

vulnerable

vulnerable people

Summer
Solstice
Issue



2026
#19

solstice



Vulnerable People?

脆弱な人々? People?

vulnerable peopleは、脆弱な人々たちが生き残るために行う術を尊重し紹介する、Web-based マガジン/プラットフォーム/メディアです。「vulnerable」とは、全ての人に該当する、「傷つきやすい」「感じやすい」という感覚を指します。

私たちは、あざを持っています。それは、生き延びるためのあざです。その内容は人によって異なりますが、切実さという面で共通しています。いつの間にか社会との繋がりを断ち、隠してしまった物事を見せ、共有することによって、社会と自身との循環を取り戻していくことを試みます。その行為が、社会変革につながり得ると私たちは考えます。

vulnerable people? 脆弱な人々?

vulnerable people is a web-based magazine/platform/media We believe that the meaning of "vulnerable" can correspond to all human beings.

ここでは、今まで見せられることのない、^隠あざを^見せていた言葉や感覚を伝えることができます。それによって息がいきやすくなり、身体が重くなります。そして生きることが色とりどりになり、本来の意味で生を自分たちのものにするこゝとなり得ます。そこに制限はありません。

We have art, This is for surviving. Whose reality depends on individuals, but the point of its indispensability is common. We try to regain the circulation with society by showing what we had to cut and exclude for some reasons. These actions could have political meanings and lead to a social transformation. and introduce the techniques that vulnerable people do to survive.

This magazine, vulnerable people, is also an intermediate community, which can play a role as a cushion between a huge system and individuals. We see the importance of having a place itself, where people who have something hard can make the intense/stiff bodies soft and loosened up, and speak out.

In the shared space, people can tell the words and senses, which have been hidden and never been displayed before. These processes make our bodies easier to breathe and move. Then our lives can be multi-colored and true. There is no limit.

CONTENTS

*1 vulnerable people?

*3,4 Shod Chances, Wearing in Miracles-Both Scattered All Around Us Kana Kimura

*5-8 ANUSCRIPTS FOR BROKEN HEARTS SANNA J. HIRVONEN

*9-24 KEEP pictures of Nothing in writing...13 mako fukuda

*25,26 Gathering in Nanbu, Tottori JP

*27 If I enjoy a cup of tea in the End, like this-

*28-30 The Garden of Maison de BONGO

*31,32 Sayuri Maekawa

*33,34 Surge on the surprising wave KaTe

*35 KANOUSEI Shop: ButsuButsu Grains of Possibilities

*36 Donation/Circulation



Shod Chances, Wearing in Miracles —Both Scattered All Around Us

Kana Kimura

A pregnancy and miscarriage that lasted about ten days, and the day my female bantam laid an egg.
I'll write about what happened around last summer.

{Pregnancy and Miscarriage}

I was terrified by the immense physical and mental changes I was going through. Was there any happiness? I can't tell anymore. I think fear was the dominant emotion within me. It felt as though my sense of "self" was being eroded and negated by "motherhood." My breasts were swollen, and the tips of my nipples throbbed with pain. My body was gradually becoming something unfamiliar. Was this confusion just a fleeting moment? As the new life inside me took over, I wondered if I could truly become a "mother" as just another living being on this planet... Surely, surely...

As I was thinking these things, the swelling in my breasts subsided, and my body returned to its familiar shape.

"The heart isn't beating," said the OB-GYN who examined my uterus with an ultrasound. I felt a mix of relief and the thought, "Oh, I've caused it." "Please don't blame yourself." "It happens all the time," she added. "After a while, a clot will come out along with some bleeding. When that happens, please come back."

I cherished every step of the process that followed. It was truly special.

A few days later, I noticed a little reddish-brown blood on my underwear. "Oh, it's coming out," I thought. I had plans to go out that day, so I put on a pad and got into the passenger seat of the car. Almost immediately, I felt a sharp pain in my lower abdomen. It hurt even more than my usual period cramps. Even as I grimaced and moaned, "It hurts, it hurts," for some reason, I felt only gratitude. I pulled the car over to the beach and felt the pain while watching the red sunset sink into the sea. Even if it was a miscarriage, I felt with every fiber of my being that I was giving birth just as I would have during a normal delivery.

"Even with a miscarriage, the uterus functions the same way as it does during a pregnancy. Your period will start again in about a month and a half," the OB-GYN said. "In the meantime, please give your uterus and body plenty of rest. That concludes your examination for now." Indeed, the dull pain in my lower abdomen lingered for a while. And I had the sensation that my thoughts were gradually returning to me. It felt like I had come back to myself—the self that views things from a familiar perspective. I remembered.

The day I took the pregnancy test, I had been so happy to find out I was pregnant, and I'd told my partner and a woman from a birth care service I'd happened to meet that day. It had all started with that happiness. I'd forgotten that, too.

Just as everything was getting back to normal, I happened to run into that woman from the birth care service again. Every life has a role to play. There's a saying that a miscarriage takes away the mother's physical imbalances or what the woman needs to let go

of, allowing the woman's body to heal. "People don't talk about it, but this is something many women experience."

{Synchronicity with Ha-chan}

Ha-chan, a female bantam chicken, started laying eggs that spring. It had been exactly one year since My partner took her in after she was being bullied by the other bantams. She used to have a mate, but he was killed by a weasel, so now she's the only one left. Whenever we go on a long trip, we put her in a cage and take her with me. That day, we were planning to stay overnight at a friend's house, we had gone there to play at the beach, and Ha-chan came along too. The next morning, Ha-chan was looking for a place to lay an egg. "Kwaaak, kwaaak, kwaaak, kwaaak~!" she cried out, wandering between the gaps in my friend's sofa and the stacked towels. Since she didn't seem to be settling down, I grabbed a blanket—even though I wanted to sleep a little longer—and invited her to nestle under my legs. She seemed to prefer a slightly dark spot. She squirmed around. Even through the rough fabric, I could clearly feel her gradually flattening out as she changed direction. It looked like she was settling in.

After a while, the towel blanket suddenly puffed up. A lump about the size of a thumb moved outward from between my legs, and a refreshed Ha-chan appeared. That was the moment she laid her egg. It's funny that our relationship is like that. All my friends were laughing too.

Once the commotion died down and I was fully awake, I said, "I'm going to take a shower!" and went to take one, only to find blood coming from between my legs. My period had started again.

{I see—so the egg is ovulation, too.}



7.5.2026

It was late. I didn't have many words left, only easy words, lonely words, I would sigh at the edge of my solitude, waiting for you to notice it's weight. What can two strangers do to each other when spring, in slow-motion, shatters into summer? I wouldn't know, I had no business asking, oh what a bummer to have packed a coward and a lunatic into the same, beating, melancholic, heart.

6.5.2026

I take count of my skin. After shower, sitting on the side of the double bed, I hold my softness and edges and learn my shape again. The angle of my shoulders sharper than before, my back smooth, a growl in my stomach reminds me to eat before bed. I write poetry in my own accord, I write my history on my birthmarked arms, they celebrated me when I could not. Baby, I am learning now.

23.4.2026

*My yearning body full of light: laugh
with me one more laugh, take one more drag
of your cigarette, you smoke so elegantly I will have to forget
everything about it entirely. I open my chest*

*like the wings of a bird, a magpie
in the middle of my sternum makes a case
for magic: I will rip apart every last cage
that has kept me so foolishly down.
I'll fly through doors that stay open.*

*And a birdsong yet left unspoken: I promise
to let the thought of you rest. I know your broken
heart cannot be rushed, no behest
will be suitable nor enough! to forge time
ahead of its passing. I'll come*

*and I'll go, and I'll come back again,
let the blackbird sing dusk on my second-hand heartache,
if only to watch you light another cigarette.
If only to witness you laugh.*

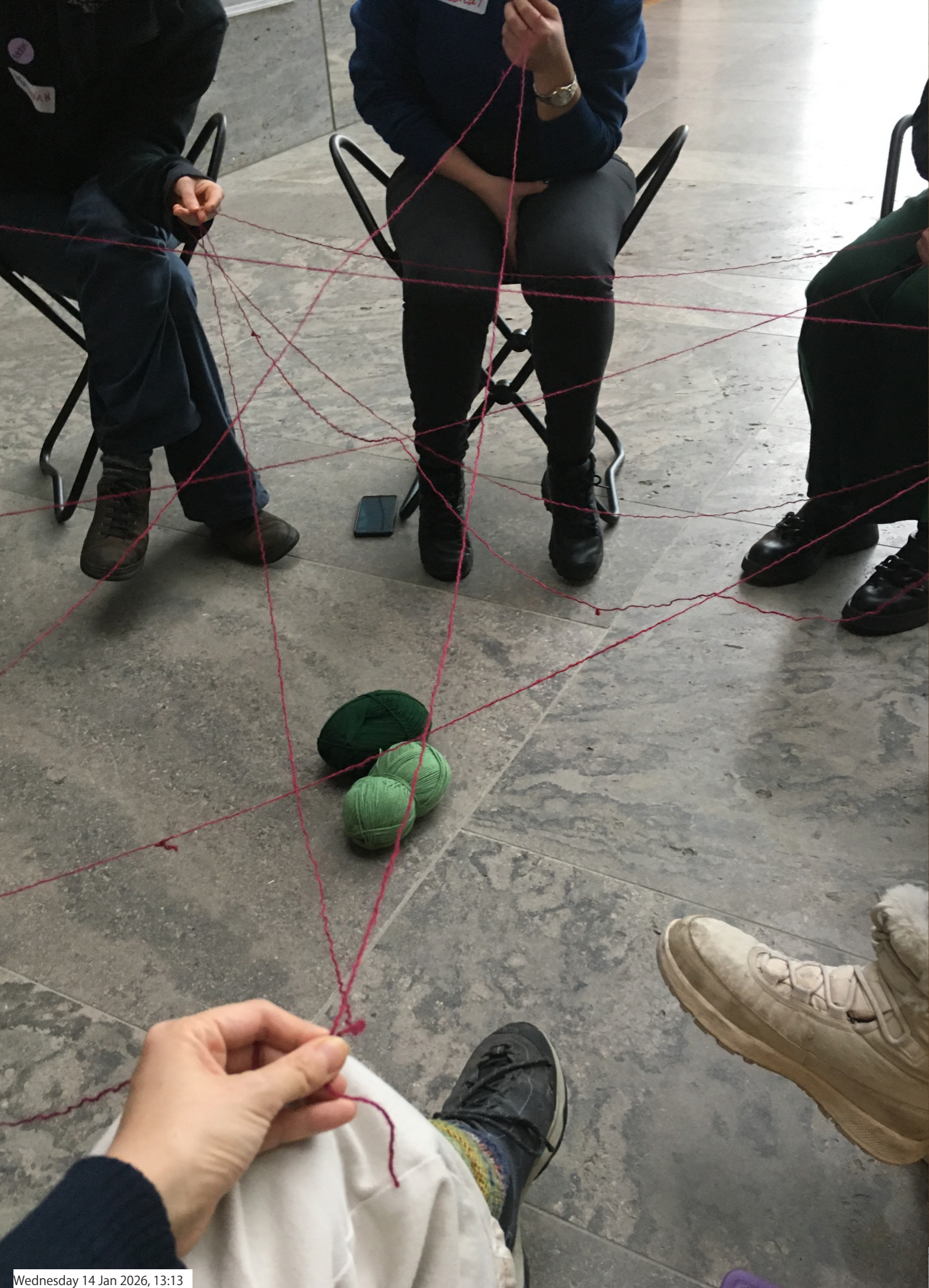
17.5.

read write sit in the sun move think walk run laugh taste look at the water heal heal heal heal

This spring, I have written more poetry than in years.

18.3.2026

What a sweet thing: almost home, from the embrace of one friend to another's, we keep each other well and hold our sorrows carefully. Birches in bloom, the canals run slowly, I travel to the belly of the empire and take the hand of a comrade: what a sweet horrible thing it is to live at all. I write myself to clarity and courage, and the cherry blossoms, lilac perfume, I think of all the softness it takes to feel at all. What an impossibility learning to love like this, but anything else means death. Heather, hawthorn, weather permitting, next time we meet I will make you laugh like hell and we will plot death to death itself. I cry, I cry: what a sweet thing it is to love like this, what a sweet thing to love at all.



Wednesday 14 Jan 2026, 13:13
Throwing a ball of yarn, picking it up, and passing it on to the next person again. I like the anonymity of workshops.



Thursday 22 Jan 2026, 21:39
When I ate a dried persimmon, it contained six seeds, and they were so beautiful that I couldn't bring myself to throw them away. When I told my father about it, he said that when he was a child he used to compete by counting the seeds in dried persimmons too.

Keep pictures
of nothing in
writing._13

mako fukuda



Friday 26 Dec 2025, 11:53
My favorite candle and candle holder.



Thursday 1 Jan 2026, 18:27
New Year's Day! This year, we had a huge platter of sashimi. It was amusing to watch everyone keep reaching in with their chopsticks.



Saturday 3 Jan 2026, 16:19
This year, we also made mochi. Watching everyone shape the freshly pounded mochi into rounds was such a lovely sight.

This record began because I wanted to keep traces of everyday moments—not flashy, eye-catching photos, but small, ordinary scenes that may seem insignificant, yet feel beautiful and irreplaceable to me. The photos were taken

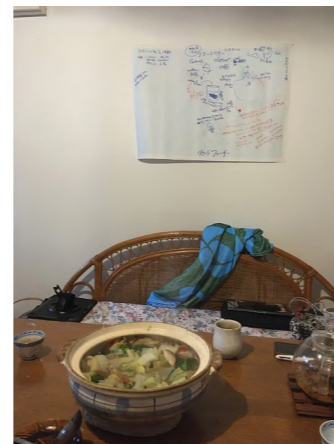
-with my phone,
-nothing serious,
-and unintentional.

When I look at the accumulation of photos of everyday life, I can trace the traces of the things I saw, ate, talked, made, played with, received, found and enjoyed. In this way, I find my everyday life wonderful, lovely and precious.

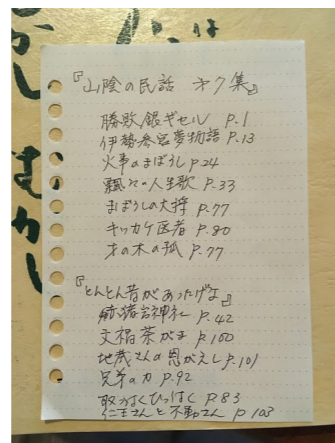
Until now, I had been making this record four times a year. Starting with this issue, it will be published twice a year instead. Since what used to be a record covering roughly three months now encompasses six months, this installment has become quite substantial. In addition, the process of looking back on the past has once again reminded me how irreplaceable this time is to me. What deserves to be kept, and what can be left behind? It is a question I expect to keep confronting for years to come.



Friday 9 Jan 2026, 16:09
When I got home, a row of snowmen was waiting outside. Their scarves were adorable. We had a lot of snow this year.



Tuesday 20 Jan 2026, 13:14
The artist residency in Nambu, Tottori has begun. I'm truly grateful to have been given an opportunity like this.



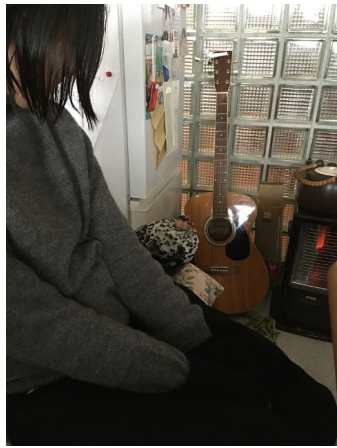
Wednesday 21 Jan 2026, 15:51
They put together this list for me, thinking it might be helpful for my research. I was deeply moved by their hospitality.



Wednesday 21 Jan 2026, 20:48
I think this was nagaimo? Sliced thin and eaten like sashimi, it was absolutely delicious.



Tuesday 20 Jan 2026, 11:34
Darning the knee is nice because it can be done while wearing them. It's oddly soothing.



Thursday 22 Jan 2026, 11:02
I always felt that Haa-chan gently watched over us.



Thursday 22 Jan 2026, 14:25
Five forks.



Thursday 22 Jan 2026, 16:50
I was shown a variety of fermented "friends." In particular, mead made by fermenting honey was surprisingly delicious.



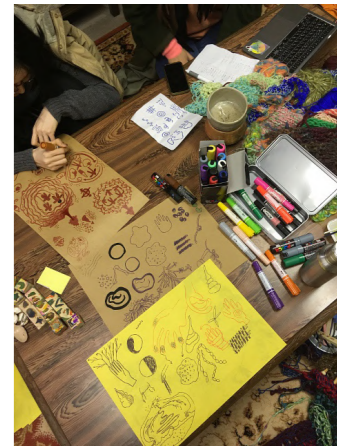
Wednesday 28 Jan 2026, 19:16
Did you know? "Ai no Skal." I thought it meant something like "rain of love," but apparently it actually means "cheers" in Danish. Delicious.



Friday 30 Jan 2026, 16:01
At the post office the staff member were incredibly kind. They even thanked us, saying, "You're clearly used to filling out the forms, so that really helps us," and I ended up receiving a Genji Pie as well. I was quite taken aback.



Sunday 1 Feb 2026, 18:03
The tag that came with the clothes she bought at a vintage shop was so cute that she's left it on as it is. Apparently, it's a tag that stays on clothes sourced by the buyer who purchased them. So cute.



Monday 2 Feb 2026, 20:14
We are in the process of making a T-shirt for barter at "Kanousei Shop Butsubutsu." We thought about how to translate the wisdom we have learned into imagery, and how to pass it on through oral tradition.



Friday 23 Jan 2026, 15:48
I remember being moved by the fact that these earrings symbolized something, but I can't recall what it was.



Saturday 24 Jan 2026, 10:16
During my stay in Tottori, we made chai almost every morning. The freedom to combine different tea leaves and spices was fascinating. And soy milk in Japan is delicious.



Saturday 24 Jan 2026, 14:42
We went to fetch water. During our stay, the drinking water came from a spring or water we collected in the village. Now, different tap water flows through my body again.



Sunday 25 Jan 2026, 18:47
Me, looking happy holding a turnip as big as my head.



Friday 6 Feb 2026, 10:22
A magic circle has formed.



Saturday 7 Feb 2026, 17:52
"Tsubu." This is Maka-chan's tsubu (grain).



Saturday 7 Feb 2026, 19:49
Shoulder pad-chan. It has a cute face, but shoulder pads were originally used as a way to make the body look larger and to move through a male-dominated society on more equal footing.



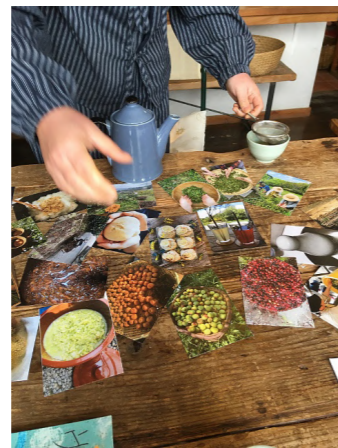
Monday 9 Feb 2026, 14:07
Dogs staring at us. When I first met Rin-chan, she was introduced to me as "cute, but her breath is really bad," which I found quite funny.



Monday 26 Jan 2026, 12:05
We received yarn from a neighbor that was no longer needed at home. We'll use it to knit a large blanket together.



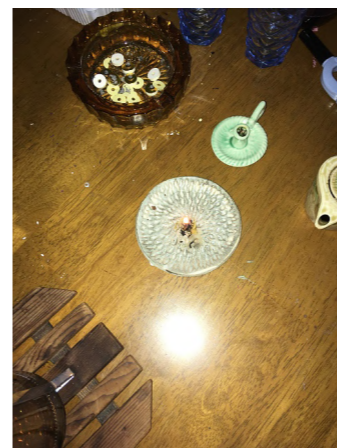
Monday 26 Jan 2026, 19:17
That large turnip, now cut in half and standing upside down.



Wednesday 28 Jan 2026, 12:34
When a community keeps moving with good energy instead of stagnating, even the soil in a community garden improves and becomes healthier. It was an eye-opening idea, but it made perfect sense.



Wednesday 28 Jan 2026, 16:52
I visited an elementary school for the first time in a long while and felt very excited. Everything was so small.



Wednesday 11 Feb 2026, 13:35
Moxibustion sessions also began during this stay. I want to remain mindful of the simple fact that we can take care of our own body ourselves.



Wednesday 11 Feb 2026, 19:05
I was given some sparkling umeboshi.



Wednesday 11 Feb 2026, 19:25
When we first met this time, we both had the feeling that we might have met before and it turned out we had actually met about ten years ago in Tokyo.

It already felt like a coincidence that I had ended up here on this day in this place, but discovering the truth was even more surprising. I couldn't believe something like this could happen. My mother had also been there ten years ago, and when I explained the whole chain of events to her, she said, "Do you mean this person?" and somehow knew exactly who it was. She wasn't even that surprised, which surprised me even more.



Friday 13 Feb 2026, 10:51
I am one of this child's ten uncles and aunts, and I feel very happy and proud about it.



Monday 16 Feb 2026, 12:03
My hands look so cute. I gave myself a ring as a graduation gift.



Monday 16 Feb 2026, 21:15
Purikura with my family. I made my parents walk around Akihabara in the rain for quite a while before we finally managed to take it. Maybe there just aren't that many purikura machines in Akihabara.



Thursday 19 Feb 2026, 21:15
The light blue jacket I got in Tottori. I wasn't sure if I would actually wear it, but I was surprised by how much my mood lifts in winter just from wearing a bright-colored jacket. Highly recommended.



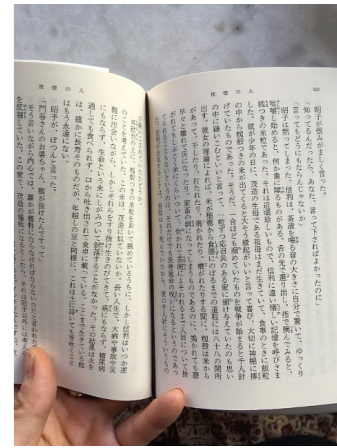
Wednesday 11 Mar 2026, 14:18
The power of colorful colors!



Wednesday 11 Mar 2026, 17:09
I saw a double rainbow. Every time I see a rainbow, it reminds me of the saying about lucky and unlucky people. A rainbow doesn't appear only over someone's head. It's about whether you notice that it's there or not.



Sunday 22 Mar 2026, 12:30
Around this time, I started enjoying getting dressed again and went out wearing lots of outfits I liked.



Sunday 22 Mar 2026, 13:28
It is said that there are eighty-eight checkpoints on the journey rice takes from rice ears to the dining table, and that because of this, a grain of rice still with its husk is considered to carry a blessing of longevity and extended life.



Tuesday 24 Feb 2026, 07:40
I restarted journaling this year. I really enjoy sticking lots of stickers everywhere. It feels okay to leave behind plenty of records of my life while I'm alive. I'll think about what comes after that when the time comes.



Tuesday 24 Feb 2026, 15:48
I was surprised by how delicious this strawberry milk jam I bought in Tottori is. It's dessert on its own.



Wednesday 25 Feb 2026, 19:16
Shiny, freshly harvested vegetables! Thank you!



Sunday 1 Mar 2026, 12:00
Such beautiful handwriting.



Sunday 22 Mar 2026, 14:29
I was writing in my journal at a café when a child, probably of elementary school age, started talking to me. "Are you collecting stickers too?" she asked. I said yes, and she told me she was collecting them as well and even had a sticker album at home. We ended up swapping stickers.



Sunday 22 Mar 2026, 15:30
It was a very nice toilet.



Sunday 29 Mar 2026, 15:42
The watering cans in the cemetery were not shared at all; each one was individually locked with a key.



Thursday 2 Apr 2026, 12:34
I finished knitting socks for my mother and wrapped them up. They turned out super cute.



Friday 6 Mar 2026, 21:25
The performance is full of humor and gives you energy, while also making you want to savor the atmosphere of the moment.



Sunday 8 Mar 2026, 00:46
Vegan Gumi-chan.



Sunday 8 Mar 2026, 17:14
Since it was International Women's Day, there were many events and demonstrations in the city. I didn't have the energy to go to a large gathering this time, but it's nice to know that these smaller alternatives also exist.



Sunday 8 Mar 2026, 18:40
Playing house with wooden pieces. I believe everyone had this kind of creativity when they were children.

She liked the horse and leaf stickers I had, and I chose her kitten and fairy stickers in exchange. When I was a child, I could never bring myself to give away my favorite stickers to anyone. I was deeply moved by how generous she was, saying, "You can pick whichever ones you like!"



Wednesday 8 Apr 2026, 14:36
Friendship bracelet workshop. The time spent at the museum is strangely both exhausting and soothing at the same time.



Wednesday 8 Apr 2026, 21:01
When I ask, "Where is the pig?", Saga-chan now brings me a pig toy. But the other day, she brought a snake toy, so she probably doesn't fully understand yet.



Thursday 9 Apr 2026, 22:22
I received a small hat.

6

JUNE
JUN 1 2018

MONDAY
MUNDAY

TUESDAY
TUWEDAY

WEDNESDAY
WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY
THURSDAY

FRIDAY
FRIDAY

SATURDAY
SATURDAY

SUNDAY
SUNDAY

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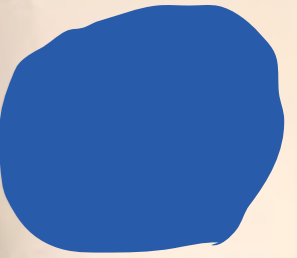
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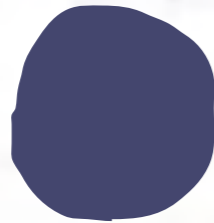
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Guided by the person I have yet to become,
as time flows backward.

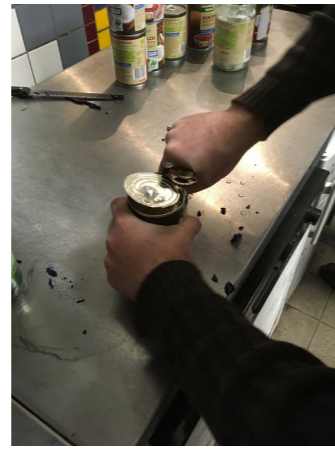
JULY
JUL 1 2018



Saturday 11 Apr 2026, 09:52
I tried mini LEGO for the first time. It was really fun. I can understand why people get hooked on it.



Wednesday 15 Apr 2026, 20:08
The sky was beautiful again on this day.



Thursday 16 Apr 2026, 19:53
Someone used an old can opener I had never seen before.



Friday 17 Apr 2026, 12:03
Seeing plants growing out of what feels like concrete really makes me feel that life, once given, finds a way to make use of itself somehow.



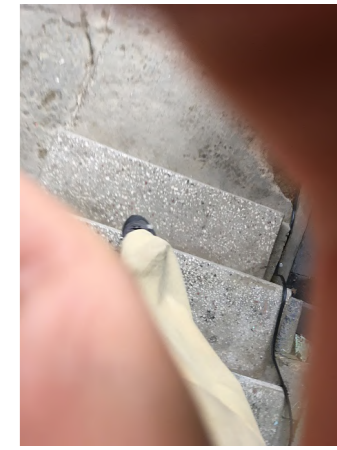
Sunday 26 Apr 2026, 13:05
First solo errand completed successfully.



Monday 27 Apr 2026, 19:36
Why is it that an empty plate after eating feels so appealing?



Thursday 30 Apr 2026, 13:00
This yogurt was incredibly creamy and absolutely delicious.



Sunday 3 May 2026, 14:52
Days of constant movement.



Friday 17 Apr 2026, 19:48
At the exhibition, I ate "Seledka pod shuboy" It is said to be eaten on festive occasions in Russia and other countries. It was unbelievably delicious. It is made of layers of herring, potatoes, eggs, beets, and more.



Friday 17 Apr 2026, 20:43
"Do you want to turn back time?" It was a very cute exhibition. I felt happy that an artist like this lives in the same city.



Thursday 23 Apr 2026, 00:21
Amulets are pasted on the wall.



Sunday 10 May 2026, 01:00
I got my face painted. My face is sparkling, and I'm happy.



Monday 11 May 2026, 21:27
This time of year there seem to be many products labeled specifically as "ham for white asparagus" all tied to white asparagus season, so we decided to test whether they actually go well together. The result: they did.



Tuesday 12 May 2026, 04:40
The moon is beautiful. The wind feels pleasant.



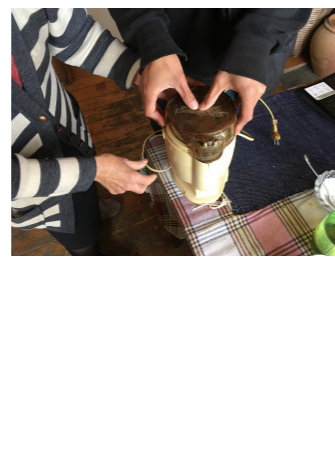
Thursday 14 May 2026, 00:33
Self-care night. I've always wanted to try peel-off masks like this.



Thursday 23 Apr 2026, 14:20
I really love Georgian food. It's so delicious. It has a flavor that makes me feel energized.



Thursday 23 Apr 2026, 20:10
Bread, strawberries, and vegetables stored in a cupboard. Truly versatile.



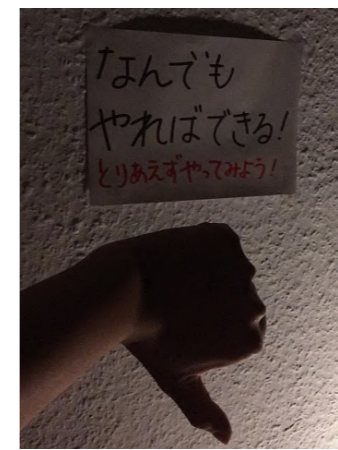
Friday 24 Apr 2026, 14:38
Crushing walnuts and garlic with this ancient food processor.



Friday 24 Apr 2026, 14:48
Something that was once broken has been beautifully repaired with wire. Amazing.



Tuesday 19 May 2026, 19:39
I baked a quiche, and learned the obvious fact that if you're going to bring it somewhere, you inevitably have to walk with it.



Friday 22 May 2026, 00:47
A day I felt despair at something I had written myself. There are days like this too.



Saturday 23 May 2026, 11:03
I've been knitting this scarf lately, but it shows no sign of ever being finished.



Saturday 23 May 2026, 16:14

The long-awaited matcha mille-crêpe of café Tampopo. It was delicious.



Sunday 24 May 2026, 14:48

At Tegernsee. It was lovely being surrounded by mountains. A very vacation-like feeling.



Tuesday 26 May 2026, 18:47

This is another lake nearby.



Wednesday 27 May 2026, 15:04

Yet another lake. I want to keep reminding myself that I can go anywhere, anytime. Being in nature is truly restorative. If possible, I'd even like to seal away my laptop somewhere for a while.

Something happened around May 31, and since then I can no longer clearly recall what my everyday life felt like before that. If I try to remember, I can reconstruct the actions and schedules of what I did, but I cannot retrieve the feeling of it.

What was I thinking? What was my routine?

What did I do in the morning when I woke up? When did that routine disappear? What was I aiming for? What was I worried about? What was I suffering from? What did I feel as happiness?

It feels like a cut in the scene. Not as if something was severed, but as if the scene simply shifted. The story continues. Perhaps the narrator has changed.

At the same time, there is a sense of "not remembering" many things, and yet the brain is remarkable. During this period, I experienced many synchronicities, coincidences, and reunions.

In Tottori, I shared a strange feeling with someone I was meeting for the first time that we had met before. I thought maybe they resembled a friend, or that I was mistaken, but in fact they was someone I had been in the same place with ten years ago, without ever speaking. Consciously, they was not in my memory, but something in my brain had experienced it. It wasn't "remembering." It felt more like touching something within the brain.

Asparagus in ramen, living with awareness of death tomorrow, agency, a full moon in Sagittarius bringing reunions—people I meet, people I don't meet, people I was supposed to meet, and people I will meet in the future. Everything swirls and rotates rapidly in my mind.

There are children I was meant to meet, houses I was meant to live in, places I was meant to go. There are promises to be exchanged, festivals to be held, and farewells to be mourned.

And yet, there is also the idea that multiple futures exist in parallel, and that no matter which path is chosen, the others do not disappear but continue to exist somewhere. In other words, reality does not collapse into a single outcome; we only get to experience the path we choose. The universe keeps branching endlessly.

I think about my ancestors, distant yet undeniably real people. In such an uncertain world, there are also things that feel absolutely certain.

Inside our bodies, a small number of our mother's cells remain, and inside our mothers' bodies, a small number of our cells remain. These cells can persist for decades, even helping to protect the mother's body through immune functions.

Sometimes I wonder what I am. But there is nothing to do but live, so when I start to sink into those thoughts I quickly stop. Yet they return again, rising to the surface.

Still, I feel I must fulfill the life that has been given to me. Perhaps that is all I can do now.

Don't think.

Move.

Live each day fully.

"Do your best and wait for fate."

For now, I will make this a period of paying attention to my body. Focusing on breathing. Inhale and exhale deeply. Out and in. Ha-su. Sending oxygen to the brain. Sending blood through the body. That is what I can do now, and what I should do most.

Ha-su. Ha-su. Ha-su.



Friday 17 Apr 2026, 17:14

I wanted to start something, so I tried choosing a name. It felt very much like an alter ego, and it fit perfectly.



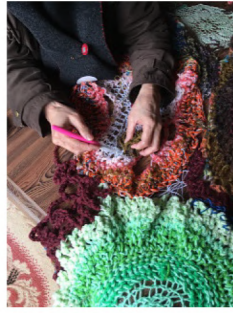
Sunday 10 May 2026, 19:28

The universe is watching us, and it shows us what we truly need to see—whether it's joyful, unpleasant, frightening, or sad. Lately, I've been deeply moved by this idea.



Monday 1 Jun 2026, 16:58

My roommate suddenly said, "Let's go strawberry picking!" so we went. I admire people who can effortlessly generate moments like this out of the ordinary.

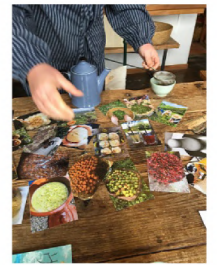
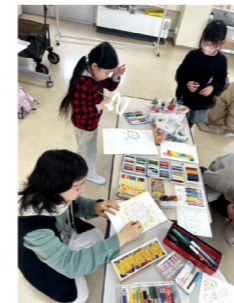
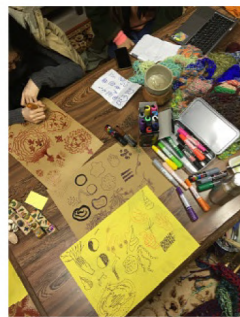
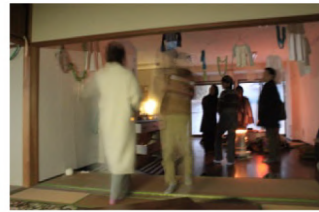


限定数でオンラインストアから6月末発売!
A limited quantity will be available for purchase on our online store starting at the end of June.



生活の記録

Recordings of everyday sounds



vulnerable people stayed in Nanbu Town, Tottori Prefecture.
ヴァルナブルな人たちが鳥取県南部町に滞在しました。

滞在中に南部町立会見小学校・西伯小の
During our stay, we worked with a total of 15 children
放課後アートクラブに所属する15名の子どもたちと一緒に
from the after-school art clubs at Nanbu Town's Aimi Elementary School and Saihaku Elementary School
それぞれの「めにみえないともだち」を描きました。
to draw our respective "invisible friends."
めにみえないともだちを一冊にまとめ

We are currently compiling these drawings into a book so we can share it to all of you.
みなさんの元へお届けできるよう準備中です。

めにみえないともだち

Invisible Friends



About 4g of dried shiitake mushrooms (stems only this time)
I'm using shiitake this time, but feel free to try any kind of mushroom

5g of dried mint tea leaves
A pinch of mixed whole peppercorns

Pour plenty of hot water into a teapot

For hot tea, steep for about 5 minutes
For iced tea, it's best to wait until it cools

Enjoy it in your favorite teaware



Goodbye, and see you again—tea

In this time, I'd like to share a little about the background behind these tea recipes.

It's not so much that I have a burning desire to "create a specific flavor!"

Rather, this series continues because I think, "I'm in this kind of mood lately, so it might be fun to combine this and that!"

Of course, the season, the weather, and how I'm feeling at the time probably influence it as well.

But this time, the tea recipe came from the thought, "I want to try using this ingredient."

The stems of shiitake mushrooms that were trimmed off because they wouldn't sell.

I dried them, imagining them returning to the earth—

a minty meadow where the wind blows through, and a spicy rock.

A scene comes to mind: "See you again," "We've met again."



Serial page where vulnerable people communicate with each other.



Hello Sun!

I have been thinking of how Ptolemy proposed you were turning around the Earth. Later approximately 1500 years after Copernicus proposed the Earth was turning around you. What a shift, right?

That shift explained night, day, shadows, seasons and your healing sunshine.

Though, humans have turned in velocity, production, extraction, using you as a tool rather than as a healing element.

Day as a production tool, everything fast, capital as the main value. We forgot to greet you.

I am also trapped in this unstoppable production routine. But besides this hamster wheel situation, I share space in my studio with a beautiful tangerine tree that grounds me.

I see it grow, first between the leaves and later arising from a white flower that in Spanish is named Azhar. If you take out the letter h, it turns into azar, which means luck or chance.

This flower has a strong smell, I like this smell in the evening.

I wish my underarms will smell like this after a busy day running from one part of the city to another underneath you, a bit bitter a bit sweet.

This flower arrives as luck or chance in the tree, small, white and smelly. Her presence indicates the possibility of a tangerine growing first green, second yellow and later orange.

You make me think of tangerines, dear sun, is a thought I have lately.

What we brought to the table today is... A photo of a flower + Something you might want to ask the sun.

"The Garden of Maison de BONGO" is the place where we chat together outside at the day it's a super extreme sunny and nice feeling, on the grass and under the tree.

The Garden of
Maison de
BONGO

Kana Kimura



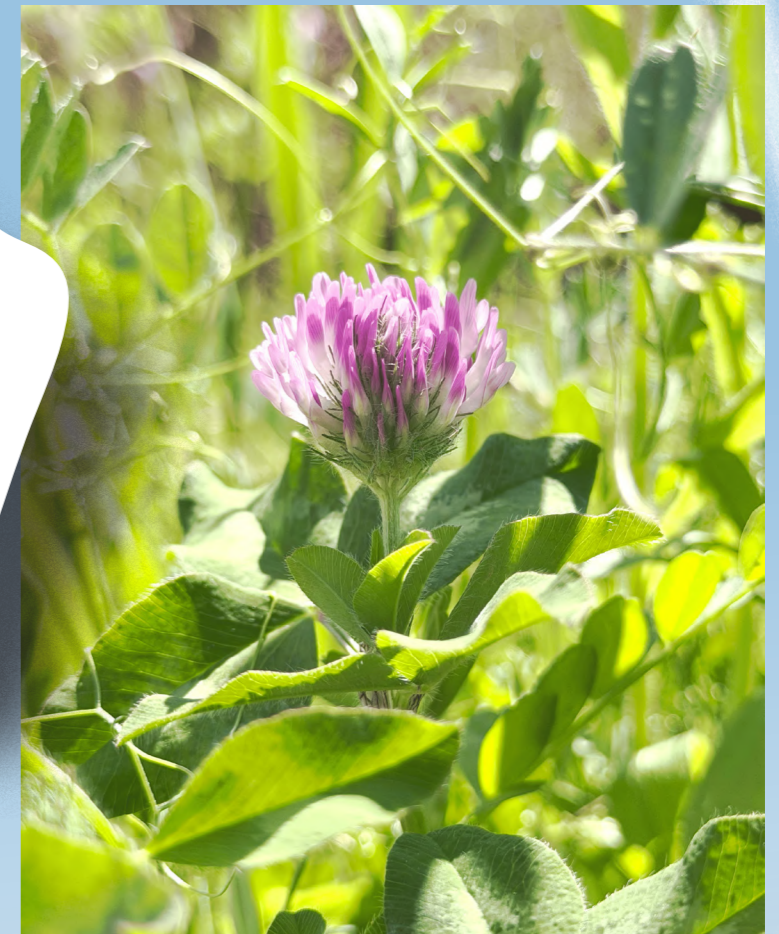
First, I'd like to say, "Thank you, Sun, for the endless energy you keep giving us!" I don't really have any specific questions, but I'd love to send Sun some songs and melodies;)

This body seems filled with your information, as if it were recorded in every cell.

Why do shadows become longer when you lean across the sky?

Are you truly round? Is the Earth truly round?

What do you see around you?



Sayuri Maekawa

The Garden of MAISON de BONGO

Serial page where vulnerable people communicate with each other.

Dear Sun, can you see us?
Am I alright?
What do you think?
From so high above, from so far away, you must be watching us, somehow.

And yet, despite the distance, your light can still burn against our skin.
When I think of that distance, and of the time your light has traveled, it feels almost impossible to comprehend.

Have you been watching all this time, from long before us until now?
(Perhaps you have no eyes, but I'll use the word "watch" anyway.)

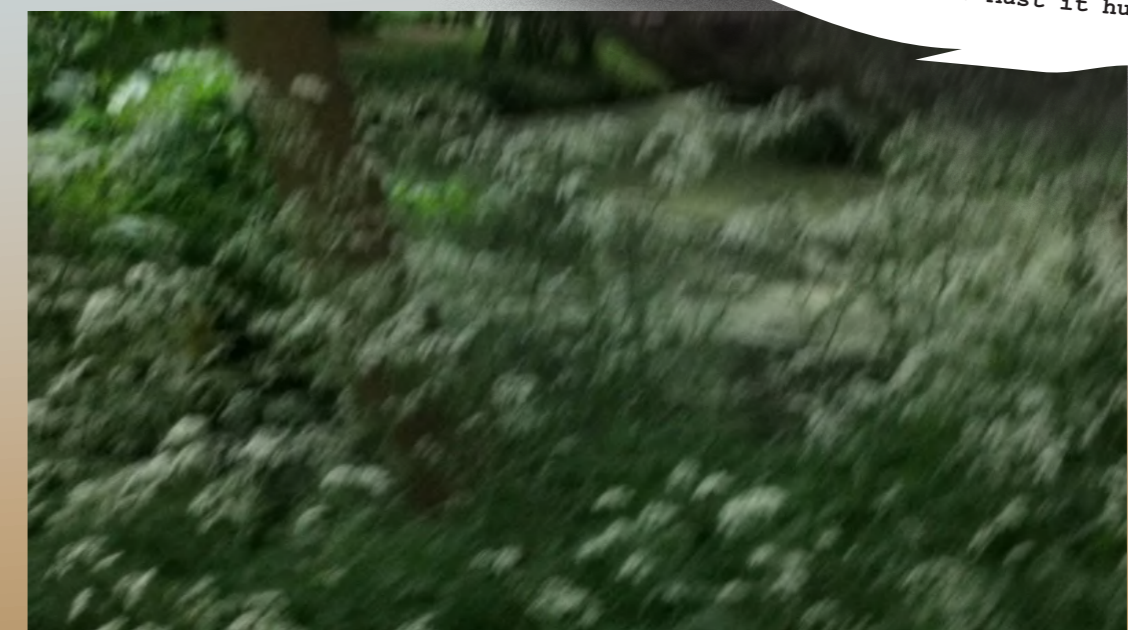
Are we alright?
What do you think?

mako fukuda



What we brought to the table today is... A photo of a flower + Something you might want to ask the sun.

How to keep burning bright in all this darkness? Must it hurt?



Sanna J. Hirvonen

"The Garden of Maison de BONGO" is the place where we chat together outside at the day it's a super extreme sunny and nice feeling, on the grass and under the tree.

前川
紗由里

湧き
出た流れは川になる

the sun illuminates each form

touched by
another current

look closely

誰かの流れに
ふれて

境界であり
同時に
指標になる

fresh water
keeps
flowing

there is light
within shadow

流れ続けている
真水は
透明な
まま

this body
this spirit
is nourished

文明を作って
きた
水のみち

everything is being warmed

更新し
続けて
いる

私という
個体が
潤う

the flow continues

still clear

before we notice

流れは
また
流れていく

分けること
ばかりで滞った川

always
renewing
itself

summer arrives

プロセスその
もの
知性そのもの

water enters dry soil

つなぎなおす
潤うための知恵

underground streams
connect

a
spring becomes a river

どうして
マガジンを続ける？

why continue a magazine?

真水
が
乾いた
土に浸透していく

soft grass appears

a boundary
also a guide

太陽は
個体を照らす

open a passage
through hardened ground

birds animals trees

固まった土に
点穴を開ける

water begins to flow

地下の水脈が
つながっていく

the paths water makes
have shaped the world

when we are both
individual and whole

水が流れる

よくみると影の中
に光がある

wind moves water
within water

地上にやわらかい
草が生えてくる

a river stalled
by division

what do we do?

風は水の中で
水を動かし

そして全てを
あたためている

wind moves water
beyond water

小さな虫や鳥
動物たち
大きな木

to reconnect

水の外で
水を動かす

いつの間にか
夏が
やってくる

wind for water

個体であると同時に
全体であるとき

water moves again

水
のための風

a route for clear water

人間は何をする？

真水のルート

I touch my leg and it twitches. My shoulder twists to the side. My chest hurts. My bones throb (I have no idea if that's even possible). Disch Disch Disch. It squeaks. Something pushes out of my rib. Is that a person? No, it's a bone. A pretty bone. It fits perfectly in my hand. The bone floats; a small lake has formed in my hand. Blue and deep and luminous. With flowery plants along the shore. My other hand takes the key and presses it against your chest. You're gone. The gate opens and you're leaving?

Surge on the uprising wave



I see only blue sky, nothing but blue sky and yellow streaks everywhere. A huge purple shape moves toward me and envelops me like a cloak. My eyes close and I still see only purple. Light blue spreads through my abdomen. It expands, it hurts. Get lost, I shout. You don't belong here. I want to be all pink, just soft and sweet. The broad purple weighs me down. It stirs waves within me. I tremble. My limbs rise, a gag reflex follows, and slimy confetti comes out. Lukewarm. Dull. We've seen this before. A bit cheesy, too. Where is this dust, this density, this revulsion leading me? I feel all soft and dizzy. I sink in and shout YES YES YES – COME!

I want to stay with you, I want to be in you. I am you! Bring your red into my body, straighten my neck with your yellow truth! Melt into my turquoise sea! I find it silly how devotedly I wish to be! This lap is mine. I am love and ruin and, at times, I seek out the dust, the remnants, and your encrustations. There, a gentle, loving world opens up, with green meadows and celebrating village life. That is my treasure. This disregard for the grand and the celebration of the small. I am here, I want to get away quickly and merge completely. Melt away from this unpleasant state. Knock knock, it's pounding. My feet twitch uncontrollably,



Barbie stands across from me and says, "What's up?" "You're uncool but hot," I say. "Get lost, you're ruining everything for me," I say.

We hug and I kiss her gently on the cheek. We belong together; I knew it all along. It tickles; my midsection is completely yellow. You're everywhere.

I have so much strength and anger inside me, I want to crush you or be absolutely close to you. I'm ashamed of your love. I love this gap.

I push you away, drop to my knees, and then run off without looking back (only secretly).

I was here.

脆弱な人々

vulnerable people #19

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