

Poem from Ellis Island

The New Colossus (by Emma Lazarus)

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Poem from Angel Island

There are tens of thousands of poems
on these walls
They are all cries of suffering

and sadness

The day I am rid of this prison and

become successful

I must remember that this chapter

once existed

I must be frugal in my daily

needs

Needless extravagance usually

leads to ruin

All my compatriots should

remember China

Once you have made some small gains,

you should return

home early

---- Written by one from Heungshan