

I'm sitting in the airport—hot and sticky with sweat  
—waiting for my plane to Jeju.

Is this what (re)connecting feels like?

There's a large flatscreen TV in front of me,  
LG brand with Korean lettering under the logo.

An English woman and her husband are being interviewed,  
they say they like to rescue farm animals—

Like chickens unable to breed...

*Destined for pies* she says.

*Now, they get their first taste*

*of freedom*

I've come here to find my birth mother.

But for all I know, she's long gone...

moved away,

moved on,

or worse.

I feel my ears turning red as the sun,  
setting over Incheon,  
beams down on the terminal.

I miss American air conditioning.

Although,  
weren't most of the  
appliances in our first apartment  
LG brand also?

Behind the TV,  
on the other side of the giant glass windows,  
a jet crawls across the tarmac—  
the sun slipping behind the tailfin marked with words  
in a language  
I never had the chance to learn.

Back on the screen,  
the host, an Englishman in a quarter-zip and corduroys,  
gets a tour of the couple's so-called *sanctuary*

...somewhere in the English countryside.

I can hardly make out what they're saying—  
the audio is dubbed,  
one language stacked on top of  
the other.  
And since we aren't yet  
Stateside,  
the Korean goes on top,  
forcing me to read subtitles.

Makes me think of those old kung fu movies

I used to watch at my grandparent's house—but in reverse.

I remember,  
I'd sit on the carpet with whatever toy,  
while my grandfather watched  
with my aunt's first husband, who, like me,  
was also adopted—

I remember

The whole room always stinking of cigarette and cigar smoke  
as we watched shirtless Asian men  
grunt and kick each other to death,  
their bodies dripping with sweat and fake blood.

Other times,  
we'd watch the Godzilla marathon on TCM,  
see helpless droves of Japanese  
screaming for their lives,  
Mothra soaring overhead  
just like a Boeing B-29.

*For them,*  
my grandfather said,  
*the only thing scarier than a giant reptile*  
*is the American-military industrial complex.*

I remember

As a kid,  
I used to love flying.

But now I've seen one too many movies,  
read too many news stories  
about close calls, system glitches, human error.

And soon, when I'm thirty thousand feet above the Pacific,  
strapped into a Boeing 747,  
I'll think to myself—

*For me,  
the only thing worse than a giant reptile  
is a rescue animal.*