Journal 4

My life is a candle. Not an elaborate candle with an intricate shape to it, or a candle with a scent sensation as the smell dances up one’s nostrils. No, I am not a fancy candle, but I am a candle. I am a sturdy candle, one who burns bright and long. A candle with no scent, thus a candle taken for granted. A candle without an intricate design, thus a candle forgotten. I am a candle, a person, a North Vietnamese girl.

I go to school and learn to speak pristine English; however, I am never picked when my hand is raised. I am a footnote in any class, in any room, in any house or school, in any company. I fade into the background as men around me enjoy the benefits of their birth. Men, women. That is the way it is and the way it shall be, for men are exorbitant candles, women are steady, sturdy. Some women attempt to become lavish as the men, with elegant designs or attractive scents, but in the end, women are steady, men extravagant.