

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.

Katherina Nguyen is a person who hopes for a life full of memorable stories and beloved characters. Vietnamese-American since the age of Éive, Stanford University alumni working in design and technology. Lives in San Francisco, dreams from everywhere. Currently rediscovering herself through clumsy words and mixed metaphors.