

A Poem from the Bamboo Grove (Based on the book *So Far from the Bamboo Grove* by Yoko
Kawashima)

All is fair in love and war,
Or so that's what they say,
They write down marks to count the scores,
Of dead men lying on the floor.

But is it fair for the innocent to die?
Is it fair that a father never sees his child cry?
Is it fair that my mother is gone?
Is it fair I'll never hear her voice's song?

If only I could see beyond my pain,
If only I could find the strength to pray,
If only I could find some peace,
But I can only dream.

I saw a world of peace,
I saw a world of joy,
I saw a world so beautiful
All now in my mind's eye.

I see a world of war,
I see a world of sorrow,
I see a world of fear
Wond'ring if they'll see tomorrow,

Each day I long for peace,
Each day I long for hope,
Each day I long to see the world

Where no one has to cope
With all the pain,
With all the tears,
With all the blood,
And all the fears.

I want to share carefree laugh,
I want to shed a hope-filled tear,
I want to yell, a happy shout,
That's caused by joy not fear.

But all I see is darkness.
The tally marks up in my head
Count the scores of all the dead,
For dead men tell no lies.

A mother who once cared for me,
The urn that sits in front of me,
The mother who has turned to stone,
The mother who is blackened bones.

Forever shall I bear these scars,
Never forget these brutal wars,
Never shall I truly be free
Of this grief that stays with me.