

## **“Celebrate Good Times” by Franny Choi**

The regime is having a birthday party, so we turn off the lights  
and pretend we're sick. All night, happy americans

honk their horns. *We did it!* they scream into our window.  
In the morning, *We* is all over the floor. We sweep *We*

into a paper bag and label it *EMERGENCY*. The good news  
is that things will go back to the way they were,

which is also the bad news. Meanwhile, I cut  
an onion, and it's onions all the way down, and that's a fine

reason to cry at the sink on a Monday after the empire  
congratulates itself on persisting again. No, thank you,

I'm stuffed, I couldn't possibly have more hope. I haven't finished  
mourning the last tyrant yet. I haven't said enough

goodbyes to—oh, what was her name? And hers?  
How many *We*'s did they cut out of me? And whose country

was I standing on, the last time we survived?