I looked up the word "widow" in a Japanese dictionary.

It said;

It means a person who should die with her husband but has not yet died.

A woman whose husband has died.

Originally it was a self-appointed term, but later it came to be used by others to refer to oneself.

....well, sure..., I am a woman who has not yet died.

Dan is dead and turned to ashes.

I'm still alive, but I'm dead.

Just like that; like a withered flower stuck in a vase.

The water in the vase looks like a swamp....

......l click my tongue.... ちつつつつ...... Guilty..... I'm still alive.

I am not as sentimental as I was last summer.

But,

I am not sentimental anymore, however,

The reality lies in front of me.

I laugh and cry.

My temperature is quite normal.

Sentimental is a pain in the neck.

A solo life, however, Dan is the reason I'm here.

So.

A solo life however, not a solo life.

However, extremely lonely, therefore, it is a solo life.

I can't touch Dan

I can't hear Dan's voice

I can't see Dan

A Solo Life is Bitter.

The right side of my body and the left side of my body

Go back and forth

Like two sides of a coin.

An eternal dance with no progress

The waves ebb and flow

Evaporating

A deep forest sinking in the swamp of abyss.

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I refuse sleeping with the lights off without Dan.

I have to turn off the lights

Dan is asleep Dan is just sleeping Sleeping peacefully

It's okay to sleep but sometimes, If Dan snores or farts, I can laugh However, Dan sleeps so quietly therefore, I feel lonely

Wake up, Wake up Dan! and shake me!

Goodbye, Yukimushi, the lovely flying wooly aphids I'm no longer the girl who rides her bike through swarms of autumn Yukimushi and massacres you all in an instant. A grimalkin is walking

Dan touches my soul Dan grabs my soul therefore, I answer I love you

If Dan is in love with a Goddess in heaven, If so, too bad.
I would be a heartbreak neurosis...

Goodby, Yukimushi, the lovely wooly aphids.

Heaven and earth

Do we have a distance?

You make the wind, the rain, and the thunder, all that a man in heaven can do.

I make phone calls to Dan Graham Studio. I hear Dan's voice says he is not at home at the moment. I refuse sleeping with the lights off without Dan.

I have to turn off the lights

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