

Life is a Curious Treasure¹

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On August 9th, 1945,
my grandmother was born on a military base in the United States
while far across the sea, death was borne by an American plane
she took her first breath as the air erupted, replaced with
heat that melted skin dust that sliced lungs and tens of thousands of
breaths and cries that ceased midair suspended incomplete

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Tsutomu Yamaguchi told his coworkers of a bomb that had split the sky
some hundred eighty five miles away
his description so vivid, it came to life right outside the window
like first light to never-opened eyes
white, blinding first or last greeting and farewell
Americans love a light show

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And like pirates, they plundered, claiming that in order to save life you must first take it
merciful genocide

my family wept for all they now had
and an entire nation wailed for all they had lost
and clouds shed black tears that quenched no thirst and extinguished no fire
and my grandmother cried for the first time, though she knew not what for

Footnotes

¹Fujio Torikoshi's (survivor of the atomic bomb attack on Hiroshima) wisdom to future generations

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