

# INTERGENERATIONAL WOUND

*after Kristin Chang*

What doesn't kill  
can only try  
again.

Unsatiated,  
warzone follows  
after skinning a nation,

still hungering  
for infant bone.  
Was it not enough victory

to devour matured marrow  
and leave in your receding shadow  
caskets carved of trembling palms?

& now you demand  
another meal  
of us

from our ten-person households  
to our dustclouded salons  
to our skeletal newborns,

from Dorchester, Massachusetts  
to Costa Mesa, California  
to Seattle, Washington.

In your house,  
America, how many corpses  
constitute a course?

Did you invite me to your table  
as a guest  
or as another dish?

My mouth is stuffed with your napalm.  
I speak, combust, char.  
My memory is made consumable by your hand.

By plane/car/foot, I am delivered  
between another  
anticipating set of jaws,

dropped into the well  
to be drowned, then drawn  
to fill someone else's veins.

How abiding the American appetite,  
my child learns running  
before walking, knowing

*again* is an obligation, an obsession  
and not a condition  
of the trigger.