

## CRANES

At 8:15 a.m., some 65 years later,  
birds perch on the Dome.

It's startlingly calm  
A becalming place. Green, tranquil,  
filled with standing statues tourists with cameras and prayers for peace  
and pray-ers for peace  
classes of school children  
running  
water everywhere.

The children bring chains of 1,000 cranes, paper beaks folded  
in loving memory of Sadako Sasaki  
her cranes became tinier her leukemia advanced  
until she formed the symbols of longevity and healing  
with the aid of a pin.

At 8:15 a.m., some 65 years later,  
Five cranes hold sentinel on ruined blackened  
girders the skeleton of what is now,  
simply,  
called the A-Bomb Dome.

The statues are the world's countries' monuments,  
to Hiroshima reborn,  
arisen and declaring her residents will now, forever,  
live  
in what shall be called the City of Peace.

Classes of children, schooled  
in knowledge of what unthinkable tragedy  
took  
place  
here  
stand for photos before the fountain with the flame in the center

burning until the last nuclear weapon is dismantled;  
before the cenotaph  
shielding names of the dead, the cenotaph reopened,  
and the newest names added each August 6<sup>th</sup>.

The Peace Park, the terrible hypocenter.

And the tourists with cameras?  
We bear witness. We come to ask,

Why?  
How many angels danced on the head of a pin?

We come to see the truth  
Or as much truth as we can bear.

That seeing demands  
the clearest sight possible  
when those eyes your globes of seeing fill with pin pricks  
of tears

Water,  
like the water the burned begged for as they died  
the peace fountains spouting outside the museum  
the river that flows calmly calmingly by  
the A-Bomb Dome,

where the cranes have taken up residence.

—Jadi Campbell