**A Kyushu weed story**

Somewhere on the island of Kyushu,

a boy lives with his parents and grandmother.

She’s in a wheelchair.

She was in Nagasaki in ’45.

Each morning, the boy wanders the streets of his town.

He looks for weeds,

he makes a bouquet for his mother.

They are just weeds, she thinks, but there’s love in them.

One day the boy cycles to his best wild weed-strewn place,

sees a truck,

a man in a mask,

spreading herbicide.

A sign is up; soon this will be a fine city park.

The boy goes home and cries,

his grandmother hugs him.

He returns to the weed-patch every day,

watches the plants die.

The boy tells this to his grandmother.

She says “They will come back.”

One day, he sees a small plant break through the barren earth.

He has his water bottle along, so he waters it.

The boy even tries to move the clouds,

so that it can get more sun.

The plant grows. One day he goes back

and sees the weed has some yellow flowers, simple flowers.

The boy thinks,

then breaks one off.

He carries it back to his grandmother, says

“Like you, this weed survived.”