

1958-1961

by Julie Leung

In those years,
you and I were told to leap
for a world suffused with sound
and industry.

They taught you to kneel,
heavy and ox-like,
in the rice fields.

You drowned your books in the mud
and I forgot the old ways of writing.

You and I were told to leap
for a leaden world, silenced.

And when you fell under its weight,
they dragged you through the public square.
I pried the slivers of glass out of your knees
and removed the placard from around your neck.

