

O, Many Thanks to YouTubers That “Saved a Wretch Like Me”

Greatchain

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Since my Letter to the Pleiades People, I received a great many YouTube postings that are mostly amazingly kind and compassionate to me. (I borrowed this line from *Amazing Grace*.)

But there was a little surprise, too. What I thought was accepted by everybody—the fact that I have refused my offered honor or money, and my identity itself—was often *found* as if I said it for the first time. People who kindly translate my Japanese into English may have failed to make it clear. Or else, it’s my failure to be clear enough.

Anyway, some people seem to have understood that I got wearied and would like to discontinue in disgust. Well, I do not intend anything like that. I would rather like to fulfill my (supposed) mission, as long as I am able in this far advanced age.

But generally, I appreciate that my ideas are well conveyed. I am especially thankful to some smart people who taught me *what I really am*, and *how I really should behave*. *How to most wisely USE MYSELF*—this is the question most sorely challenged to me.

I will and can write political reviews, but people will not look at me as a specialist and look down upon me. So how could I best use myself?

When some people put this question to me, I noticed I have never questioned it to myself. It was the first time, in my dying days, the first time that I saw it in this light.

I admit I have been suffering from inferiority complex almost all through my life. But strangely, my creator seems to specially love me, and I seem I can be confident of it. And fairly many people seem magically attracted to me. So it seems here is a whole scheme of powerful love magic. So I came to conclude that my peculiar love (or talent) of language is also a magic prepared by God. – Here is the solution to the problem.

If I am a leader of people as someone encourages me to be, then, I will have to resort to my 'line,' which is my own language, and maybe language as a whole.

Some weeks ago, I insisted that today is the day of feminine priority, and that without this principle of feminine sensitivity as against masculine barbarity, there could be no world peace whatever. And this is unmistakably connected to language.

What follows is one of my literary products—a sonnet, which I am secretly proud of, being successful, and admired by quite a few people.

After moments of hesitation, I have decided to make it public:

On Seeing an Extremely Ugly Woman
in a Bus

That nature could her custom so transgress,
And from her womb produce what nature flees!
Not from a burn or man-dealt injuries
This woman bears her curse of worst distress.
A wild desire possessed me to redress
The wrong, undo the nature's freak, to seize
The throat—of what I knew not, remedies
Being in no one's hand. What ugliness
Within myself and all the world was then
Revealed! A blow it was to tear the veil
That hides the crime, the shame, the uncured pain,
That dark old beast that in our flesh we trail.
Awe-struck, upon my face I could have lain,
And as before the highest beauty wail.

Sonnet, especially the verse form employed here, is proverbially the most tightly strict 14-line verse. It must be *iambic pentameter* poem, and this one here uses the rhyming *abba/abba/cdcdcd*.