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*True Romance*  
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I have a bad headache when I wake up in the noon. Alcohol remains in the body.  
I drank too much last night.  
Looking at the garden, her broken head is lying. I can't see her face dazzling due to backlight.  
It is beautiful.  
I cut her head off last night.  
Even though cut it off, she was a doll, so there was no blood and no screaming.  
I was expecting it somewhere in my mind. I was waiting for it.  
Will you let me hear your voice for the last time?  
I could remember her appearance, texture, and gesture, but I was forgetting her voice.  
I tried to remember her voice.  
It's almost a creation, because I've probably invented it each time I tried to remember it.  
This wasn't a drunk momentum, it was part of a careful plan.  
To be honest, I was tired of living with her and thought it was enough.  
I was completely sanity, but at the same time I was still drifting back in time. Only one person in this world. With a strong intention.  
So living with her was a grand project for me. She was a device that made the time of that time appear  
in the present. And to not to forget it.  
But now I knew it will be completed at last when I lose it.

