Submitted By:
Patrick Garth & Margaret Pecoraro ～
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-re-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-gainst 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

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-ght**...

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**!

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**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- ½ 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

SKEETER DAVIS . . . ]

(Starting note = E)

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

Why can't we all get a-lo-o-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 insanity 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=nnJQfiB-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** **foreboding**.

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)*..." ......**
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! .....
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 ..... -------!!!!!!!

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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
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](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!**
“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
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
READINGS and ARTICLES... 

https://www.icanw.org/hiroshima_and_nagasaki_7_things_you_should_know

https://www.icanw.org/hiroshima_and_nagasaki_bombings


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


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):


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

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

https://thehawaiindependent.com/story/peace-what-is-it-good-for-absolutely-everything/
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


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


"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.

SADA KO 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-trr0555/1015349ar.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.22
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.

![Poems of the Atomic Bomb](image)

**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 trams 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