

The Village In The Fallout

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After the Fukushima disaster,
A few villagers stayed behind,
Inside the evacuation zone.

Fleeing pig farmers left their pigs in sheds.
The pigs turned on each other,
And none survived.

Herds of cows escaped their corrals,
Galloped across deserted roads and schoolyards.
But lethal radiation doses slew each.

Quiet returned to the village. Spring came again.
The cherry trees blossomed their fullest.
Fall brought record rice harvests.

Radioactive cesium strongly resembles
Much-needed potassium.
The cherry trees, rice plants, and vegetables
Absorb it with their leaves, trunks and roots,

Absorbed the radiation, and flourished.

The villagers eat the daily produce,
Raise their chickens,
Continue their subsistence living.

Migrating birds came again
To bathe in the rice fields
As always.

Villager Mr. K. says,
“We are not the victims.
From nature’s point of view,
We humans are the perpetrators.”

In September of 1945,
One month after the bomb,
A pure red kanna flower
Blossomed from the ashes in Hiroshima.

Everyone was ecstatic,
Presuming nothing could
Grow for 100 years.

But they never knew
The kanna flower had mistaken
Radioactive cesium for potassium.