

First-Gen Voices: Creative and Critical Narratives on the First-Generation College Experience

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Did You?

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Did you walk, run, trot down the dirt packed road smelling the rich, pungent incense of nuoc mam or pho

Did you work wearing a mua the straw hat shading your face as you pulled rice, hunched in ankle deep water until your hands bled picking your way to \$2 a day

Did you let your long hair cascade between your shoulder blades silky and smooth

Did you stop going to school Did you ever go to school

Did you walk through the war torn streets of children crying out for mothers already lost Fading

You stayed in Vietnam They left: sisters, brothers, wives, children to an unfamiliar place dangerous, new, smuggled

You had to stay behind walking the dirt packed road now filled with the memories of what used to be

Did you Do you Have you lived your life.