

By Evan Yi, Central High School Junior

It seems as if I'm defined by these schemas of character

Like I'm some kind of Hollywood caricature

So I put on this fake Made in America shirt

And continue writing to try to carry this hurt

Cause every reflection reminds of these eye slants

But as much as I try, it seems I can't

Find who I am except by rhyming into this mic stand

Everyone laughs at this yellow face minstrel show

Because they can't see the face behind these closed curtain window holes

Packed and compressed into the space of this limbo soul

Not quite Asian and not quite American

Yet I find myself asking, what is the difference

Because every heart in this room beats at the same pace

And every THUMP pumps at the same rate

No matter what the color of your face is

Because we're all runnin' the same race, doesn't matter what your race is

So I say "I am Asian, and I am American"

And so I say "我是中国人，我是美国人"