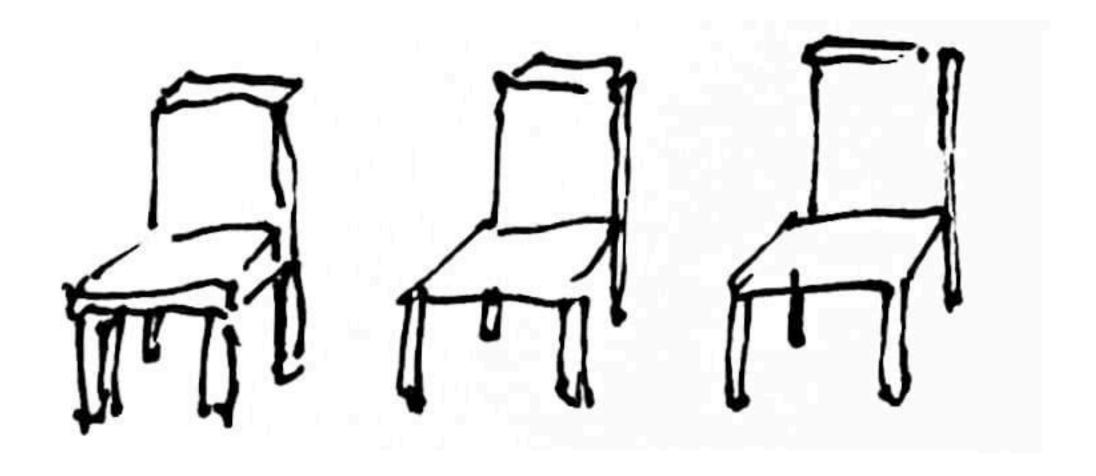
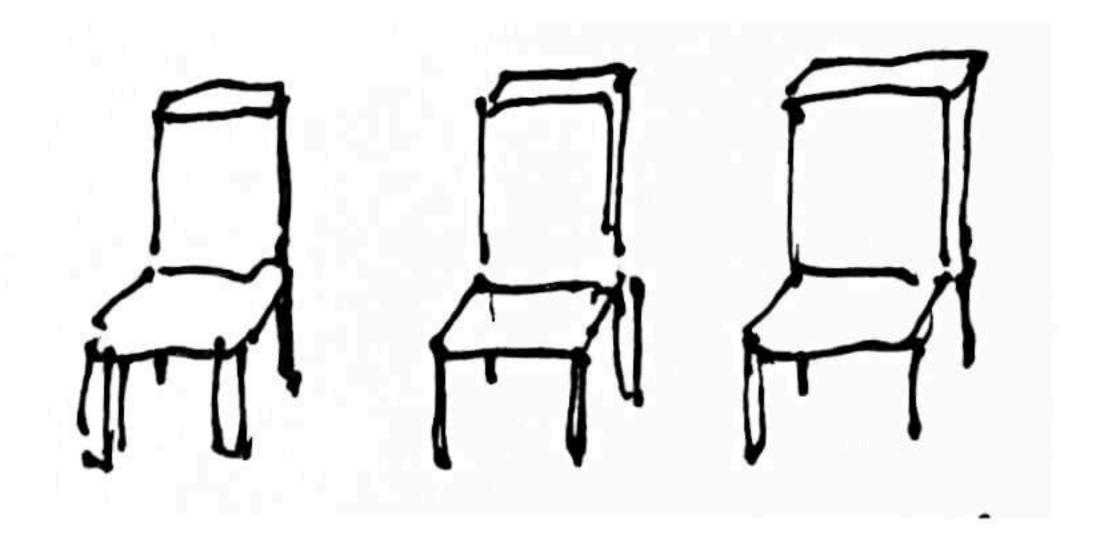
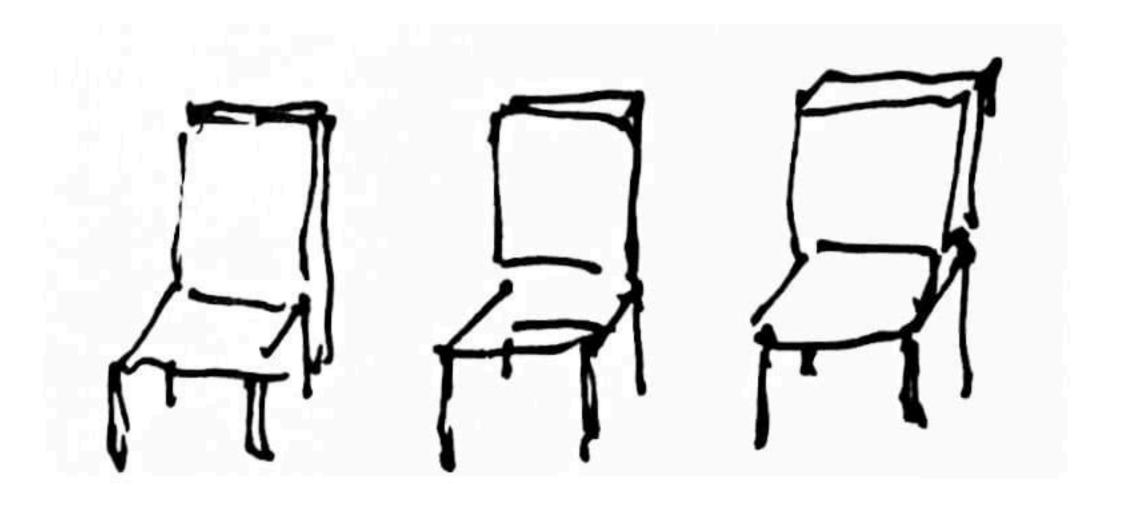
Thinking about



Thinking about

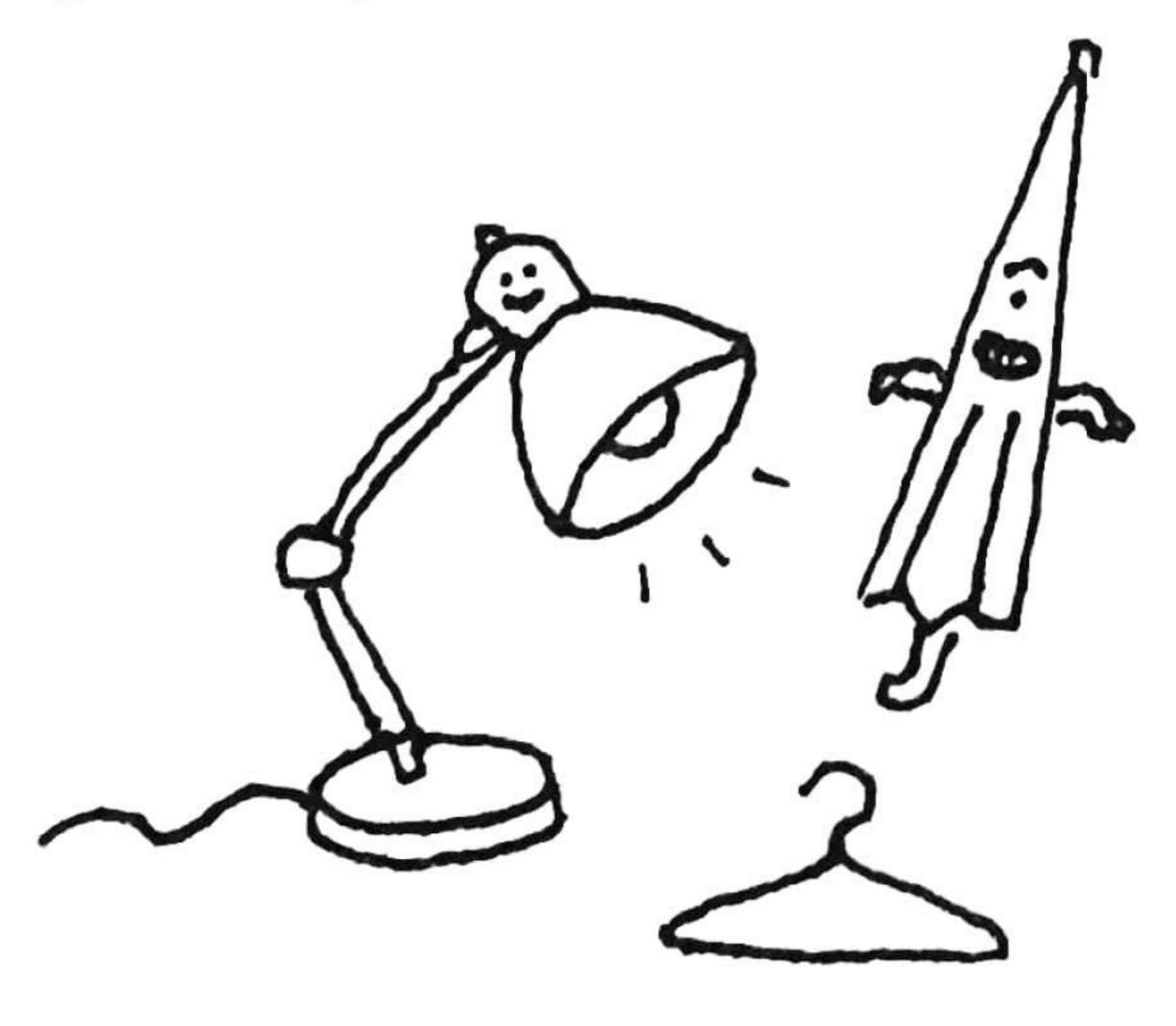


Memories



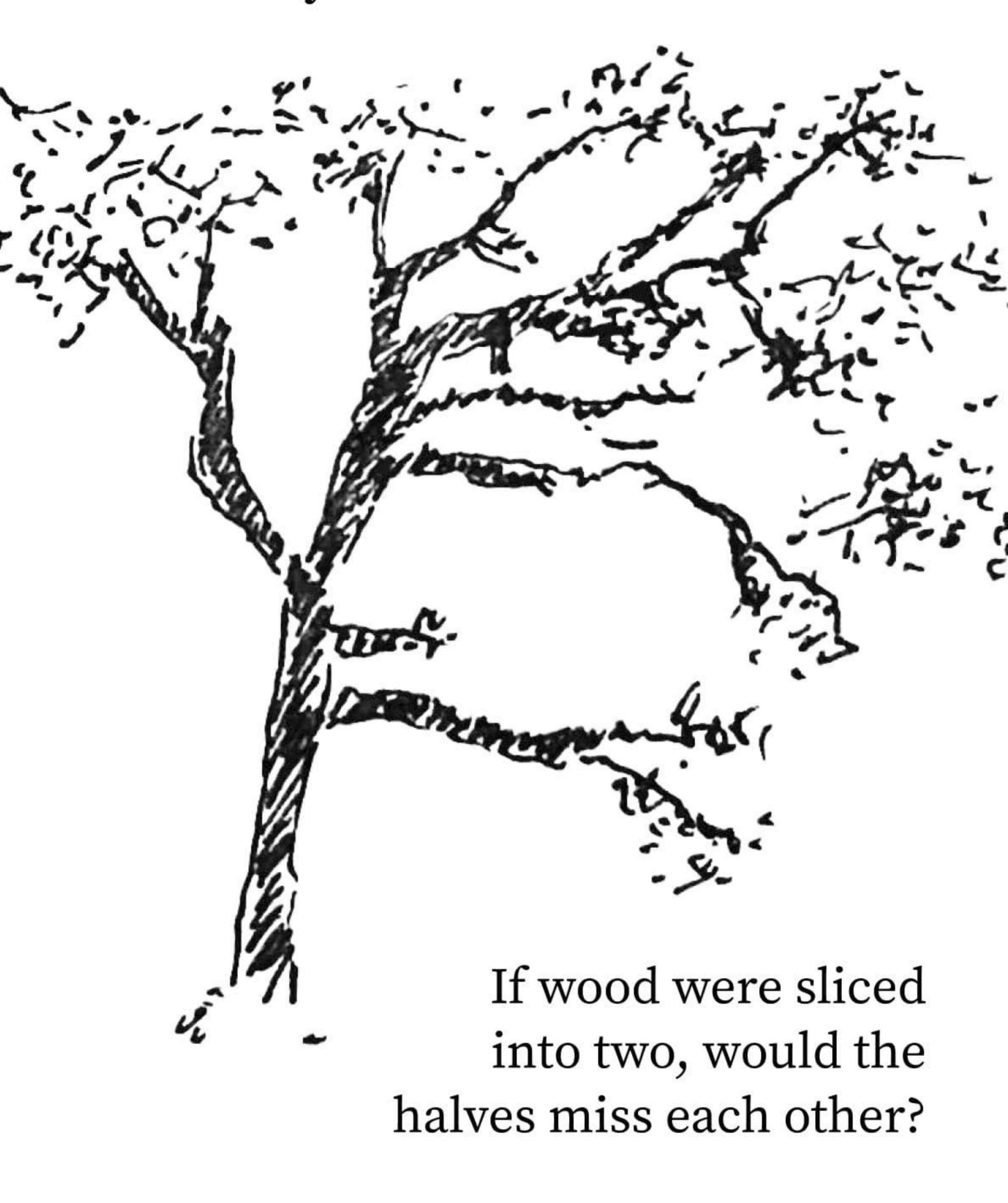
Chayapatr (Pub) A.

In Japanese folklore, tsukumogami are spirits of objects that lived past 100 years



They have their own consciousness, their own memories

But what memories would they have?



Maybe they'd be twins who are a childhood but diverge after separation.



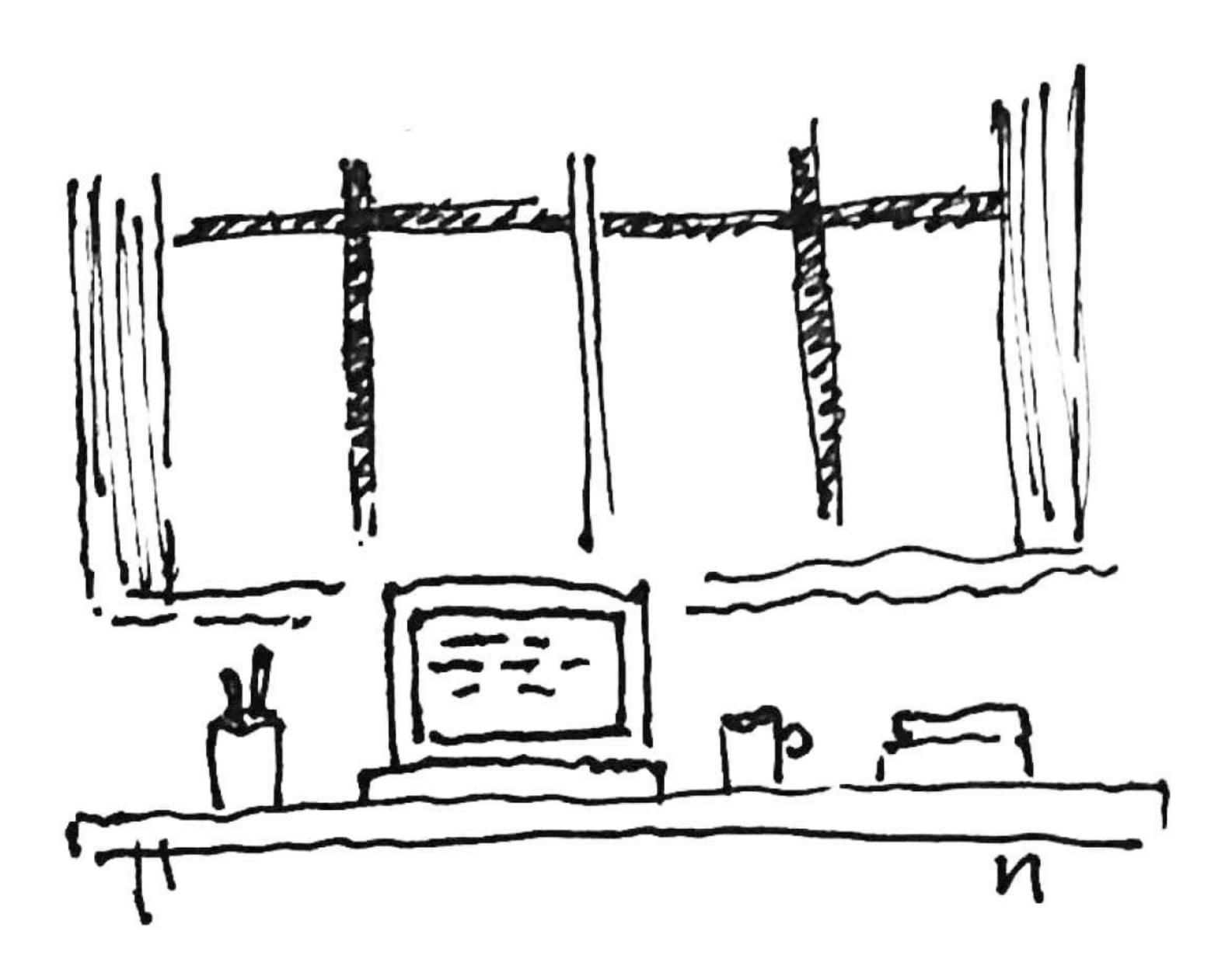
Each carries a phantom limb that is the other

Would a change of form feels like reincarnation?



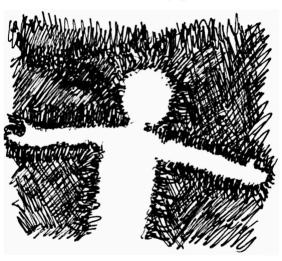
Does carved memory overwrites lived memory, or do they layered like tree rings?

Imagine a gathering of tsukumogami, all objects that once belong to a person

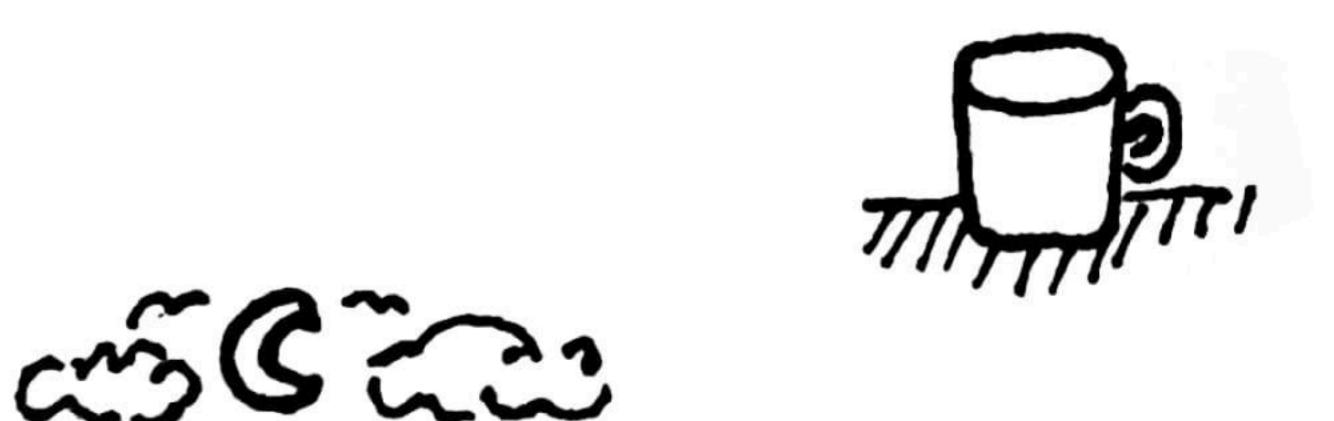


Long after the person is gone, would they talk about them sometimes?

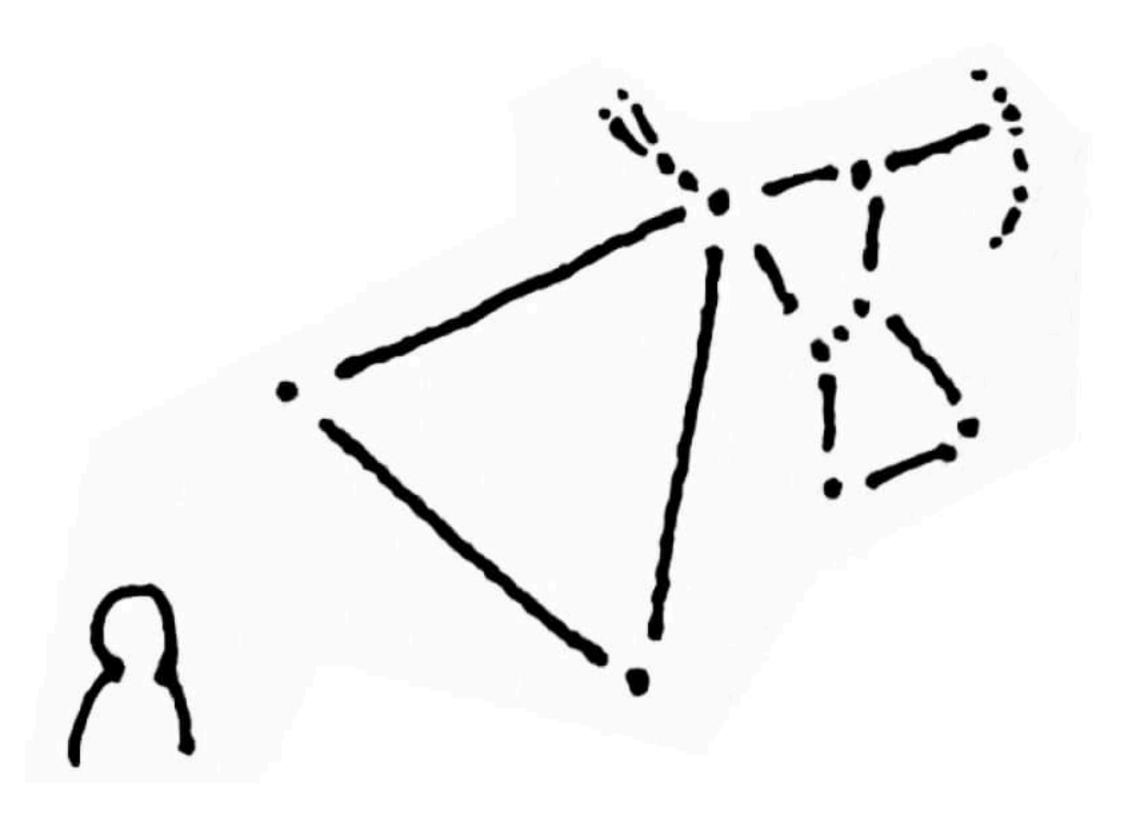
A presence might appear between the gaps.



In the space between every conversation. But never appear. The coffee mug knows the pressure of their thumbs.

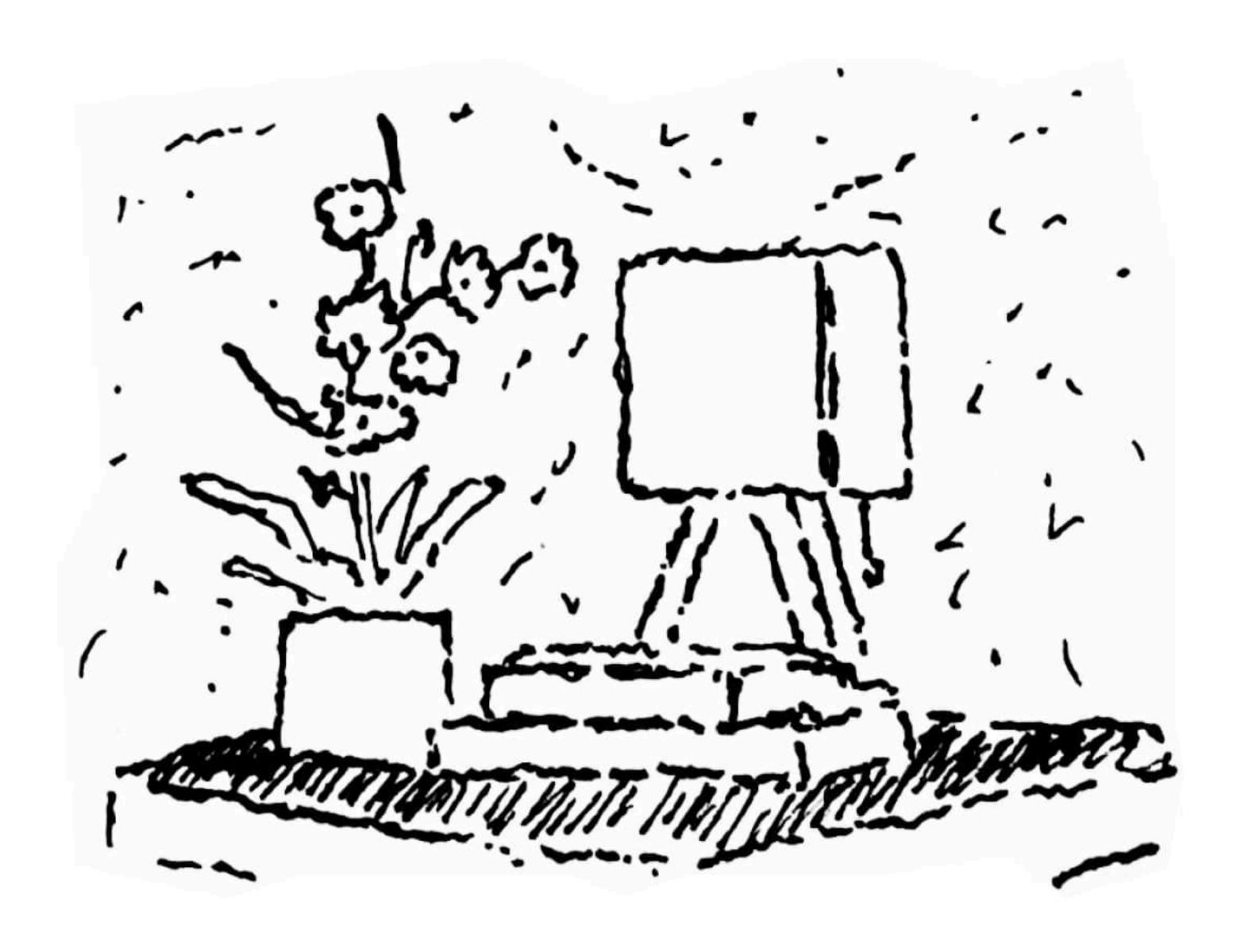


The blanket knows which night they couldn't sleep



But would they be able to actually understand them?

If I turn 100 and become a tsukumogami of myself, would the ghost me miss the living me?



Or would I finally understand what others always know about me?

When I die,

will my blanket, my coffee mug, my lamp

miss me?



Or do they already know a version of me

that I myself have never met?