

When they killed us, did you say they killed Americans?

Robert Ellsworth Feng

When they killed us, did you say they killed Americans?
When they beat us, did our blood look American to you?
When we cried out for help, were you impressed with our English?

That hate, where does it come from?
No, where does it *really* come from?

When they mock us, are we obedient enough?
When they blame us, what country do they blame?
When they shoot us, are we murdered the American way?

That silence, where does it come from?
No, where does it *really* come from?

The nightmare of the pandemic is almost over, we are told.
Yet each day I see another body
broken, spat on, limp and lying on the ground
who could be my mother or my grandfather.

How should this give me hope?

When you shut your doors, were you as frightened
as the woman being stomped on the pavement a few feet away?
Were you as surprised to read the news
as you were our history?

Are these scars patriotic enough for you?

When we surrendered our names, were we American enough?
When we disowned our mother tongue, were we American enough?
We were always American enough.

These tears, where do they come from?
Where do they really come from?