Birthright Kayla Tso

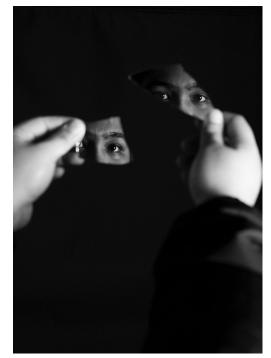
September 16th, 早, cradled by my mother, we returned home on the day I was supposed to arrive.

我的爷爷奶奶 teaching me whispers of a language lost in the cracks of my mind

Learning languages of another, français, 日本語, 汉语. Searching for what was known, but long forgotten

匆忙 The countdown of life, non-existent still weighing on my back, still weighing on their backs

Learn to say: 谢谢 我爱你 再见 before time is lost, like the language in me.



Fragments by Jaymie Cristobal