

gemes

(n.) the anger one feels inside but cannot find a way to express it, the rage that is quieted by an inability to speak

trigger warning: implications of r*pe, sexual harassment, fetishization of asian women, hate crimes, profanity, cannibalism

[asian girl] hurries to her home denied,
 unbeknownst to the [wolves] who
 stalk the night and salivate
over her flesh and reach to imprint their
 nails into the accent that
 warped schoolgirl uniforms into an
 exotic delicacy.

they drag carving knives through the sinewy
 forearms that dare to resist their bite; they
 like their [oriental sluts] standing
still, legs spread, let them snake a gun around her
 fragile waist, peel back her skin and
 watch her will wither to whitewashing like
how her motherland succumbed to their
 ancestor's colonization.

they tear at her eyes-turned-aphrodisiac with
 glass-studded microaggressions; they like
their [ching chong slaves] groveled on porcelain
 knees, eyes downcast and serving green tea
 from little china cups, whispering
their submission in broken english whose
 calls for help are met with ridicule.

they yank at her hair until her pleads for awareness
 extinguish into suffocation and she
stumbles from the top decapitated; [predators] like their
 [chinese take-out] complacent, bite-sized,
 easily digested, disposable.

[yellow fever fantasy] stands frozen with her teeth clenched
 on cracked promises of new opportunities and eyes
 prickled with polluted tears; in exchange
 for her dignity, she's granted an escape with her
life and a gouged out throat, her hands clamped tight
 around her wounds to keep her voice from
 leaking between her fingers, and splattering on the
foot the [humans] who had lost their voice before her.

i wish you could hear my distress in my native language. i
wish you would hear me like you heed your
cannibalistic tendencies. just because you
can find me in the folds of paper cranes, doesn't
mean that i can fly. my wings sink heavy under the weight
of your ignorance. compliments strike deep
in a fear crystallized heart. last night, i lick grief from
tear-stickied lips and mourn the roots pulled
(snapped) across the immigration border, but that story
is never told; your egg white fists reduce me to a [fetish],
i don't deserve a story.