



My favourite Iris is the Sippou.

I felt like a summer sunset in Sippou.

Sippou means seven treasures.

As the name suggests, it is made up of a variety of colours that cannot be described as any one colour, just like the summer sunset.

What people feel about this beauty will be different.

Such beauty reminds me of the infinite and at the same time reminds me of my smallness.

Sippou makes me want to be as beautiful as the sunset, but also as deep.

I feel like I could look at the cloisonné forever.



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