



POETRY | SUMMER 2021

Fall of Saigon

By Carol Tran

Copper halo

Splintering,

Splintering

On early morning dew.

Uớt. / Wet.

Hot assaults of torrential,

Prickling rain

You run.

Fear within the flesh

It's becoming of you

You run.

Kinship slain,

A smattering of red:

Nhiều máu. / Lots of blood.

Tears are for the weak and

Honor is dead

Like a rotten *nước mắt* stain.

Vomiting, bowels of

Salty black murkiness

Stare at you as

You run.

Ở nước Mỹ, /In the USA

Am I just opportunity?

I am fear redefined

Con gái của ba/ I am your daughter

I am your flesh

And I understand

But you run.

Away from the war,

Away from me,

We are the casualty.

Author's Note: This poem is about my relationship with my father. In this poem, he is reliving his PTSD that began with the Vietnam War. After immigrating to the United States, he felt survivor's guilt and his memories of the war resulted in a strained family dynamic.

Carol Tran is a second-year medical student at the University of North Carolina School of Medicine and a FIRST Scholar pursuing psychiatry. She has also been involved in research with female trauma survivors, taught piano for 3 years, and is currently writing a murder mystery novel. She is published in *Biological Psychiatry*, *Journal of Pain*, and *North Carolina Bards: Charlotte Poetry*.

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