

I am from a black and white secret garden and boxes of puzzles

By: Liza Liu

I am from the smell of Hong Kong egg waffles,
My first stuffed toy who was always playing with me,
Sweet steamed potato on our dinner table,
And rounds of hide and seek.

I am from the taste of dumplings and noodles,
A weird jade Chinese cabbage,
Beautiful corals and fish I saw in the ocean the time I visit Australia,
To puzzles of princesses dancing that I used to love.

I am from a black and white secret garden through a rabbit hole,
Banana pancakes yelling my name in the oven,
And my dog barking in the dead of the night,
To “Klink, Klink, Klink...” marbles dropping upstairs.

I am from Carol, my mum; Mark, my dad,
Zhang Gui Rong, Zhang Ze Lin,
Suo Ya Nan, Liu Jin Cheng
And my close cousin Fred,
To my aunt who has always been my “best friend”.

I am from a “playground”, which is an old fish pound, never with any fish or water,
Chinese pancakes that I don’t really like,
My dad’s diaries about the different old days,

And barbie dolls living a fantastic life in my childhood mind.

I am from my grandmother's aunt's wedding dress which fits me exactly,
A shallow swimming pool in Hong Kong where I pretend to swim when I'm three,
Rice with disgusting vegetables my mum made me eat,
And "never speak with your mouth full."

I am from Anger Birds,
Bao zi, which is steamed dumplings, with carrot inside,
A ting clear pond like a mirror beside the huge magnificent mountains,
And a kindergarten interview gift left in the bottom of my drawers.

I am from lots of piano test with scare my half to death,
Steamed bread with different shapes,
Legos with lost pieces and characters,
And an annoying advertisement recording that is always ringing in my ears.

I am from my multi-color memories,
My long and wonderful childhood,
My lovely and caring family,
And my unknown future.