



Summer
of the Cosmos

Cosmogony

Jorge Francisco Isidoro Luis Borges

Neither darkness nor chaos.

Darkness requires eyes which see,
like sound and silence require the ability to hear
and the mirror needs a form to occupy it.

Neither space nor time.

Not even a divinity to plan
the silence prior to the first night
of all time, which will be infinite.

The grand river of Heraclitus the Obscure
has not begun its irrevocable course,
to flow from the past to the future,
to flow from oblivion to oblivion.

But something endures. Something begs.
And then, a universal history. Now.





In this city, summer rains come swiftly, violently,
yet linger with a strange indecision.

Is it really summer?
I can no longer be sure.
I remember a cool breeze brushing past,
but also the way sweat-soaked clothes clung to my skin.

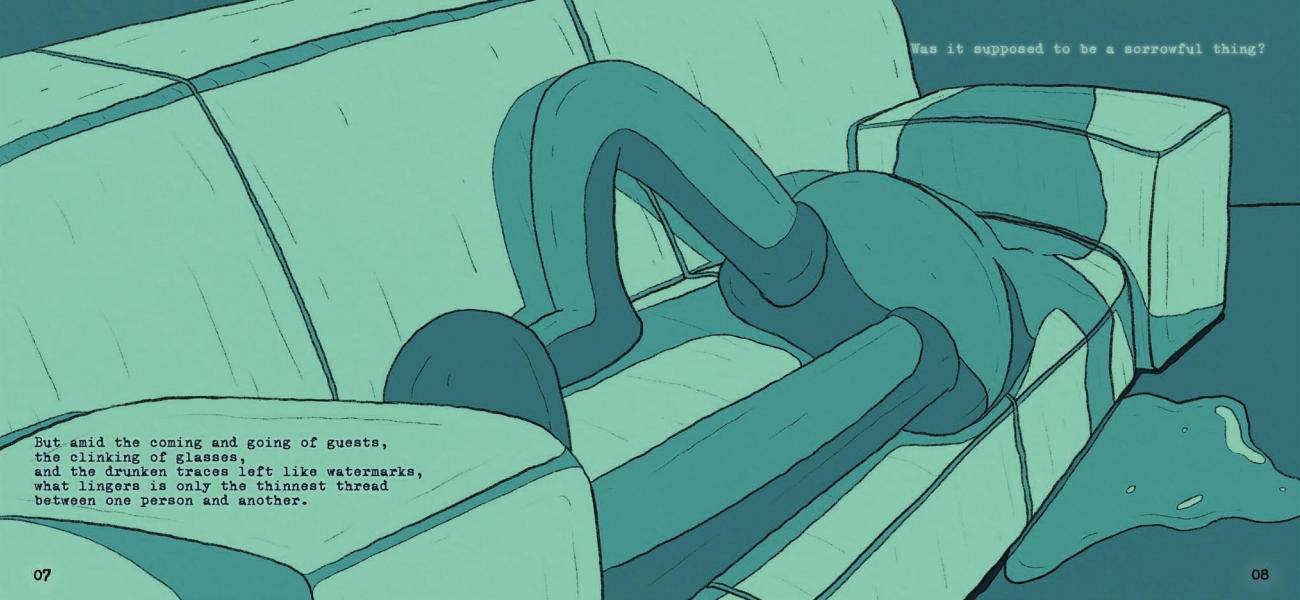


That day was the fourteenth of the seventh lunar month,
the first night after her passing.
Tradition says someone must sit beside the fire,
keeping it alive—
lighting the way for the departed,
praying their souls find peace.



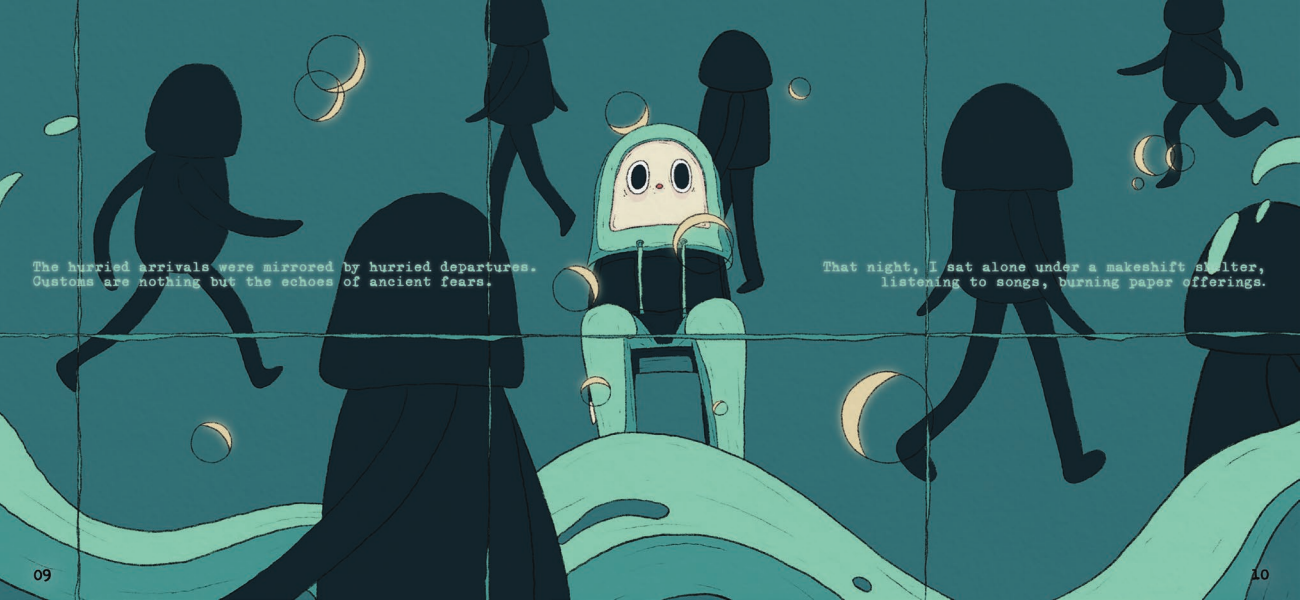
That day, too, was the Ghost Festival.
They say the gates of the afterlife swing open wide,
letting the spirits wander back to the living world.





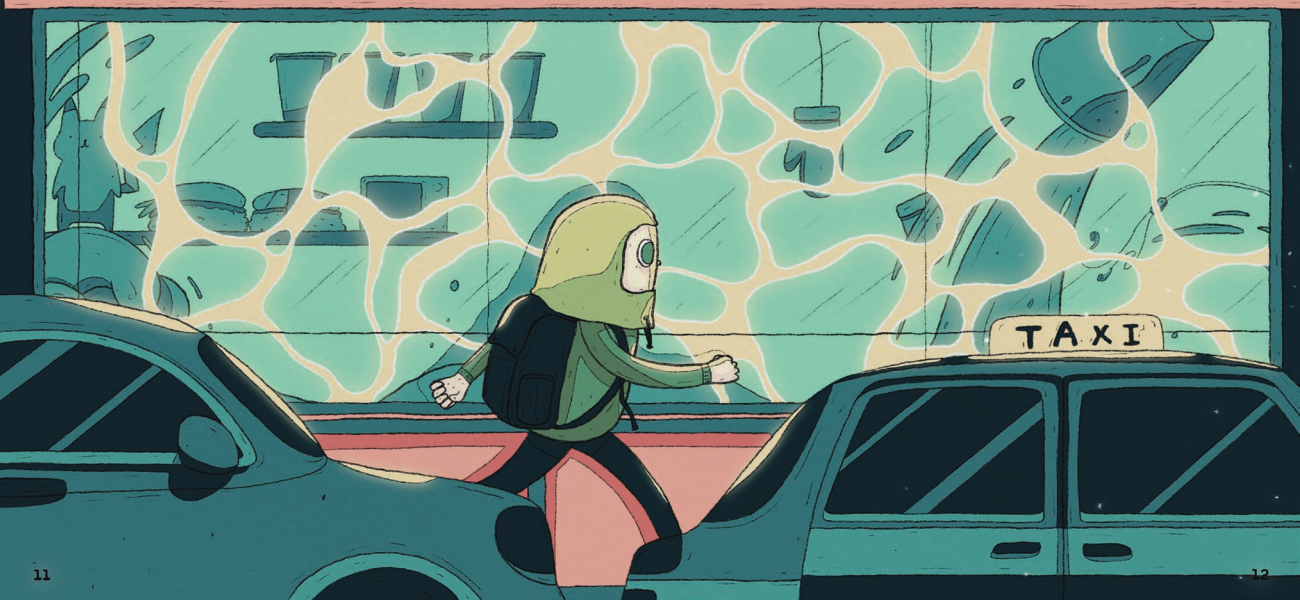
Was it supposed to be a sorrowful thing?

But amid the coming and going of guests,
the clinking of glasses,
and the drunken traces left like watermarks,
what lingers is only the thinnest thread
between one person and another.



The hurried arrivals were mirrored by hurried departures.
Customs are nothing but the echoes of ancient fears.

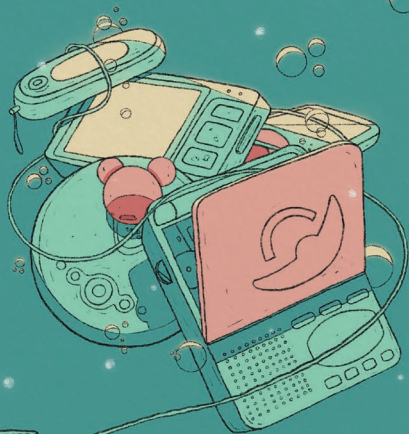
That night, I sat alone under a makeshift shelter,
listening to songs, burning paper offerings.



我希望在停止哭泣后独立
我希望求得签诗后能获得指引

"I wish to stand on my own once the tears have dried.
I wish that the oracle I sought might show me the way."

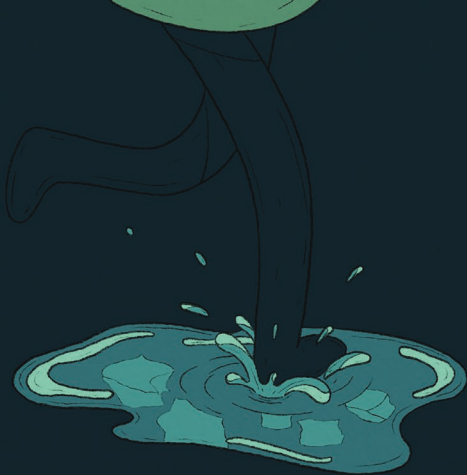
《给米利安》



-- Truly, even now,
I cannot say what I felt.



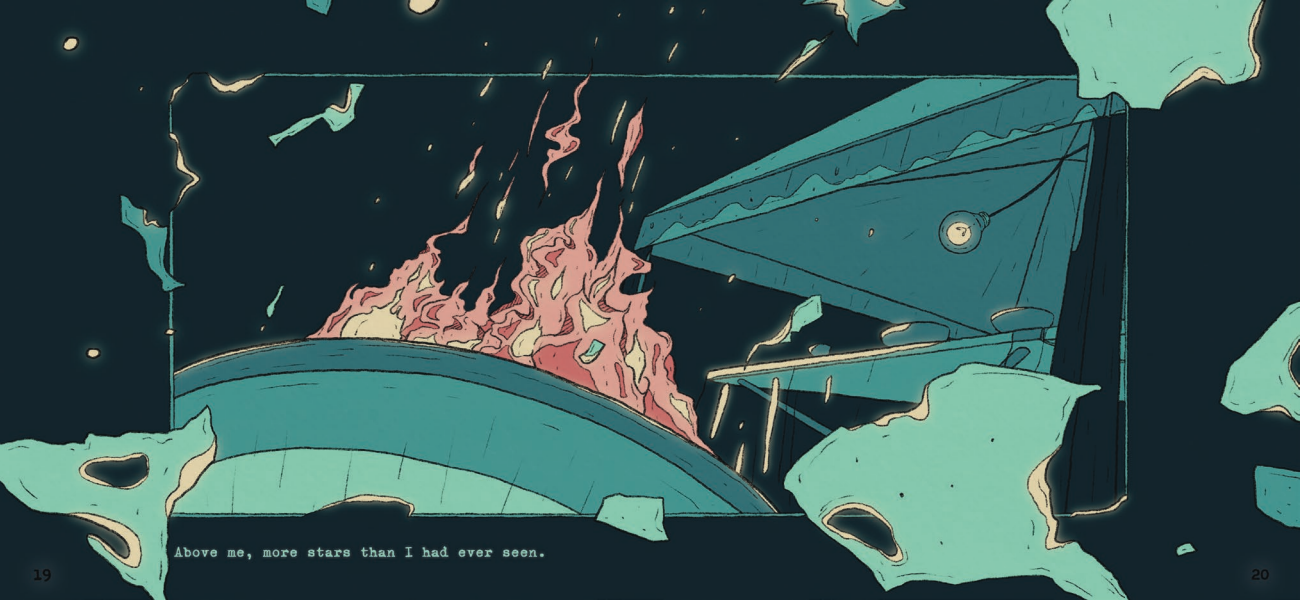
Since childhood, I'd feared this day,
imagining I'd be swallowed by grief,
the world grinding to a halt.
But when it came,
I still smiled when something was joyful,
still did what needed to be done.



So did I love her as deeply as I believed?

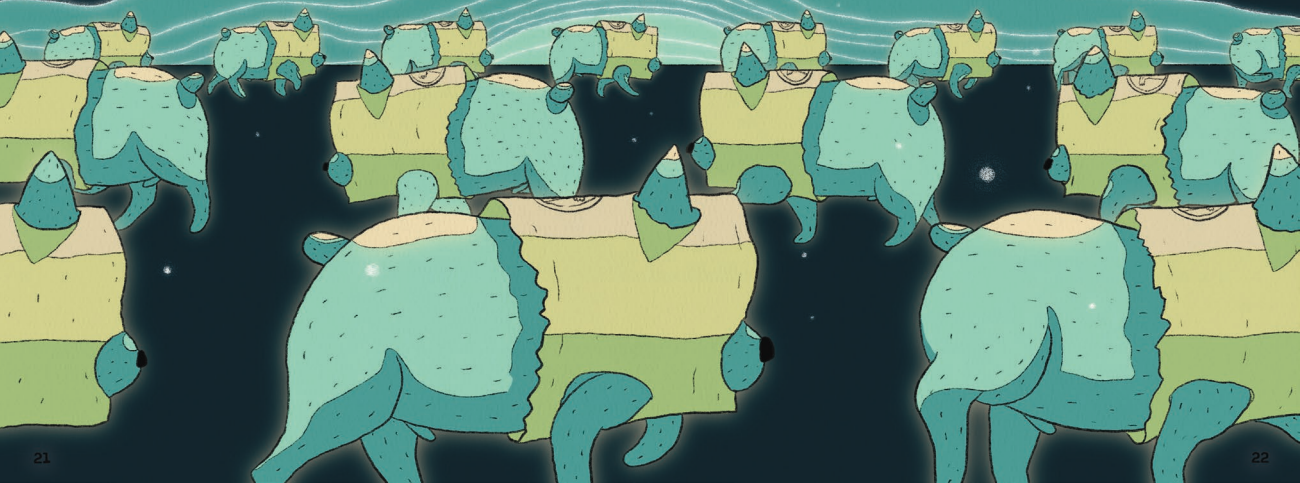
A large, open cardboard box is shown floating in the air, tilted at an angle. Inside the box, there is a miniature scene of a room with a red carpet, a wooden door, and some furniture. The box is surrounded by smaller, floating boxes and debris, suggesting a scene of destruction or a dreamlike state. The background is a dark, textured blue.

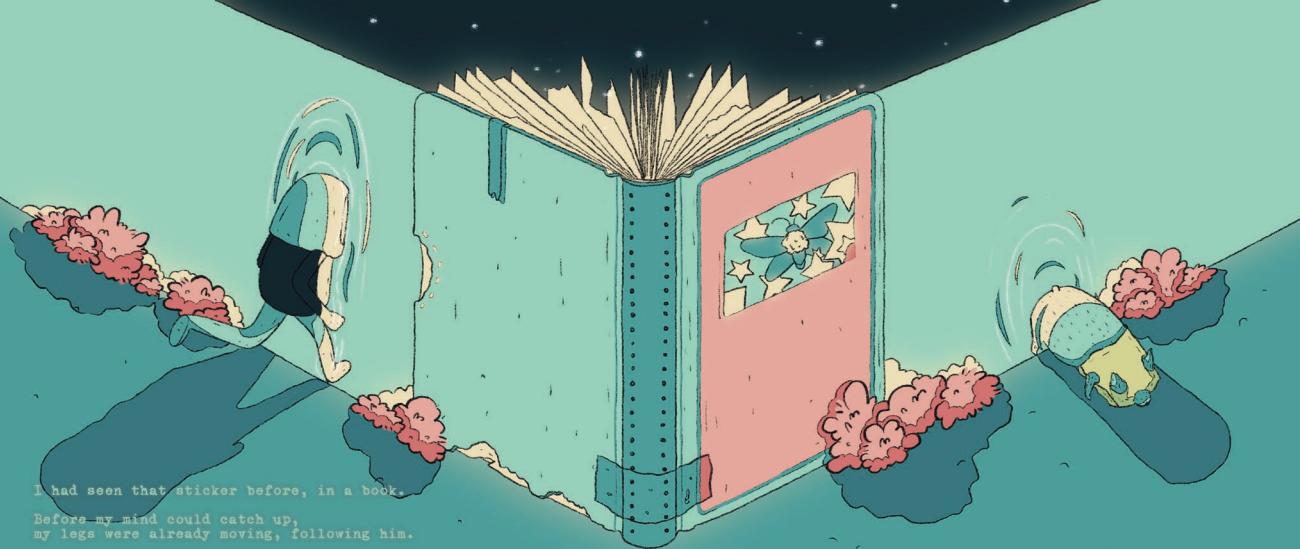
Not long before dawn,
the music in my headphones suddenly stopped.
I lifted my head-
the wind had risen, fierce and strange.



Above me, more stars than I had ever seen.

I was too tired to understand how unusual it was--
until I saw the sticker clinging to
a paper bag shaped like a dog's head.

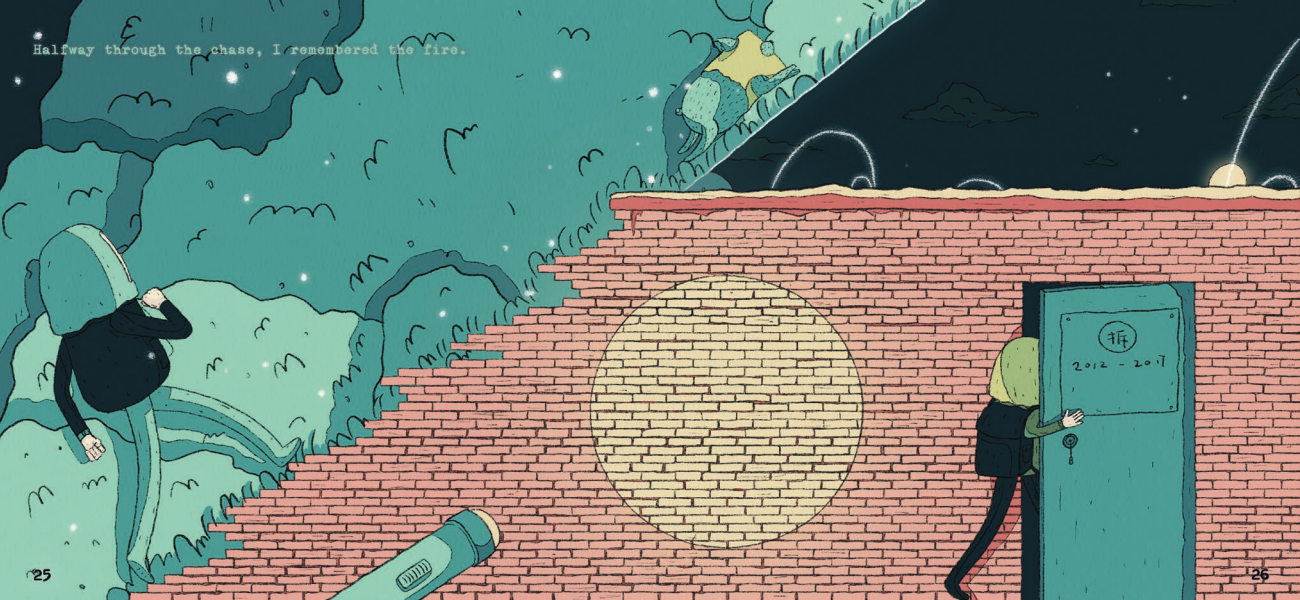




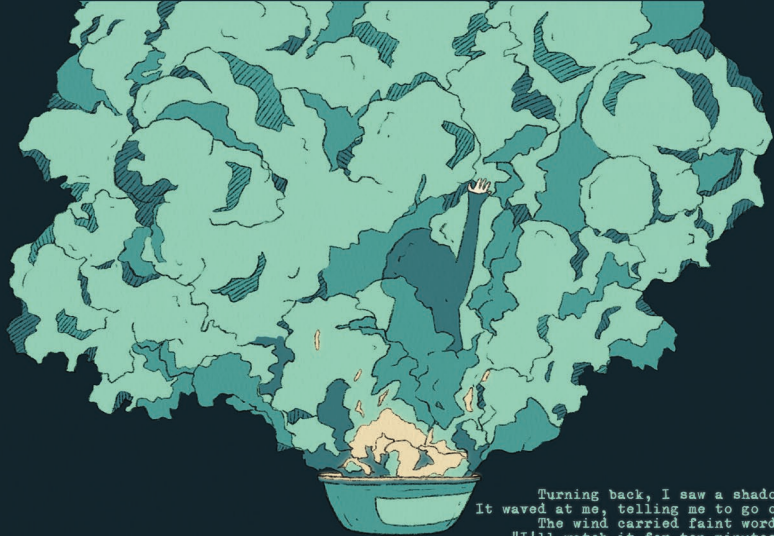
I had seen that sticker before, in a book.

Before my mind could catch up,
my legs were already moving, following him.

Halfway through the chase, I remembered the fire.







Turning back, I saw a shadow.
It waved at me, telling me to go on.
The wind carried faint words:
"I'll watch it for ten minutes."

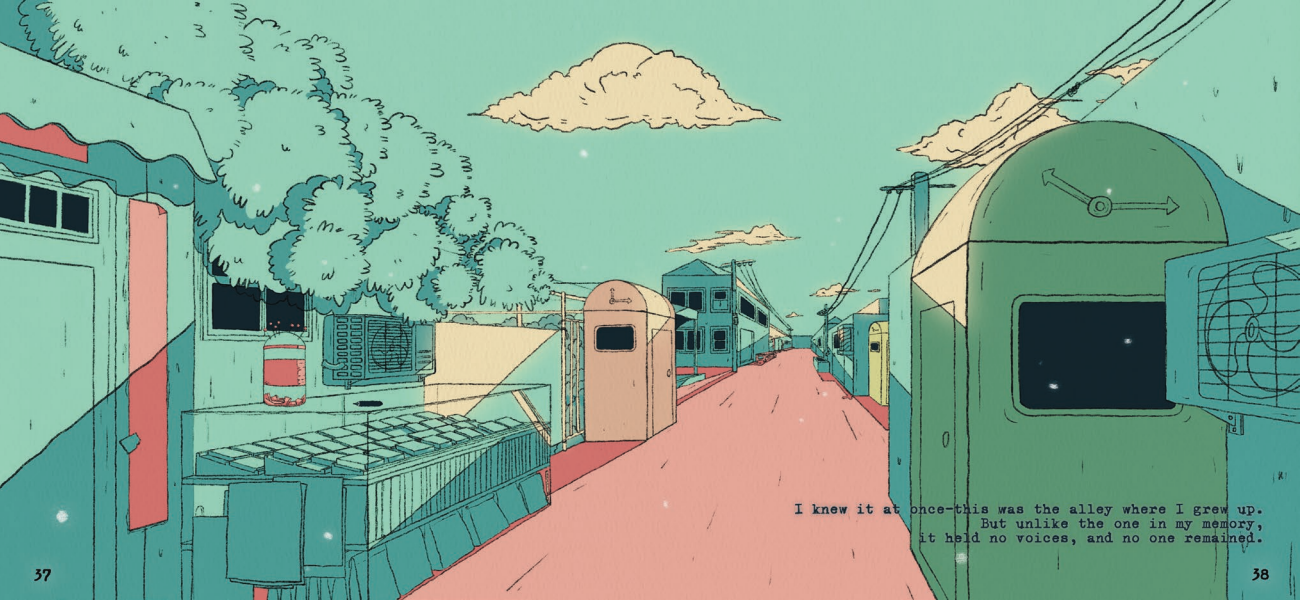


No time to ask, no time for thanks-
I glanced at my watch, then hurried after the little dog.

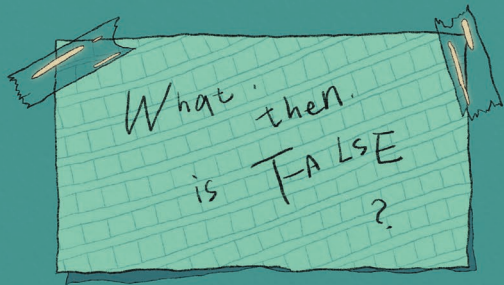
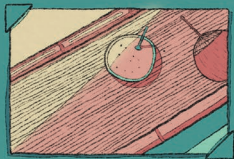
I ran and ran.



When I finally reached out and touched the sticker,
the landscape around me had changed completely,
no longer leading to where it should have gone.



I knew it at once—this was the alley where I grew up.
But unlike the one in my memory,
it held no voices, and no one remained.



What
is then.
FALSE
?

The wind.
The sound of cicadas.
The bamboo bed.
The cheap smell of cigarettes in the dance hall.
The phone booth, painted and moved by advertisers over the years.

The phone booth?

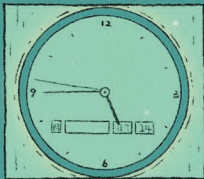
I looked carefully--
in this alley, everything repeated itself,
but not quite.



Time here seemed layered-
year upon year pressed together,
as if photographs had been taken every Ghost Festival
and stacked one atop another.

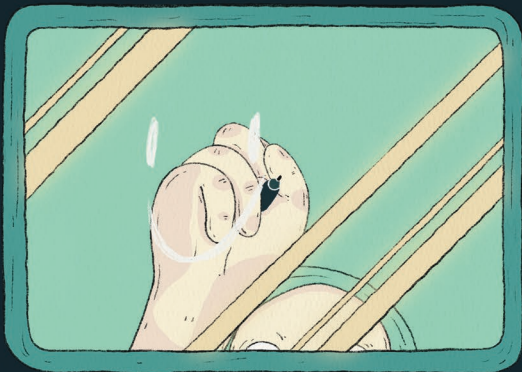


Dates blurred,
only the fourteenth
day of the seventh
month remained
clear.



If I changed something,
could the outcome change too?





Even if fate is inevitable,
surely there are many things I would still want to alter.



是我的海
阳光的下午慢慢感染

"It's my ocean.
The afternoon sunlight slowly, slowly is infected"

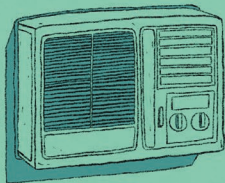
《是我的海》

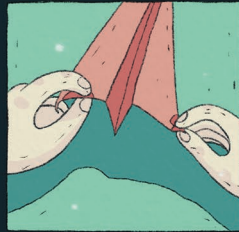
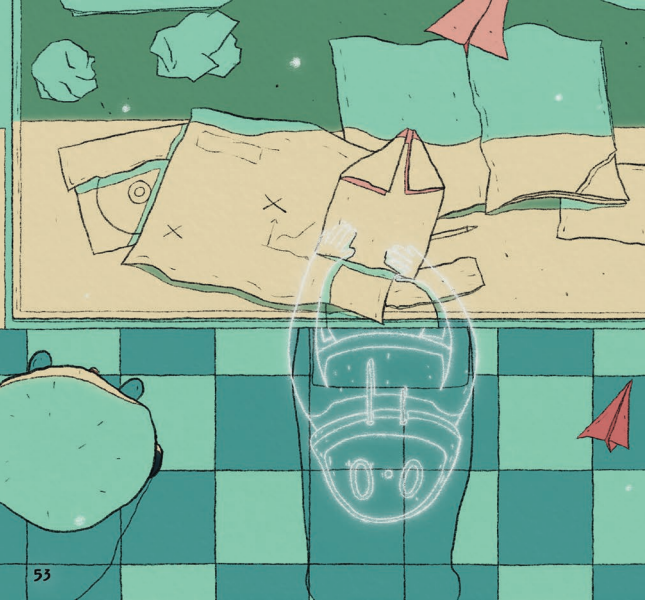
At that moment, I was completely lost.



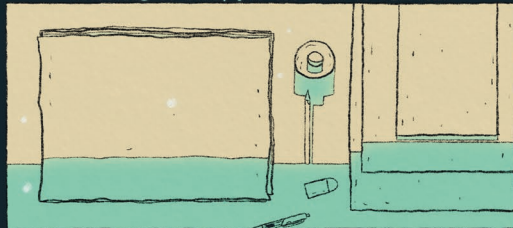
But no matter what, it could not be worse than now.

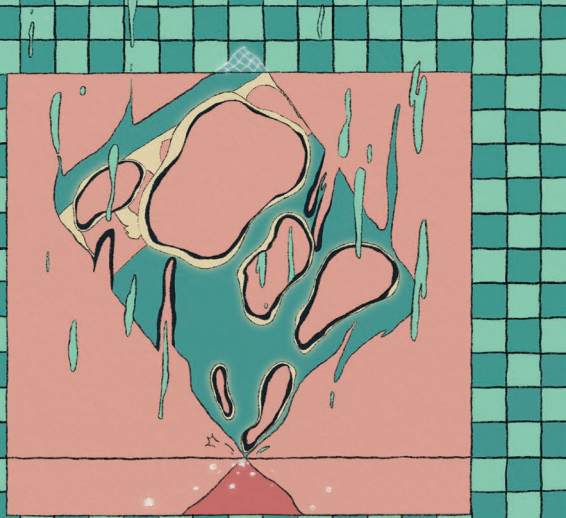
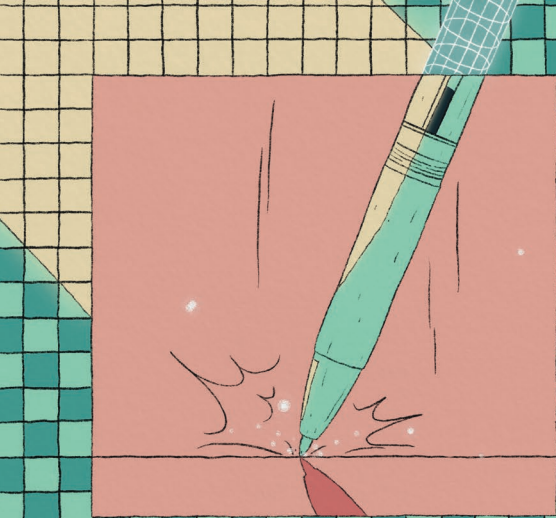
I had promised her once:
if I got into a good university,
I would take her to see a big city.





But I was too ordinary.
Unwilling to fail, yet too weak to succeed.

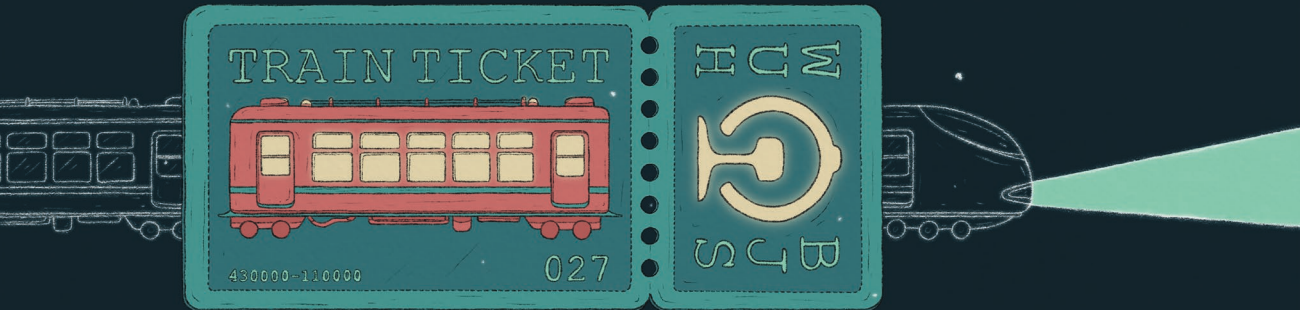




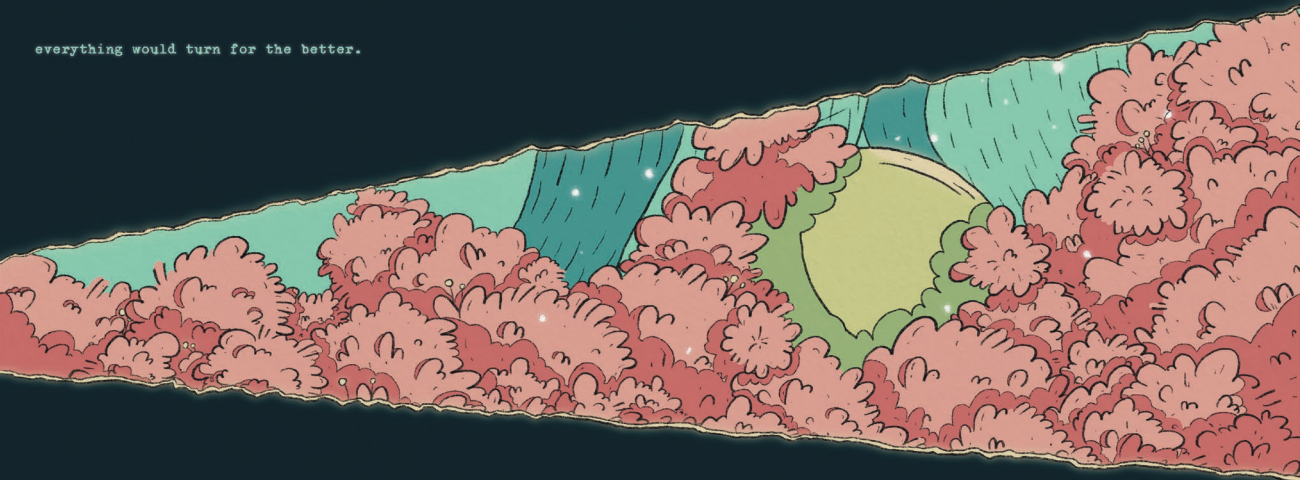


In a blink, a memory surfaced—
something I'd never seen before.

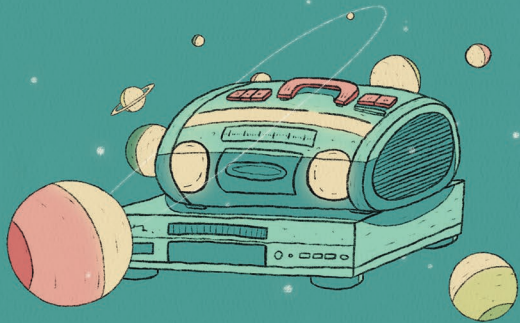
I thought that if I fulfilled her regrets,



everything would turn for the better.



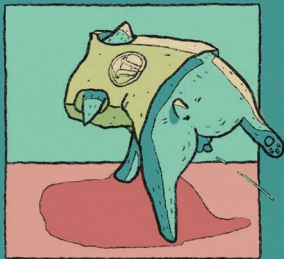
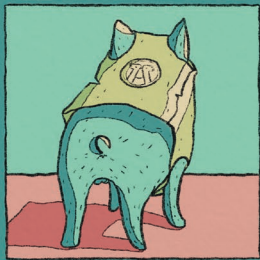




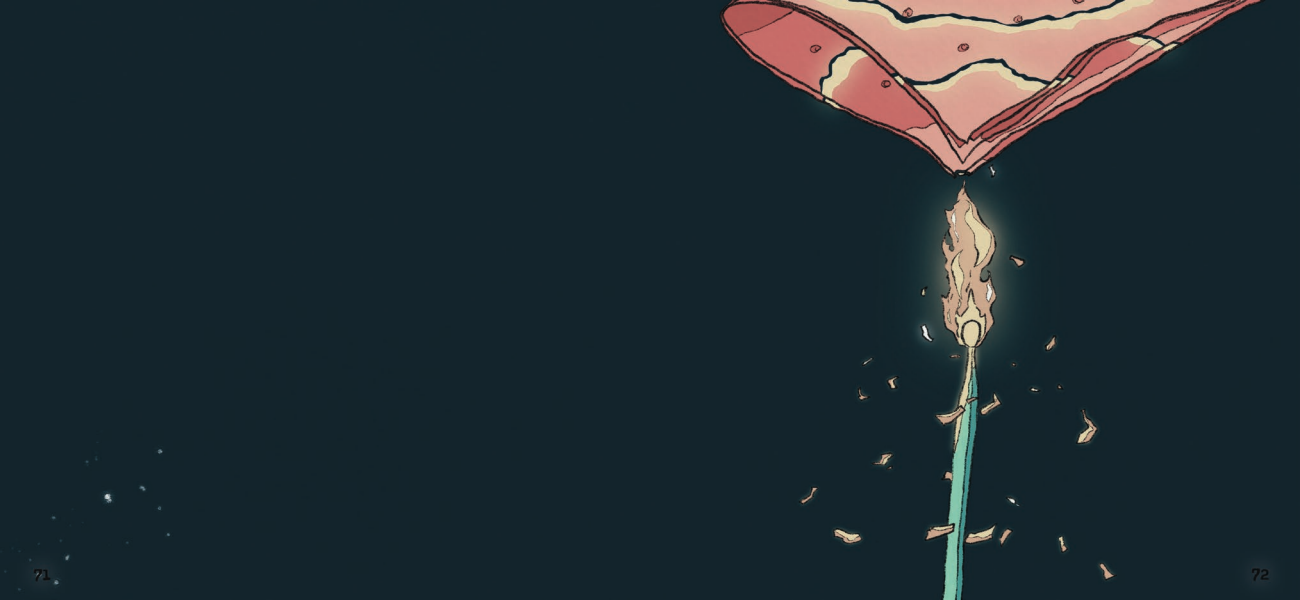
I remembered how, when no one was watching,
she would hum softly to herself.

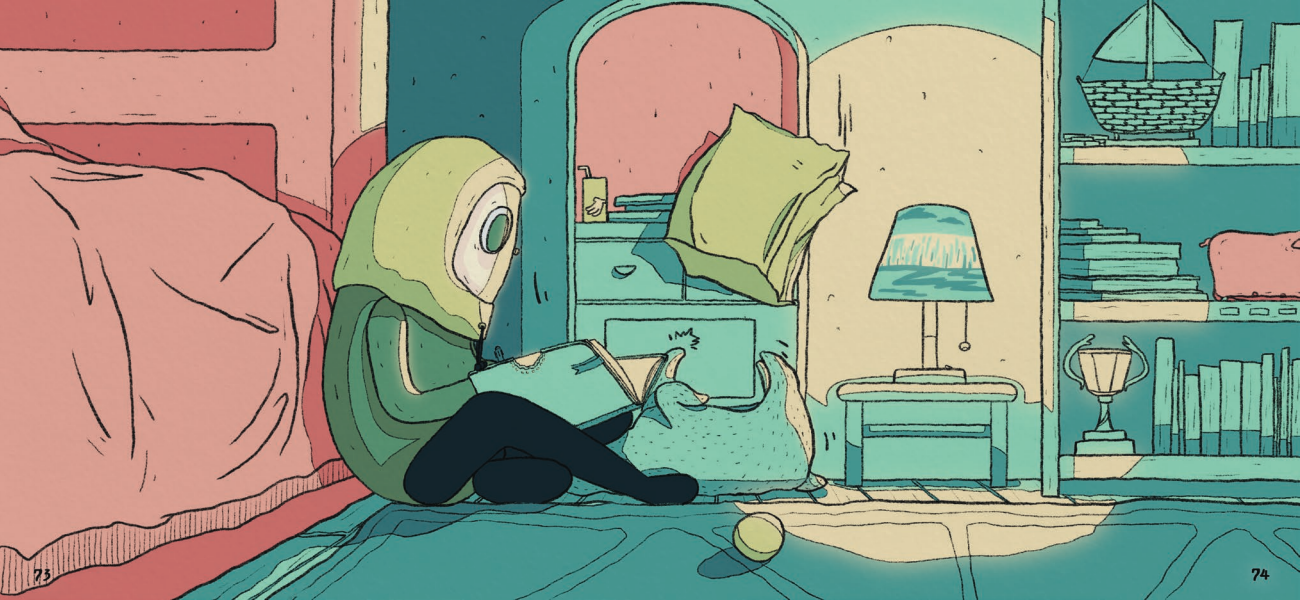
天涯呀
海角

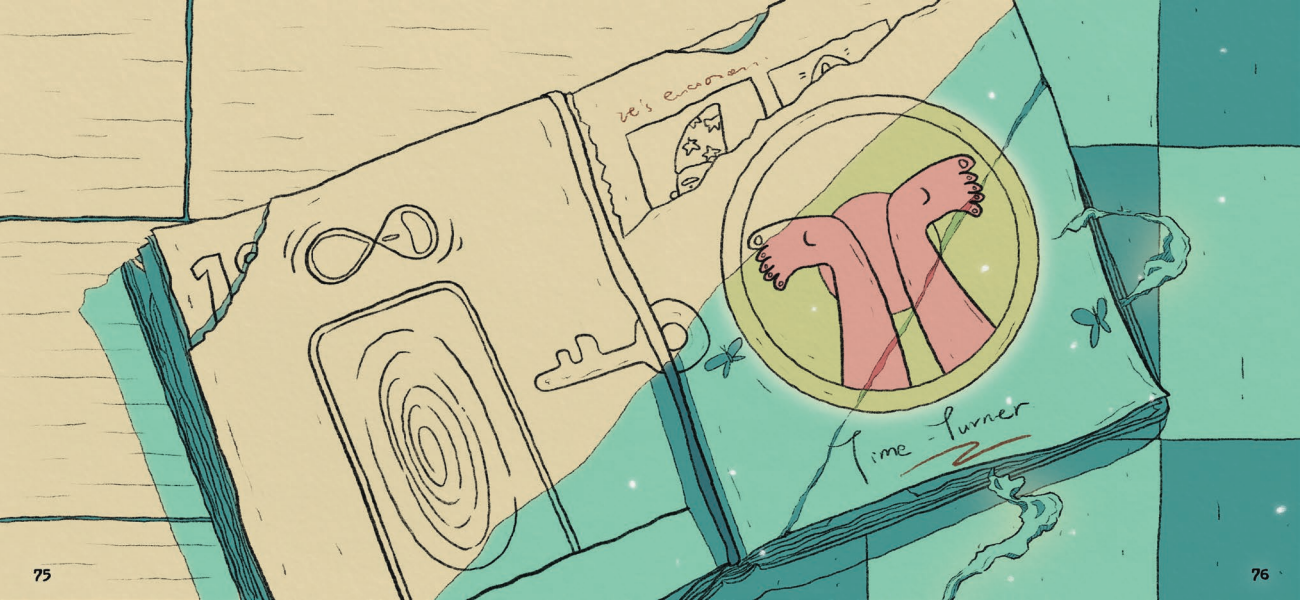
《天涯歌女》











It's even...

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Time-Turner

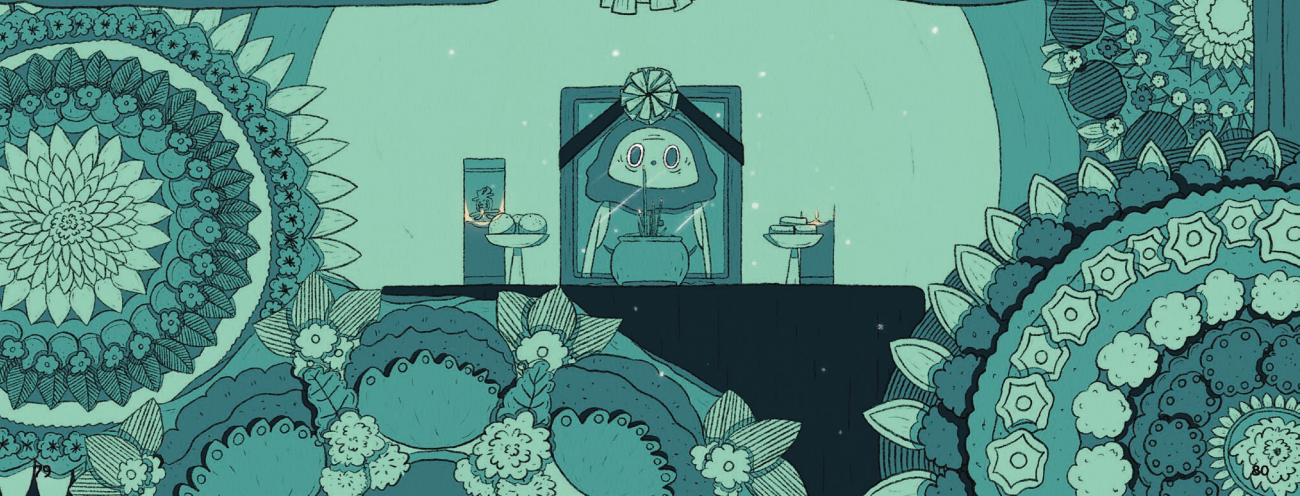
if I showed her a wider world,
maybe she wouldn't have to be
only a dutiful sister,
a good wife, a gentle mother.

She shouldn't.



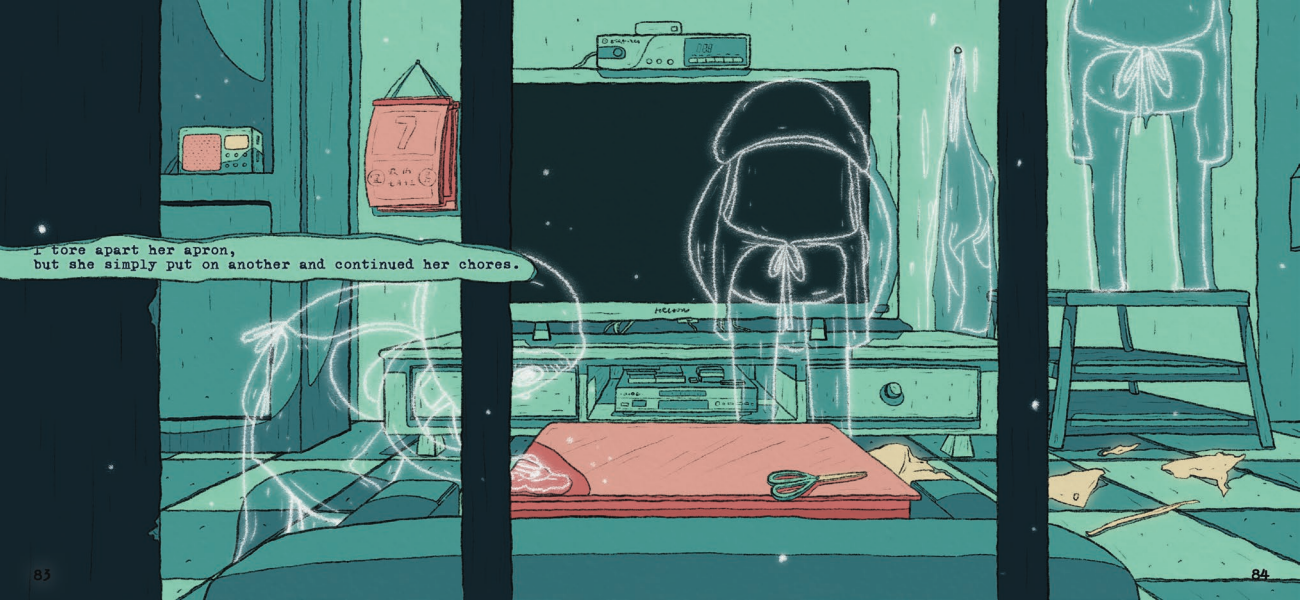
Or perhaps-
I simply couldn't bear that this was all she would be.

奥

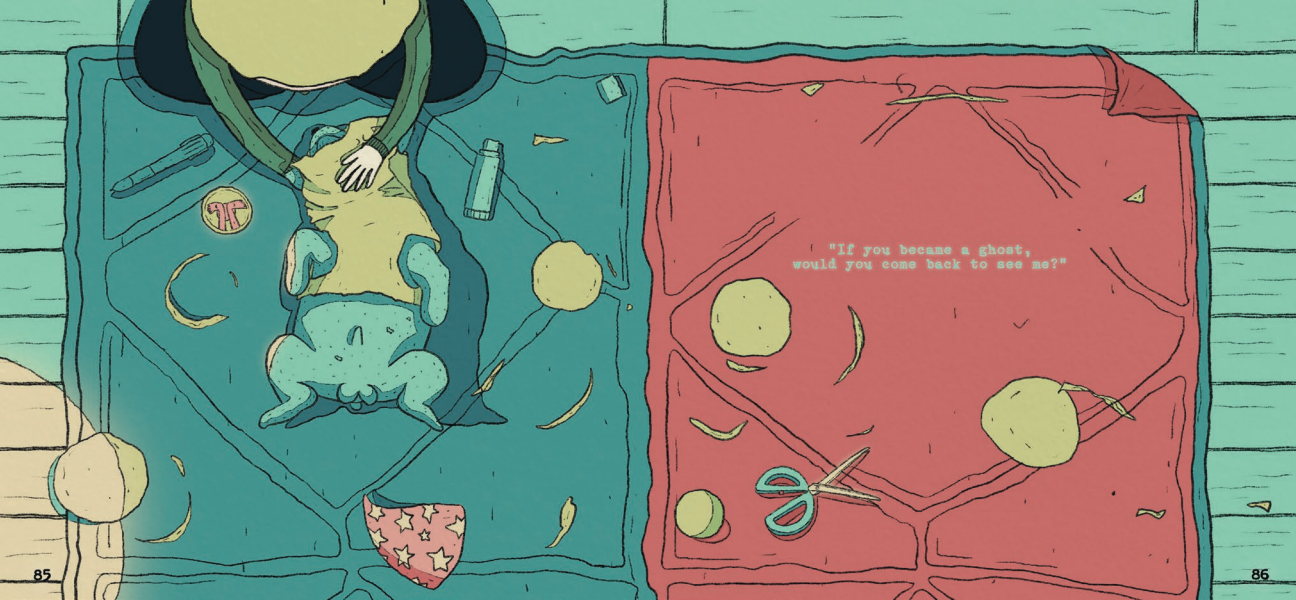


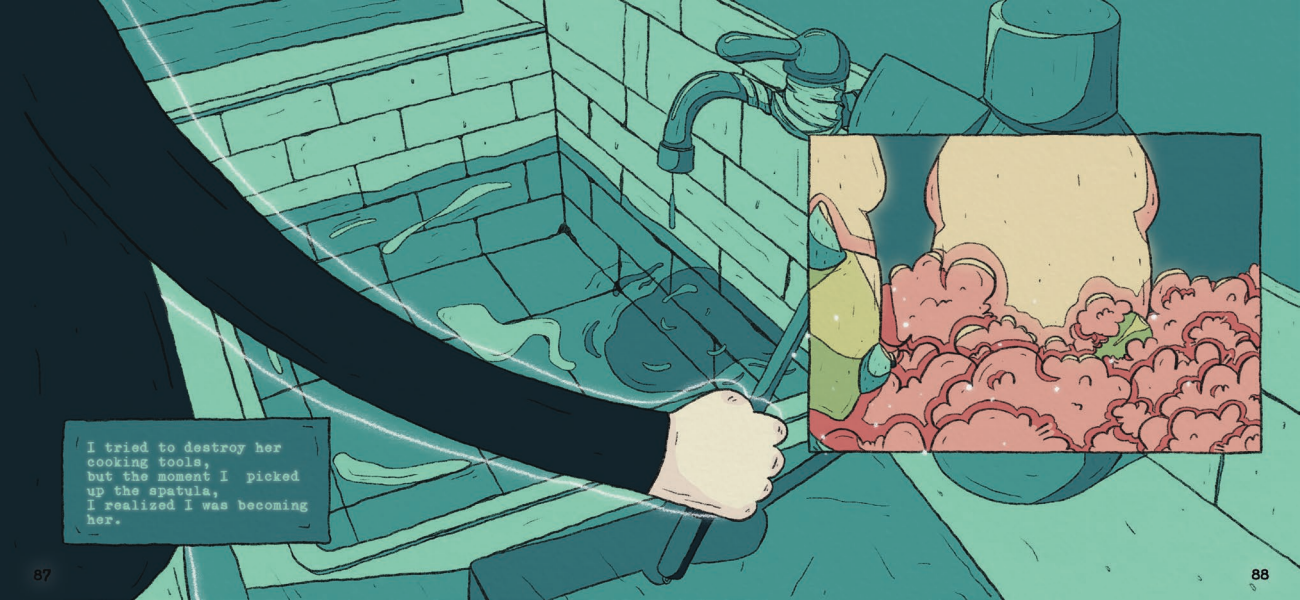


I shattered the statue she prayed to,
yet even without it,
she still tuned the radio to Buddhist chants,
still prayed for my safety.



I tore apart her apron,
but she simply put on another and continued her chores.



A hand in a black sleeve holds a metal spatula over a kitchen sink. The sink is filled with water and has a faucet with a single drop of water falling. A red rectangular inset in the upper right shows a person in a yellow shirt and blue apron cooking with a large pot of red, bubbly liquid. The background is a light blue tiled wall.

I tried to destroy her
cooking tools,
but the moment I picked
up the spatula,
I realized I was becoming
her.



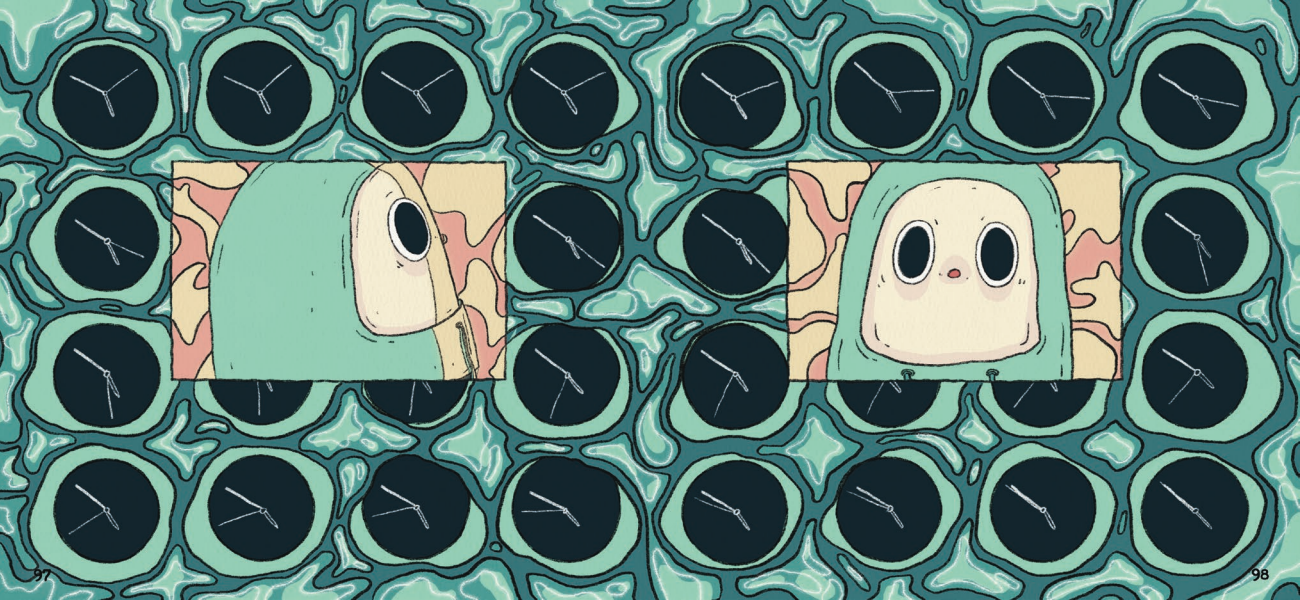
Then--
who was she, truly?

She was a cook.
She loved to sing.
She didn't need to serve anyone,
yet she had every right to love beauty.
She wasn't an accessory to anyone else's life.
She could be selfish.
She had beautiful eyes.
She deserved everything good.

"That have already done enough,"
her voice said from behind me.

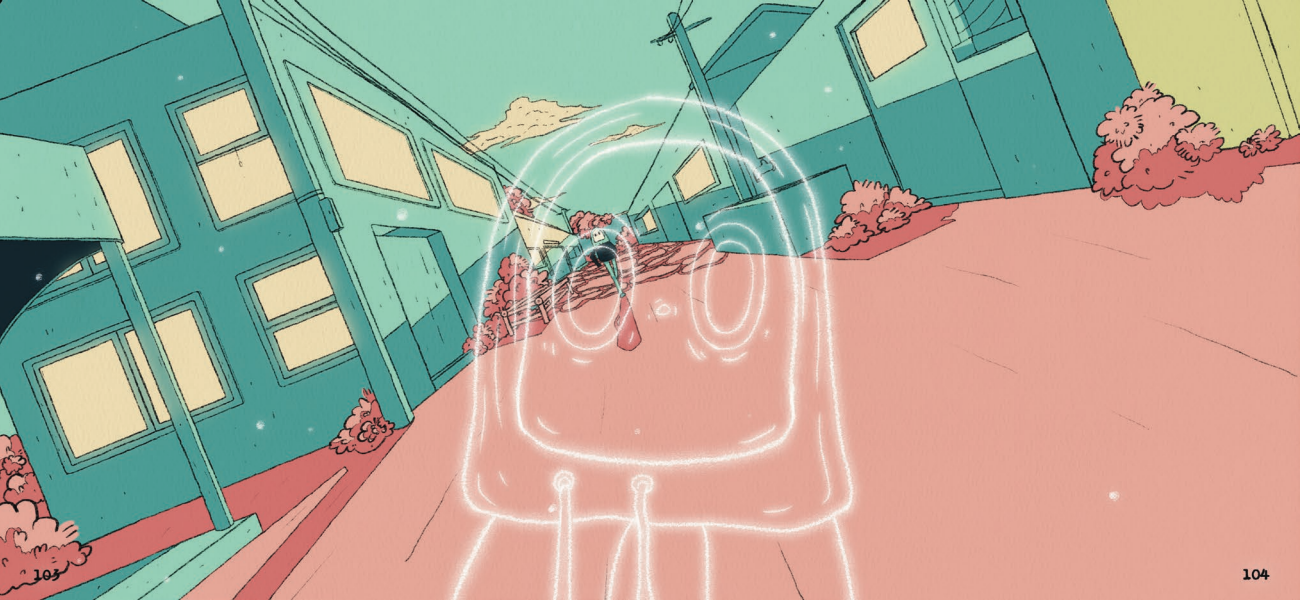






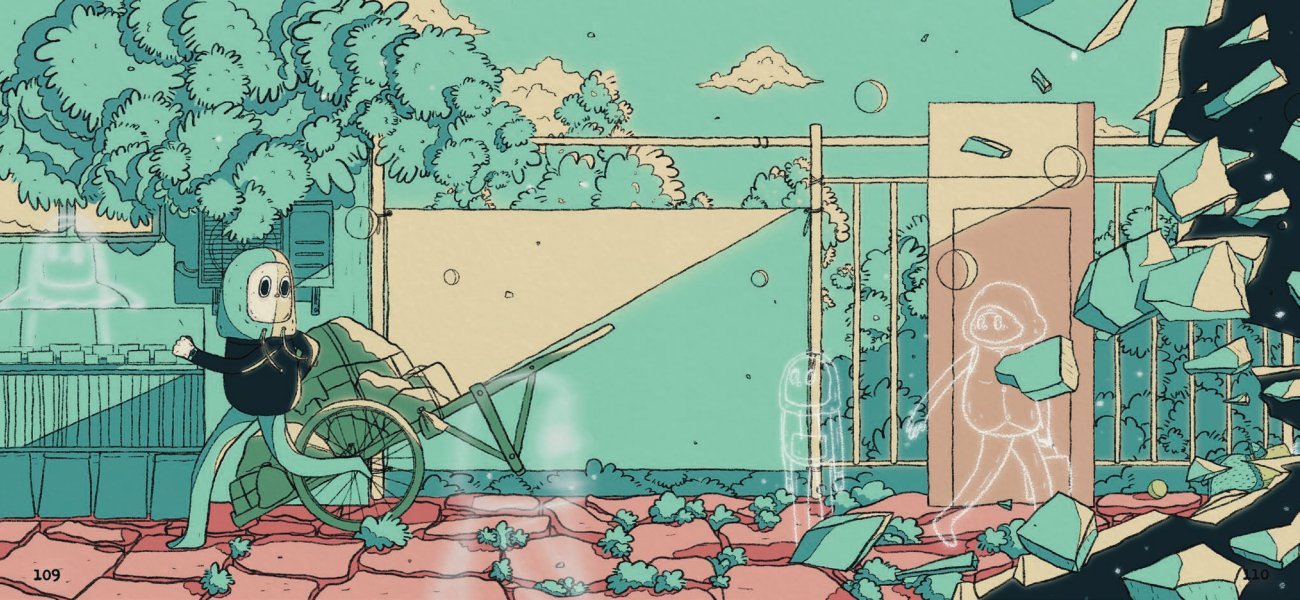


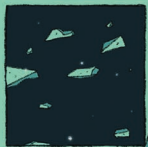


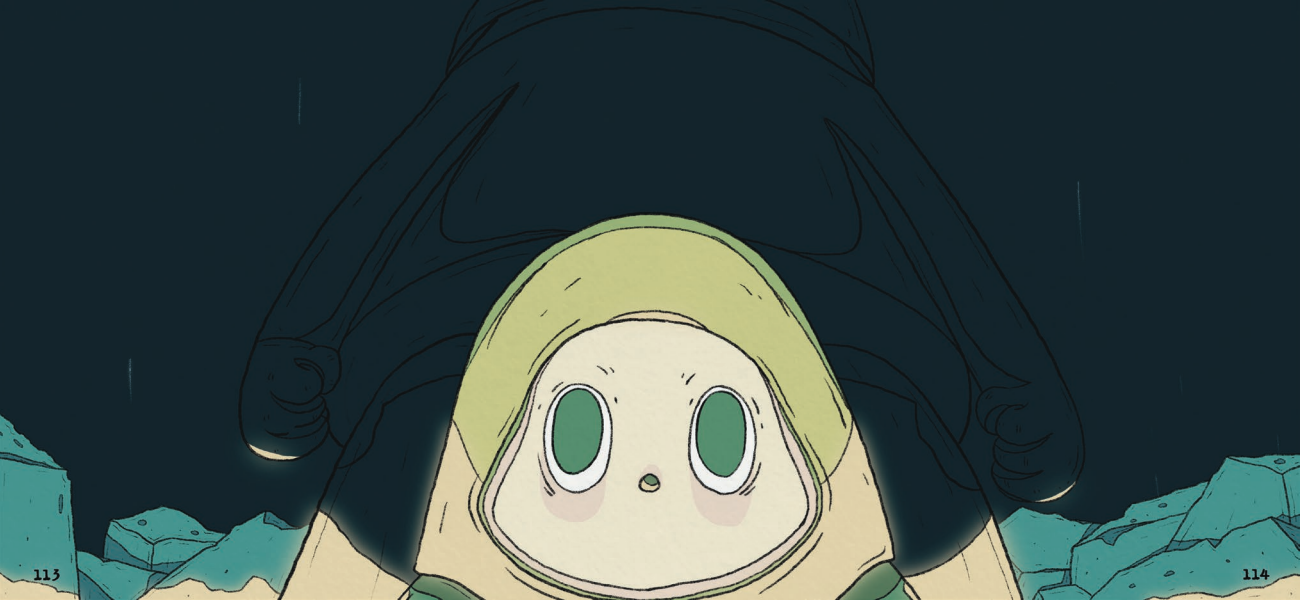


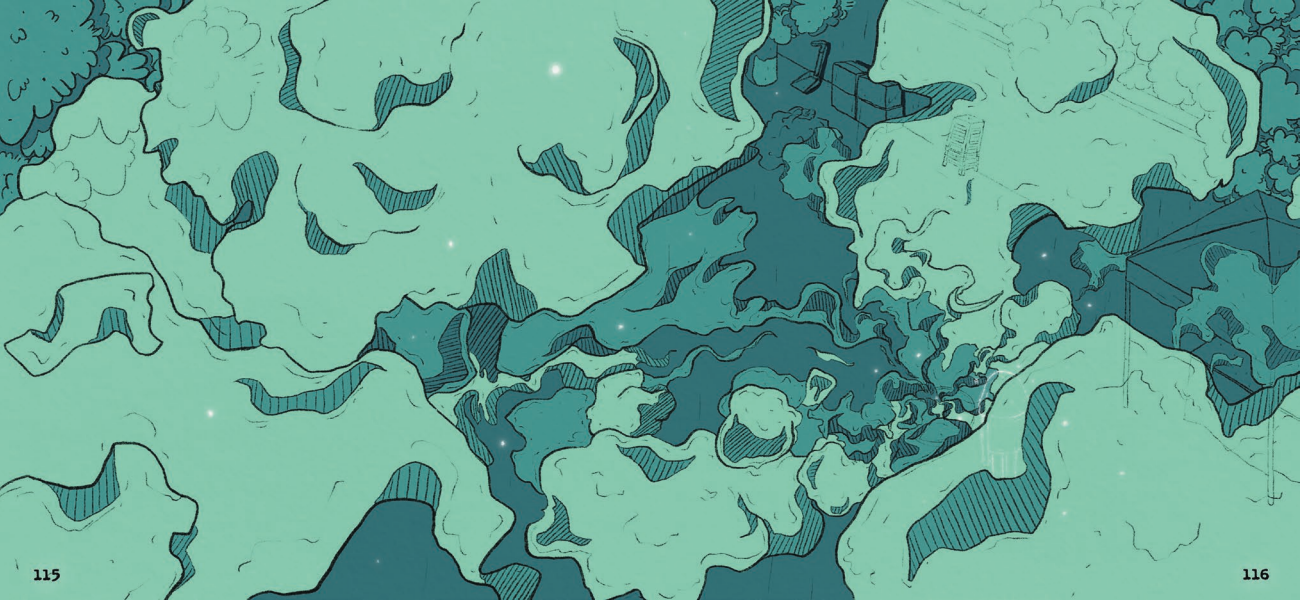


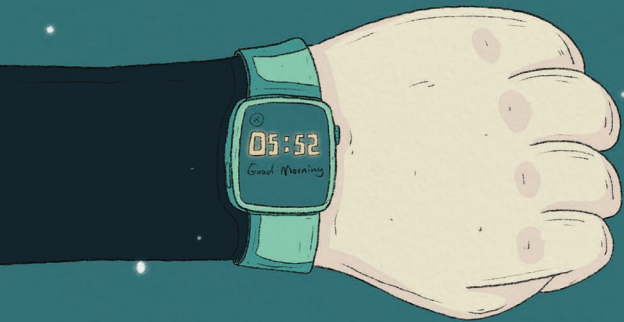




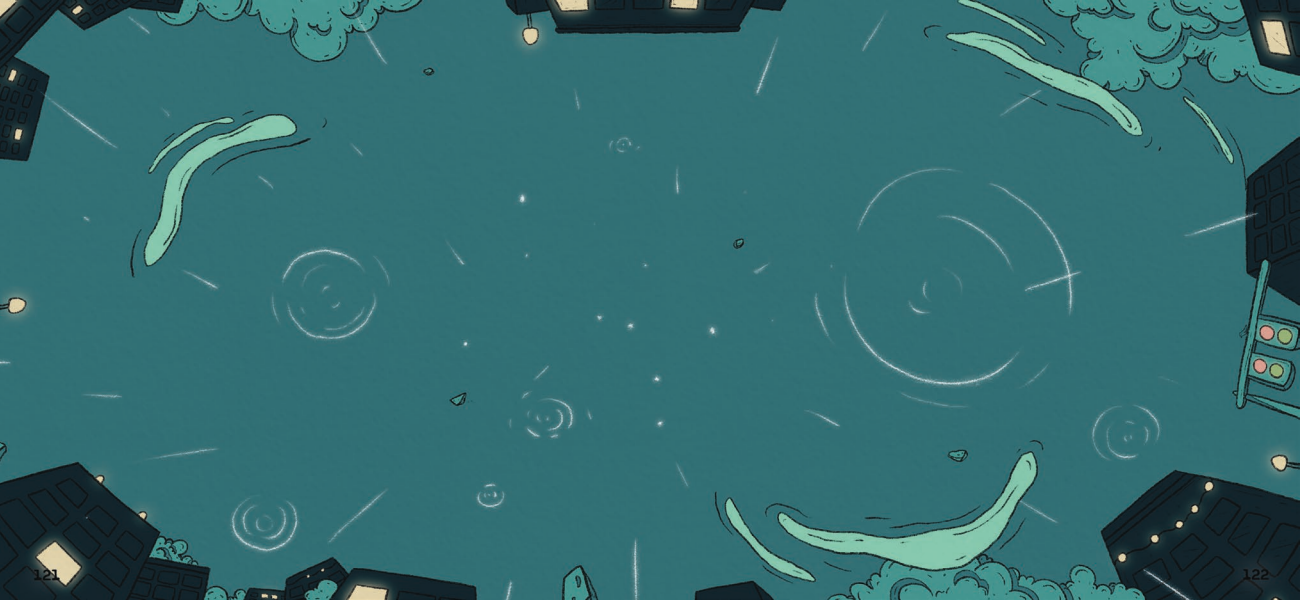


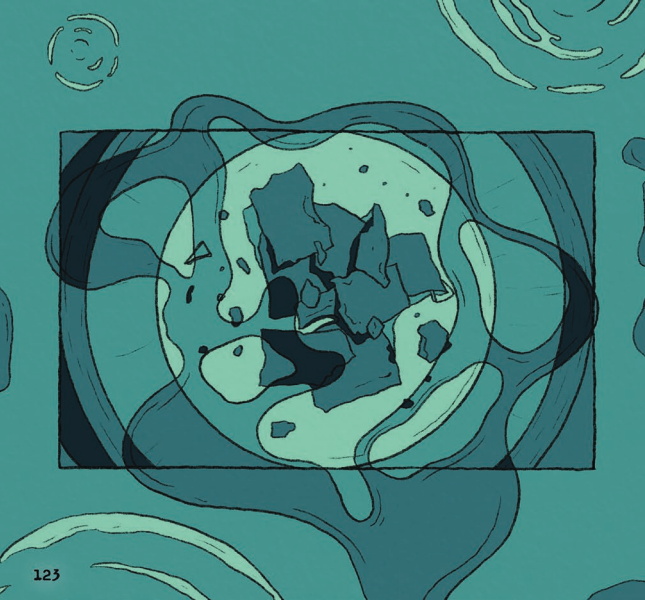






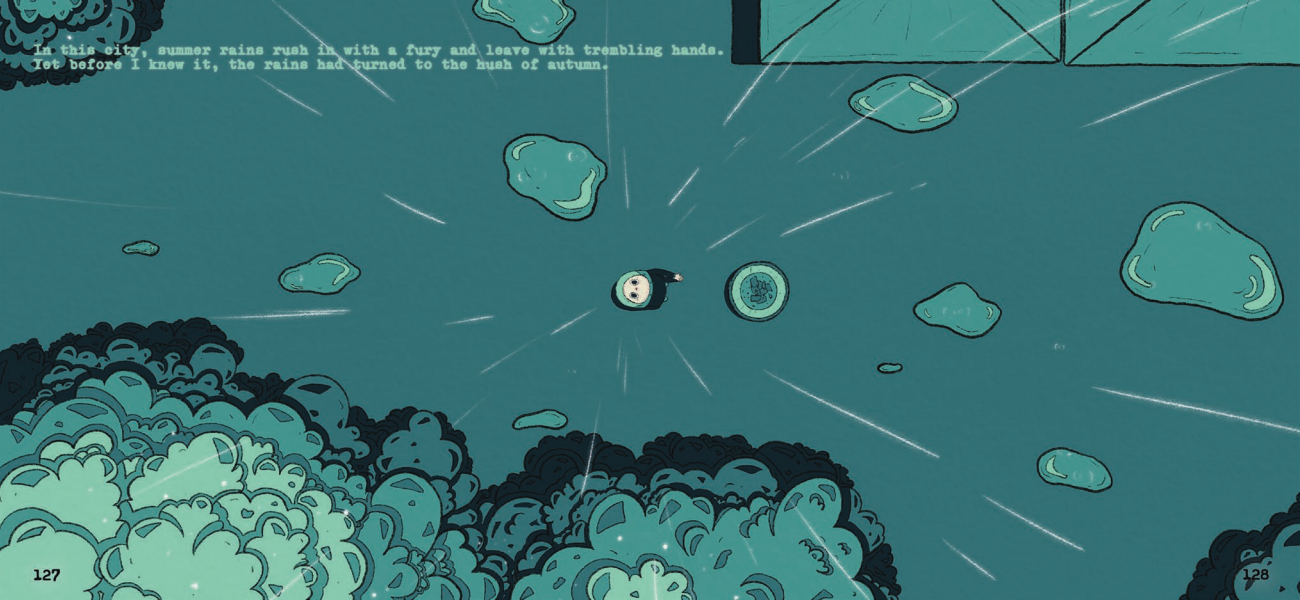








In this city, summer rains rush in with a fury and leave with trembling hands.
Yet before I knew it, the rains had turned to the hush of autumn.





等湿透的心听雨声
等身体回温

"Waiting--
until the rain-soaked heart begins to hear,
until warmth returns to this quiet body.

<如何>

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