

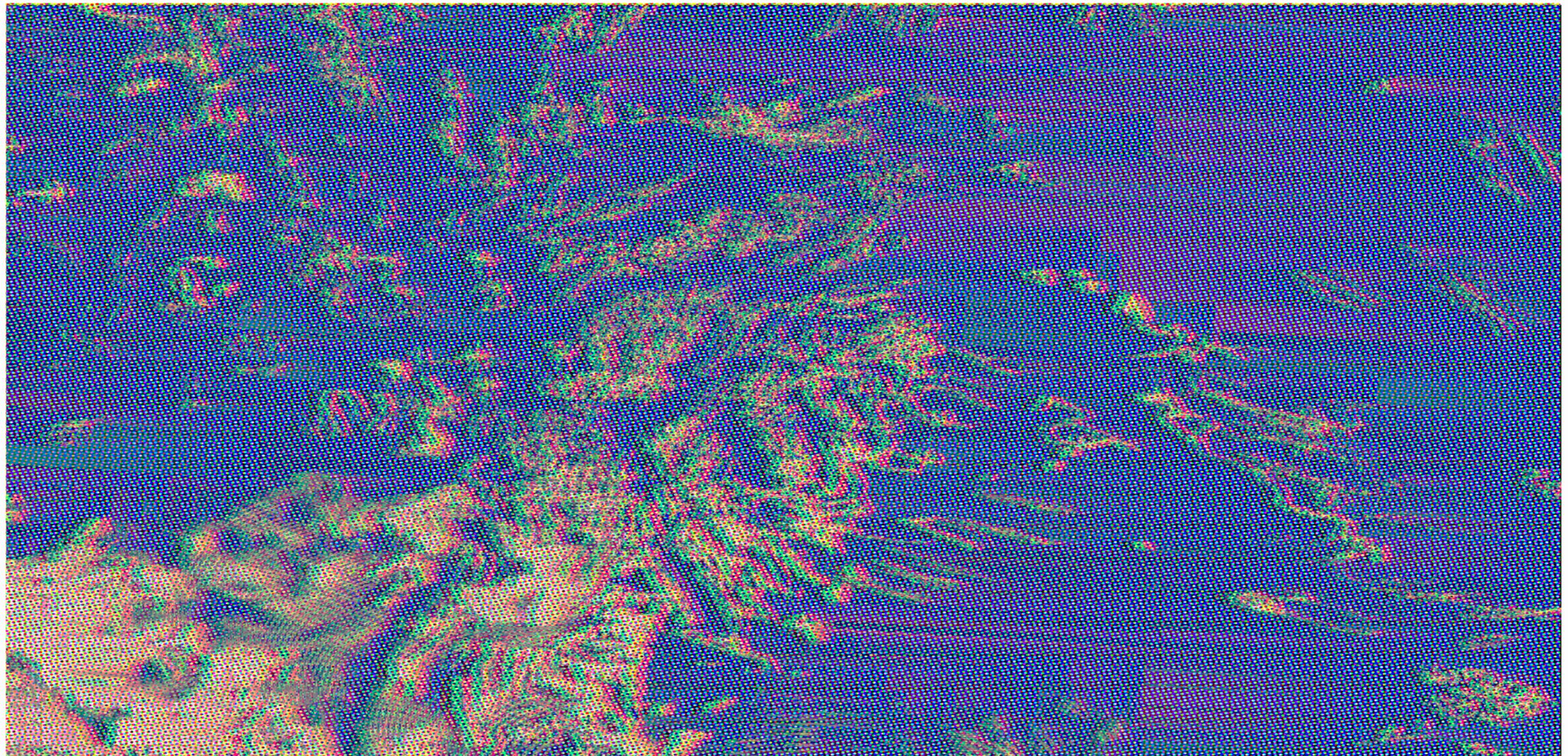
Where are you?



Here I am.

There is something about this town.
Nobody looks like me. Why?

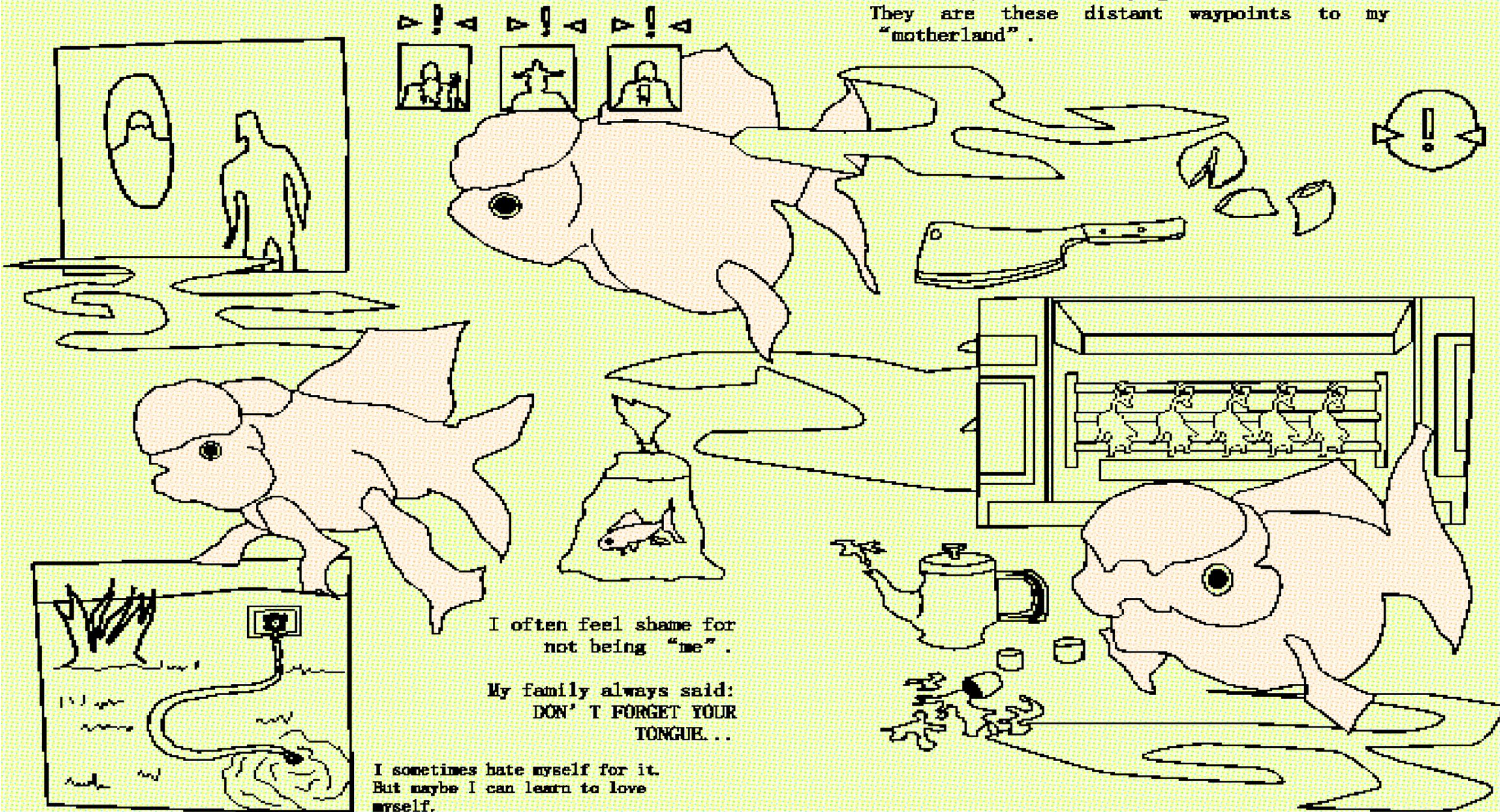
Our syntax doesn't match, but
we're compatible.



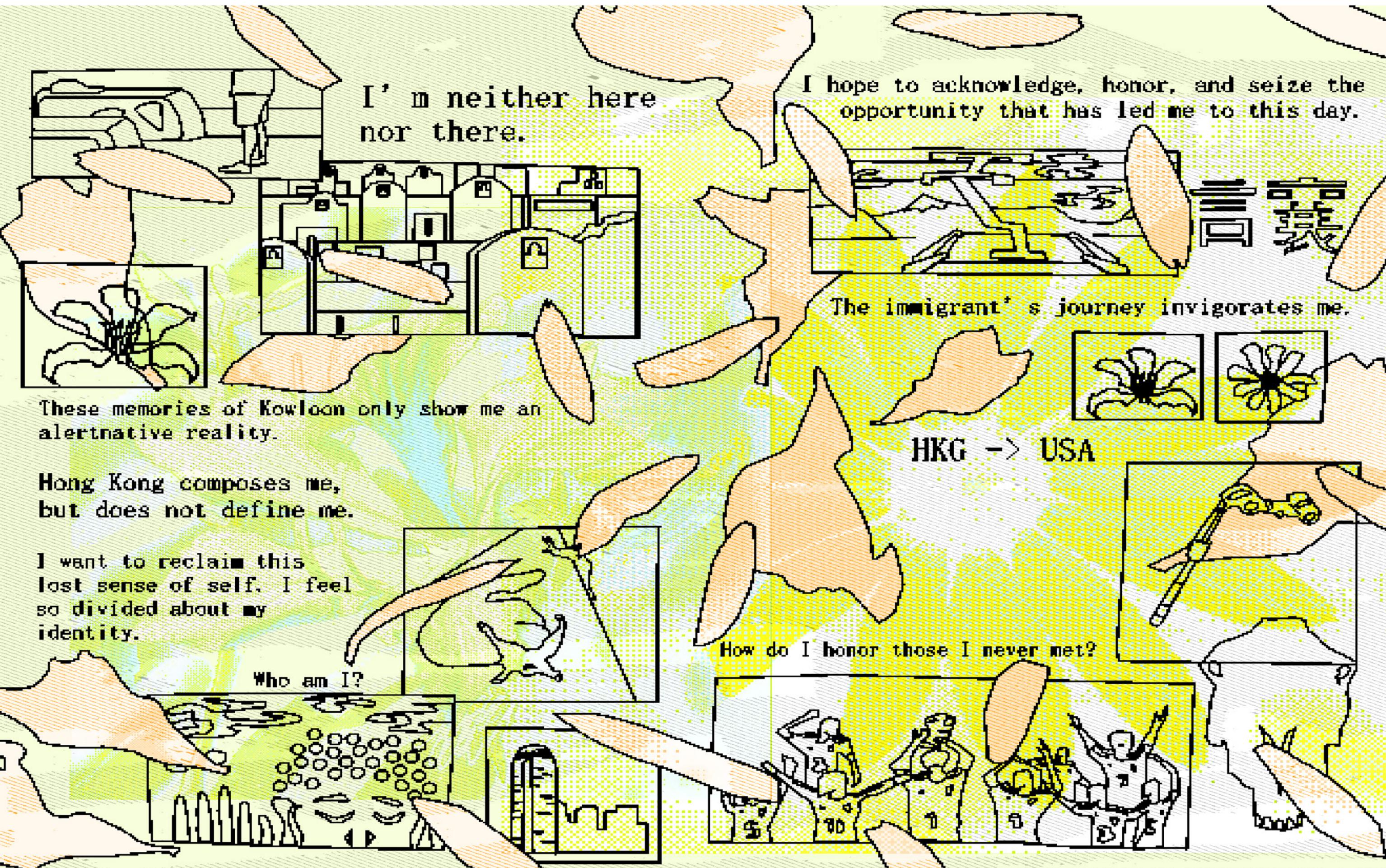
They say my name, I listen.

The same home, worlds apart.

The day I stopped speaking Cantonese was also the day I felt less true.
A part of me ended while another began.



I feel comfort in places like restaurants,
Chinatown, and even my grandmother's home.
They are these distant waypoints to my
"motherland".



I'm neither here
nor there.

I hope to acknowledge, honor, and seize the opportunity that has led me to this day.

These memories of Kowloon only show me an alternative reality.

Hong Kong composes me,
but does not define me.

I want to reclaim this lost sense of self. I feel so divided about my identity.

Who am I?

HKG -> USA

How do I honor those I never met?



They left all
they knew

To sow seeds
of a new land,

for us.

I live.



C:\USER\BRENTON\Desktop\FILES\recurse\page-10.txt

>/run QUARANTINE.exe
>/terminate program
>/open notes

>>THIS IS (NOT) THE END.
>>THERE IS STILL TIME. YOU ARE YOU.
>>LET THESE THINGS COMPOSE WHO YOU ARE.

>>RESOLVE, REFINE, REMEMBER.

>> HOW DO I MAKE SENSE OF THIS DISTORTED
REALITY?

- -
>/terminate notes

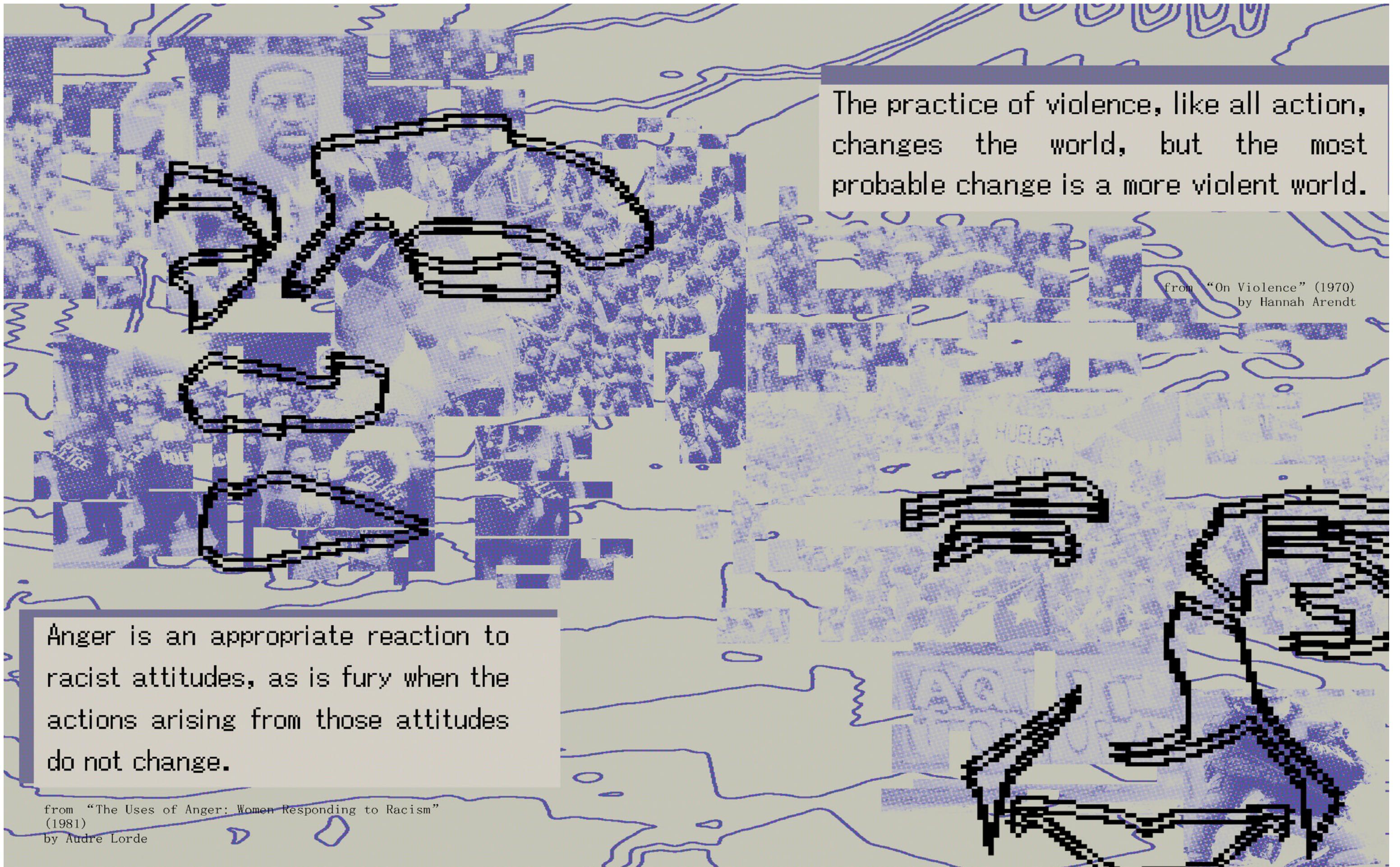
Distorted

Reality

I feel like the current scope of life frames up the opportunity to recurse, reflect, re-evaluate.

I think now, more than ever, there is a global understanding and solidarity between all people. We have to take advantage of the ability to communicate and act.

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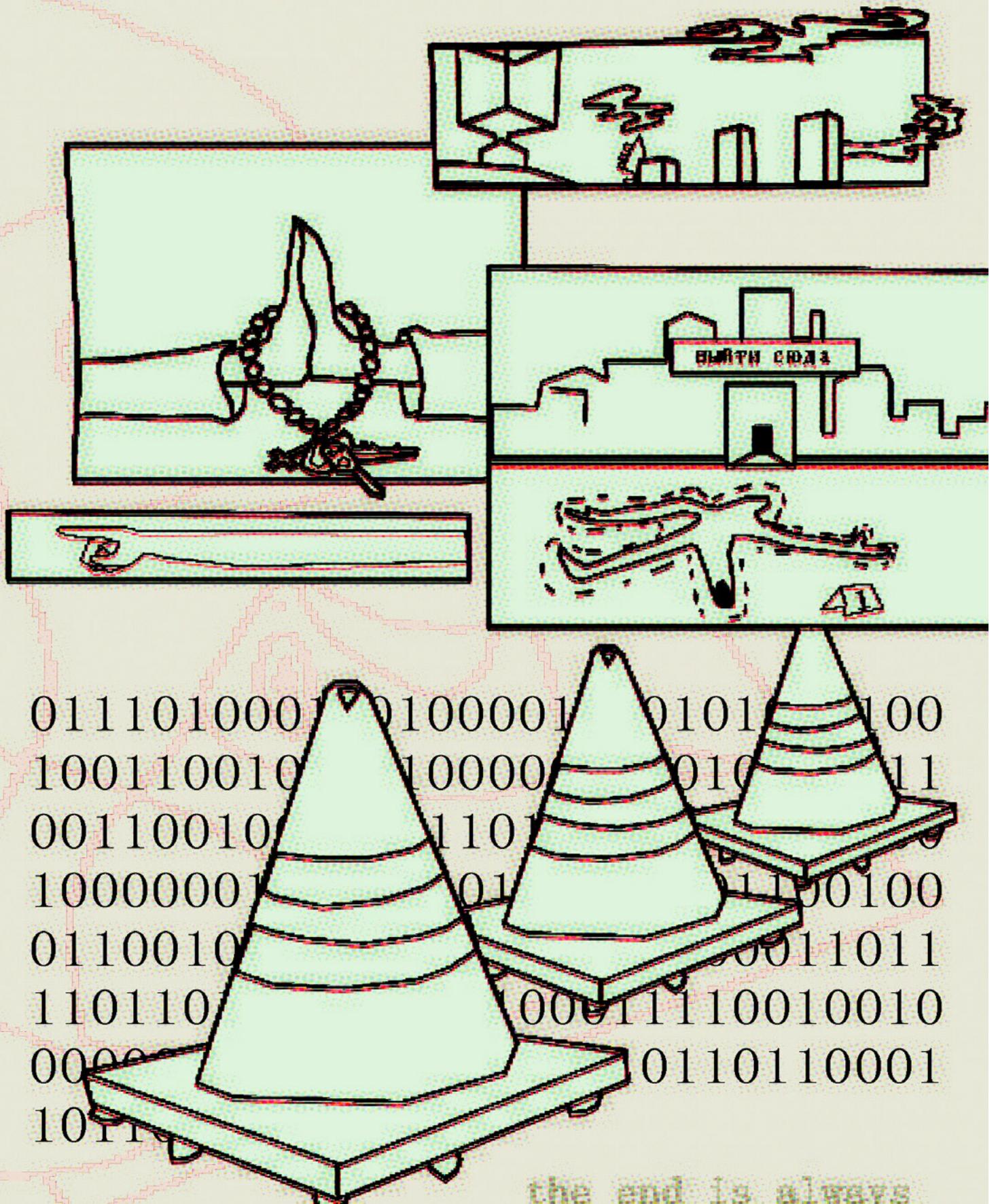
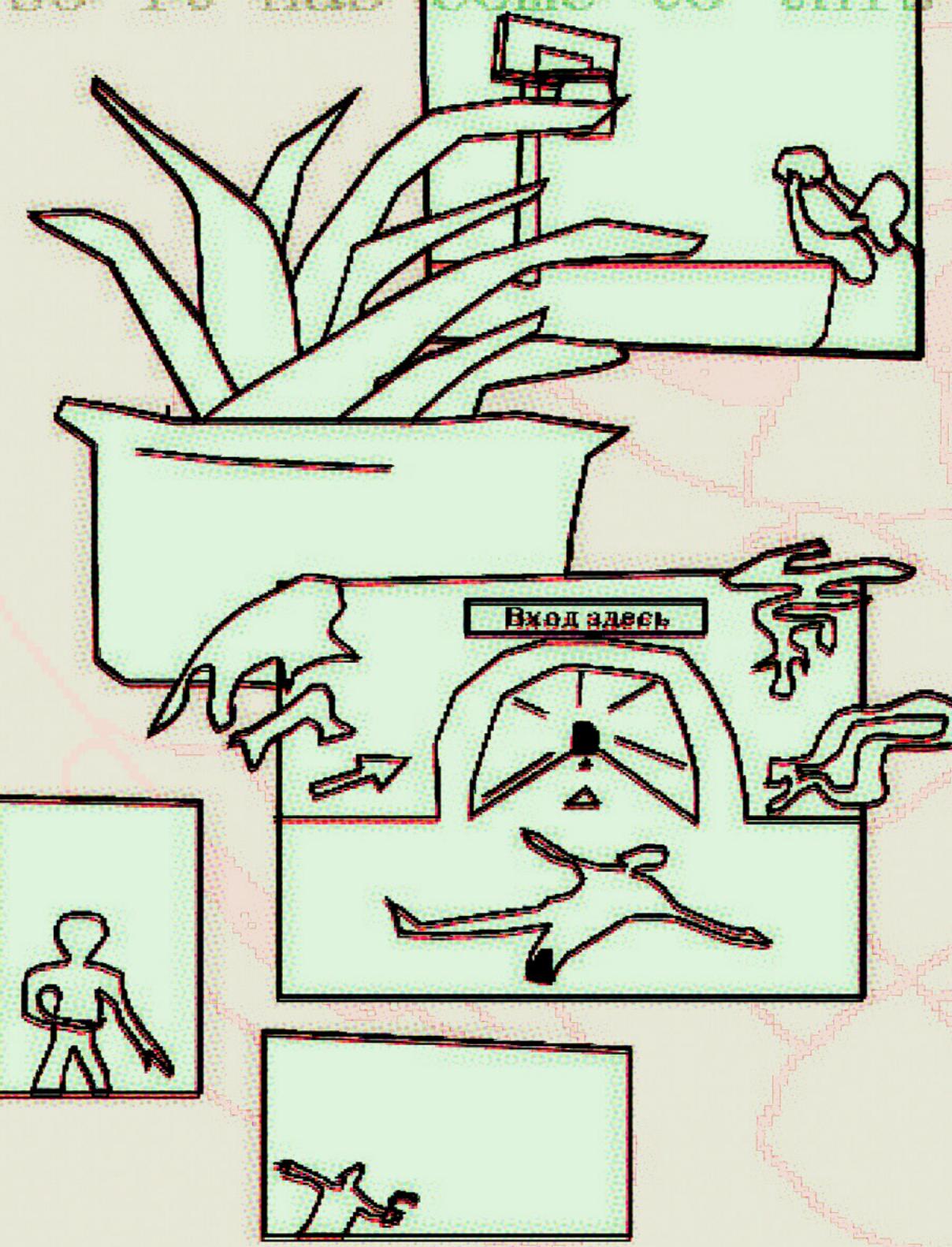
Anger is an appropriate reaction to racist attitudes, as is fury when the actions arising from those attitudes do not change.

from "The Uses of Anger: Women Responding to Racism"
(1981)
by Audre Lorde

The practice of violence, like all action, changes the world, but the most probable change is a more violent world.

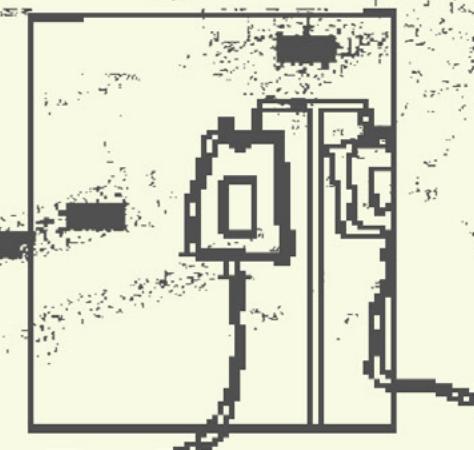
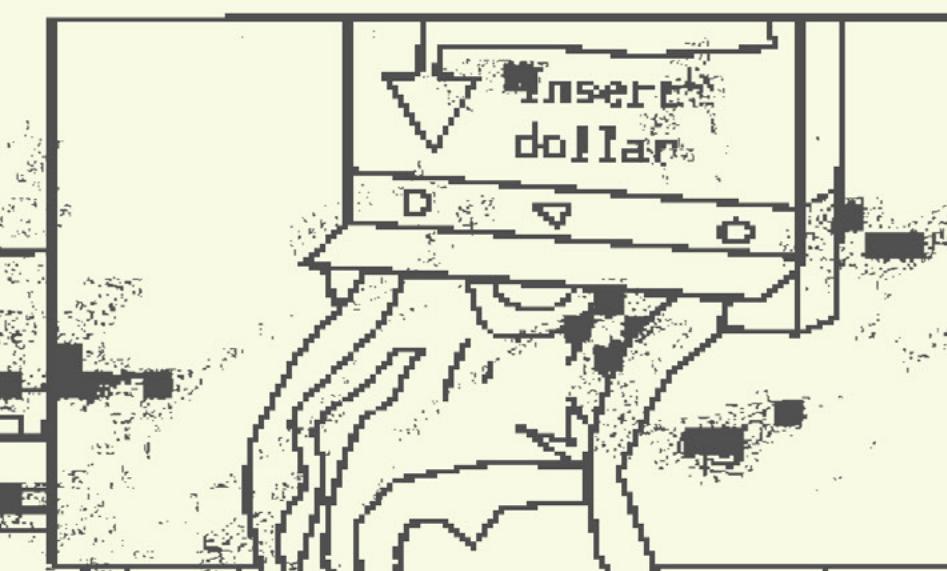
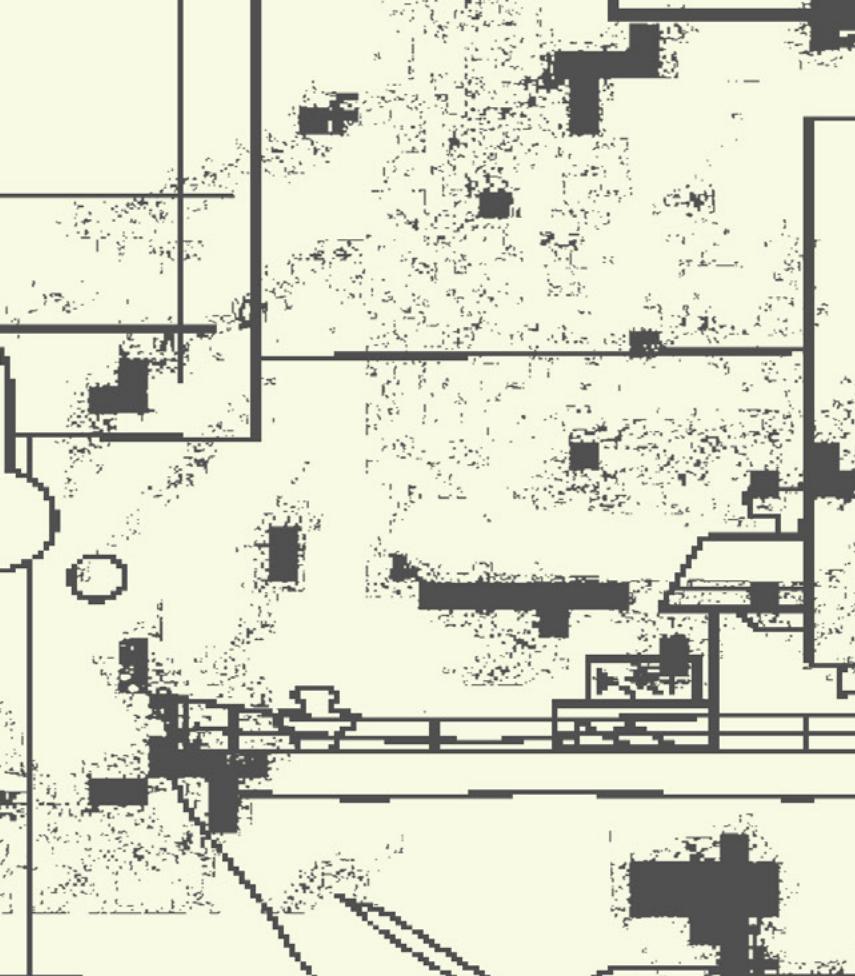
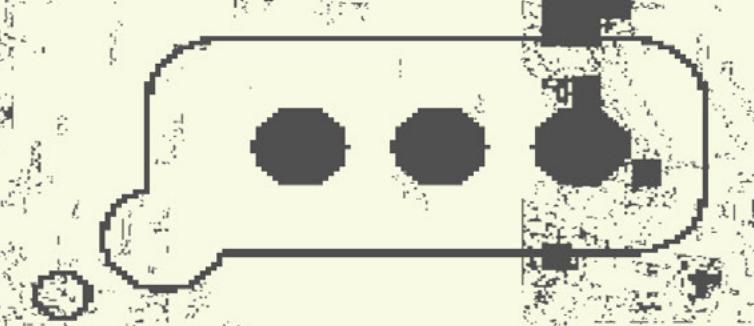
from "On Violence" (1970)
by Hannah Arendt

so it has come to thi



the end is always
beginning

. waiting



... waiting

