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## Caring is Creepy

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## Caring is Creepy // Chris York

You drink Malbec and yell to him about the Shibuya Station crossing in Tokyo: too loud, too intimate, and too popular—a cocktail of uncomfortability for those involved. I'm rooted in the corner, clumsily trying to grow into the wall. My friend finds me, somehow, and with much animation begins to tell me about a Spanish-looking girl in oversized glasses. *She is the personification of beauty! She is Beauty! I wonder if those glasses are prescription? You should talk to her! I should talk to her!* I nod, not wanting to miss a wink, a touch, the way your eyes scream like neon signs to bored country folk. KARAOKE! LIVE MUSIC! FULL NUDITY! You laugh; the eight-legged monster comes to life—flesh from metal, blood from desire, wine from water—ruining the Gaijins' photo op. I run around the mountain of cars and find myself lost at the Imperial Palace

again. *Which way to the Pakistani embassy?  
Don'ttouchmymoustache.*

No—that's wrong. But hey, I can use chopsticks and slurp audibly now. I stop when I hear Buddha weeping; you buy knickknacks at his retreat and carry them into his oxidized belly. Your mother is inebriated, cursing your friends: they're thoughtless! careless! Wait—I hope you enjoyed the cheese spread. My hands are drenched as your father rummages around in your backpack while you sprint around the train station looking for the ticket in the front pocket. I walk out and join the crowd.