

## The Phases of Immigration

Written by: Jiawen Li, Charmaine Serrano

### Await

Finger seals across the edge of envelope,  
I paused and stare  
At the prospect it holds.  
With my aspiration,  
It disappears into the black opening of the post box.

April, May, June...  
Days seem to pass slower than before,  
While my fretfulness grows faster than ever.  
Until that day, that letter, that approval,  
I was tearing with a smile.

### See You Again, Motherland

Today  
might be the last time  
I step on my homeland,  
So I hold on dearly to my grandmother's hands.

Today,  
I leave my last trails on the place  
Where I spent my childhood

So I stand by the door, and capture the faces of my loved ones.

Today,  
We wave the hardest goodbye,  
Shed away tears, wrapped our arms tightly around each other.  
Realizing I won't see them for a long time.

I say "farewell, to my motherland, my country!"  
My heart is now a baggage,  
Carrying the memories and names of those whom I left behind.

I take the last chance to  
Breathe in the scent of palm trees,  
And let the intensity of the blazing sun fill me with warmth.

As the plane lifts off, I clenched in my seat  
From the sudden sense of reality.  
My eyes looked over the Pacific blue.  
And a million miles later,  
Over the endless Western sky,  
Where my dreams are yet to be reached.

### Stranger

Arriving on a new country, A new "home".  
It is still a place where I work, eat, and sleep,  
Where life is still on the routine.  
Everything is equivalent,  
Yet, the word "home" sounds so unfamiliar.  
I'm a stranger.

Standing on the land of my new "home",  
The air is still the air,  
the soil is still the soil.  
Nothing is different,  
Yet, everything is so distinct.  
I'm a stranger.

Talking to the friends of the new land,  
We still laugh at jokes,  
We still enjoy each other's company.  
Friendship's definition has not changed,  
Yet, why do I feel alone?  
I'm a stranger.

### Transformation and Adaptation

Cultural identity,  
A war fought between losing and preserving.  
I struggle to find where I belong.

As time goes by,  
I weave myself in to the fabric of Canadian society.  
Threads of two cultures intertwined.

Oh motherland,  
The values you've taught me still remain within.  
Only hidden, and yet to be rediscovered.

### Canada, My Second Home

Since the day I settled,  
I always knew  
You are more than a land of opportunity.

Your vastness broadened my view,  
Stretched afar of what my eyes used to see.

I,  
Learned to smile at strangers and looked at others equally;  
Treasured the value of giving back to the community;  
Was given a positive and fulfilling life.

Let me express my gratitude to you,  
Canada,  
For giving me

A second home.