

# 2nd Year Pieces

2016-2017

## Stress

by Jaeda Moyer

A constant strife,  
a boomerang:  
no matter how hard I try to relinquish it,  
it always returns.  
People tell me not to throw,  
but that is like telling a fish not to swim.  
I am a professional.  
I perfect my work to its finest.  
I want to go back to the days  
when the only problem was tying little shoes.  
Now I have to worry:  
about fitting in,  
getting good grades,  
preparing for the future.  
This boomerang hits me  
in the face with sharp edges.  
There is no avoiding it. If I try to escape,  
it attacks me as I run.  
It does not take much. The weakest person  
could toss this annoying toy  
into outer space.

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## Me, Myself, and I

by Jaeda Moyer

Being adopted from China and settling in Idaho is like taking a fish and throwing it into the desert. Nobody can understand the true feeling of being adopted, unless they have been adopted, too. Being adopted means that a child will have to overcome some hard challenges that other people never experience. As an adopted child, I face challenges every day. Kids make fun of me in school because my skin has a caramel-cocoa glow. A few kids in my school are adopted or have a different color of skin. I get along with a few of them and play sports with others. One is actually one of my best friends, but being different is not a designated group that we have to be in. Even so, being Asian sets me apart from all the white kids. Sometimes I do wish that I had white skin. Then I remember that my color makes me unique.

People are always asking if I am adopted, which I do not particularly like. It is like being the only leaf left on the autumn tree. I stand out from the crowd when going to family reunions, as no one else looks like me besides my adopted sister. My extended family has always treated me like I am one of them. They have never judged me on anything but my personality. My aunt has an adopted kid who is older than me. She has white skin, but we are both adopted. It is good to know that my parents actually wanted me since they flew all the way over to China to get me. They knew I was the one they wanted.

Being different is not necessarily bad. It just means that I am a certain "brand." My personality is still the same. Nothing has ever changed about that part of me and never will. I have orphanage mates in Virginia: being with them makes me feel normal. People put me in the "Asian" category: short, squinted eyes, and a nerdy personality. Such stereotypes are like comparing an apple to an

orange. I know myself well enough to know that the stereotype is not me. My personality is nerdy, sarcastic, realistic, and weird. I am considered tall and have averaged-sized eyes. I love sports, crafts, and movies. Relaxing and just doing what I love to do is who I am. I like my best friends, pets, and family. They are all so supportive about my sports and important to me.

I would never change not being adopted from China. I wonder sometimes what my life would be like if I had not been adopted. Would I still be alive? Have a home to call my own? Have enough food to eat in a day? Adoption may mean that I'm different from others, but it's just a characteristic about me. It doesn't change who I am.

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## **Physiognomy**

by Jaeda Moyer

A broken puzzle,  
trying to put its pieces back together.  
Shaping dark crisp pointy edges  
to match each other. When  
one piece fits,  
there are thousands still to go.  
This puzzle will never be  
completely finished. Because. As more  
pieces connect, the puzzle expands.  
Always growing, creating a bigger picture.  
Frustration makes it easy  
to take apart; no time  
to heal. Every piece  
fits together, but only time taken  
makes it complete.

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## **Basketball**

by Jaeda Moyer

Running down the court;  
salty sweat drips from my face.  
*Sqqquuuueeeaaakkk!*  
shoes scuff the wooden floor: nails on a chalk board.  
Plink, plink, plink. *Swish*  
The basketball bounces like rain on a trampoline.  
The sound everyone wants to hear:  
a scarf whistling in breezy wind.  
The orb hits the floor with a thud: *Blllllaaaaammmmm!*  
The buzzer beeps. Game over.