

Sun Yung Shin / SPEED

As ever and always, there were

**a series of possible solutions
broadly accepted international instruments
current practices are often in violation of these norms**

Of the momentum of miniature automobiles racing under the furniture

Of the tempo of your canine's age, dry outline of his heat

Of the velocity of your child's life, not as a kite's white twine unspooling above
the green earth. Heat from friction against your palm, counterclockwise.

As ever and always, specifically in the

**aftermath of the Second World War
ad hoc humanitarian response
all countries where emergency situations prevailed**

Weight of childhood, the one red of his shirt worn for six months until
outgrown

Size of the body, does the soul grow to meet it

Burden of the soul, can the body ever contain it

Only our breath is porous, only our lungs taste this air of yours

Identical words waiting beneath your teeth

One's tongue a singular burden

But newly, something new, something a degree different from what happened before, but no more important than what happened before (or what shall become of this)

**new generation of abandoned or orphaned
many of these children were Amerasians, fathered and left behind
by U.S. servicemen
as did their Vietnamese counterparts a decade or so later**

Human skull reaches adult size by age eight

What we once called vocal chords we now call folds

Science, like Adam, names and then — upon new intelligence — renames

Learn quickly that all cries are not musical

Everyone. Each one of us. No one of us.

**sharing responsibility for the burden facing the newly decolonized nations
domestic/intercountry/international
“mass exportation”**

Closet full of your father's suits, his color-blind eyes, his asking, is this blue or brown? green or maroon?

What we call vocal quality is subjective, what we call color

Garden, the yellow tulip bulbs unplanted, those withered skulls

Trivia of one's house, one's borders

Disfigure them freely, implant, transplant

Wash the lintels in blood

It's always this kind of language that makes its appearance

**a full-fledged and clear "demand"
while demand for children in adoption has continued to rise in the
industrialized world, fertility has fallen
"structural supply of children"**

Through this we shall pass, though not unmarked, though not without
marking this very air with our swiftness

Phenomenology: the word my friend and I always forget: "A philosophy or
method of inquiry based on the premise that reality consists of objects and
events as they are perceived or understood in human consciousness and not of
anything independent of human consciousness."

Or, the study of relations between the knower, the known, and knowing.

*This Western sense of time. Fanciful verb tenses. We are tense with the time in our words.
On our hands. Idle. An innocent phoneme, one after another, like boots, unknowing,
attached to the knower*

**today as in the past the United States is the world's foremost receiving country
of foreign adoptive children, responsible for roughly half of all adoptions...
often moratoriums are called to allow for investigation of abuses**

We embrace her, Mother.

Selflessly, she. Taste of negative space around her robe.

Visitation, astonishing speed.

The long wake of the birth, wide bridal train going forward in time, floating
over the world, full of Christ-bearers.

Hands occupying the skin over hearts, hands shaped like a flag, skies light with
witness of clouds and bombs

Works Cited

Bolded text from "Chapter 22: International Issues Affecting Children." 4-176.
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