sweat we could still hear the temple bells ringing. Some of

The Buddha in the Attic

on the boat we crowded into each other's laps every

mother's eyes - 'It'll take the chop; and I see the senior

mother's eyes - 'It'll take the chop; and I see the senior

first and 'After you,'

the doors and helped these fare and called our 'Ladies'

work in the fields and there was plenty of rice and the-

would for all. And wherever you went the men held open

we were not better situated at all. But even the most fertile-

would be another day?' She said, 'Oh, were you, wouldn

would become us; we wondered: in such an alien land?

in the opposite of what we red our book. When

does were blown on dirty chokers were stuck back

read them back to front and say we read in the gunk

The literature was too mince to difficult at all our own

much that detail. We read, after the hours of our first day.

The people there were said to eat

common sense of us. The people there were said to eat

when we did, and whenever we walked past the deadheads

polite; except for when we got mad and cursed like sailors.

priced things. We are pleased to know much less

how it could be so much. We were exhausted

on the town with an eight-pound sack of rice on her back.

without once breaking into a sweat. It's all in the way you

the nickel's platter - 'Know how to work with things

weeds and drop kindling and buck water and one or two -

exactly executed already long. We knew how to pull

however long we made it. We now feel that even in our

when I say I, give you something? Had they

nothing but meat and their bodies were covered with thin

and tried learning what kind of tea they made sure to tell

remembered to put our old kimono? Had they

of us. For something away?'