

Sometimes I wish I could forget my body  
And all its implications.

This afternoon I read through an article  
About violence against Asian women -  
The Atlanta shooting at the top of the list  
And South-Asian Kamala Harris  
Was threatened by a white man standing  
Outside her house.

I don't really feel anything when I read this  
Because this world is far away from me  
That I can't touch it with my own two feet.

I can't even comprehend what will happen to me  
When I look at my face but I know I should be afraid

- That is what my mother taught me.

What does it mean to be a woman of colour,  
Not just a woman,  
And yet again, what does it mean to be an Asian woman?

When I look at my eyes I can't comprehend the  
Sexualisation and assault of my female kin.  
And yet the statistics say that Asian women  
Are more likely to be assaulted by non-Asians  
Than other women.

I can't really reveal anything else except  
That I feel invisible to the world,  
Along with the rest of my race,  
Bad enough in the past two years there's been  
A so-called 'China Virus'; kudos to Mr.Trump.

In the past two years I have walked the streets  
Of my suburb with an underpinning fear  
Of violence and hands.

Can't I be back in my lands?  
No, I don't belong there either,  
Where my gender and my Chinese eyes work against me.

I don't have a country or a continent to protect my body  
But what is a woman without a nation? Herself.