

# A Forever Growing Antenna from a One on the Ground

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breathing in through my nose  
to make my breath white  
deeply, deeply  
I breathe out

breathing in through my nose  
It smells like a sea on a humid day in summer

in summer  
a humid day  
a day  
the day  
on the day

It happens on the day

*little further to the south from here  
where the land ends and the sea begins*

*my map says so*

*little further to the south from here  
there is a sea of reclaimed land*

*without shore  
walls standing, ships floating*

*a factory chimney, smoke, cicadas buzzing*

*the summer is invisible*

*the sea, the waves, sounding*

*the sea, the waves, sounding*

*though it is unseen and unheard.*

*a smell of a sea coming through my nose*

*the steamy air made it so*

*it is coming from the sea quite far away*

*the edge of the island ends here, and the sea begins*

*though it is unseen and unheard*

*the smell of sea coming through my nose*

*in a humid summer*

*the smell of sea coming through my nose*

*in a humid summer*

*if it is in summer*

in winter,

my breath is white

my invisible breath breathed out white

white clouds breathed out from my mouth

feeling like a boiling kettle

feeling the heat inside of my body

white breathed out from the dark in my body

from the dark

it is white

breath appears white  
on some days in winter

that is, the moisture of a breath heated inside of my body  
being as a gas while it is inside  
breathed out  
turning into a water being cooled down  
and it appears white

like a cloud,  
the principle is quite same as a steam appears white

from the spout of a kettle,  
clouds are breathed out

a rice cooker with the time set  
rice is being boiled

every morning, from a chimney far away  
rising up to the sky, slowly.

high above  
a long vapor trail of an airplane

little by little,  
the density of carbon dioxide is rising  
little by little,  
the density of carbon dioxide is rising

well,  
breath appears white on some days in winter

in summer, on some days,  
it smells like a sea

coming through my nose  
it smells like a sea  
in a humid summer

going little south from here  
where the land ends, and,  
there is a sea of a reclaimed land

from there on, there is a sea unfilled yet

through the sea is out of sight from here  
in a humid day with a south wind  
slightly  
it smells like the invisible sea

the land, without any special feature  
along the wide road

tall pine trees are standing in a row

*tall pines*

*making the woods.*

*in spring at the park near bottom hill*

*sakura is fully bloomed side by side*

on the site of the former supermarket  
a huge warehouse has built  
straight roads are endlessly crossing in right angles  
cars with moderate speed running on the roads

a ramen shop,  
a flashy pachinko parlor,  
a convenience store with a big parking area,  
a factory,  
a freezing storage,  
a warehouse

like that, a place you can find anywhere  
desolated? no,  
it is more like a place  
changing its type and is turning into a new town

there, that flowerbed, the flowerbed made by bricks,  
I took one brick from the frontside,  
then there were many eggs  
white and round and shiny eggs,  
laid together.  
those tiny eggs that were never hit by the sun,  
for the first time came under the sun  
It was an earwig's egg  
earwig, after laying its egg and till it hatches,  
the parent, it's unusual for an insect  
but it constantly takes care of its eggs,

so, when the bricks were lifted,  
and the sunshine lit the shadow,  
it is the parent earwig that hid under the bricks shadow  
anyway, there were,  
earwig eggs.

one day,  
right in front of the flowerbed,  
three kids, the boys, were together

I was watching curiously  
then one of them, lifted the brick,  
and using its surface he started squishing!  
laughing, joking, for fun from here, I can't hear a sound.  
But, ahh,  
Once I notice they are squishing the eggs,  
in my mind,  
I hear the sound,  
as if pricking an Ikura...

... eggs that could not become adults  
white, round, and glossy  
white, round, and glossy

a fresh and glossy  
slug  
there is a slug

above a wet rock near the lake,  
there was a white slug  
I was a child back then,  
I don't know, why I did it but, I used a leaf to scoop the slug and,  
above the lake, I dropped it

then the slug, the white body,  
sank under the dark water at once  
he, no, it could be a she  
slug apparently doesn't have sex,  
well, he without any resistance,  
in the way I dropped, it just,  
sank.  
as if no pain,  
it just, the white body,

*plop!*

*as if water dropping right down,  
by its own gravity into the darkness*

as if a light vanishes,  
the white body went under the lake at once and stopped,  
I guess, I think... I standing outside the water,  
could not see that far,

beyond the darkness,  
there is a deep deep, ground.

a ground,  
like the night  
very dark,  
I cannot see well

apparently our eyes are useless here  
but my feet, can feel the ground by its gravity,  
so I guess, this is somewhere on earth  
I can breath.  
to the darkness inside my body,  
I can pass this air

here, there is gravity and air  
It feels a bit warm  
am I sweating a little?  
I gave up and closed my eyes  
If I believe the sense of skin,  
the feet wear a shoe,  
the body wears clothes  
but because of the shoe sole,  
I don't know, where I am standing

stretching my arm,  
reaching nothing  
then, I believe the sense of ear

*the sound from darkness*

the atmosphere is moving  
the shadow in this front is the darkest

*far away,  
seeing a slight light in the distance,  
I know the place far away*

*if I fly into the distance,  
I take a long flight in this night sky*

*High and bright  
High and bright*

*a bright red huge fire  
in the silent blue night*

*rising up from the distant mountain  
rising, rising, or not*

the shadow in this front is the darkest  
the place under a brick,  
bottom of a pond,  
in a kettle,  
under a stone,  
behind a cabinet,



in a closed mouth,  
in the touch between hands,  
in the touch between a ground and a shoe

and this place

this darkness  
the darkness  
that darkness

without exception,  
all darkness, being here  
Melting together  
merging with dreams behind the eyelids

the place under a brick,  
bottom of a pond,  
in a kettle,  
under a stone,  
behind a cabinet,  
in a closed mouth,  
in the touch between hands,  
in the touch between lips!

*opening its eyes,  
to the light from this darkness  
through a throat,  
tongue,  
and teeth*

*it became a song again*

*breathing in through a nose  
breathing out through a mouth*

*on the edge of your lip,  
in the sunny place,  
the edge of the island ends here*

*and the sea begins.*