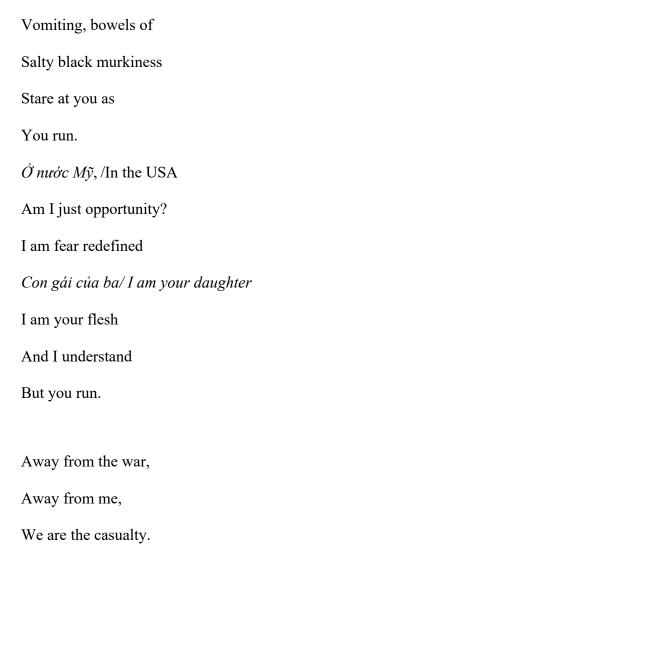


POETRY | SUMMER 2021

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 mắm stain.



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*.