

Emiko Callback Sides

I was there. Many people were there. And now we -- those who are left -- we live as best we can. It is what it means to be Japanese. We have earthquakes, tsunami. We had terrible war. Bombs. And then we had ...

(Beat. Only her eyes betray the memory.)

I did not look at it. No one did. Because we chose not to look. We knew what it looked like. It looked like the blackness of our own hearts. We did not need to see what we already knew.

So now we live ... as best we can. There are few of us now from those times. Few who escaped, and even fewer now. Sickness came to many. Even today, it still comes, in our bones and our lungs and our blood.

I think of the place we called Toyko. I think of my own okaasan and oto-san and how they lie there, part of the desert of ash. We are told that no one will live there again, not for a thousand years. But we are Japanese. Japan has lived for centuries. Our ancestors lie there as we will lie there, bones upon bones, the soil of a new Japan. Our blood waters the forests. Our bodies feed the earth. Nothing will die if you allow it to live in memory. Death and night and blood bring new life. The new day. For a thousand years, Tokyo will wait for that day.