



### Pre-module Homework

#### The Sojourners / Bino A. Realuyo

Surrounding boxes alarm you  
Because now you know  
They are not empty anymore.  
They slowly fill  
With life's selected tangible:  
Black and white photographs,  
Clothing you'd soon outgrow  
And crumbs of moments never consumed,  
All in a rush to be claimed.  
The rose-colored dress you wore  
When he betrayed you is folded  
On one side. The ones that carried  
His sense of loyalty are placed  
In the middle, preserved like the  
Dried fish hanging in the window,  
Its shadow cast for breakfast.  
You are thinking of you children,  
Who themselves rummage through  
The house, selecting certain things  
For a few boxes, also picking  
The ones that will bring a mouthful  
Of smiles, leaving the rest  
To be shipped to the past, in a trunk  
Walled with scratches of violent hours.  
Together, you all wait for a whole day's  
Trip to the uncertain.  
A new land with so much expectations  
Tilling your empty stomachs.  
Tomorrow, all the many years  
You've fit in these boxes, you'll  
Unpack for the coldest years ahead.

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