



Miss Saigon shed her skin
(or did her skin shed her?)
Wed off to a new house,
A Miss Saigon no more.

I see Miss Saigon sometimes now,
on the silver screen matinees.
Too much made up,
but beautiful still.
Her role always seemed to be next to G.I. Joes,
leaning into their arms,
or wistfully awaiting their return.
I see her portraits in museums
sometimes smiling, sometimes stern.
Her eyes seem far away,
looking past me from faded covers.
My parents still listen to her old songs,
remembering the glamour of past days.

I was once cradled in her bosom
I too
briefly felt her tender close embrace.
But I was too young and she, already busy rebuilding herself anew,
providing for the many new children in her care.
I wonder if she remembers me still?
Miss Saigon
How I
Miss Saigon.