

***I realize I am an accomplice,  
like a love song***

That day, I was reading a book by *Kundera*, where he wrote about the belly buttons of ladies on the street, which were full of seductive yet in some way so similar. It kind of touched me and I started staring at my own navel for a long time. Unexpectedly, I became fascinated by this brownish, intertwined part that resembled a prehistoric cave. You know, that day I tried putting my finger into this small hole, and it felt strange, as if all the warmth was being transmitted from the point to my fingers. A circular and not-so-smooth depression. The size of a coin, with a rough surface and a constant strangeness. I felt like a drowning person in a soft milk, and there is something continuously falling.

At the moment when I put my finger into the navel, I saw my mother's face in this black hole. More precisely, it reminded me of a scarf from my childhood. It was about 8 years old when the teacher asked students to knit a scarf in a handicraft class. I couldn't finish it, so I sought help from my mother. She knitted a scarf for me with blue, yellow, and red yarn, the colors intertwining in a zigzag pattern. She also added three balls filled with cotton at the ends of the scarf.

I believe my life began with that scarf, it's a story about inheritance.

When it comes to past memories, my mind is often blank rather than filled with details. They seem to disappear. But I distinctly remember that scarf. The threads connecting in a magical way. It's a narrative about my mother, about stories in the corner of the body. I always encounter my mother in life, separate from her, encounter again, and separate once more...Memories appear in a strange way. I don't remember what our old family house was like. If I see old photos, I can recognize it in my memory, but I can't find its exact location. It's like that scarf, better than any language or image. Sometimes I think language is sufficient, but sometimes I feel it's not good enough.

A thread tied to a silver needle, entering from one end and continuously weaving. The thread supports fragmented fabric or rebinds unrelated objects. Actions are repeated until the threads are bound together and become hardened. Mechanical repetition, binding, weaving, and intertwining, accompanied by a kind of lamentation. It's a sound about forgetting, a form of positive amnesia. The ocean dries up after violent turbulence, eventually turning into coin-sized imprints. It's the center of my world, an indelible mark. This peculiar coin always throbs faintly, reminding me of something. When I was young, I thought it was a certain kind of life. But today, after many years, I would feel it was a soundless falling and slow disappearance.

During my childhood, I was unusually obsessed with jigsaw puzzles. I remember I always being interested in the contours of a few scattered pieces. I loved their state when they were scattered on the ground more than completed. You might say the shape is the same, but to me, its meaning lies in the outline. The contours define the disappeared blanks, somewhat like a small island placed on the floor. Isolation, obsession, and forgetfulness. I think that's the key.

The ship Argo constantly replaces its parts to ensure a smooth journey, but its name never changes. It is still called Argo, and doesn't lose its essence through every replacement of its parts. It simply discards what is no longer needed but those parts don't disappear; they resurrect in a new form. The essence of Argo lies not in the current route but in the unachieved destination far away.

This reminds me of an old sofa in my home. Its wooden legs are worn out and bear the traces of time, and the fabric on the back is also scratched by cats. It seems to have lost any aesthetic value, yet there is no reason to be abandoned. So it still stays in the home, and my mother constantly repairs its surface with fabric. These patches magically breathe new life into it. But I believe it's different from Argo. Argo remains Argo despite continuous replacement. But the more the old sofa is filled with patches, the more complex its sewn edges become, and the further it drifts away in my memory. This sewing and mending is the best embellishment for their fragmented lives, as if a broken, lifeless body can revive through sewing. It's a terrifying fantasy.

You know, when I talk about jigsaw puzzles, about my mother's sewing, about the childhood scarf, and the old sofa... they are actually all the same thing. It's a ghost without a source, lingering in my family—a story that has never spoken but never disappeared. From fabric to an overly long pants, from an old scratched sofa to changing car license. Patching has become the best way to maintain order in life. Yet what I see are the outlines of puzzles and eternal absence.

I always feel like I'm not an good inheritor. I often need some instructions to sew something correctly. In moments like these, I always think of my mother's silence. Untold language ferments within her, constantly rising. Until a magical, gelatinous substance wraps it and connects it to another life, these weighty words find their place. The corpse of words is exposed to the air, gradually dying and becoming light. But some untold story leaves its epitaph on the body...