

An ode to the Asian Uncle Tom

A Yurricane poem (or does power always turn evil?)

by Yuri Kageyama

You sit prim with your glasses

Behind that desk, title, resume

Won on the backs of

The 442 Purple Hearts

Oblivious in your banal Banana-ism

To the fact that

Yellow is your Color

The most expedient, forgotten,

Cheapest of lives

Hiroshima

My Lai

North Korea

You sip white wine at ethnic restaurants

New York, Tokyo, Dubai, Bangkok

They all look alike

Smiling in Instagram posts

You have it made

You have them duped

You have arrived

Never mind, in your deepest fearful solitary moments,

You can't help but pick out

Just those

Who look like you:

Race suddenly a Reality;

You must put them down,

And make sure they stay down,

Remain the invisible man, the invisible woman,

Establish as Fact through rumors and appraisals

That People of Color

Can't be objective, and, be careful,

Get easily used,

You can do the math _ as the stereotype goes _

The slots are limited,

Tokenism being a zero sum game,

Diversity cannot be the majority;
You've long lost your ancestral accent
You've adopted the air of leaders
You've deleted memories
Of how we were all shackled,
We picked strawberries,
We built the Transcontinental Railroad,
We survived behind barbed wires,
Instead
You go to meetings,
Rehearse video appearances,
Take vacations to the Caribbean and Bali,
Sneer at Chinese going shopping,
Plan your retirement,
Asian American
Only to whites