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|  | Originally, I had intended to come to America last year. Lack of money delayed me until early autumn. It was on the day that the Weaver Maiden met the Cowherd1  That I took passage on the President Lincoln. I ate wind and tasted waves for more than twenty days. Fortunately, I arrived safely on the American continent. I thought I could land in a few days. How was I to know I would become a prisoner suffering in the wooden building? The barbarians'2 abuse is really difficult to take. When my family's circumstances stir my emotions, a double stream of tears flow. I only wish I can land in San Francisco soon. Thus sparing me the additional sorrow here. |

Our Poem: