A Meal for the Man on the Redline

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Abstract
These words will bite,
Acid bubbling
At the pit of your bowels
Vowels volatile won't
Be easy to swallow. [excerpt]

Keywords
Surge, Surge Gettysburg, Gettysburg College, Center for Public Service, race, racism, stereotyping, bullying, Asian culture

Disciplines
Asian American Studies | Other Languages, Societies, and Cultures | Race and Ethnicity | Race, Ethnicity and Post-Colonial Studies | Sociology of Culture

Comments
Surge is a student blog at Gettysburg College where systemic issues of justice matter. Posts are originally published at surgegettysburg.wordpress.com Through stories and reflection, these blog entries relate personal experiences to larger issues of equity, demonstrating that –isms are structural problems, not actions defined by individual prejudice. We intend to popularize justice, helping each other to recognize our biases and unlearn the untruths.

This blog post is available at The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College: http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/surge/224
These words will bite,

Acid bubbling

At the pit of your bowels

Vowels volatile won’t

Be easy to swallow.

Bring your heirloom silverware.

Cut at the crux

Of your tangled roots and

How about some dumplings

To start and maybe an order

Of fried rice

Hibachi-style.

Is this not

What you came for?

Looking for fortunes

In a cookie?
Maybe
We can fix it all.
Our petty vile history.
You said,
“Tuck in your shirt. Show
Some respect, young man.”
So I’ll straighten my leash
And be your waiter. Waiting
For your petals to open,
Let you drink my tears.
To quench your thirst
To cleanse your pallet.
Try a piece of my fiber
An appetizing teaser.
May my rhythms
Fill your growling belly
Growing with contempt
Empty. Contemplate
This feast, plates piled
Plenty to subsist

Bad news,
Bear it.
I am not
Your China Town.
Stop trying
To compart-
Mentalize me.
I do not speak for Asia.
It’s kind of a continent.
I don’t Jeet Kune Do
Like Bruce Lee
Or Wing Chun
Like Ip Man.
I won’t dance for you.
I won’t twist my legs
Behind my head for
Cheap thrills.
I’m a cut throat-
Lover. Not a fighter
Our perpetual communion  And my words
May this hunger never end.  Will leave you speechless.
Growl on as I was  I will outlive.
Minding my own. Ear buds  Just as I outlived
Plugged in. Your foot  My middle school
Propped out.  Tormentors and their minions.
It wasn’t the taste  Their “ching-chongs”
Of downtrodden dumps  Left scars that they dared
That you smeared across my  To call calligraphy—
Face. These words:  I outgrew that portrait.
“Can you even see  Climbed out of
Anything  Windowless opium dens
Out of those  And now I see right
Squinty eyes?”  Through your monuments.
More like,  My eyes are not closed.
“Go back to China,  Your towers are merely
You chink.”  Made of glass
Not ivory.
What keeps me  And my Great Wall
Awake is that I  Was built on the backs
| Did not. | Of my people— |
| Could not | No trespassing. |
| My skin still crawling | To that buck- |
| On that shit- | Toothy |
| Stained train. | Grinning gremlin |
| My tongue bleeds | That you call |
| Not from when my chin | Riddle with my anatomy |
| Met the ground. | Belittle centuries |
| It’s simply not polite | Of sacred tradition. Go ahead. |
| To yell at your elders | Eat till you’re content. |
| Said some buddha with a beard | But if you have come |
| Confucius, no? | To try my takeout |
| A simple “Fuck you, too” | Message, I will not |
| Would have sufficed, | Sugarcoat it. |
| But here I am. My smiles | I am more |
| Serving your tall tables. | Raw than any |
| How can I | Sashimi you’ve ever sampled. |
| Help you? | And if you have come to vulture |
Without spoon—

Feeding you the answers.

No.

I refuse to send my Loco-Motives
Down your shadowy tunnels.

Forget your choo-choo Choices. They’re
Not on the menu today.

This is homemade. Be careful.

It’s hot.

—Stephen Lin ’16
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At some Red Dragon Buffet,

Hungry for dim sum

And then some,

Then you missed your stop, sir.

Go get your own damn food.