



Thunderbird

I am looking forward to being here. The Thunderbird to Kanazawa. Underground—ready to meet the storm that awaits it. Angry palms tribal dancing, contorting in ways no animal can, can-can petticoats brazenly drawing attention to themselves outside of a wind-streaked fish bowl. Off in the distance, dark clouds take on the shape of a roiling Godzilla ready to crush this tin-toy train. Futuristic looking, but from the future of the past. The trains stop running in bad weather. None of this has happened yet. The rhythm of Osaka dances without me as a partner today. A mad dash through empty streets with the delirium tremens of panic and sleep deprivation. It's very easy to get lost in Japan. Addresses are numbered in the order that buildings are built—helpful during excavation by an archaeologist. Testified to by multiple tides of salt stains on a shirt and a Gallic shrug, "wabi-sabi?" during another death march to humidity. It's too early to

buy ekiben. No bento box of octopus with novelty keepsake octopus trap. I am at the mercy of the food cart lady on the train and my Japanese and her English, smiling and nodding and holding out yen for some unknown cost for something that looks like chocolate, but definitely isn't. The train stops halfway to Kanazawa due to the storm. Doors open, I sit there. Hungry. Steamy. Bored. My train of thought. If it is not remembered, it never happened. If it is, I am looking forward to being here.

By Andrew Carruthers