Gender, Nature, Culture - YMG154

Maiko Hata

Instructor: Dagmar Lorenz - Meyer, M.A., Ph.D.

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Creative Writing: Reciprocity

One bright sunny day, I go out to the park and deeply breathe the smell flesh sunshine, it is green but not pure as if the smell of a slimy and mossy small stream and it reminds me of the smell of ditch in Ikebukuro, Tokyo. Visually it is exactly same as the melting butter on a pan, flesh and full of happiness and people are baking their skin and being exposed ultraviolet radiation. Beside people, flowers are blossoming and bringing out the color beautifully as if they are screaming before the death.

I notice the sounds of beaming lives: bees, birds, whirlpools of a stream cuddling close together. The speed of my life is become slower, even bees are not busy, they just surround me and whisper me like “It is okay to take your time”.

I walk further and find abandoned rubbish and a couple of bad-tempered mallards floating in a stream, both represent the result of (mass) production. Oddly I cannot distinguish which one is the living being, both plastic rubbish and mallards are originally born in the same planet, one is living with and the other is staying there forever without being destructed.

Sunny weather incites me to be active, do more exercise, be sociable, and be optimistic. My skin is burnt slightly and drying and I feel am craving for humidity and rainy season badly, everything is too bright here. But I cannot be sociable as much as the shining maple trees, as Anne of Green Gables says “maples are such sociable trees”. People are enjoying sunshine and conversation in the park, they are chatty as maple trees, but how could they optimistic in polluted water and beside rubbish?

I feel moisture from the plants, they are breathing opening and absorbing air and water just as my pores and organs -we are cohabiting and inhaling polluted air – con-spiring. Stomas on leaves of elm trees, oaks and cherry trees around me are surely pulsating with my heart and we are standing in the same spot. What I do has affected their bodies, and that will also give and impact on my body soon or later. It’s also me if it’s not me.