

"WHY ARE WE HERE?"

"Why are we here?" was asked of me,  
And as I looked around to see,  
I saw a child, age about three.

Smiling she was, cute with a dimple;  
My placid thought, my mood did ripple  
When she asked that question so simple.

"Why can't we go home? It's so near."  
She asked with a hint of a tear;  
Even to a child, liberty is dear.

To make the foe to suffer anew  
Is an aim of war, as men should do;  
But the women and children, too?

"Why must we stay in this awful place?  
I dared not look on her innocent face  
To say that was because of our race.

When men wage war, kindness departs  
Out of their souls, and in their hearts  
They awaken hatreds with brutal arts.

"Why are we here?" the little girl asked;  
Officials said "Army" and in smugness basked.  
But we want real motives now unmasked.

Are we the people (though not admitted)  
Punished for crimes by others committed?  
To live as free men are we permitted?

WHY ARE WE HERE? Why are we alone  
Imprisoned through no fault of our own,  
Someone else's sins to atone?

It must not be so that we might  
Be deprived of our citizen's right  
To aid in the Triumph of Freedom's fight?

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