



By See

And the softly cushion green grass
The worn down bamboos houses with spit ends
The easy flowing stream,
Floats to the end of the world
And with a blink of an eye
Reality comes back
The dreadful, bloodthirsty scenes
The honey-mellow memories
And the feet of the ungrateful enemies
No matter what you do
You surrendered, you get killed
You run, you get torture then killed
Proudly, you lift your head high
And stand for what you are
Your shoulders straightened out
And the white flag appears in your hand
This is the only way out
The white flag

Work Cited

The White Flag

Shivering hand
Slowing comes together
Hoping and praying
That their life would be undiminished and
untouched
Wet drops of salt
Graduate falls nicely
Onto your dirty, wrinkle face
Your weak, tired knee slumps down
On the brown, muddy puddle of wet dirt
Closing your eyes before it meets your maker
eyes
You draw in all the courage you contain
You conceal the fear, fright and hatred
You have long kept inside
Loud, rolling thunder breaks
And you jump from the noise of it
You glance passed
Onto the clear, light blue sky

Situation des Hmongs au Laos. 21 July 2005. Changement d'adresse. 24 July 2007.