

150%

In 2020, hate crimes against asian americans increased
by 150 %.

By March,
a 34 year old woman
on her way home
found herself shadowed by
a stranger
who would spit in her face
and pull on her hair
right on the corner
of E. 25th St. and Madison Ave.

And I stopped making grocery runs by myself.

By April,
acid ran down
the face
the neck
the back
of a woman
as she tried to take her trash out.
The corrosive liquid of comical nightmares
hurled by a complete stranger

And suddenly the walk across the parking lot after work
to the haven
of my car's front seat,
was miles and miles away.

By May,
4 teenagers,
in their concern and goodwill
struck a 51 year old woman with an umbrella
splitting her skin onto the cushioned bus seat.
A scar would run
deep and wide
stitched together but never quite gone.

And I stopped going
on walks. Instead, I yearned
for the spring dew and crisp air
from my slanted window blinds.

By June
My mother
was working overtime when

a patient used his hollow breaths
between fierce coughing fits
to tell her to “fuck off”
“I’m not gonna be tended to by a damn asain.”

And we stopped watching the news at dinner.

By next march,
8 people were killed in Atlanta
6 of which were Asian woman
the gunshots rang across the country
shattering the words held in my mouth as they spilled
watching them disperse like
marbles on mahogany floors

And we are to believe that it was not
racially motivated.

And the rainfall of rage and fear
dripped holes into the roof of my home
A light mist turned to a drizzle
Turned to a shower turned to perpetual downpour.

And I’ll let it rain
I’ll let it flood
Until it drains the blood from the streets.