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## When Remembrance Takes Root

2024

Any form of permanent farewell, regardless of the reason, is deeply painful. Death by natural causes, suicide, illness, disaster, accident, crime, and death brought about by conflict or war — each takes away people who are precious to us, in its own way.

Death is, in essence, something that happens to others. And yet, we find ourselves drawn to the character, the way of life, and the philosophy of those who have passed away. Each individual life can be understood as a shared resource of humanity. Whatever form it may have taken, its value is beyond measure. Our thoughts for the deceased and for those who came before us take root within us, quietly weaving history.

Death releases our thoughts toward those who have passed. Since the end of last year, several people dear to me have departed one after another. The moment I realised that I would never meet them again, they began to take deep root within my heart. I believe many people may recognise feelings like these.

There is a Japanese senryu that says:  
“Born alone, dying alone — why, then, can we not live alone?”  
Standing before this question, I find myself still, even now, wandering uncertainly.