

## *HOW DARE I!*

*I had borrowed  
A tiny cell from my father,  
I had borrowed  
A tiny cell from my mother,  
To form my body.*

*My mother had  
A little room in her care.  
She let me dwell there  
Real comfortable – rent free,  
Plus, full protection.*

*I caused her problems  
In the nine months of my contract.  
But she never minded,  
And she seemed so happy  
When I kicked and punched.*

*I came to the world  
When my contract ran out.  
Although the self-looked after the “I”,  
Still I had to depend on her  
Until I grew into*

*Full maturity,  
Far from crime, drugs and alcohol,  
Away from all trouble,*

*As she asked me to,  
My body's perfect.*

*Took care of myself,  
Because "I" was not mine  
It had been borrowed,  
It belonged to my folk.  
I must take good care.*

*More than half a century later:  
"Life is not meant to be easy".  
In my adulthood  
It kicked me "left, right and centre".  
I felt suicidal sometimes.*

*When my own branches  
Bounced back, my own eyes hurt,  
To the point I thought  
To take my own life.  
Life had become real blue.*

*But the "I" was not mine,  
The "I" had been borrowed,  
And the owners had passed away.  
I had not returned the "I" yet...  
How dare I think of death!*

*Fire may be red,*

*Life may be dark blue,  
But love is green and forgiving.  
I took that feeling into my heart.  
My heart is listening.*

*Dã-Thảo  
Mother's Day  
10/05/1998*

*Mother*

*Soft, beautiful,  
Giving, caring, loving  
A blue Pacific Ocean  
Wonderful*

*Dã-Thảo  
May 1998*