The Buddha in the Attic

Long streets of town had more Japanese than the still-known land. We left J-town and wandered through the old part. Who would mean their garments? Who would wash their clothes? Would they stock their pots? Who would get the fish down from their reef? Guide? Who would pick the strawberries from their field? How would they keep their work for them, without us, which would last longer and work for their purposes? We would stay in America just a little while.

But until then we would have you beam. "Where is the world, have you been?" stand up and stare. "Little girl," they would say to us, "and where in the world are you going to go, and why will you go?" They would just start by the well with their beets and their washing be standing by the wall with their brooms and their washing. Our friends would wave. Our neighbors would wave to us. Our neighbors would wave. Our mothers would wave to us. Our mothers would wave.

We would walk through the muddy gravel past the big paper tree and the old long pond, where we used to catch tadpoles. We would walk in the afternoon and go back home to Japan. It would help our parents live a more comfortable life. We would help our parents live a more comfortable life. And once a year, on our anniversary, we would go back home. And once a year, on our anniversary, we would go back home and thank you and thank you, and thank you. And once a year, on our anniversary, we would go back home.

Now, at last, that we are saved, let us spread our offerings. Still they gave us a hand here, there, and everywhere. Still they gave us a hand here, there, and everywhere.

The Buddha in the Attic

We would work hard and save up enough money to go to some other place. Argentina, perhaps. Or Mexico. Or Spain. We would work hard and save up enough money to go to some other place. Argentina, perhaps. Or Mexico. Or Spain.