

## The Day That Anti-Asian Hate Crimes Made Front-Page News

*March 17, 2021*

I know that springtime has returned  
because the sun, sieved through the gaps  
in scaffolding above me, makes  
me sweat beneath my winter wraps—

the feather-bloated, plum-dark coat  
I grabbed by habit from the chair  
it draped as I dashed out the door,  
in too much of a rush to spare

a sec to check the weatherman's  
predictions. I feel silly now,  
my out-of-season quilted hood  
so snug an arc around my brow,

my bangs are plastered down with damp.  
Yet, more than silly, what I feel  
is scared: the warming weather strips  
me of all pretext to conceal

my face with hat and scarf. Compelled  
to bare my head now to the world,  
to let all passersby drink in  
the sight of silky black hair curled

around my temples, to expose  
my golden eyelids curved above  
brown eyes, I might invite who knows  
what crimes of hate, or what warped love?