

# 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.

