

April 30th, 1975

(Poem)
(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

He stands in the middle of Lion Plaza, in front of his spiky haired, saggy pantsed lackeys, who wear “what the phở” shirts and tilted baseball caps.

He leans against his shiny white twenty-grand JDM DC2, techno music blasting through the windows, and pontificates about the evils of communism.

Damn those commies! he cries, *damn those fuckin' VC's!* parroting the hurt and hatred of his parents.

His single “tough guy” diamond earring glistens in the sun and flashes with each spittle-laden word, drenched with the venom of fashionably ignorant intellect.

He spouts *nước mắt* pride and holds his head high at the sight of three red stripes against a gleaming yellow.

His minions crowd around him and nod in rhythm to the beat of his rant.

My country, he shouts. *Our country*, he repeats, tapping his uncreased, unsmearred, purple Nike SB's on the concrete floor.

The old men playing *cờ tướng* in front of the stores listen —not understanding—shaking their heads, eyes misty at the memories of the old days.

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