

「Bless the world」

Yuki Shohei

In a ruined world, the wind blows. The wind blows.
The birds sing. The birds sing.
The narration of the story goes on and on.
At the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth.
After a while, He created the sky and named it paradise.

I read a book made up of a sequence of numbers that never decay.
He murmurs softly.
“Human doesn’t exist in my world. Yet, I wonder if God exists”
No human exists in this world.
Humans have become extinct. A few centuries ago.

We, machines. Humanoids are made to love humans.
Even though I “know” it, I feel very upset and sometimes I cry for it.
The world has been put in order. No more prosperity in this land.

If we were able to define “personality” once again,
Everything is just about self-expression as a reaction to the external world.
And it’s the only way we can distinguish ourselves from others.

I have my own personality.
We, humanoids, all have “our own” personalities.

We're good at imitation. We're not good at creation.
But the more perfect programs have optimized themselves for self-preservation.
In other words, we’re rather long-living.
We have long-living lives, we’re embodied in machine shells with a human personality,
still not a person though.
We never grow old but we decay.
We imitated marriages, and we imitated funerals.
Still, we are able to claim that we have had emotions at those times, for those times.
We’re all born with our unique colors.
It’s a very, very beautiful thing.

The boundary lines are extremely vague and we have left them as they are for “our own self-protection”.

I can't help muttering to myself.

“Are people dirty ? And why ?”

There was no definite answer, and it was a silence again.

People did not perish merely because they were dirty.

We just follow the natural order in world as living organisms.

We become extinct as a species.

That's why people disappeared from the world while retaining their human dignity.

I thought of that all by myself. I was very much convinced all by myself.

I don't think people are weird.

A lovely one who lives as he is, letting his self-contradictions go.

All human beings are respectful. Life is respectful.

"You couldn't be God, could you ?

Tears flowed.

And then I remember.

My marriage.

My farewell.

And encounters.

Human created imitations of the animals that look almost exactly the same.

He was loved very much by his “master”.

Almost as vibrant as a living animal.

There is a pigeon right beside me.

With no power. The pigeon waits for the remaining time to stop ticking.

We used to call them partners.

One of the birds is now a “machine”, completely indistinguishable from the original true self.

He didn't have the strength to start flying from the beginning.

We were not given with that power alone.

A lovely and unique pigeon.

My precious one bird. One species for companion.

I say to the sofa on which I sit on, and to the pigeon wrapped in a blanket beside me.

"Did you want to fly ?

"No, not at all," the pigeon will probably retort.

But he was just scared. He said no simply because he was scared.

A pigeon that will soon stop all its functions.

I know I am not able to feel cold.

But that's not the point.

The negative energy and grief of losing a life made me think that way.

"I can't believe we're saying goodbye that soon. It's just so soon. Too soon."

Oh, my precious child is going to "die".

I can't think of anything else.

All our preparations became futile.

I felt so heartbroken that I burst into tears.

The pigeon cooed.

He saw me and gave me a purr.

As if it was his last "reaction" for me, he was gone then.

Oh, yeah.

I wonder when the tears will stop running out.

You don't have to force yourself to stop that anymore though.

You don't have to stop your tears.

Because that's for resolving our grief.

"...you. I flew till the end. You can fly. Somewhere in the big sky. I know you're out there.

I'm sure it wasn't in a logical way, but still, I couldn't help to think it was, it really was.

The sheer curtains of the large windows sway.

The air is fresh. Today, the wind is very strong.

The other side of the enormous sky.

A staircase made of reflection.

My child went to the same place as the humans did.

No difference there.

So I can fly.

Hope to see you again there on the other side.

Maybe it was my positive energy, my positive observation that saved me a little.

He then stood up and tried to close the large window.

Outside the window, in the sky. I look at the sky and murmur.

“Oh, it's a wonderful day to fly.”

Bless the world.

And in silence.

I closed the window with my hands.