

Memory Objects

I. Speaking objects

My dad and I are driving across New York State. He points to the forest along the highway and says,

“See that? That’s Kudzu.”

I look to my right, and I see a wall along the highway covered in leafy vines, each leaf along the plant engulfing its own territory, and the entire plant engulfing the sound barrier wall.

“It’s a Japanese plant, but they can’t even blame the Japanese for bringing it here, they did it themselves.”

The wall along the highway melts away to reveal rows and rows of dead trees. Their bark-less bodies glow white under the cloudy light. The same giant, leafy vines curl around the base of each tree, choking it as it climbs.

Kudzu was brought to the United States in 1876 because someone thought this climbing vine might look pretty wrapping around the porch of a plantation home. A little later, in the 20th century, kudzu was enlisted to make cows strong (they need more protein) and to keep the soil from eroding (our ground is falling apart). Kudzu was declared a noxious weed in 1997, as it climbed across the United States, claiming its land as it stretched towards warmer and more temperate weather. In Japan it just died every winter.

Baba was grown in Japan. She is a turn-of-the-century woman who wore heels to go hiking in her 20s. Today, nestled on her wheelchair in a nursing home, she religiously dabs on age-defying moisturizer. When Mama and I visit, she tells us she wants new makeup.

“You have makeup,” Mama says.

“No I don’t,” Baba says.

“Yes you do.” Mama reaches for a dusty pot of powder. It’s empty. “Oh, you don’t.”

“I want lipstick,” Baba says.

“You have lipstick,” Mama answers. She reaches for the collection of little gold cylinders at the bottom of Baba’s purse. She opens the first and finds a stub of color. “Oh.” She opens the next, and the next, and the next. I’ve never seen makeup that’s been completely used up. It doesn’t seem like something that’s possible to me. I can see that same little cylinder rolling around in Baba’s bag as she sits on the subway 40 years ago, heels on and hands clasped as she sways back and forth, back and forth, with the movement of the train.

Baba says, “I told you so.”

When we’re thousands of miles away from each other, breathing quietly into the crackles on the phonline, it’s a lot harder to think that Baba knows what to tell me.

“Natchan, where are you?” she asks me. “I thought you were coming to get the tablecloth today.”

“The tablecloth? Oh Baba, I would but, I’m still in Cleveland.”

“Oh, oh, that’s right,” she whispers. “So you’re still in Cleveland...”

“Yes, that’s right. But Baba, I will be there soon. I will be there in December. When it’s December I will see you...”

Baba used to ask me, “Nanka oshii?” Do you want anything from Japan? But she doesn’t ask me that now that she gets wheeled around in her nursing home, from food to bed, to food to bed, to bed.

She used to ask me, have you eaten anything good recently? Now we just tell her.

“Baba, I made eggs benedict with hollandaise sauce, and then we used the leftover egg whites to make macarons, which didn’t go well but the buttercream makes anything taste good, so we ate it all and I think we’ll try again.”

“Ohhhh, iine,” she responds. That’s very nice. “But, you want salmon roe dontcha?”

It’s nice to know I’ll always be the eleven-year-old to Baba, piling juicy orange orbs onto my little mound of white rice, even when I know from her steady reports that my phantom-self flickered across the ocean to knock at her door, then flew back to give her a call. I wonder if my ghost mingles with my late grandfather’s, or Baba’s cousin who visited her in the middle of the night last week to hand her some souvenir cookies.

“Somewhere here...”ⁱ

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In America, Mama and I stand in separate bathrooms as she spreads sunscreen across her face and I, wrinkle-preventing acne treatment. In Japan, Baba’s back is curved so far that they

make her wear a corset. She says the corset hurts. Its digging into her skin. The synthetic boning of the corset brushes my knuckles as I pull a fresh shirt over Baba's back.

"Baba, did you have a good day today?" I always ask. I don't know what else to say.

"Unn." She replies. Yes. I pull her wheelchair away from the bathroom wall so that I have room to maneuver around her.

"What did you do?"

"I ate."

I guide Baba's stiff ankles to the opening of her fresh pants. They're purple velvet, like the Juicy Couture ones that everyone had in 2009.

"Was it good?"

"Not really."

I chuckle as I tug Baba's pants up. She tries to help by shifting her weight ever so slightly, side to side. When the pants get to her thighs I ask her,

"Tateru?" Can you stand?

Baba extends her forearms from the space between her ribs where they nestle and grips the fabric around my arms *hard*. Pulling, pulling, and pulling, she slowly stands up on her chair till she can grab my shoulders and I can pull her pants over her hips.

Baba and I, we always talk like this. The same conversation every day. The food is never better. She uses the bathroom. We change clothes together. Baba and I, we don't talk all that much. I don't have the words to tell her more, and I don't think she does either. So, when I hold

her toes, I hold them with gently, and when I shimmy a shirt over her head, I make sure the cloth goes over smooth, not bunched, wide around the neck, pulled all the way down the back and sides.

Baba doesn't dress me, but she tells me I'm good kid. Tells me to eat a lot. Tells me I'm young. Tells me I visited her when I wish I really did.

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One summer, I crawled next to Mama who lay on the couch in the late afternoon light and pulled her limbs around mine.

“Natchan, is that bone your nose?”

“Yes.”

“How lucky I am to have a daughter with such a magnificent nose.”

I feel warm inside and I giggle, but as I close my eyes to breath, the little faces of caricatured white people become projected on my mind, a face with a nose engulfing the rest of its features, born during WWII by the hand of an unknown Japanese artist. I wince for a second, but this hurts less than the caricatures of Japanese people drawn by the Americans during WWII. Pinched faces with big mouths and big beads of sweat and teeth that gnash, scribbled in a mess of graphite that makes me queasy, but I can't look away. The little men look like my grandfather, were he squished and flattened and devilish. The scribbles look the way I thought I looked when the boys at school called a “Communist!” because I wore my new fur-lined trapper hat to school. Or, when the same boys called me Bruce, like Bruce Lee, and I thought it meant I was cool and strong and one of them, but really it just meant I was Asian and no one else was.

I didn't used to like the way my own eyes feel so inscrutable to me. I force emotion onto my face with big smiles that get me compliments from old people who probably can't even see me, and eyebrows that slither across my forehead to make sure I'm really understood- to make sure the cool girls see me as human and not pet- to make sure-

I grew older and more careless- *so what if I'm strange... so what?* I started to let myself be animal. Eyes that dart, nervous hands. An "*animal-like shyness I recognize in the dark eyes. a quickness to look away,*" a "*flick-of-a-cat's-tail look in the eyes of my-*"ⁱⁱ mother, my grandmother, and that six-year-old girl from China whom I tutored in reading once for an hour or two when I was in middle school.

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My body has never just been my body. I am my mama's American baby.

"Mama," "Baby," – two curved lines gazing at each other.

"Mama," "Baby," – shiny little eyes, milky like rice water.

Mama says that there are pieces of her in bits of me. I was grown in my Baba's baby nest.

Before I ever was, this body was Mama's. this body is Baba's.

We paint together, we stare together, we taste together. I braid her hair, she pokes my skin, I lace her spine. We stand for picture and one of us smiles. Hold hands when no one's watching.

I am her. She wants me to be-

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Baba is quiet, at least, in my memory of her, but she is sharp as a knife. At breakfast, where we slice tomatoes and blow cool air on our vegetable soups, Baba says to my mom,

“Neeh, Miho. Where is that Oribe plate?”

“Which Oribe plate?” asks Mama. There are stacks and stacks of fancy dinner plates in the cupboards behind Baba’s feet, and more squeezed between long winters coats and ceremonial dolls in the back bedroom. Baba collected these dining tools throughout her many years as a successful cook teacher, planning new and increasingly extravagant full course meals for three new audiences a week. Mama had no idea which plate Baba was talking about.

“The big one?” Mama asks. She had to start somewhere.

“Yes, it’s big. It’s.... um... the one where I put the main course sushi for... the dinner party.” Baba speaks definitively. Her voice shakes and she pauses to recall the right words, but Mama knows that she chose to say, “the dinner party,” not “a dinner party.” Mama should remember this, but she doesn’t.

“Oh,” Mama says. She is skeptical.

“Mitemite,” says Baba. Try to look.

Mama stands up from the breakfast table somewhat reluctantly. She shifts to the shelves behind Baba and crouches down.

“Nai, nai...nai,” Not here, not there...not there. She announces to Baba.

“No, it’s not there is it?” Baba agrees. She begins to shift her weight forward and extends her arms to the sides so that she can grab the sides of the dining table. Slowly, she pulls herself up, and up. Mama says,

“Woah, woah woah woah,” as she hears the creaks coming from Baba’s chair, and quickly stands up, pulls out Baba’s chair and spots her. When Baba has been painstakingly turned around, and the chair has been squeezed behind her knees, forcing her to sit back down, Baba lets out a long, rattling sigh. Perhaps her first big breath, all day.

“Jah,” she says. Well. “Soko mite,” she says, while pointing to the third cabinet down. Look there.

“It should be at the bottom. Under the Oribe dinner plates. Or maybe I took those out. But it’s there.” Mama waddles to the third cabinet, swings it open, and finds the plate.

“Hora,” Baba says. See? I told you so.

Mama is shocked, but not too shocked. Baba has proven over and over again that her memory for plates is unmatched. I wonder where in her minds she keeps them all- stacks and stacks of hundreds of pieces of silverwares and clayware pushed in every corner of her mind. Oribe plates stacked on French plates, all cluttered with fancy forks and nice dinner clothes, and bags of tea they’ve been saving for years. I wonder, if Baba keeps a thorough index of all her dinner sets in every corner of her house, why her other memories aren’t stored like that.

“Baba, what happened to Hashizume-san, your cousin?”

“Hm,” she says, “Lives in Tokyo.”

“Baba, what was it like living in Hokkaido, during the war?”

“Hm,” she says. “It was cold.”

Baba is quiet often. She speaks succinctly. She does not elaborate. I want to know more about her past- I want to hear her weave stories and draw great pictures in my mind, with color, but she will not. Perhaps she cannot.

Baba is silent like much of her generation. World War II happened, but it was very tragic and very bad. America hurt us very bad. I know Baba lived on the northern island of Japan, as a little girl during the war to escape the chaos of the mainland, but I don't know how she got there, or who she was with, or how long she spent there. I've never heard her talk about it. All I know is gathered from the threats that Mama used to give me as a child.

“Eat every grain of rice,” she would say, if I left even a single kernel left in my rice bowl. “During the war, they had to save every bit of rice for the soldiers. This would be all you get. You understand?”

I understood, just enough. I also understood that Baba would not say such things. There is a culture of silence that surrounds WWII, especially amongst my grandparent's generation. Baba, in particular, inhabits this silence. We are the strong ones, her generation seems to say. We are the survivors, the rebuilders, the ones who overcame everything. Why are you so lazy?

When I try to gather stories from Baba, I struggle because I know she won't elaborate, and I know that if she does, I might not understand it. Stories can only survive the fighting, desperate minutes in which they are born, if they are properly incubated with repetition and Mama's joint translation. As an American child, my mother's “white” baby with the big nose, I struggle to extract stories from the calcified faces of a survival generation, and I struggle to keep them alive.

I don't yet know which stories Baba keeps safe between shelves of silverware. I think she holds the rest of her memories in her body.

There is a silence that cannot speak.

There is a silence that will not speak.ⁱⁱⁱ

And there are objects that do speak. Memory in plates, memory in empty containers, memory in the bend of her body.

II. Losing Objects

I can only breathe when it's raining outside. The best way to wake up is slowly, surrounded by the gentle rhythm of small water. I can only breathe when it's raining outside, and inside I can warm my chin in the halo of steam rising up from my morning cup. I can only breathe when it's raining outside, but I don't like getting caught in the rain. Mama and I were on a walk when the sky dimmed just so slightly, then the air quivered, then a demure thunderclap and a sudden sheet of rain. The water filled our shoes and we got to skip all the way home.

I don't like getting caught in the rain, and I don't like when I'm new to a place, so when I serve myself soup that my mother didn't make, my arms are longer than they should be and the bowl and spoon in my hands change shape as I move. When I dropped a jug of new milk at breakfast at seven in the morning before a day of third grade, my father was quiet. He told me, objects have a life of their own. He told me, the milk didn't want to be here anymore, so it left.

Many objects are strange like this- their protons want to leap, and that's why butter doesn't stick to the pan, it flies out. That's why the pancake we flipped ended up on the floor, it leaped.

My father doesn't leap anymore, but I think he used to. He once told me he used to know what "two miles away" looks like, because his young-man-self ran two miles down a straight road every week. He ran from the tree-lined edge of the road straight into the great open field split only by pavement. "Two miles away" looks like the little trees my father ran away from, then turned around to look at before heading home.

I've never run the same two miles as my father, but I've walked every mile with my mother. Around and around and around- we trace silly shapes around our block when we can't do anything else. It was a rainy day when we rounded the corner of a shady street we've rounded many times. Here, big trees with thick leaves form a canopy across the street, allowing only muted light through its web. Fat raindrops slide from sky to leaf, to leaf to ground. Wet ground, and pavement that's been grayed with water. On concrete, around the corner, right on the wet ground, we find a hawk with its beak to the floor and its wings splayed out to the side. In our shock, all Mama said was, "It's so big..." and I could think was, "It looks so alive." Usually so small in the sky, so big and so dead with its face to the ground.

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"Somewhere here,"^{iv} my Obasan says.

"Eyes can no longer see,"^v but the body remembers. *Memory comes skittering out of the dark.*^{vi} *The word for "lost" also means "dead."*^{vii} Nakunatta.

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It's August and I'm trenched in sweat, the sticky air clinging to my skin. I am dragging large plastic boxes up two flights of stairs, each box containing a strange assortment of items that were haphazardly stuffed together during the frantic move-out a few months ago. My roommate's bike helmet is wedged against the plastic plates we bought at Target. A shot glass and a saltshaker are rolling around in a Tupperware container. The specialized guacamole salt that El bought has made the whole box smell like garlic. We find a mysterious pair of sparkly bunny ears is tucked away next to the plastic cutting boards and we decide they are officially property of our home. Now they sit on our bookshelf and our guests frequently try them on. *Ooooh, where'd you get these?*

What's magical about the items in the boxes is that I can arrange them into something that resembles "home," or something close to it. This is my third year of gathering and arranging these items into different iterations of the same home. This year I embrace the colorful. I watched videos about maximalism over the summer. Minimalism now bores me. Why settle for the dull satisfaction of matching gray with gray, and emptiness with emptiness, when a room can be full of colors and patterns and knick knacks that all somehow go together when they are arranged just so? I've acquired three tiny surrealist collages by a student artist. One of them depicts three women paddling from a ship in the sky, except the ship is an anatomical brain and they are paddling through the light blue ocean that exists in the background of their brain-ship. I decide this collage reminds me of the study of psychology. I hang it right above my desk.

When I am finally reunited with a dear friend who spent her summer on an island at sea-camp, she hands me a beaded bracelet. The bracelet is now on display at the base of my desk lamp. The item is now a piece of home.

I am such a sucker for good jewelry. I hang dozens of necklaces from push pins that are stuck into a cork board. This entire apparatus is stuck to my wall with suspicious-looking Command strips. I like it when these pendants catch the light and reflect the sunlight in pretty shards of light on my walls.

The first thing I notice in the room is the piano. It is one of those electric keyboards that are often pushed up against the wall in a small room, but this one was made to look like it is made of yellow wood. I sit down on the seat cushion. I gently press its keys, but no sound comes out. Its mute. I can't figure out how to turn it on. I double check: it's plugged in. I stand up and keep dragging boxes in circles around the same 96 square feet.

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In October I started losing things. This is strange because this does not happen to me. I check my pockets, three times if I have to. I double check for my wallet and keys. I create a mental image every time I put something down in case it disappears a moment after. I learn my own odd habits of placing and leaving so that even if I were to lose something important, I can hack my way back to it. Did I leave it on the shelf? Did I leave it where I last sat? I know where my things are. My favorite earrings are in the front pocket of my backpack who's zipper just broke. My best mask is in the pocket of my jeans. The papers I need are in the stack next to my desk. I know where my things are.

I bought a necklace at a flea market in Boston. The pendant is made of light green jade, and it is vaguely shaped like a butterfly. Rather, it looks like a piece of stone carved to resemble a butterfly with crude tools. The details of its wings and body are gentle grooves. As soon as I see

it, I know I want it. I easily hand over 25 dollars to the elderly Chinese woman behind the stand who nods and smiles and tells me the necklace will look beautiful on me.

I wear the necklace for that whole weekend in Boston. I wear it to the Korean barbecue restaurant where the smell of sizzling beef rises around me and sinks into my clothes. I wear it to a house party where I meet cousins and cousin's girlfriends, and friends who live a town over. I wear it around that same house where the kitchen never seems to stay the same shape or size because I only ever see it dizzily and half-lit at night, or in the stark and clear morning light. I intend for this necklace to be part of my uniform now. I want it to be my identifying ornament. I want it to be part of the outfit I would wear if I were a videogame character. I want it to be my habitus. When I get back to campus, I wear it to my first class. I fiddle with the sliver chain. I periodically feel for the pendant, as I do with all my jewelry, for some kind of comfort in consistency. It's here. I'm here.

Three hours later, during an office hours meeting with a professor, I reach for the pendant. I don't know the answer to the question she is asking. I fumble for words as my fingers frantically turn the chain around my neck in search of the necklace. *It has to be here.* I think of all the places it could be: my bedroom floor, the last class room I sat in, or somewhere along the path I walked from the edge of campus to the middle of the quad. When did I feel it last? After the meeting I pat myself all the way down. The pendant is not in the folds of my shirt or swung behind my neck. *It's gone, it's gone, it's gone.* All but the shiny silver chain wrapped around my neck.

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When Jiji passed away, all I could do was sit at the piano bench in my room. The presence of the piano still felt like a surprise gift from the universe. *You didn't ask for this, but*

you can have it. That's what it felt like. I don't even know how to play piano. The universe was giving me net zero. – Grandpa + Piano = Zero. My friend showed me how to turn the piano on. I could make it speak, now, and make it change voices. First, I played it like a concert piano, then an organ, then I startled myself with the overwhelming sound of synthetic strings, and the shut the whole thing off instantly. Tentatively, I began again. I found middle C. I noodled my way around "Mary Had a Little Lamb." I tried to recall that Adele song I learned in middle school. I imagined Jiji dancing in his kitchen, as I've seen him do so many times, nodding his whole body to the beat of Tchaikovsky.

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I used to think my eyesight was only bad at dusk when everyone's eyesight is bad. My mom always warned me to be extra careful crossing the street the dusk, and extra careful rounding corners when driving at dusk. They can't see you and you can't see them. I wonder if there is science behind this, but for the time being I know that at dusk people are colored the same gray as the buildings behind them, and somehow it takes longer to detect movements, and for some reason I can never make out the expressions on people's faces. Midsemester, I notice I can't read the board. My classmate has written out the answer to a math problem with red marker on a whiteboard. I squint to see if I am imagining things but squinting only makes it worse. A red-white board.

I got glasses last winter when I was back-to-school shopping in Walmart and discovered I couldn't read the signs above each aisle that lists what that aisle contains. I found myself amongst kitchen supplies when I was looking for notebooks and filing cabinets when I wanted a

calculator. I couldn't remember a time when the world didn't look like this, yet I knew that this wasn't how the world looked. I just didn't notice it was always dusk.

When I finally got glasses that winter, it didn't feel right to wear them. *This isn't it*, I thought. Peering through the glasses feels like a virtual reality game. Everything is too crisp, like I'm looking through a high-quality camera and the saturation is turned all the way up. I feel like I can only move my head mechanically: side to side, up and down, like I'm nodding or shaking my head. I can only dance prescribed dances, like a head bob. I can't *move*. I am the alien who watches. I sit in class and feel like an imposter. When I step from the sidewalk to the street, I misjudge the curb and step down *hard*. I no longer know what's *my* world and what's *the* world.

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Mama, what's something you can't live without?

Mama says, "If the house was on fire, there's two things I'd grab. First, you. Then, my violin, and I'm running out of the house with you under this arm, and the violin under this arm."

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We accuse Mama of being a witch. Each spring and every autumn, Mama spends an entire weekend buying an unbelievable number of fruits and vegetables. She washes them, cuts them, dumps them in vats for weeks, and then strains all their sticky sweet syrup. Our refrigerator fills with five glass jugs of viscous maroon. Dried coral keeps them from fermenting. Every morning Mama drinks her "enzymes" by pouring a half inch into a glass and diluting it with water. When I'm sick, she dilutes me with her enzymes.

Mama has an elaborate system to keep her from losing her health. There must be jugs in the fridge. She must drink a tall glass of enzymes every day. She must eat oat bran, flax seeds, and mixed nuts stirred into lukewarm water every morning for breakfast. She needs two hours before she leaves the house to complete the ritual. Sometimes she must wake up before sunrise in order to be ready on time. If she doesn't have her enzymes— if the hotel cleaners unknowingly throw away her travel bottles while she's on tour, or if airport security is wary of a Sprite bottle with dark purple liquid in it— then suddenly she's hurt. All she can sense is the splitting pain in her gut. She can barely breathe. She clutches her stomach. She's crying in the hotel bathroom.

When my grandfather, Jiji, passed away, Mama blamed herself for not making Jiji drink more enzymes. She had tried so hard to keep his fridge stocked, but he never took to it like she did. Drink it everyday! She insisted, but he would forget, and every time we visited, he asked for coffee from America instead.

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8 AM on a Friday morning in late September my roommate opens my bedroom door. I wake to the sound of the door's creak and her call, "Natchan?"

"Yeah?" I answer.

"They're here," she says.

"Who's here?" I ask. I'm trying to remember what day it is, and what's happening, and who could possibly be here.

"They're here for the piano?" she says, sounding just as confused as I am. I am far too tired to feel anything.

“Okay, okay, I got it,” I say, and stumble out of bed. I open the door to three middle-aged men in matching red t-shirts. They smile and nod and say good morning, and I try to do the same, but I can barely see through my morning vision. I lead them to my room, my unmade bed and my clothing draped on my desk chair, and they swiftly grasp the piano from either side and maneuver it out of the apartment. They come back for the chair and the music stand. I tell them thank you, and have a nice day, and when I come back to my room there’s an intense emptiness in the space where the piano used to be. I do not know where to sit so I climb back in bed.

III. Saving objects

Mama keeps us safe with tokens of water in the appropriate corners of the house – a crystal beside the southeast wall. A fridge stocked with health juice. Ring fingers that dab on the skin beneath the eyes, not drag. Special medicine that’s syrupy and sweet and only comes out when your fever is so bad you can hardly see straight. No Advil.

Mama keeps plates safe for their passage to the America with thick wads of Japanese newspaper. The plates immigrate for their own safety, because Baba and Mama know that when Baba and Jiji pass away, men we don’t know will come into the house and throw it all away. As we pack the plates, Baba tells us where she got each one. The pretty blue plate is a gift from her student, the French teacup a souvenir from a trip long ago, and that set of spoons... where were they from again...

“Weren’t the spoons a wedding gift?” Jiji calls from the kitchen.

“Oh right... right,” says Baba from her perch at the dining room table. Her long arms stretch out over the table to steady her at it, and she slowly turns her head to face Jiji, who stands at the stove a few meters away.

“Shall we start with the vegetable soup?” asks Jiji. He stands and smiles proudly at his creation, apron on, ladle in hand, back straight. He turns to smile at Mama, Baba, and me.

“Yes!” Mama says. “That smells good! Jiji is amazing.”

Mama and I get up at the same time to help Jiji. We stand back-to-back in the kitchen as she reaches for the bowls above the sink, and I start pulling out chopsticks and spoons from the drawer in the kitchen island. Sit, sit, we say to Jiji, so he wipes his forehead with a handkerchief and makes his way around the island and over to bother Baba.

“Ne, ne, Baba, Baba,” he sings to himself and to her, his usual little nonsense song. “Yokorasho, yokorasho.”

Mama and I, well-trained and well-practiced, we assemble the soups. One of us at the pot, the other bussing dishes to the table.

“Do you want anything to drink?” someone calls.

“Water!” another answers.

“Tea later!” says the third.

“We have dessert too!” says the last.

When the table is set, we have at the table, four brown bowls, eight chopsticks, mismatching cups of water and tea, prettier utensils for the elders, colorful woven placements, a

plastic cover for the table, four chairs with one special cushion, and four people: Jiji, Baba, Mama, and me.

When chairs are scooted in and we look at each other through the steam rising from each of our bowls, we open our mouths and say in unison,

“Itadakimasu!”

Then, arms across the table, reaching, handing, placing. The sound of the tv humming in the background, color in the corner of my eye. A view to the right of our balcony, and the clothes drying on the line, swinging in the Tokyo wind as we catch glittering glimpses of sunlight through our sleeves. Fresh air through the screen door. Light chatter hums of affirmation as we delight in the taste of the same potatoes, broth, and rice.

There is nothing that needs to be said because we are holding the same objects and eating the same food. No memory to be retrieved because each mind holds its own, and every bowl holds rice. I'll remember this day with the dregs at the bottom of my teacup.

Objects that speak, objects we save, and objects that remember.

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ⁱ Kogawa, Joy. *Obasan*. 1st Anchor books ed. New York, Anchor Books, 1994. p. 25.

ⁱⁱ Kogawa, 8.

ⁱⁱⁱ Kogawa, epigraph.

^{iv} Kogawa, 25.

^v Kogawa, 26.

^{vi} Kogawa 27.

^{vii} Kogawa, 26.