

**an asian poem is the first thing
you run to during a pandemic**

if these words were to fill the void
of the lost blood
and frightened children,
 this poem are the souls of those who
 were too scared to speak up

“go back to where you came from” cuts our throats
leaves us in an alley
so dark,
 where does the flashlight guide
 if we no longer want to go home

the world consumed us
and threw us up on the ground
with our bodies limp,
 our souls soared into the sky
 and begged for the hands of others

yet, we were left there,
 to die.

