

Submitted By:

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Tucson WILPF /Tucson Raging Grannies . . .

For many of you in Branches who may be new to presenting Annual “Hiroshima-Nagasaki” Programs, we, in Tucson, would like to recommend reaching out to network with fellow organizations in your local peace community who would be willing to help you co-present and sponsor a program with you. You may also reach out to local college or university for experts on specific pertinent topics who would be willing to appear as speakers. Most importantly, reach out to PSR, Physicians for Social Responsibility, seek out their representatives if there is a chapter in your area.

As an example, we have been very fortunate over the years to have had volunteer their services and wisdom to us, such local members in our peace community as a Raging Granny who, one year shared with us reminiscences of her own visit to Hiroshima, and two regulars who update us on current developments in environmental and technical issues related to nuclear weapons treaties and nuclear power.

Suggestions for Ceasefire/75 Solidarity Season Presentations:

SONGS . . .

### **Down on Hiroshima**

*Author: Connie Graves, Tucson Raging Grannies*

*Tune of: "Puff, the Magic Dragon" (Starting pitch is F)*

*[<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Vg2RcXC8KSk> --*

*PETER, PAUL & MARY ... ~ ...25th Anniversary Version .....]*

**Down on Hiroshima... the atomic bo-  
mb fell,  
children playin' in th' summer sun  
burned in a living hell!  
Shadows of their bod-ies marked  
where they had stood,  
imprinted in the ve-ry ground  
of their own neighborhood.**

One **moment** **they** were **playing**. The **next** one **they** were **dead**,  
as **fi** - ire-balls and **hellish heat** across them **quickly spread**.  
**Tod-del-ers** and **babies**, **school-age kids** as well,  
in-**cin-er-a**-ted in the **blast** that **sounded their death knell**.

**Japanese survivors** still **suffer the effects**.

**Children are** still **born** with **devastating birth defects**.

**Radio-act-ive fallout** caused **deaths** the **bomb's** blamed for  
as **weakness and dis-e-e-ease...** killed **thousands more** post-war.

**De**-spite **all** the **rhet-or-ic** of the **threat** of **atomic power**  
in the **hands** of **third world co-un-tries** or an **ISIS saboteur**,  
the **fact remains** that **only A-mer-ic-a** has **used**  
the **bomb a-against** real **people...** the **U.S. stands a-ccused!**

**Lets destroy** the **bo-mbs**. Let's **make** them **disappear**  
so **fa-mi-lies** and **chil-dren** no **longer have** to **fear**.

The **threat** of **nuclear warfare** **needs to be displaced**  
and **A-mer-ic-a** must **stop leading** the **nu-cle-ar arms race!**

## CHILD OF WAR

*Author: Connie Graves ~ Tucson Raging Grannies*

*Tune: "Greensleeves" (Starting pitch is D)*

[\[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oDoHIVkWXnQ\]](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oDoHIVkWXnQ)

*NOLWENN LEROY .... ]*

What **child** is **thi**-is we **lay** to **re**-est,  
his **bo**-o-dy **bro**-ken and **ble**-e-**ding**,  
who **lost** his **li**-ife to **war** and **stri**-ife,  
while the **wo**-orld went **o**-on un-**heed**-ing?

What **child** is **thi**-is who **can**-not **re**-est,  
**hun**-gry, **thir**-sty, no **one** aid-**ing**?  
With **par**-ents **lo**-ost, she **pays** the **co**-ost.  
For **her**-er the **li**-ight is **fa**-ding.

*chorus:*     **This, this** is a **child** of **wa**-ar!

We've **lo**-ost so **ma**-any, **please** - no **more**!

**Haste... ha**-aste to **end** these **wa**-ars

and **save** all hu-**man**-i-ty's **chil**-dren.

What **kind** of **folk** can ig-**nore** their **pli**-ight...

not **feel** for the **li**-ttle ones **cry**-i-ing...

liv-**ing** with **pain**, calling **out** in **va**-ain?

Can we **kee**-eep ig-**nor**-ing the **dy**-ing?

chorus:     **Man's gree**-eed has **caused** the **fi**-ights.

They **sa**-ay their **ca**-ause is **just** and **right**.

**Fools... fools...** will they **ev**-er **ca**-are?

They're **kill**-ing hu-**man**-i-ty's **chil**-dren!

## **NOT ANOTHER HIROSHIMA**

**Author: Connie Graves & The Tucson Raging Grannies**

(Tune "I've Been Working on the Railroad")

[<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oDoHIVkWXnQ>

ROCK 'n' LEARN . . . .]

**Not another Hiroshima,**

too **many already**('ve) died.

**Nuclear war** is too **extreme**-a,

it **causes genocide!**

**Don't** you see it's a disaster  
Makin' **bombs** just 'cause we **can**?  
**Won't** the end come so much **fa-aster**?  
**Stop...their nuclear plan!**

**Brothers**, don't you know,  
**Sisters**, don't you know?  
We **have** to stop their **nuclear pla-a-an!**  
**Brothers**, don't you know,  
**Sisters**, don't you know?  
We **need** all **world** nukes banned!

They're in **cahoots** 'bout **nuclear wea-pons**,  
**Someone's** pushing nukes, I **know-o-o-o**,  
They're in **cahoots** 'bout **nuclear wea-pons**,  
They want to **lay** our "**enemies**" low!.

**We'll** all die, **fiddling** around  
with **atom** bombs, you **good** old **bo-oys**,  
**We'll** die, the world **around**,  
Cause of **you** and your **damned** war toys!  
**You...and...your...damned...war...toys!** (Slow- 1/2 time)

**“End of the World”** - *tune by the same name*

*By Hank Tusinski & Lee for Tucson Raging Grannies 06/16/17*

*(revised 07/24/18)*

[\[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DHCxbg2ICUc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DHCxbg2ICUc)

*SKEETER DAVIS . . . ]*

*(Starting note = E)*

**Why** is **peace** so e-lu-u-si-ive?

**Why** can't we **all** get a-lo-o-ong?

**Don't** we **learn** to-o “**Li-ive & Let Live**”

be-fore we **leave** our mo-ther's **a-arms**?

**Why** can't we **fee**-eed the **hu-un-gry-y**,

**Rather** than **ma-a-king bo-ombs**?

**Don't** they **know**, it's the **e-end** of the **wo-orld**.

It's **up** to us to **right** these **wrongs**.

I **wake** up every **morning** and I **wonder**  
what **new** in-san-i-ty has **begun**.

I **don't** **understand** how we **can** let this **man**  
**trash** the **progress** that we've **wo-o-on**.

We've got to **all** stand to-**ge-eth-e-er**

**Don't** be a-**fraid** to rant and **rave!**

Re-**arm-ing** could **mean** the **end** of the **world**.

It's **life** itself that **we** must **save!**

**Those Were Some Dames,**

By Barbara Taft, Greater Phoenix WILPF

Tune: "Those Were the Days"

[ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y3KEhWTnWvE>

MARY HOPKIN . ...]

Once upon a time there were some women

Who worked hard for peace in every way.  
They stood on corners such long hours,  
Shouting out that peace should come one day.

Cho: Those were some dames, my friend,  
We thought that war should end.  
We'd sing and dance,  
And some would even pray.  
We'd fight for peace with words,  
We'd make our voices heard.  
We weren't young, but peace can win the day.

Just last week, we stood upon a corner,  
Giving flyers out to show the way.  
Here's another woman, let us warn her:  
She shouldn't heed what warriors have to say.

Cho.

In the glass we see our own reflection.  
Our faces show the price we've had to pay.



To reach peace would truly be perfection.

We'll stay here 'til wars have gone away.

Cho.

## **LET THERE BE PEACE**

Margaret Pecoraro & Connie GRAVES, "TRGs",

For

*"The TUCSON Raging Grannies...."*

[c. 2011 ... (FUKUSHIMA Year).....]

[ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nnJQf1B-OUk>

EVERLY Bros. ---- ]

(starting note = F) ----

(Tune of "Let It Be Me")

**Peace** on the **Earth** must **happen**.

**All** of our **hearts** must **open**,

North, West, **South** ~'n' ~ **Ea**-east,

**Let** there be **peace**. . . .

**War's** th' worst thing **that** can happen!

**Worse** th'n **war**, who **can** **imagine**?

**Human**, **bird**, and **be**-east,

**Let** there be **peace**.

Each **bomb** **exploding**...

World **trust** **eroding**...

Our **only** **homeland**

**Menaced** by **man**!

Hate only **leaves** us lonely,

**Results** in **anger** **only**.

War **is** **insanity**! . . .

**Let** there be **peace** . . . .

Let's **choose** to **live** for **something**...

The **world** in **love** a-**bounding**.

Let **us** be **vowing**...:

There **WILL** be **peace!**

No **bombs** **exploding.**

No **more** fore**boding.**

We'll **be** **devoting**

Our **lives** to **peace!**

**Peace** on the **Earth** must **happen.**

**All** of our **hearts** must **open...**

**Now** and for-**ev**-er.

**Let** there be **peace!**

"...ONE WORLD..."

TRG Granny Alice RITTER (EMERITA)

For

"*The TUCSON Raging Grannes*"

[In 2003..... --

c. Start~Of ~IRAQ ~WAR~Time .....

{TUNE: Yradier's [TANGO]

"*LA PALOMA (The DOVE)...*" .....\*\*

[ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zhYTZGgL9l8>

CONNIE FRANCIS

English Version---

And/OR

JULIO IGLESIAS -- Spanish Lyrics ....

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YjkX\\_n6qTpI.....\]](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YjkX_n6qTpI.....)

One WORLD

Where All COME Together At LAST In PEACE! . . .

One WORLD

Where The THREAT Of All Wars ForEVER CEASE!.

..

One WORLD

Where No HARM Comes To Any LIVING THING! . . .

One WORLD

Where We KNOW The TRUE Peace

That LOVE Will BRING! .....

What Kind Of WORLD Will WE Pass

To The CHILDREN --

If We Don't MODEL ALL The BEST It Can BE?

Each One Of Us Is PART Of The One World FAM'LY

In Spite Of DIFFerences Between YOU And ME....

Will You REACH Out Your HAND

And Take MY Hand FIRMLY?

Together WE CAN (Pause) ...

Together WE WILL (Pause) ---

Bring PEACE To OUR (Pause, 2, 3)

One WORLD ..... ----.....!!!!.....

## **Hiroshima Remembered**

Lyrics by: Chris Carlson

Gaggle: North Carolina

Tune: "Hang Down Your Head Tom Dooley"

[<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VhXuO4Gz3Wo> ---

The KINGSTON Trio ]

Hang down your head, U.S.A.,  
Hang down your head in shame.  
Thousands died in Hiroshima  
And you're the one to blame.

Hang down your head, U.S.A.,  
You devastated with a BOOM!  
This time in Nagasaki  
You created another tomb.

Today we cage the children  
Of countries we don't like;  
Tear them from their parents' arms  
Because their skin's not white,

Our bombs and white supremacy:  
All must disappear  
So people living 'round the world  
Won't have to live in fear.

The U. S. A. can lift its head  
When they put an end to war.  
Yes, everyone can live in peace  
When we study war no more . . .

## **Don't Forget Hiroshima**

Lyrics by: Rose DeShaw

Gaggle: Kingston

Tune: "My Love Loves Me"

[<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zmdY3RRQGLU>

ANITA CARTER ]

1) 'Twas long ago  
And far away cross the sea  
so many died in an instant  
Hiroshima!  
Light your lights  
Don't forget  
That day, bombs  
Fell from the blue sky,  
Hiroshima!  
2) And you and I  
Safe and happy at home  
Still carry the memory of that day

Hiroshima!  
Candles burn  
Lanterns float  
I will remember forever  
Hiroshima!

To The Star~Spangled Banner (Connie Graves)

## **Anthem for Peace**

Lyrics by: Connie Graves

Gaggle: Tucson

Tune: " The Star Spangled Banner"

[<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Je-pokr1ViY>

SANDI PATTY ]

O-oh, say can you see, we have no moral right  
to continue these wars, hear the innocents screaming,  
who-ose homes have been bombed into burial sites.  
On the news we have watched the result of the scheming.

To all the war games, we say "not in our names!"  
International law is ignored to our shame.  
Oh say , will we keep fighting and ma-aking it all wo-orse,  
'Til the whole world is in flames, and America cursed? . . .

**Never Again Hiroshima!**

Lyrics by: Rose DeShaw revisions Connie Graves & Vicki Ryder

Gaggle: Kingston / Tucson / North Carolina

Tune: Plaisir d'Amour (The Joys of Love)

Date Written or Updated: 8/6/2016

Key or Starting Note: F

[<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9pobCfE3C5M>

JOAN BAEZ . . . .]

'Twas long ago  
And far across the sea,  
So many died in an instant...  
Hiroshima!

Children played  
Out in the summer sun  
Then burned in a living hell...  
Hiroshima!

The mushroom cloud  
And fireballs quickly spread,  
Now only their shadows remain...  
Hiroshima!

Light your lights  
And never forget that day  
When we dropped that bomb from the sky...  
Hiroshima!

Now candles burn  
All across our land  
As we pledge that never again....  
Hiroshima!

## **Last Night I Had The Strangest Dream**

Lyrics by: Fresno



Gaggle: Fresno

Tune: Last Night I Had The Strangest Dream

[[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3dn\\_99vvS5U](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3dn_99vvS5U)

SIMON & GARFUNKEL

The Fresno Gaggle wrote their own verse to the melody of the above famous and copyrighted song, so here is that verse, for rest of the verses you'll have to search for them on the web, we are not allowed to print them here.

Then let's join hands and make a pledge

That we'll have peace today.

Then generations yet to come

Will never have to say

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## READINGS and ARTICLES. . .

[https://www.icanw.org/hiroshima\\_and\\_nagasaki\\_7\\_things\\_you\\_should\\_know](https://www.icanw.org/hiroshima_and_nagasaki_7_things_you_should_know)

[https://www.icanw.org/hiroshima\\_and\\_nagasaki\\_bombings](https://www.icanw.org/hiroshima_and_nagasaki_bombings)

<https://www.newyorker.com/tech/annals-of-technology/the-first-light-of-the-trinity-atomic-test>

<https://www.nippon.com/en/currents/do0233/>

<https://www.pri.org/stories/2016-05-26/i-still-hate-glow-setting-sun-hiroshima-survivors-tell-their-stories>

<https://www.japantimes.co.jp/news/2012/08/24/national/brother-keeps-sadako-memory-alive/>

<https://www.cnn.com/2015/08/05/asia/japan-hiroshima-nuclear-lessons/index.htm>

<https://www.businessinsider.com/what-hiroshima-looks-like-today-2018-7#10-august-6-a-day-of-remembrance-10>

<https://www.newyorker.com/news/news-desk/japans-pivot-from-obama-to-trump>

## EINSTEIN Articles:

<http://www.doug-long.com/einstein.htm>

<http://www.taipeitimes.com/News/feat/archives/2005/07/05/2003262351>

## Ray ACHESON (WILPF/ICAN -- 74th Anniv. ~ 2019):

<https://www.reachingcriticalwill.org/news/latest-news/14012-74th-hiroshima-and-nagasaki-commemoration>

## David SWANSON (WBW ~ World Beyond War) ...:

<https://davidswanson.org/long-after-hiroshima/>

<https://thehawaiiindependent.com/story/peace-what-is-it-good-for-absolutely-everything/>

# PAUL K. CHAPPELL -- PEACE LITERACY & The NUCLEAR AGE PEACE FOUNDATION

## NOTABLE NUCLEAR WAR QUOTES

[http://www.notable-quotes.com/n/nuclear\\_warfare\\_quotes.html](http://www.notable-quotes.com/n/nuclear_warfare_quotes.html)

A Reading W/ A Poem ....

### **Takashi's Story**



This is the story of Takashi “Thomas” Tanemori, the descendent of a proud Samurai family, who survived the Hiroshima atomic bomb blast to become a peace activist, poet and artist, in his own words ...

My life, since I was eight years old, has been a long struggle to understand the demise of my home town, the confiscation of my childhood, and the horrible indignity of a bomb attack that marked the beginning of the Nuclear Age. It has led me to finding peace in my heart, and becoming a man of peace.

Long ago I was lifted from the ashes of Hiroshima to find my way in the world. Before then my Father, a descendent of a proud Samurai family, dressed in a kimono emblazoned with the family crest, "Maru ni Tachi Aoi," of the "hollyhock" [Tokugawa Shogunate lineage], taught me patiently to live—the ancient code of Samurai. How important it was to him to make sure that he had correctly passed on to me the "Seven Codes of the Samurai", as he insisted that we must repay our debts to our ancestors—

passing on to our children what we have received. On September 3, 1945 I bade farewell to my Father.

I became a "hibakusha" (a survivor of the Hiroshima atomic bombing) leaving the charred cradle of childhood with a heart twisted—hatred, for a harsh journey toward manhood. As a teenager, I immigrated to America, my youthful mind thinking it my duty to seek revenge for the destruction of my family.

Now a naturalized American citizen, my Father's teaching has become the touchstone of my life, enabling me to survive and setting me on the "Path of Peace" to the wisdom of manhood with an open heart of love and forgiveness. I am now a product of two cultures—traditional Japan, the nation of my birth—and America, my adopted nation.

Looking back on the last 60 years of my life, my life-journey has not been what I expected; my final destination not exactly as I had charted it. But I am neither dismayed nor disappointed. The conflicts of my past shaped and redirected me. I now honor both the past and the present while expressing my love for two countries that both wounded and nurtured me. My life is like embroidery, many different lengths of threads, crisscrossing in many colors, adding to an iridescent tapestry of human dignity.

Although I was young and filled with anger, after many turbulent years both in postwar Japan and America, I had to search into the deepest chamber of my soul in my deepest anguishing hour. I realized that I had not only survived the bombing of Hiroshima, but that my Father's teaching of the Seven Codes of the Samurai had kept my heart and soul intact, preserved the essence of who I am, and saved me from self-destruction!

On August 5, 1985 I had a personal epiphany that changed my life's direction. In a moment of anger, I suddenly remembered the dream about a white Crane and Butterfly I had the night before the bombing in Hiroshima.

I would like to share the story of the crane and the butterfly, and my journey from revenge to forgiveness and peace, symbolized—folding an origami paper crane and transforming it into a butterfly. This story begins the night before the bombing, as I sat in a community bomb shelter with my family. I had a transcendent vision of the crane and the butterfly. In my vision, I was taken to see the white crane, Senba-zuru, as mighty as a thousand cranes, who talked to me of loss, survival and transformation. I

was shown many of the horrors to come and also told that the keys to survival were to remember who I am and to follow the light within. At the end of the vision, I was horrified to see Senba-zuru perish in a giant fireball. But then, as I lay desolate, sobbing on the ground, I saw him return as a white butterfly.

In the aftermath of the bombing, I forgot this vision for forty years until August 5, 1985, while driving to a remembrance rally in San Francisco—a mushroom-shaped cloud formation in the distance brought the memory flooding back. A white butterfly flew into my car, gracefully landing on the dashboard. It stayed there momentarily, a fluttering pair of iridescent wings, recreating the symphonic melodies that I had heard on that night of the vision—then it flew out, soaring freely into the blue sky. At that moment, the weight of the past was lifted from my heart. Looking back, I realize that the crane and the butterfly had been guiding me like an unseen rudder through stormy seas of hatred and revenge to forgiveness to peace.

My spiritual journey, reconnecting with and reconciling my past with the events of history and applying this experience to the present, for the benefit of future generations, is my life goal. The message is clear and simple. At last, I come home to my real promise to my Father, a place called "PEACE through forgiveness"—letting go of my painful past. I can say at last I am now a man of "PEACE".

I was finally able to embrace my Father's teaching, the Seven Codes of Samurai, which has allowed me, having gone through the darkest clouds of raging storms, to enter into the "eye of the storm", where I am now able to see the world from a different perspective. I set a lifetime goal of helping future generations live in Heiwa: peace, with harmony and equality. At the Silkworm Peace Institute, a nonprofit organization I founded, we foster the message of hope, healing, cultural understanding, attempting to transform revenge and anger into peace and forgiveness to others.

*The Blade of Grass in a Dreamless Field*  
by Takashi "Thomas" Tanemori

Only a few knew it existed;  
No one knew its power;  
The world would never be the same again,  
Changing irrevocably and forever.  
The six-hundred-year history of Hiroshima  
Disappeared in the ashes,  
On this Judgment Day, on this Morning!

(i)  
Blameless souls forever vanish  
on this morning, this judgment day.  
Our silent cries, to heaven we appeal,  
scattered like the ash of withered leaves.  
Our ebbing souls  
cling to that lonely sky;  
we try in vain to escape this sea of flame.  
Oh, Hiroshima, once my haven,  
why has your life been sacrificed?

(ii)  
The abounding sadness within my heart . . .  
drowning my loneliness in tears of self-pity.  
Four abandoned children;  
wishing to feel our mother's love,  
just once more;  
if only in our dreams.  
The heat of yet another long night lingers.  
Oh, Hiroshima, once my home,  
my tears run dry waiting for the breaking dawn.

(iii)  
My soul is torn—this rage inside,  
an orphan of war;  
why does this make me feel guilty?  
Why do my neighbors turn away  
or, close their ears when I speak?  
Bitterness poisons this innocent child,

I madly waste away.  
Oh, Hiroshima, once my cradle,  
I am waiting to die.

(iv)  
Gathering remnants of my courage,  
I stand alone in this notorious America, land of the enemy.  
An outcast with slanted eyes,  
I fall before the indifference of strangers;  
sightlessly, they trample upon my dignity.  
This life of anguish seems to be my destiny.  
Praying for death, I endure time.  
Oh, Hiroshima, once my comfort,  
I am lost in dreams of revenge.

(v)  
Budding leaves renew this tired place, this tired soul;  
gently the rain is embraced—your love,  
comforting this savaged heart.  
A blade of grass emerges from the ashes,  
and my heart becomes a light,  
connecting me to heaven.  
Living for one another, this is my path!  
Oh Hiroshima, forever my love,  
may my life become a bridge from you and others.

(vi)  
At the dawn of the 21st century,  
we honor this passage through darkness.  
We must have the courage to enter  
the void again . . . and again,  
emerging with the gift of new life.  
Healing only comes through learning to forgive  
and making peace with our past.  
Only then, will the wind whisper:  
"Hibakusha, you have not lived in vain!"

## A READING W/ Very Brief VIDEO

<http://www.sbs.com.au/hiroshima/> -- "JUNKO's Story"

## A READING And W/ A VIDEO (Poem And Song)

<https://glli-us.org/2017/08/07/hiroshima-child-a-poem-by-nazim-hikmet/>

## "HIROSHIMA CHILD" ["I STAND AT EVERY DOOR"]

### POEMS . . .



#### **Sadako Kurihara (1913-2005)**

The poet, writer and peace activist Sadako Kurihara lived in Hiroshima and survived the atomic bombing of August 1945. She is best known for this poem *Umashimenkana*, translated as 'Let us be midwives'. The poem is based on Kurihara's own experience in a shelter under the Sendamachi post office in the aftermath of the destruction of Hiroshima. In reality, the midwife survived and was later able to meet the child she had delivered.

After the war Sadako Kurihara took up writing along with her husband Kurihara Tadaichi, and was fully engaged in the worldwide peace and antinuclear movements. In 1960 she wrote *Auschwitz and Hiroshima: Concerning Literature of Hiroshima* about the writers' responsibility for remembrance. In 1969 she founded a citizens' group *Hiroshima Mothers'*



*Group against A-Bombs and H-Bombs* and published an anthology of poetry about Hiroshima *The River of Flame Running in Japan*. The following year she started the journal, *The Rivers in Hiroshima*. She also edited journals, wrote essays.

SADAKO KURIHARA Poems . . .

Amid rubble/ravaged by flames/the last  
moments/of thousands:/what sadness!/  
Thousands of people,/tens of thousands:  
/lost/the instant/the bomb exploded./  
silent, all sorrows/unspoken,/city of  
rubble/ravaged by flames:/autumn rain falls.

*Let Us Be Midwives!*

*[We Will NOW Bring Forth LIFE .. .]*

—An untold story of the atomic bombing

Night in the basement of a concrete structure now in ruins.

Victims of the atomic bomb

jammed the room;

it was dark—not even a single candle.

The smell of fresh blood, the stench of death,

the closeness of sweaty people, the moans.

From out of all that, lo and behold, a voice:

“The baby’s coming!”

In that hellish basement, at that very moment,

a young woman had gone into labor.

In the dark, without a single match, what to do?  
People forgot their own pains, worried about her.  
And then: "I'm a midwife. I'll help with the birth."  
The speaker, seriously injured herself,  
had been moaning only moments before.  
And so new life was born in the dark of that pit of hell.  
And so the midwife died before dawn, still bathed in blood.  
Let us be midwives!  
Let us be midwives!  
Even if we lay down our own lives to do so.

Read about the translation of these poems here: <https://www.erudit.org/en/journals/ttr/2012-v25-n1-ttr0555/1015349ar.pdf>

***"When We Say: 'HIROSHIMA' ...."***

When we say "Hiroshima,"  
do people answer, gently,  
"Ah, Hiroshima"?)  
Say "Hiroshima," and hear "Pearl Harbor."  
Say "Hiroshima," and hear "Rape of Nanking."  
Say "Hiroshima," and hear of women and children in Manila  
thrown into trenches, doused with gasoline,  
and burned alive.  
Say "Hiroshima,"  
and hear echoes of blood and fire.

Say “Hiroshima,”

and we don’t hear, gently,

“Ah, Hiroshima.”

In chorus, Asia’s dead and her voiceless masses

spit out the anger

of all those we made victims.

That we may say “Hiroshima,”

and hear in reply, gently,

“Ah, Hiroshima.”

we must in fact lay down

the arms we were supposed to lay down.

We must get rid of all foreign bases.

Until that day Hiroshima

will be a city of cruelty and bitter bad faith.

And we will be pariahs

Burning with remnant radioactivity.

That we may say “Hiroshima”

and hear in reply, gently,

“Ah, Hiroshima.”

we first must

wash the blood

off our own hands.<sup>22</sup>

## TOGE SANKICHI

Tōge Sankichi was born in Japan in 1921 and was the most public and politicized of the early Hiroshima poets. He started writing poetry at the age of eighteen and was twenty-four when the A-bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. Tōge died at age thirty-six, a victim of leukemia resulting from the A-bomb and his death lent his poetry further gravitas. His first collection of atomic bomb works, *Poems of the Atomic Bomb* was published in 1951 and was widely recognized as the leading hibakusha poet of his time.



The Poetry of Tōge Sankichi

### *At the First-Aid Station*

You

Who weep although you have no ducts for tears

Who cry although you have no lips for words

Who wish to clasp

Although you have no skin to touch

You

Limbs twitching, oozing blood and foul secretions

Eyes all puffed-up slits of white

Tatters of underwear

Your only clothing now  
Yet with no thought of shame  
Ah! How fresh and lovely you all were  
A flash of time ago  
When you were school girls, a flash ago  
Who could believe it now?

Out from the murky, quivering flames  
Of burning, festering Hiroshima  
You step, unrecognizable  
even to yourselves  
You leap and crawl, one by one  
Onto this grassy plot  
Wisps of hair on bronze bald heads  
Into the dust of agony Why have you had to suffer this?  
Why this, the cruelest of inflictions?  
Was there some purpose?  
Why?  
You look so monstrous, but could not know  
How far removed you are now from mankind

You think:  
Perhaps you think

Of mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters  
Could even they know you now?  
Of sleeping and waking, of breakfast and home  
Where the flowers in the hedge scattered in a flash  
And even the ashes now have gone  
Thinking, thinking, you are thinking  
Trapped with friends  
who ceased to move, one by one  
Thinking when once you were a daughter  
A daughter of humanity.

### *August Sixth*

How could I ever forget  
that flash of light!  
In a moment thirty thousand people ceased to be  
The cries of fifty thousand killed  
Through yellow smoke whirling into light  
Buildings split, bridges collapsed  
Crowded trans burnt as they rolled about  
Hiroshima, all full of boundless heaps of embers  
Soon after, skin dangling like rags  
With hands on breasts  
Treading upon the spilt brains

Wearing shreds of burnt  
cloth round their loins  
There came numberless lines of the naked  
All crying  
Bodies on the parade ground, scattered like  
jumbled stone images  
Crowds in piles by the river banks  
loaded upon rafts fastened to shore  
Turned by and by into corpses  
under the scorching sun  
in the midst of flame  
tossing against the evening sky

Pot-bellied, one-eyed  
with half their skin peeled off, bald  
The sun shone, and nothing moved  
but the buzzing flies in the metal basins  
Reeking with stagnant odor  
How can I forget that stillness  
Prevailing over the city of  
three hundred thousand?  
Amidst that calm  
How can I forget the entreaties

Of the departed wife and child

Through their orbs of eyes

Cutting through our minds and souls?

***At the Peace Park, Hiroshima***

by [Zyskandar Jaimot](#)

*The tilted dome stands  
and reflects like a silent mirror  
While balding grey-feathered pigeons hide  
among twisted agonized steel  
Long naked metal fingers open  
strive to grasp the still empty air  
Emaciated shadows linger among  
ruins of anonymous burial mounds  
Murmurs of weeping fountains add background calm  
to hours devoted to atomic remembrance  
Forgotten ashen silences yield  
miraculously to clean lanes swept continuously  
But before you, one street segregated by bitter hatreds  
A single cement pole inscribed with Korean names  
marks slave laborers' forbidden even in death  
Proper respect to mingle in the teary Japanese sky.*

***Lucifer, to the Enola Gay***

by [Michael R. Burch](#)

*Go then, and give them my meaning  
so that their teeming  
streets  
become my city.  
Bring back a pretty  
flower,  
a chrysanthemum,  
perhaps, to bloom  
if but an hour,  
within a certain room  
of mine  
where  
the sun does not rise or fall,*



*and the moon,  
though it is content to shine,  
helps nothing at all.*

*There,  
if I hear the wistful call  
of their voices  
regretting choices  
made  
or perhaps not made  
in time,  
I can look back upon it and recall,  
in all of its forms sublime,  
still  
Death will never be holy again.*

### ***War Close Up***

by Hiroshima survivor Sadako Kurihara  
loose translation/interpretation by [Michael R. Burch](#)

*Stirring bugles! Rousing martial music!  
The announcer reporting "victory"  
like some messenger from on high,  
fanning, fanning the fervored flames of battle!*

*Masterful state magicians materializing  
in a wizardly procession,  
spreading cleverly poisoned words  
to bewilder reason!  
Artistic expression abracadabra-ed into state-sponsored magic!*

*The sound of boots, guns, bombs, cannons  
as our army advances, advances, advances toward the enemy!  
The thunder of our invincible tanks advancing! Alleluia!  
The sudden, sweet gurgles of drowning enemy ships!*

*The radio broadcasts the sounds of battle:  
A war hymn resounding to the skies,  
sung by courageous men and women  
who worship this cruel idol, War.*

*Oh, so powerful the merest whiff  
addles even the most independent spirit—  
the opium of patriotism!*

*the religion of race!*

*While on scenic islands  
scattered like stepping stones across the globe,  
and on farflung continents,  
driven by boundless avarice,  
the landlords rage and rave again,  
instilling hatred in indigenous populations  
then prodding, driving them into battle.  
Full of high-sounding pretexts  
inevitably adapted to expediency  
they raise indisputable banners—  
God is on our side!  
Righteous war!  
Holy war!*

*"Right" becomes the password of thieves.  
They square their shoulders:  
"To secure world peace  
annihilate  
the evil opponent!"*

*They bark commands:  
"For ten years, a hundred years,  
fight to the last man, the last woman!"  
The master magicians' martial music  
resounds magisterially;  
fanatic bull-mad patriots  
roar and run amok;  
completely bewitched, the people carol in unison:  
"O, let me die by the side of my sweet Sovereign!"*

## **I AM CONVINCED**

A Poem     By Leonard NIMOY

["SPOCK" ~ "STAR TREK" ]

*I am convinced  
That if all mankind  
Could only gather together  
In one circle  
Arms around each other's shoulders  
And dance, laugh and cry  
Together  
Then much  
of the tension and burden  
of life  
Would fall away  
In the knowledge that  
We are all children  
Needing and wanting  
Each other's  
Comfort and  
Understanding  
We are all children  
Searching for love  
—[Leonard Nimoy](#)*