

not

That keeps working in & out of my mind is  
It is taken from the bible and it would  
be certainly one of the most beautiful lines for  
all workers "But I may keep all these things,  
and gather them in the hour"  
and the reward of all lines "and all the  
things" now and all the King's horses cannot  
put them together again."

Today is a typical day in Seattle. It's gray  
and has wind sporadically but the weather  
will be warm to the south. The sun is small  
by the window look rather incongruous, as  
spots and so lush. The buds are ~~bursting~~  
and green after the winter weather seem to have  
been swept away. All the bushes are budding  
and the Tulips will certainly burst into full  
bloom in a few days. It is a good day to  
be alone. & The new plants in the trees is so  
bright & green, when the ~~best~~ <sup>best</sup> ~~time~~ <sup>time</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~plant~~ <sup>plant</sup>  
the leaves actually ~~show~~ <sup>the</sup> leaves tremble  
in the wind, they actually shimmer. The  
pink Tulips will certainly burst into full  
bloom in a day or two. It is a good day  
to be alone, mother. After we spend I still  
carry on these one-sided conversations with her.



For instance on cold winter days I say  
"Man you lucky out to be here Today"  
or the kids do something again or say I  
say & I say what a shame you aren't here.  
I can hear her say "Nee yam" or  
"mai boy baile" as the children growed,  
looking almost confident with the confidence  
that seemed to say "I can do no wrong"  
no way —

She would be shocked what's happened in 10 years.  
The <sup>map of the</sup> new Japan <sup>was</sup> <sup>now</sup> would be no strange  
the <sup>outlets of the</sup> <sup>new</sup> <sup>from</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>see</sup> <sup>now</sup>, <sup>that</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>comes</sup>  
to black states to say "We're just as good as the  
whites" and nothing's been the same since.  
Everyone's gotten into the act. <sup>but</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>girl</sup> — you'd  
probably consider it sacrilegious — tang, with  
nature a god's way — or would you.  
Would you now. Can't I thank you — I never  
saw you as you, <sup>only</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>mother</sup> <sup>burdened</sup>  
as you were with the <sup>draw</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>your</sup> <sup>children</sup>  
& keeping house. You completely submerged  
yourself. I guess you had no choice.

I remember when I was in grade school & a  
teacher said she had seen Boston Japan ends



and I said proudly that I would bring <sup>you</sup> ~~mother~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> took it  
when I went home & told my <sup>you</sup> ~~mother~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> took it  
you of persons & counted out 50¢ and I went to  
buy a loaf at the grocery store. Why didn't  
<sup>you</sup> ~~she~~ say, "Let the teacher when she could buy it?"  
In a way I have been justified all these years  
by that look on her face.

So you come to this country to marry <sup>some</sup> ~~some~~  
man you didn't know. The parents knew  
each other and made the arrangements. Did  
you ever tell anyone how you felt that day  
so many years ago when you boarded the  
NYK Steamship for the long journey over the Pacific  
Oce<sup>an</sup> to a strange land, <sup>then</sup> a strange man. It makes me  
tremble to think about it. The closest you  
came to telling me about that day was when  
you were brushing my hair when I was in my  
late teens. "How black, how beautiful.  
Can it be my hair was so black, so  
beautiful. It is a woman's treason, you  
know. Our hair isn't meant to be tortured  
with poisonous waves and hairins. Because  
and it was it" She she went on dreamily  
"Just before I boarded the steamship I walked at



a little comb shop - Yablon. A grey-haired  
woman writes - me & covered my beautiful black  
hair. She gave me a tortois shell comb  
for good luck on my long journey."

Mother now my hair is all grey. You didn't tell  
me how soon the wind would come about. When I was in  
my late 30's and I was extremely thin I would look in  
the mirror and see those lines I would think  
"Oh this the blueprint for my face is old age"  
Next day after a good night's rest the lines would be  
gone. Then I ~~tried~~ <sup>used</sup> to brush my hair out  
found a grey hair once in a while and found it  
omising about. Now the hair on my head is  
about all grey and this is really about  
abhorrent about it. I hate it! I sit on a  
padded seat and when I rise there are 2 ~~small~~ <sup>points</sup>  
dots in it left in the past. How when on  
those <sup>injections</sup> ~~injections~~ <sup>points</sup> of flesh? None - I go to  
try cloths at the store - waiting for. My  
daughter said "You mean they don't make  
you stupid like Mom" I laughed  
but not really. You didn't tell me, you  
didn't tell me anything mother. I am the  
like an iceberg you were mostly submerged and



glimpsed only the top, but yet on quiet rainy  
nights when the gas burner is silent, and it is as if  
I hear the occasional rumbling of ~~the~~  
shower in my head and I make a cup of  
green tea and sip it as you would have done  
— <sup>indeed,</sup> you have <sup>air</sup> set set the mood of my entire  
life.

Indeed there must have been <sup>some</sup> <sup>feeling</sup>  
of ~~abhorrence~~ <sup>abhorrence</sup> or rebellion in you, it wasn't  
entirely obedient when you came to this  
country, was it? I believe that some such

feeling troubled ~~them~~ <sup>me</sup> on occasion. <sup>Times</sup>  
I <sup>found a</sup> ~~trouble~~ <sup>you might think</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>sorts</sup> I <sup>at</sup> ~~express~~  
allow it whether it <sup>and</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>variously</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>times</sup>  
It's like a tremendous hunger and I don't  
know what it is or what triggers it. I look  
at the <sup>my</sup> <sup>money</sup> <sup>books</sup> <sup>back</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>these</sup> <sup>times</sup>  
we walked ~~to~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~grocery~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~stopped~~

RR & RR  
you heads and prayed "How could it be so  
beautiful" Come to think of it, you did pray  
a lot - all over the place. There was a little  
shrine out at home when you prayed every day.  
The water vessel was refilled every morning. Every  
fruit juice vegetable of the season or a special  
food gift from friends were just placed in front of the  
shrine. When any one in the family started a new project



you prayed. Perhaps those prayers helped to  
sustain your lonely life. It was as if you were  
praying to everything in your environment, so that  
it would be friendly to you, good to you.

We just celebrated Bob's Day. Remember how  
you always duplicated those sherry dolls  
and got those special mochi nestled in  
cherry blossom leaves every March 3. Mother  
I did it for years ~~because~~ will repetition  
favor ~~because~~ is the belief that  
this day must be observed to bring  
felicitation fulfillment to the girl's life. That  
used to mean a good happy marriage or her  
mother it's so complicated now. "It isn't  
necessarily so!" What can I do mother. The  
kids used to laugh at me but now I don't  
even talk about marriage to them. You  
used to say life is seasonal, <sup>a sequence of</sup> ~~as order~~ to life.  
Everyone human being ought to get married, at least  
somewhat, have children, have good children. Life  
demands those things you said. But now it ~~the~~ <sup>cher</sup>  
demands things of life. The ~~world~~ <sup>girls</sup> is well!  
They put me in the book and merely go their  
way. They show & live ~~on~~ without ceremony.  
It would make it seem I tripped over so



Cautiously all my life, almost as if not to  
attract the whims of fate.