

Back in Japan, we skirted the carousel, sought refuge with the fishmonger whose wild aquariums held too many fish. The flukes writhed over each other, their bodies fluttering arrows. If you decapitate a fluke, it will regenerate—the head grows down, neck and thorax; the body too, unthinking trunk. Would the two flukes recognize themselves? Which has become the impostor? We didn't buy anything but the maps were wrong. The Nanboku-sen still mint green but it trailed out of downtown like the lead on a ball of yarn. This Saitama was wrong, walking along the canal choking on blossoms. I left the new home-life behind for the neon city, that post-nuclear tooth emerging again and again. And just this past week at MoMA with my new lover, we talk to his Greek intern of holding hands in the street, of little sisters whose hair goes down their backs—and Bjork's tesla coil erupts from the ceiling, we realize, now the DJ's stopped playing and the electricity is pulsing, it is a song and I know it, I don't think I can find the name, but I know it.