

## **Crying Drops of Blood**

By Chi D. Pham (Amerasian from Vietnam)

Translated by Trong Nguyen & Janice Finney

If lyrics could be worded to spell out two lines  
of blood, the kids who have never known love.

It could be written  
With whiskey sours, this taste  
Of sadness, the truth in tears.  
What possible version of poetry  
Could be used to compare  
Innocent souls? Smiles?  
They come to our lips and  
Burst with our tears, crying  
Oh Mother! Where are you?  
Oh Father! Are you  
Just a breeze?

Who poured these pains over us?  
Who can understand orphaned  
Children, the foreigners who fathered us,  
Diluted our blood and divided us  
In half. Never have we felt  
Fully human. Like wandering souls  
Without relatives, we have  
No temple, no offering.  
Ghosts receive respect, we are greeted  
With hate. People kick us  
With pity back and forth.