

November 1940

TO A LITTLE CHINESE GIRL

You are pretty, little Chinese girl
Sitting alone in the laundry shop, dreaming
Of the far-off Yellow Empire and its glories
Where people work in rice-fields to the accompaniment of bells.

They tried to make you into an American, but I know they have not,
For when I look at you, I think I see
A blue and white pagoda in your eyes
With smooth green tiles along its tilted roof
Where creep the dark shadows of the Chinese night.