

「言葉も概念も観念もアイデアも論理もロゴスも超越せよ。理不尽が何だ？ 絶空を超えた無際限な自由自在、何があってもおかしくない。それゆえ、瞬^{いま}今、こんなふう^いに在る」

彼はそう言った。だから、僕は、「辻褄が合う。逆に言えば、ただの理窟さ。ロゴスの範疇内だぜ」って言ってやったら、彼はこう言い返した、「それがどうした！ どうでもいい。だから、瞬^{いま}今、こんなふう^いに在るのさ」

子然と、路傍に在る、朽ち欽けた古い小さな石像。繁華街に転がっている、ブリキの缶詰の空き缶。露路の蹲踞の手水に浮かぶ、黄色い朽葉。狂ったかのようにそれ自体をすらも牽き裂くほどの自由奔放。狂ったように見境のない自由自在、無際限な狂裂、自在自由狂奔裂。それは純粹で、澄み切っていて、限りない明晰さ——無へと至る透明性。

“Transcend words, concepts, notions, ideas, logic, and Logos. Huh? You want to say ‘absurdity’? No matter, never mind! Transcendent freedom that goes beyond even the freest from of nothingness, unbound by any constraints.—anything is possible. That is why, in this very moment, This reality exists like this.”

He said that. So I replied, “It makes sense. It adds up. In another words, It’s all within the realm of Logos,” to which he retorted, “So what! It doesn't matter! So you're saying is right. That’s why, in this very moment, this reality exists like this.”

A small, weathered stone statue, standing alone by the roadside. An empty tin can lying in the bustling downtown. A yellow, withered leaf floating in the squatting hand-washing basin by the roadside. It's utter unlimited boundless freedom. So unrestrained that it tears itself apart. Boundless "At will that unlimited" that be tears itself apart. Boundless unrestrained "Freedom transcend freedom" as tears apart because itself. It is pure, clear, and of infinite lucidity—a transparency that leads to nothingness.