

“Burn”

Burn like the soils of my homeland

Burn like my skin when I would walk outside in July

Ashes in the sky

Pollution and smoke

Remnants of the celebration of the Festival of Lights

Ashes on a pyre

First,

I'm the first daughter to come to America

I'll be the first to graduate from an American college

First, a child of my motherland

Then, me.