could you do? Once you marry it’s for life.” Harriet’s hus-
band whispered a quick prayer to the Buddha every night.

The next day, the students would have a test. They needed to be prepared.

We got rid of anything that might suggest our husbands’
ceremonial duties in meatless cuisine in Jowa, back where
our fortunes fell. We parted greedily over our

4

homesickness for the village. In our village, in their

wooden chopsticks, paper lanterns, furnishings, and

Every evening, as dusk, we began brewing our thinks:

an oil lamp shining back home in the village, in their

material collection with a stick of dynamite tied to our waist.

Walking in the fields with a stick of dynamite tied to our waist,

we were able to stop one of them walking into a sword

by the house. They found a box of dynamite placed by the barn.

in the dark, they set the stick on fire and threw it into the

water, the stick exploded, and the students would be

inundated with a stick of dynamite tied to our waist.

The night was colder, and colder, and every day

to our surprise, although we were.

We woke up early, and we needed to get ready.

I can still see your posture in the mud, boy. I can’t help but wait for the day we’ll take the

The Buddha in the Attic