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Mother’s Song

by

Tony Innouvong

My mother was a soldier who escaped the drought
Conquered Southeast Asia’s Namkhong
With banana leaves and a warrant on her head
Phaya Nak under her feet
Bloodied hands for freedom
Machete in one hand
Legacy in the other
Two refugee camps later
Her lungs can rest a little
Nongkhai is now a photo
Nostalgia that shall never be relived
She’s got a new home now
Made of gold
Home is what I call her when she’s draped in gold
Fingers sun kissed they warm when she waves
She’s only cold when reminded that her new home doesn’t belong to her
This land is hard on her feet
But still she must move
Till soil for her seeds.
Tony Innouvong – Mother’s Song

About the Author

Tony Innouvong is a Seattle-born, first generation Lao American. Fueled by his love for the arts, he founded Freshest Roots in 2009, a community arts organization focused on creating opportunities for young people to cultivate their passions in the arts. Under the alias, Illaphant, he released three musical projects and performed throughout the US. He received his undergraduate degree in international business from Seattle University and graduate degree in business administration from Alcorn State University. Currently, Tony is working on a menswear line that fuses traditional Lao culture with modern fashion.
Innouvong: On the Other Side of the Mekong