

## **Yellow**

Alex Wu

Call me Yellow  
Like my skin  
Call me Yellow  
Like you see

Even then it is the fiber of my being?  
I feel Yellow  
Only skims the surface of what makes

Chinese

Sometimes I can say Yellow is  
Magic fabric folded with love and family  
In between the laughs of Lunar New Years  
When paper lanterns hang on cold concrete pillars  
And aunties prepare the sacred rows of rice cookers  
Propped up in buffet style atop folding tables.

I love those days where everything seems clear  
And spicy food sews me full of hope

Then Yellow feels right

But sometimes the color muddles and it's made of uncertainty  
I almost know my culture—  
    What traditions did my parents bring overseas?  
I almost know my mother—  
    Why did she choose English to name me?  
I almost know my language—  
    When will Mandarin come more naturally?

I'm not entirely sure what Yellow is supposed to mean  
Is it what I am outwardly?  
Or is it something deeper in the stitching?

I love how this poem looks at the color yellow, making it physical and cultural, making us think about all that it does and doesn't signify.

Alex Wu is a high school senior from Scarborough. She wrote "Yellow" to capture the experience of second generation immigrants, their culture, and that grief that comes with it.