

Foreigner

I consider myself one of them.
No discernable difference it seems
until I open my mouth.

That's when they realize.

Wai guo ren, they say with disdain,
in the language they presume
I don't understand,
but do.

They switch to *ying wen*,
but I play the same game
and reply in their tongue —
our tongue.

Eying me up and down,
I see their minds tinkering,
wondering whether or not to let me in.

I'll wait outside until they do.