

1986

August 16th

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Cover Page Footnote

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It's a clear day
In Hiroshima

Lt. Ryan
Dreaming of his family back home
In western New York
Is content and at ease with his captors
Waiting for his liberation
Only months away
He thinks he will bring his family hear some day

Soft ponds reflect the morning sky
Our city has been untouched
Air raid sirens sit silent
Monks worship the peace around us
As we gather for our daily exercises

People are active in their routines
Children working at their desks
Birds setting on electrical wires fly away
Saying goodbye to the flowers on the ground
Dissappearing beyond the smoke
Of a cranking munitions factory

Around a pastoral courtyard
A child waves to the strange stiff bird
Come to welcome her
Kiri-Tsubo is in the rock garden
Nursing her only child

Flash—

In the center
There is no sound
But thunder is heard miles away
Her child's lips have melted
Onto her breast
"Why are you eating me?", she asks

Orange and blue light
Piercing through the classroom window
Hands, hands
My hands are scolding
Fingers burning
Grasping for the sky
As flesh oozes to the ground

The river bank is crimson
Heads facing east
Their shadows remain burned into wood
Their bodies carried away
On sheets of tin

Faces painted black
We walk in silence
Skin is peeling
There is no panic
Only the stillness of death
Showers of dark blue rain
Form dops the size of marbles
Everything has fallen
Debris, destruction
Hell has come to earth
No faces, no eyes

Oh-God, oh-Buddha, oh-Harry Truman
Why have you done this to our city
Now an immense boiling tarpit
Under the cold cold sun