

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.