

Shadow

by Lynn Tieu

My hands are the shadows of my parents'.
Dawn begins and a distorted copy trails along.

On sparkling platters, the eggrolls my mother made were savory and sweet,
And drew in devoted followers like seductive Sirens from their island.

Mine were loaded like grenades,
the filling heavy and the crust shrapnel ready to explode.

My father's kicks and punches were a strong and steady waterfall.
Bruce Lee would've smiled at his devotion.

Chubby rolls mimicked the stances, but
I was just little droplets splattering on the rocks.

My hands are puppets following the string.
Noon is approaching and I melt into their mold.

Her humor was nonexistent.
My croaky kookaburra laugh carried throughout the night.

My father fell in line with the soldiers of my ancestors,
but I led a rebellion to overthrow the mindset carved in stone.

They are quick to pick peace over conflict, but
My sass is sharp and shrill like a seagull at shore.

Muscles toned from him and voice powerful from her,
but compassion grew deep within.

It's evening and while I walk away, my shadow is my own.
My hands are my own.