

“So I Won’t Forget”

I am from abstract paintings,  
mini gardens, and  
forsaken sketches.

I am from origami stars,  
Sadako’s cranes, and  
paper filled with hope.

I am from sticky notes  
and calendars,  
memories of last school year.

I am from “Hurry up!”  
and “Amitufo” and  
long behavioral lectures.

I am from apple cakes,  
*niangao*, and  
deformed gingerbread cookies.

I am from taps of  
a keyboard,  
ping, and ifconfig.

I am from the loud,  
ear-splitting caws of  
kaleidoscopic peacocks.

I am from the bright dots on the  
pink camera after the flash—  
a family of raccoon eyes.

I am from dangling  
clotheslines and loads of  
laundry, left in the machine.

I am from glimpses of  
fire hydrants, thoughts of  
albino peacocks.

I am from pink caps and  
beige hats and white  
and navy uniforms.

I am from secrets within  
treasure boxes, drawers,  
and pianos.

I am from the strong current  
of the Yangtze River  
that symbolizes my family.