

小さな市民

肝っ玉母さんが、オロオロ
息子よ 今どこに
もう一か月以上も沙汰が無いじゃないか
外国に行くと言っていたけど 母さん、気になって気になって
まさか、戦地にいるんじゃないだろうね
約束しておくれ 明日こそ電話をくれるって

障害者にとって、これほどゾクッとくる響きはない
それは、戦争
報じられた途端に、酸素が一気に薄まる感じ 本当にハアハアしてくるんだ
世界のこらしめが効いてきた しわ寄せが及ぶのは誰
大統領でも、軍のえらい人でもない 言わずもがなさ
もう一つ気がかりなことがある 敵国の障害のある同胞のこと

貧しい俺たちにとって、手っ取り早い稼ぎ口だった
チームゲームにでも向かう気分で、国境をまたいだのさ
いきなりガンガンと命令が 「犬でもネコでも、動くものは何でも狙い撃て」と
引き金を引いた 一発目は指が震えた 二発目からは何も感じなくなった
気持ちの悪い汗といっしょに、言い訳が湧いてきた 「貧しさが引き金を引いたんだ」と
卑怯な俺 でも、今の俺にはそれが精いっぱいなんだ

田舎の小学校でも戦争が語られ始めた
先生は告げた 「今度の戦争にはたくさんのお金がかかります」
教室がザワザワ 「そのお金、誰が払うんですか」
先生は一瞬目を伏せた そして静かに言った 「あなたたちです。長い時間をかけて」
子どもたちは口々に 「それおかしいよ。戦争を決めたのは大人じゃないか」
いつの間にかランドセルに詰め込まれていた 借用書の束が

連日の戦果報道は、まるで白黒画像
爆弾は色彩までもこなごなに
ガレキの正体って何 同じ小さな市民の砕かれた心と暮らしの累々
小さな市民は知っている 正義の戦争などあろうはずがないことを
小さな市民は夢をみる クレヨン色のフォークダンスが国境の真上にひろがっていく
敵も味方もなく

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Small Citizens

A mother with a big heart cringes at every turn.
Son, where are you?
You haven't been in touch with me for over a month yet.
You said you were going abroad, I've been so worried,
And cannot bring myself to do anything else.
Don't you say me you're in the war, do you?
Promise me you'll call me tomorrow.

For a disabled man, nothing sounds more chilling
Than the word "WAR".
When I hear it, it's like all the oxygen suddenly thins out, and I really start to feel the huffing and puffing.
While the world's punishments is slowly getting to take effect, who will be the ones to pay the price more?
Not the President, not the military brass, that goes without saying.
There's another thing I'm worried about: our disabled brothers and sisters Oppressed in the enemy's lands.

It was a quick way for us poor bastards to earn money.
We were heading across the border as if for a team game.
Suddenly the orders started to be given intensely and loudly, "Aim and shoot, dogs, cats, anything that moves."
I pulled the trigger. The first shot made my fingers shake, the second shot made me feel nothing.
With a sickening sweat, an excuse came up: "Poverty made me pull the trigger."
I know I'm a coward, but that's the single thing I can do now.

The war began to be talked about in rural primary schools.
The teacher told them: "This war is going to cost a lot of money."
The classroom was abuzz: "Who is going to pay for it?"
The teacher's eyes were downcast for a moment and then she said quietly,
"You people. Over a long, long time."
The children said, "That's not fair. It was the adults who decided on the war."
Before the pupils got to realize, their school bags had been stuffed with bundles of bills to pay.

Daily reports of war results look like a black-and-white pictures.
Bombs shatter not only shapes but also colours into shreds.
What is the true nature of the debris, the accumulated shattered hearts and lives of the same small citizens as you?
The little citizens know that there can be no such thing as the war for justice.
The little citizens dream of a crayon-coloured folk dance spreading just above the borders.
Without any distinction between friends and foes.