

I shall confide in you, the Story of Sunday.

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Shigemi-san, home-stay Father and friend, intoned across the savory supper-table—toppling TV chatterings with gravity—that tomorrow is Sunday.

Gravely, I nod obeisance. Friendship is patriarchal, here: it often serves.

Etsuko-san shall be no help, I see. Her eyes are dashed into the meal, aground the reefs of pork ton-katsu—thin, and limp, above the white-rice sea. Your eyes ‘re slits when Father speaks, I see.

Gravity. “I humbly beseech you suffer the slight of my presence at your altar of Church, tomorrow.” I must apologize, again, tomorrow. Friendship’s humble, here. It often bends; today, it begs.

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My home-stay Father is 67.

My home-stay Mother, 64.

The Great War suffered them by—though not without its murders of the heart.

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My home-stay Father acquiesced, that once, that I should taste the chant and golden ritual of Buddhist faith. All families are Buddhist, here, you see—though faith dilutes as families run to Shinto streams, the nullities in Zen, or timid shots of Christianity.

I liked its weary opulence. Siddharta Gautama Buddha is a portly man, in effigy.

I liked His followers, who’d gape astride their worship-time to find American flesh aside them. I sat with them; and gave my song, with them! That once.

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Sumimasen-deshita.

I’m sorry.

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Shigemi-san pulls up before us. The wind is talons in us: crisp January air that picks at Sunday wear is gath’ring us into the cove of the car.

The engine whispers quiet in the streets—quiet streets. This day’s the day that all Lords make, to revel us in stillness afternoons—and cool.

The engine whispers reverie.

“How do you feel about the atomic-bomb?”

