

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

