

This is the poem I wrote, and it was published on Starting Lines (a UCSB writing magazine)

**In Your Company**  
— Spoken Word Poetry of Asian Community

*I am an Asian sister working to build trust, a sense of community, and a place to develop our Asian-American/Asian-internationals' voice, identity, and strength. I am who I am because of what I experience, observed and what I represent. Most importantly, wherever you are, my asian sisters and brothers, you are not alone.*

A: "What did you say again? *No offense*"

Stop. Stop giving me the face that is telling me I should speak better English.

Stop. Stop asking me what did I just say and pay no attention while I was patiently repeating.

Stop. Stop feeling you are a smartass just because you speak English "Americanly".

I mean, I really don't get the pride of starting everything with "I was like, literally, I can't even."

Oh, honey! I'm sincerely sorry but English is really not an American legacy. I have to say this for all the descendents of Anglo Saxons.

So stop acting like a dumbass.

Why don't you save yourself some trouble in picking on my accent and go learn some Chinese.

So next time think before you try to mock my language with your ignorance!

A: "What's your name?"

B: "I'm Samantha"

A: What's your *real* name, *\*laugh\** you know what I mean.

*\*deep breath\**

If you mean to tell me that my name can't be Jean,  
that I don't look like an Irene because I got that Asian gene  
and my name should be ching chong ling long  
then I'm sorry to inconveni---  
ence you.

To remind that YOU colonized and constrained  
the beauty of our names  
Don't ask me the reality of my name  
when the burden of the shame  
comes from when you tamed  
the Chanprits, named the Trinh's

and detained the Yoshimotos,  
when in fact, you should be asking yourself  
why is my name not real enough you.