

## **COLLISION OF ME**

My mom... my dad... two separate worlds and when they came in collision with one another - they created me.

Chinese... my mom told me that she came here when she was 18... young and naive but dreams of opportunity. Accent heavy when she spoke. Ji Juan was her real name soon to be Americanized... Kathy they call her here in America.

Chinese-American... she now cooks oatmeal for breakfast... she mixes it with Black egg and soy sauce sometimes...

Puerto- Rican... my grandmother speaks of growing up in the Island. Picking Mangos from the tree in their back yard... coming inside to fried plantain on the table.

Puerto –Rican American – my dad torn from a cultural identity to only degrade himself as a “Puerto- Rican Pig Fucker” to be an object of comedy for his friends... I shake my head and he is surprised why I don’t laugh. I tell him... Just because you were brainwashed to believe it was funny- doesn’t mean it really is. Enrolled in the Navy and sent away to come back with ideas of what being patriotic means. We must support our president he would say.... But dad, his policies oppress our people. Our people are the American people he will say...

## **DIFFERENT**

My mom pushes me to attain higher education. This is your way to success.

My dad keeps me in check, reminding me that I am not better than anyone because I am going to school and he says “college knowledge isn’t what makes someone whole” and I know this dad, I know that life experiences are some of the best ways of learning--- I also know that I am learning about your oppression father, and I know more about it than you may understand it yourself.

My mom lives in a middle class world and saves money when she has it because her father taught her it’s not what you make but what you save.

My dad struggles to make income... and spends money when he has it because his mom taught him that life is too short and so you need to live it up when you can.

My dad strives for a business that is inexistent but he dreams ... he dreams and dreams...

*Poetry*

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My mom is a linear thinker and says that dreams are useless compared to stability... so be a doctor or a pharmacist.

ME

I see the world as one of opportunity that my dad and mother never had. My dad never had the education to help him understand what his options were in life.

My mom never had reason to believe that fighting for social justice was worthwhile in this world "That isn't a steady and reliable job" she says

I am a combination from them both. With dreams like my father... Dad I am going to travel, I'm going to learn things about this world so that my eyes and mind are not ignorant to the things that exist beyond this.

While staying realistic... a little different from what realistic means to my mom... Mom I am going to be stable financially... if I don't have a job, I know that people will take me in for I will be stable off of humanity.

I am the product of a collision of cultures. Seeing two different worlds and loving both with pride. I am constantly misunderstood by both sides of my family... each only understanding half of me and HALF of my experience. Only being able to relate to the side on which they belong. I belong to both. I see them all equally beautiful and continue to hope that each side will too.

Because sometimes a collision doesn't cause obstruction, but a combination of an unexpected blend of ingredients can bring a new flavor to life...

**Kimberly Hua Ford**