



1986

The Crazy Lady of Ching Shwei

Carl Robertson

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Recommended Citation

Robertson, Carl (1986) "The Crazy Lady of Ching Shwei," *Inscape*: Vol. 6: No. 1, Article 11.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol6/iss1/11>

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THE CRAZY LADY OF CHING SWEI

Voice wrenched
shrill
like shattered china

You sang in
wind that whispered
on wet rice blades

Once the town's flowered
bride, full-bloomed.

He left

In the green night
when rice is high
and jasmine smell
pulls the belly

You sing T'ang
love songs
by white boys' home
and say his name.

Carl Robertson

