

It's going to be okay

Yuna Cho

My mother's
Voice rings through my head,
The image of her back so vividly
Did it remind me
Of the past I used to know.

I don't think I remember
Anymore
The place I used to call home.
Or the home I used to know.

What is a home?

Hiding below the dark,
Pungent smell of fear,
The haunting shadow of life.
Was that my home?

I have been held
Hostage by my own country,
Traitor by my own blood.

But that is all behind me.

The unerasable memory of my
Past, I am free now

That is what she had said.
That all would be fine.
To forget.
To live on.