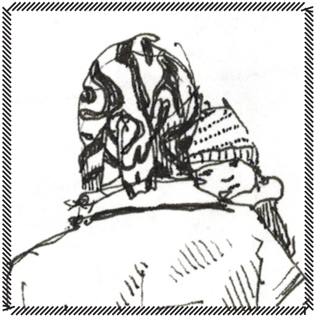
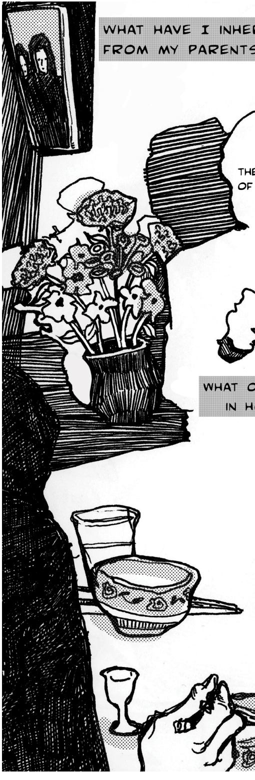
Chapter 4

The love we inherit



1990s, Wuhan, China


WHAT HAVE I INHE
FROM MY PARENTS
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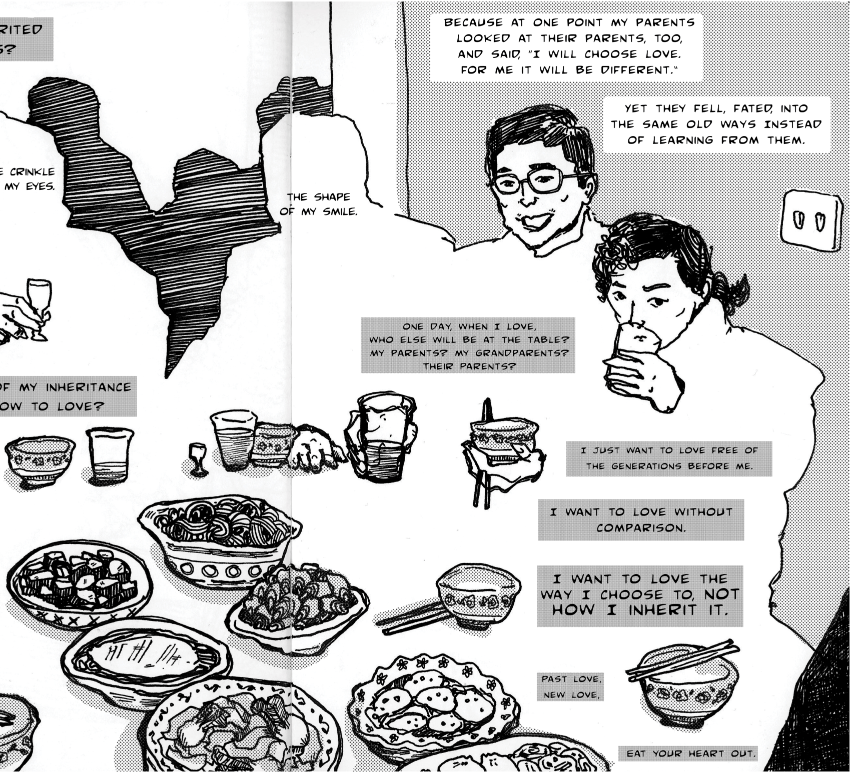
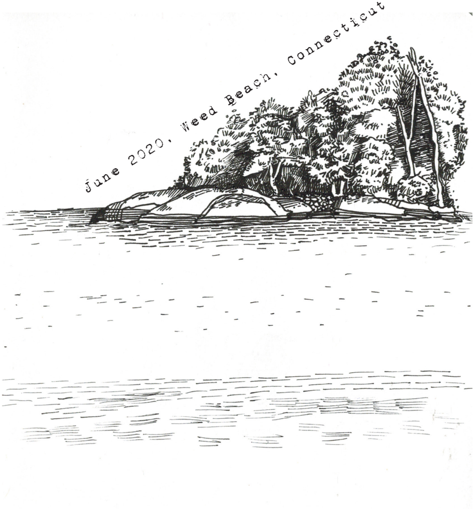

RITED
S?
E CRINKLE
MY EYES.
THE SHAPE
OF MY SMILE.
F MY INHERITANCE
OW TO LOVE?
BECAUSE AT ONE POINT MY PARENTS LOOKED AT THEIR PARENTS, TOO, AND SAID, "I WILL CHOOSE LOVE. FOR ME IT WILL BE DIFFERENT."
YET THEY FELL, FATED, INTO THE SAME OLD WAYS INSTEAD OF LEARNING FROM THEM.
ONE DAY, WHEN I LOVE, WHO ELSE WILL BE AT THE TABLE? MY PARENTS? MY GRANDPARENTS? THEIR PARENTS?
I JUST WANT TO LOVE FREE OF THE GENERATIONS BEFORE ME.
I WANT TO LOVE WITHOUT COMPARISON.
I WANT TO LOVE THE WAY I CHOOSE TO, NOT HOW I INHERIT IT.
PAST LOVE, NEW LOVE,
EAT YOUR HEART OUT.

While I was ac
I had the time
reflect on the
and irrational
family-

the lottery of
and Zhao's bef
never know but
presence in my
my parents and

ross the pond,
and space to
deeply reasonable
love we feel for

lineage- the Zhu's
ore me who I would
always feel their
relationships with
my partners.


June 2020, Weed Beach, Connecticut

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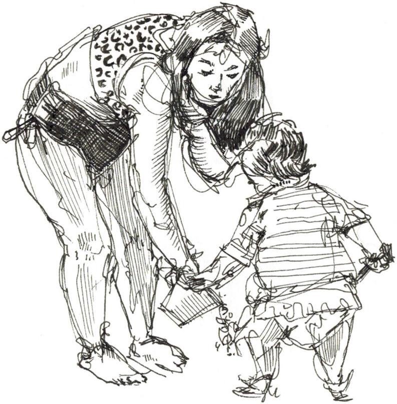
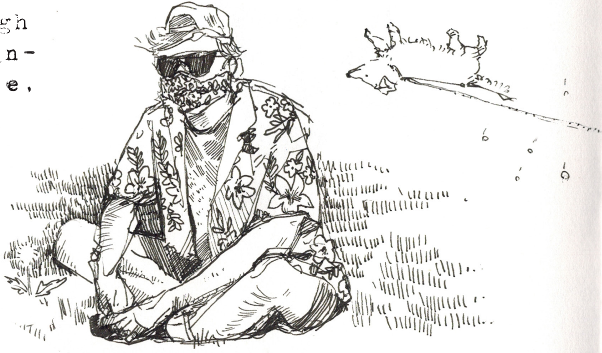
uddenly, when I was flung
k into the heart of it, I
want to think about these
anymore, which were quite
erally too close to home.

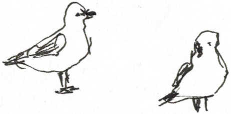


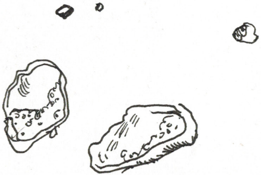
I had my escapes from family though.

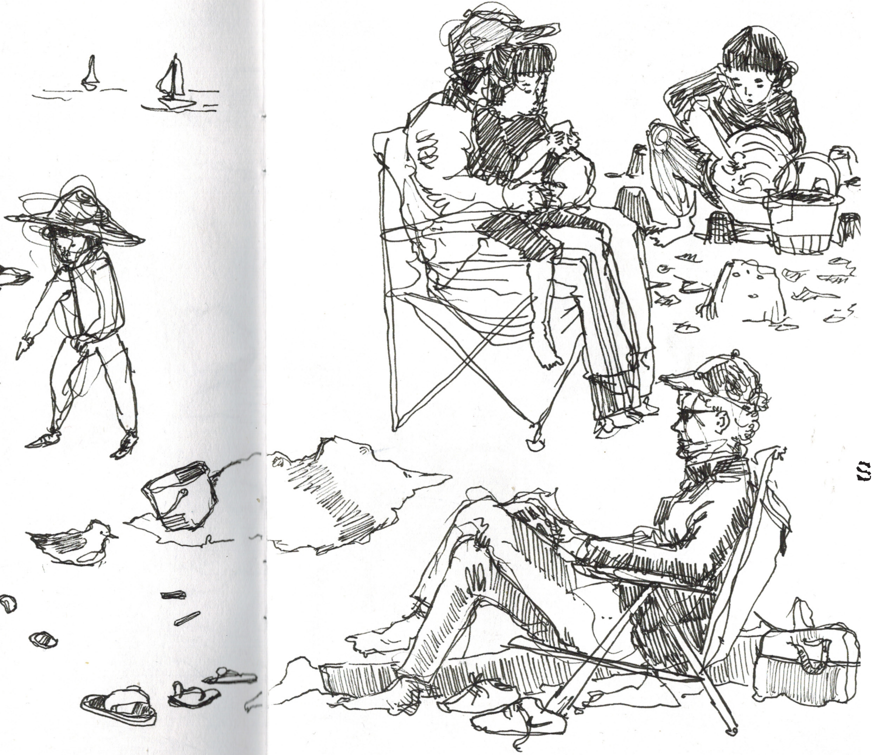
Being back in my hometown, I got to see my high school friends again- outdoors, of course.



at beaches
and parks.







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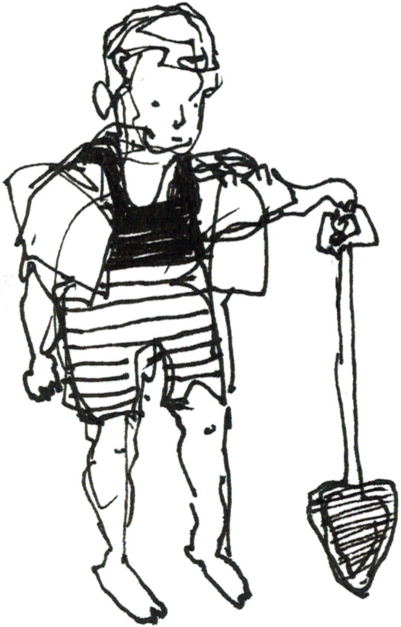

Babies laid claim to Connecticut.

Babies
everywhere

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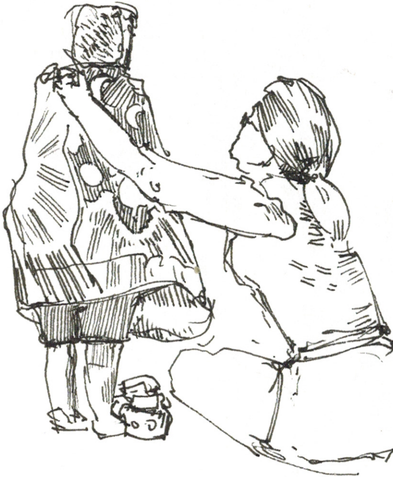
fam



reminding me that

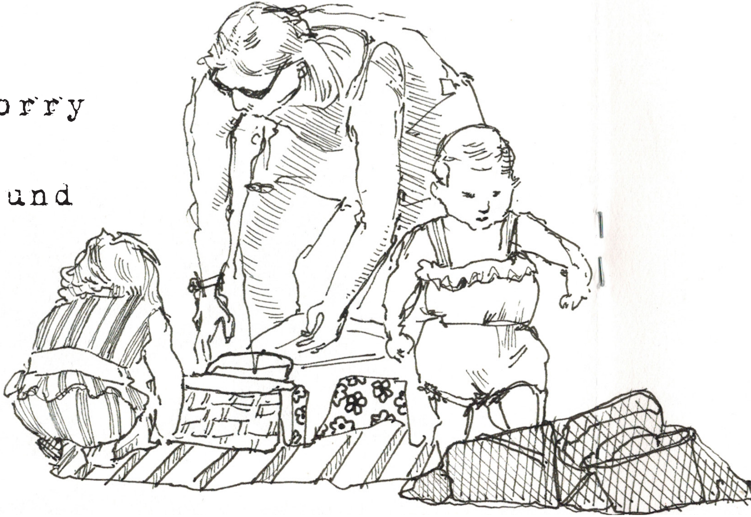
e have been generations of
ilial trial and error for

how to care

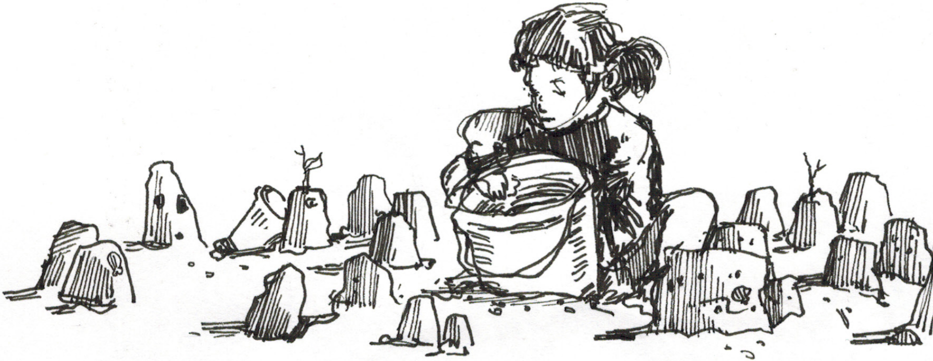
how to feed

how to soothe a worry

how to clean a wound



how to build a home;



Generations of love
have not perfected it.

Was I stepping in line
to fuck up too?

I know;
I know;
I know;

"whoa,
this is not
the normal
reaction
to seeing
babies at the
beach."

I kn
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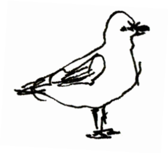
my per
demon
deal



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they
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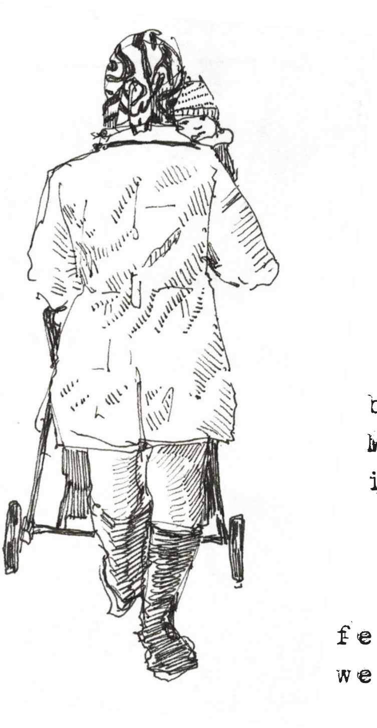
too.



Even now as I'm back at school in Massachusetts and it is too cold to frequent the New England beaches anyways, I still feel these questions weighing down on me.