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SHINJUKU MORNING

Cassandra Atherton

You feed me prawn gyozas for breakfast. Early in the morning. In the Shinjuku Prince Hotel. You give each prawn parcel a little squeeze between your fleshy thumb and forefinger before you reach across the table. My mouth opens. A little pink 'O' and you fill it to the brim. Pink inside pink. And I love pink.

You take me to a Hello Kitty love hotel in Shibuya. We take the Hachiko exit and pass the statue of the faithful dog that waits forever. Cast in bronze. I wonder how long you will wait for me to come home.

I have somehow wormed my way into your heart. You smile and skewer the cherry in my Manhattan with your swizzle stick. We walk up the hill like Moon in Whisper of the Heart. Love hotel hill. Dogen-zaka. I am yours for the resting rate of four thousand yen.

If you listen, you can hear the cherry blossoms pop. I sit on a blue tarpaulin looking up at the sky between the branches of the cherry trees. Ueno. This is my bridal veil. Soft pink petals are the confetti that binds me to this place. You are restless. The plastic crinkles. We return to the Shinjuku Prince Hotel. You coddle me like the coddled eggs at the buffet. But I am not ready to leave.