
My friend who lost an eye

6th August, Hiroshima, A civilian employee in the army, 17 years old

I was walking alone on the street covered with debris at Senda-machi to see my former teacher's safety.

All the sudden a person appeared in front of me without left eye. It was scooped out deeply. This person was covered with wounds.

Looking at her I realized that she was my friend. She was one year older.

I was too scared to say a nice word and departed.

I cannot forget that, even more than half of a century later.

To whom can we complain and talk about the anger at the bombing, which had robbed a precious eye.

片眼を失った友人 8月6日 広島 17歳 軍属

恩師の安否を尋ねるため、千田町の瓦礫の続く道を一人で歩いていた。
突然目の前に現れた人、左の眼球がなく、大きくえぐられている、傷だらけのその姿。
よく見ると1歳年上の友人だった。
私は恐怖のあまり優しい言葉をかけることも出来ぬまま別れてしまった。
その後半世紀以上、今でも忘れることが出来ない。
大切な片眼を奪った原爆への怒りを誰に訴えたらよいのだろう。

