

## Breakfast with an Adagio

Every Sunday morning, my father played  
an Adagio from his dusty

collection. They were beautifully lined up  
on his bookshelf, which came from his college dorm  
and my mother

hated it. He listened to the Adagio sitting  
on his couch while my mother

prepared the tea and laundered his shirts. The dryer  
spun, steam puffed out of the kettle, and the music

became louder. I put a lump of sugar  
into my mouth even I was still in pajamas. But soon,

my mother screeched and reached her boiling  
point. She pulled out

the plug, he stopped reading the newspaper, and I hid  
under the dining table. When I left

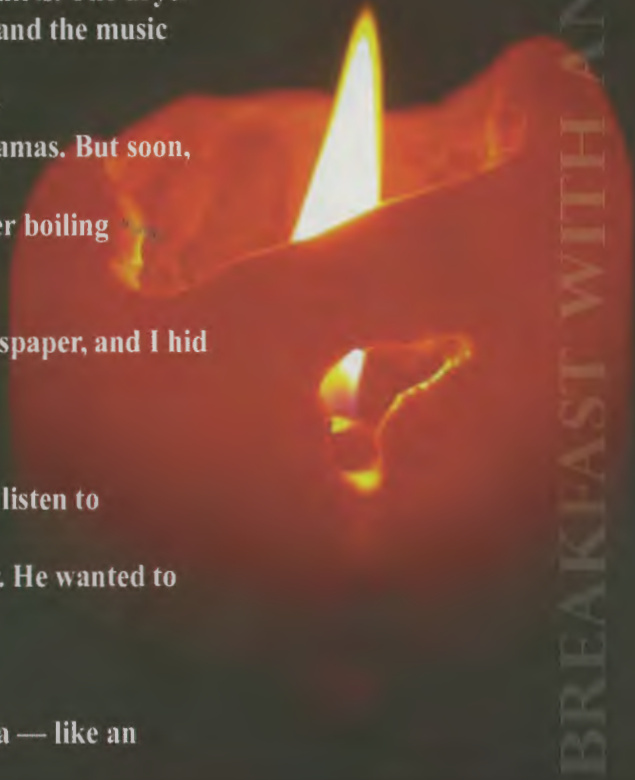
home, I stole  
the record. In my quiet apartment, I listen to

the music and I remember my father. He wanted to  
live  
in nostalgia—lumps of sugar,

a drop of milk in a dark breakfast tea — like an  
Adagio—  
an ephemeral pledge with dark

eyes unlike my mother's. My phone  
rings and I stop his Adagio before it comes to an end.

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BREAKFAST WITH AN ADA