

# Crumbling Arches, Hibakusha

I feel like a Hibakusha  
Marked with scars of another's affairs  
Helpless to defend my honor  
Who knew the bushido could fail

Hammered bamboo and broken backs  
Living under the red dot flags  
It sits alone amidst the white  
Like targets- Fire what you will

Down here in dystopia  
Kill who are and where you're from  
You'll still receive your labels  
On the tops of uni-bombs

Abandon tradition  
It obviously failed you now  
On papal thrones and minutemen  
Absorb your propagandic vows

Can you see beyond the clothing  
Can you see beyond the skin  
Can you see past the mindset  
That you have grown up having

I feel like a Hibakusha  
Boasting burns of another's ordeals  
Hopeless to preserve my name when  
Brothers rise with wills of steel

Burn my kimono in the streets  
Do you like my flag pins  
Sure patriotic they may seem  
But I don't want them

Am I breathing - It's so easy  
To exhale words of condescension  
Like an open tap  
Just by living- I can't help it  
Suddenly, nailed to the board  
Like butterfly displays  
Of 'my name is' tags