

# Name

*by* Julie Leung

When you wrote my name  
the ink dripped black  
Splashing hieroglyphs  
onto sanguine paper

I can not understand  
what has been carefully carved  
in each stroke

Your good intentions  
trace the journey

left                    to                    right  
left                    to                    right

Every day, I write myself further away  
From the East  
Where we began

When you died in the year of the Dog  
Father tied a piece of white yarn on my jacket  
And they buried your body with my name

