

Suga Kanno

(Tokyo, January 1911, on her death row, shortly before her execution) :

Life's just a dream

And time's a grave

Little by little everything gets buried

Poor friends and comrades

This civilisation of Asia, it exercises indiscriminate violence

And implements cruelties beyond the law

Amidst the eternity of time and an endless sky,

what do we actually struggle for, as tiny as we are?

I think of the final day that is soon to come

I think about the eternity of life and smile

The blood of a hundred thousand souls

In just a moment you let it pour on the map, proud nation that you are

The instant of the ending hangs on my skinny fingers,

The thread of destiny, long and short at the same time

The shadow of sun shines through a window of black iron

I watch its movements

I'm still alive today

Born in a small country, with a small body

I cherish a small hope

I do not ask where the seeds have gone that fell on the field

I wait for the eastern winds to bring the spring

My twenty-year-old soul I leave behind

I dedicate it to those who will follow in a hundred years.