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BUNKONG TUON

MOON IN KHMER

You are light
when the sun is punched out
and darkness reigns.
You are the antidote
to what came before:
black blood, black heart,
hands tied, kneeling before
a ditch of human bones.
Your laughter pierces
the silence of night
that bore witness
to the once blood-soaked land.
Your existence is resistance
to the genocide that orphaned
your father and drove
his family out of the homeland.
You are love against
the hate of the Khmer Rouge.
This is the meaning
of your name, Chanda.
This is how to defeat Pol Pot.