

(Vi t thay l i nh ng ng i con g c Vi t
g i đ n các bà m Hoa K đã dày công d ng d c)

T n M , ng i không cùng huy t th ng
Tóc m vàng, da m tr ng nh mây
M v t con t v c th m l u đầy
Nuôi con l n b ng tình th ng máu m

T n M vì con mà lam lũ
Ngày qua ngày trong x ng máy, nhà kho
Làm thêm gi cho con đ c m no
Đêm l i th c d y con t ng ti ng M

Khác ngôn ng nh ngă thành, cách lữ
M d con b ng ánh m t, vòng tay
M g c Âu, con g c Á, kh thay
Con là n , vì đâu mà m gánh!

M bi t con t quê h ng b t h nh
Có lữ ng i hung ác t a sài lang
Nu t mi n Nam b ng nanh vu t b o tàn
Đ a c n c tr l i th i trung c

Cũng t đó con nh chim m t t
Tu i còn th đã b m , lìa cha
Xu ng thuy n đi trong n c m t nh t nhòa
Đem tính m ng g i trên đ u ng n sóng
Nh n M nh tr i cao bi n r ng
Con m i còn s ng sót đ n ngày nay
Đ c nên ng i trên đ t n c th hai
Ni m hãnh đi n cho c hai dân t c

Trong hßn con mß rßng ngßi ánh đßu c
Sáng bßp bùng soi mßi bßc con đi
Lßi Mß hißn con sß mãi còn ghi:
“Là dân Mß, nhßng đßng quên gßc Vißt!”

Dâng lên Mß đßa hßng tßi thßm thißt
Chßa tình con tßng cánh đß yêu thßng
Mai con vß quß hôn đßt quê hßng
Càng nhß đßn ngàn công ßn cßa Mß.

VŨ ĐÌNH TRáNG

Thank You, Mother!

*(To American adoptive mothers who
heartily fostered children of Vietnamese origin)*

Thank you, my white-skinned golden-haired mother
Who are not of the same bloodline as me or the other
But you fished me out of the abyss a refugee errant,
Adopted and fostered me with the love of a parent.

Thank you for having taken such painstaking jobs
Days after days in warehouses and workshops,
Toiled and moiled extra hours to make me undeterred,
And stayed up late to teach me each English word.

Pushing language difference as a bad barrier aside,
You soothed me with your look warm and arms wide.
You are an Westerner and I an Easterner, how rare,
I was such a heavy debt, you volunteered to bear!

You knew well that I came from that unhappy land
Where there were many a ferocious and fiendish band
Who invaded the South and confined people to cages,
Brought the whole nation back to the Middle Ages.

Since then I had become a nestless nestling in qualm
In childhood to leave Dad and separate from Mom,
I got into the fleeing boat with hot tears dripping wet
Risking my life entrusted to wave crests full of threat.

Thanks to your high-sky and vast-ocean love, my fay,
That I could survive until I can achieve success today
And become a dignified human in this second home,
A pride for both our peoples under the azure dome.

You are so shining in my soul the glittering torchlight
To enlighten each of my steps scintillating in the night.
Your virtuous advice I will always remember of course:
“Be American but don’t forget your Vietnamese source!”

I respectfully offer you this fresh gorgeous bright rose
Suffused with my affection in each red petal to enclose.
On my repatriation kneeling to kiss my native soil soon
I will bear in mind thousandfold your precious boon.

Translation by **Thanh-Thanh**