

Here are two of the more than 200 poems recently discovered on Angel Island barrack walls by Charles Egan and his team. As you read the poems, imagine how the authors felt.

It's been a long time since I left my home village
Who could know I'd end up imprisoned

in a wooden building?
I'm heartsick when I see my reflection,

my handkerchief is soaked in tears
I ask you, what crime did I commit

to deserve this?

—*Li Hai of Nancun, Taishan*

Dwelling in the wooden building,

I give vent to despair
Searching for a living while perching

on a mountain—it's hard to earn glory
Letters do not arrive, my thoughts

in vain
In bitterness and sadness,

I watch for my early release

—*Unsigned*

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