepy eyes so many times</p> <p>I finally decided to take an umbrella and go out anyway, which was good, but I think I might've thrown away my shoes And it's not like I've got the courage to go barefoot So... I guess I don't really care? What do I want to do?</p> <p>What should I do for dinner? If the rain lets up, I'll go out Even though I don't really want to see people</p> <p>At this speed I swim through today, And if my hand finally touches you... Come on, try and open your eyes Because I remember you and your sleepy eyes, even</p>

<p>顔を寄せて さあ、二人で行こうって言 うんだ</p> <p>ラップランドの納屋の下 ガムラスタンの古通り 夏草が邪魔をする</p> <p>このままの速さで今日を 泳いで、 君にやって手が触れたら もう眼を覚まして 見て、君を忘れた僕を</p> <p>さよならの速さで顔を上 げて いつかやっと夜が明けた ら もう目を覚まして 見て、寝ぼけまなこの君 を何度だって描いている から</p>	<p>though I've forgotten them</p> <p>There you are by the hill, laughing, "It's been so long, hasn't it?" as you bring your face close to mine "Let's go together," you say</p> <p>Under a barn in Lapland On the old streets of Gamla Stan The summer grass is getting in my way</p> <p>At this speed I swim through today, And if my hand finally touches you... Come on, open your eyes And see that I've forgotten you</p> <p>Lift your head at the speed of the farewell Someday dawn will finally break Come on, open your eyes And see that I've pictured your sleepy eyes so many times</p>
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<p>宿に戻る。日記帳の余白に詩を書き付 ける。 在りし日の彼がそうしていたように。 題は、雨とカプチーノ。</p>	<p>9/3</p> <p>I return to the inn. I write a song down in the margins of my notebook - the same way he did back in the old days. The title is "Rain and Cappuccino."</p>
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<p>エイミーはいつでも優しく笑っていた。 彼の部屋に行くと決まってギターを弾 いて、 彼の作った歌を聞かせてくれた。 エイミーの詩は何処か懐かしい匂いが した。 晩夏の青空みたいに深い色が見えた。 それでも何処か排他的で、拒絶的で、 彼を包む殻のような自尊心が 垣間見えて、私はそれが少し、嬉し かった。</p>	<p><b>Memory 14</b></p> <p>Amy was always laughing gently. Whenever I went to his room to play the guitar, he would let me hear the songs he wrote. Amy's songs always had this nostalgic scent to them. I could see this deep color, like the blue of a late summer sky. But somewhere in there, there was something almost exclusionary, obstinate. I caught a glimpse at this self-confidence that wrapped around him like a shell. It made me a little bit happy, seeing that.</p>
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<p>サンタマリア大聖堂から東へ登る階</p>	<p>9/5</p>
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<p>段。 丘の上のベンチ。詩を書く。 題は、憂一乗。</p>	<p>I climb the stairs headed east from Santa Maria Cathedral. I sit on a bench on top of a hill. I write a song. The title is "Only Sorrow."</p>
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<p>エイミーは無駄という言葉が好きだった。 私がピアノを弾きながら、悪戯心から譜面にはない動きを仕掛けると、決まって笑顔を見せてくれた。 それは愛すべき無駄だよ、エルマ。極めて原始的な作曲風景だ。 往年のジャズナンバーも、ロックンロールも、その譜面にはない無駄から生まれてきたんだ。</p>	<p><b>Memory 15</b></p> <p>Amy liked the word "pointless (muda)." When I played the piano and mischievously went for a movement that wasn't anything like music, he would show me the same smile he would show me every time. That's a lovable kind of pointlessness, Elma. It's a very primitive type of music making. Those old jazz numbers, rock and roll - they were both born from that same kind of pointless.</p>
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<p>詩を書く。題は心に穴が空いた。</p>	<p><b>9/6</b></p> <p>I write a song. The title is "A Hole Opened Up in My Heart."</p>
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<p>本を読むことは大事だよ。 創作の源泉はいつだって言葉の中にある。 エルマ、本は言葉で出来てる。 その手にある本だって、今、芸術の神様が読んでるかもしれない。</p>	<p><b>Memory 16</b></p> <p>It's important to read books. The source of creation is always within words. Elma, books are made of them. Right now, even the book you're holding in your hands might have the God of Art reading it.</p>
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<p>言葉が溢れる。頭の中を音符が踊る。 想い出が巡る。書き足りない。 手帳の空いたページに次から次へと、過去の日付の合間にさえも、彼との想い出を書き連ねる。 どうして忘れていたんだろう。エイミー、私はどうして、こんなにも、</p>	<p><b>9/7</b></p> <p>Words keep overflowing. Musical notes keep dancing around in my head. Memories keep circling. My writing alone isn't enough. On the blank pages of the notebook, even in-between past entries, I keep writing about my memories with him, one after the next after the next. Why had I forgotten them? Amy, why did I, so many-</p>
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<p>八月だった。まだ少し茜が残る街に花火が上がった。 風一つない夕風の空だった。 エイミーはギターを爪弾くてを止めて、ベランダへ出る窓を開けた。 エルマ、花火だ。彼は言う。 私は詩を書く手を止めて、外に出る。 背が高い建物に隠れて、ベランダから見える花火は半円のように途切れていて。 エイミーは優しく笑っている。</p>	<p><b>Memory 17</b></p> <p>It was August. Fireworks were set off in the town, bursting in a sky still dotted with red. It was an evening sky, without a hint of wind. Amy stopped strumming his guitar and opened the window to the veranda.</p> <p>"Elma, there's fireworks," He said.</p> <p>I stopped writing my song, and stepped outside. Hidden between the tall buildings, the fireworks from the veranda were broken like semi-circles. Amy smiled gently.</p>
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<p>あの海辺へもう一度向かった。 砂浜を散策した先で、もう一つの、古びた棧橋を見つけた。 私が飛んだそれと映し鏡のように似て、少し違うような。朽さかけた橋。</p> <p>彼のギターケースは、其処で野晒しそのまま横たわっていた。 ケースの中にはアコースティックギターと、詩が認められた一枚の紙。 題はノーチラス。</p>	<p><b>9/8</b></p> <p>I headed to that beach again. While strolling down the sandy coastline, I spotted another old-looking pier. It was like a mirror of the pier that I had jumped off of, but slightly different. It was decayed, forgotten with time.</p> <p>His guitar case was there, weather-worn, lying down on the ground. There was an acoustic guitar inside it, and a piece of paper that I could recognize as a song. It was titled "Nautilus."</p>
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<p>僕は君のピアノも、詩も好きだよ、エルマ。 そんな顔をしたら駄目だ。 いつか君は大きくなる。とても良い作品を書く、音楽家になれる。 僕は才能を信じていないけど、音楽は信じてる。 何を言われても聞き流せばいいのさ。 どれだけ拙い作品でも、理解されないようなものでも、芸術の神様にしかわからない価値がある。</p> <p>ちゃんと教えてだろ。 大事なものは他人の評価じゃない。</p>	<p><b>Memory 18</b></p> <p>I love your songs and your piano-playing, Elma. Come on now, don't make that face. One day, you'll grow up. You'll write an amazing work and become a musician. I don't believe in talent, but I do believe in music. No matter what anyone says, you just have to ignore it. No matter how clumsy it is, no matter how hard it is to parse, there's value in it that only the God of Art can understand.</p>
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<p>音楽だよ、エルマ。</p>	<p>I taught you that, didn't I? The most important thing isn't what other people think.</p> <p>It's music, Elma.</p>
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<p>エルマ、優しい人間になりなよ。</p>	<p><b>Memory 19</b></p> <p>Elma, become a kind person.</p>
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<p>私の中に月明かりなんてない。貴方の見た光は私にはわからない。ただ、貴方を真似たものを書くたびに青空が浮かぶ。詩の向こう側にその顔が見える。</p>	<p><b>9/10 (#1)</b></p> <p>There is no moonlight inside of me. I don't understand the light that you saw. It's just, whenever I write something that imitates you, a blue sky floats in front of me. On the other side of the song, I can see your face.</p>
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<p>今まで私には、芸術を肯定したいなんていう意図はなかった。私が貴方の跡を追って、旅をしてまで曲を書く理由は、そこにはなかった。建前の裏側にはエゴがいる。全部私のためだったんだ。本当にそれだけだったんだ、エイミー。</p>	<p><b>9/10 (#2)</b></p> <p>Until now, there was nothing in me that wanted to affirm art. Before I followed you, before I set off on this journey, I had no reason to write songs. Beneath the facade, there was only ego. It was all for myself. That's really all it was, Amy.</p>
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<p>やっとわかった。</p>	<p><b>9/11</b></p> <p>I finally understand.</p>
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	<p><b>9/12</b></p>
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エイミー、思ったんだ。私は、まず、貴方が残した詩で音楽を書きたい。生まれて初めてだった。初めてこんなにも、何かをしたいと思ったんだ。今まで私は模倣しかしてこなかった。貴方の真似て詩を書き始めた。その生き方を真似て。  
音楽だってそうだった。本当は興味なんて無かった。ただ、音楽を楽しむ貴方の視点で、その瞳で、貴方の見た世界を知りたいだけだった。それでも私は、音楽を辞めた貴方の物語を描きたい。  
私が彼の持った思想を引き継がないと、誰も報われない。私は私の人生で、彼の見た光を見出さなければならない。  
誰一人見ていない場所でも、拙くても、誰の評価も受けられないような在り方だったとしても。  
私の、彼のためだけの作品だ。それでいい。  
彼があの日私の中に見た月明かりを探す、永い永い旅だ。

Amy, I've been thinking lately. First, I think I want to write music for the songs you left behind. It's the first time in my life - it's the first time that I've ever wanted to do something this much. Before now, I've only been imitating you - writing songs that imitate yours, copying your way of life. Music was the same, too. I never had any real interest in it. I just wanted to know the world you saw - the perspective of a person who enjoyed music as much as you did, the view you saw with those eyes of yours.

Even still, I want to tell the story of you, the you who gave up on music - if I don't inherit his ideas, then nobody will be rewarded. I have to discover the light that he saw within my lifetime. Even if it's in a place that nobody else will ever see, even if it's clumsy, even if it's in a form that nobody will ever assign any value to. It's a work made for my sake, and for his. And that's okay.

It will be a long, long journey to figure out the moonlight that he saw within me.

日記を書くことも、そろそろ辞める。  
終わりのない物語はつまらない。彼の言葉だ。  
私の書いたものくらい、私で終わらせたい。

**9/14**

I think I'll stop writing in this diary soon. A story that never ends is boring. His words. I want to be able to end the story that I wrote, if nothing else.

街の港で船に乗った。  
デッキへ登ろうとしてふと船着場を見ると、教会で別れたきりだった老婆が見えた。  
彼女は息子達や、孫であろう人物に囲まれて、笑っていた。

**9/25**

I board a ship at the harbor. When I step onto the deck and look back to the port, I see the old woman I last saw at that church again, standing there. She's with her sons,

こちらに気づいたようで、遠くから何かを言ってるのがわかった。近くにいたとして、私にこの国の言葉わからないかと思いつつ、私は会釈をした。

老婆は私の後ろを指差して、傍の男性に支えられながら笑った。

デッキに登り切った今、私は船の向こう側を見ている。彼が夜紛いと呼んだ、夜混じる夕焼けの色が、

水平線を赤く燃やしている。

or maybe even her grandsons - surrounded by them, laughing. She notices me, and I realize that she's shouting something from far away. Even if she were closer, I know I wouldn't understand the language, so I just nod instead.

She points behind me and laughs, supported by the man beside her.

Now that I've made it on the deck, I can see beyond the bow of the ship. What he called an imitation night paints the sky - the colors of evening blended together with the night,

burning the horizon a deep red.

Elmo	01 車窓	06 神様のダンス	11 声
	02 憂一乗	07 雨降るる	12 エイミー
	03 夕嵐、某、花差い	08 歩く	13 海底、月明かり
	04 雨とカプチーノ	09 心に穴が空いた	14 ノーチラス
	05 湖の街	10 森の教会	

YORUSHIKA	All Songs Music, Lyrics and Arranged by n-buna	
	ヨルシカ	n-buna (Guitar, Piano and Other Instruments) suis (Vocal)

MUSIC STAFF	Recording Member	下鶴光康 (Guitar) キタニタツヤ (Bass) Masack (Drums) 平畑敏也 (Piano and Keyboards) マツスタ.
	Recording Studio	Volta Studio Recording UNIVERSAL MUSIC STUDIOS TOKYO
	Mixing Studio	マツスタ.
	Recording Director	近藤康行 (SEED SEEKERS)
	Recording and Mixing Engineer	松橋秀幸 (birdie house)
	Assistant Engineer	加瀬拓真
Mastering Engineer	茅根裕司 (Sony Music Studios Tokyo)	

PRODUCT STAFF	Art Direction and Design	DMYM (OTOIRO Inc.)
	Illustrator	ぼぶりか
	Artist Management	石山武秀 (RAINBOW ENTERTAINMENT)
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## Misc notes

\* Previous versions can be found in File > Version History > View Version History

\* Version is backed up at least once a month as a pdf. If this doc disappears, please contact me wherever you can find me.

\* Edits thus far are generally just minor wording/translation changes

\* MV links are inserted in very light grey because the upload dates show a close connection with the diary entries. Also I couldn't help myself.