A Mushroom At Breakfast

Pamela Lowrie
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol16/iss1/38

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.
A MUSHROOM AT BREAKFAST

Yoshi is going fishing with his father for the first time on this warm August morning. His father is the best fisherman in the village and Yoshi wants to grow up to be a fisherman just like him. They set out to sea before the morning light erases the stars from the sky. The boat is named Yutaka Umi, which means bountiful sea. Because of the diligence and good fortune of Yoshi’s father in harvesting the fruit of the watery fields, the boat is almost entirely his own. If today’s catch is rich, the boat will belong to Yoshi’s father and then some day to Yoshi himself.

They leave the harbor quietly, heading for a special place to set their nets. Soon the eastern sky is glazed pale pink like Mother’s tea set from Hagi. The morning star is still twinkling as a refreshing breeze stirs Yoshi’s hair against his cheek. His excitement over the expedition calms into a perfect contentment as his body adjusts to the even rocking of the boat on the waves. He feels at home here on the sea, as safe and cozy as he feels being rocked in his mother’s arms. The boat moves easterly toward the brightening sky and Yoshi hums a little tune. Soon the nets are set and Yoshi and his father sit down for their morning tea and rice. Never before has this meal tasted so delicious to Yoshi. Just as Father is pouring his second cup of tea, a blinding light flashes in the northern sky. A huge strangely shaped cloud slowly rises above the horizon. Then a terrible wind hits and Yoshi, Father and everything on the deck is slammed into the side of the boat. Arms, baskets, tea cups, legs, ropes fly in all directions. The boat is blown apart and scatters over the sea. The nets surge to the top of the water and Yoshi sees his father thrashing in them. His father is in pieces and those pieces are caught in the net like fishes. And yet his arms reach out for Yoshi. Yoshi is enfolded by the arms and entangled in the net like a small sea creature. From Yoshi’s mouth comes a gurgling cry. Then there is only dark watery silence.

A reflection of the fiftieth anniversary of the dropping of the atomic bomb on Japan.

-Pamela Lowrie