

(w)Asian

sired to struggle,
war cries in ABC,
eastern dragons soaring, navigating western skies,
rice-coloured scales, almost-almond eyes,
features too foreign, predator turn prey,
jade souls down under
it'll never stop:
games of chinese whisper, oldies spit and scorn,
“gweilo” “chink”
in languages we didn't inherit— caricatures our birthright—
“halfie” our identity—
divided and conquered,
no place for incompletes,
code switch code switch code switch code switch
ma'am and mister
suit and tie
not yellow not white not quite both—
but neither
promises of golden soil, golden faces strike a gong,
but nothing can stop the storm. a warning for invaders,
of slurs thundering down, enough to burn down dynasties,
where's beauty rich and rare?
wealths only for pure stock,
mutt blood is dirt cheap,
what happened to—
with courage let us all combine, those who've come across the seas,
for we are one and free, through oceans roll between,
eating the salt,
our ancestors crossed,
we'll never be true blue,
that's for the all white,
bringing down bloodlines,
with just our hands,
seeking sanctuary,
back to refugee.

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