

Vi Khi Nao Poetry Vietnamese Poetry Seminar  
Colorado University Boulder

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1. Hoa Nguyen's *A Thousand Times You Lose your Treasure* is a trove of intimacy and connection between a mother's past and a mother and daughter's connection in the now.
2. My favorite poem was "Diep Before Completion" on page 22.
3. Putting all of the titles into small caps eased by mind when reading.
4. The admiration and Joy for your mother is so apparent. Its beautiful and makes me want to ask my parents about their lives before they had me.
5. Hoa Nguyen opens our eyes to the wonderful wild stories of wise women.
6. A poem that stuck with me is "Why This Haunted Middle and Door Hung Wlth Haunted Girl Bones"
7. A polyphonic masterpiece that recollect her mom through the contextualization of Vietnam
8. One of my favorite poems was "Overseas Vietnamese" the subtle internal rhyme throughout is lovely.
9. My favorite poem is "Hagiography"
10. My favorite poem of Hoa Nguyen's was "Unrelated Future Tense."
11. Her book is a puzzles of beautifully individual pieces.
12. It's amazing how she channels her mother as a muse.
13. There is a sense of excitement and movement in Hoa's work.
14. Stories that travel and take journeys across space and time.
15. I love the use of negative space and the absence of space and time.
16. Looking back, seeing forward.
17. Black and white smiles.
18. Translating remembrance
19. I was not prepared for "Welcome to the Hotel California."
20. Highlighter, graphite, dog-eared, bookamrked.
21. The line "I cleaned the pain but smell it on floorboards" built a home in my ribs (and won't get out).
22. My book is all creased because I've been flipping through it all week.
23. We sing to wing again.
24. *A Thousand Times You Lose Your Treasure* is a haunting.
25. Thin veil, lingering.
26. A re-collection of recollection inn the face of severance.
27. Nostalgia as a love language.

28. Eternal mother.
29. a family history
30. Motorcycle drive-by
31. Circling something missing in language.
32. A voice inside a voice speaking through another voice.
33. Here we are: not arriving, but together.
34. I can't stop thinking about Thahn and his wandering ghost.
35. "Netting" is a poem wonderfully laced.
36. There is a joy in the fact that your collection was published by Wave books and that the title cover's words remind me of waves.
37. Camera captured ghosts
38. Hoa Nguyen's polyphony capture the free-wheeling spirit of her mother
39. Cycling forward: tones I've always known.
40. The cover of your collection and the way that the title and your name overlap and are repeated reminds me of the way in which there will be tens of versions of ourselves as we continue to grow, live, experience things. We continue to collect them.
41. A coming together again of fragments
42. "beach beach moon beach the moon-water beach" —"Sing Ding (Ghostly)"
43. Intonation reflects difference and loss.
44. Loss and difference is collected again through intonation.
45. Despite haunting, Hoa strides away from victimizing ghosts. Instead she celebrates them.
46. A picturing of ghosts ever present, side-by-side.
47. "I lost this sonnet once I may lose it again" —"Durian Sonnet"
48. in conversation with Diana Khoi Nguyen's *Ghost Of*
49. NOT about the war
50. There is a place for contemplation within every poem of this collection.
51. Sonically unfurled
52. "the running blue shock of her"
53. inflections and reflections
54. A song space.
55. "Toxic mirror spit / to whom do I speak?"
56. Images speak a thousand words.
57. The nonlinear motion Hoa goes through is striking.
58. You write so viscerally. I am envious of your vulnerability.
59. Notes on sonic frequencies: vibrations of life.
60. Cover notes a sense of being in shift or in flux but the poems inside are stoic and round and complete without question.
61. A collection of love.
62. Stories my ancestors never stopped sharing: ghostly living, living ghosts.
63. A rare glimpse into the mother/daughter connection.
64. A ghost story aka a living story.
65. Meditations on an other: the other country; the other language; the other history; another possibility.
66. "Enraged you still bite" from "Oh my 4FH Planes"
67. Space that separates but not breaks the wholeness of Hoa's reflection of her mother is powerful
68. What is a story after death? Ghosts.
69. Lovely.
70. See here, see yesterday, see today - we will be seen.
71. We all know a Pillbox
72. Badass women riding motorcycles

73. "held hands on the Wall of Death"
74. Victimizing is
75. Pieces of a puzzle, puzzle of pieces.
76. Strong and intentional
77. This rare gem in combination of the rarity of being a part of a motorcycle group.
78. Thinking about taking up motorcycle lessons.
79. "look ma / no accent" favorite line.
80. Memory becoming infinite.
81. A celebration of growth.
82. Hoa shares her courageous mother with the world in this book.
83. Ghosts are almost tangible in this book.
84. This book released multiple ghosts in my Honda CRV
85. An archive of known unknowns.
86. There is a journey through history - born, raised, educated, lived.
87. There are matriarchal manifestations of life and strength.
88. Needs more motorcycles
89. The notecard provides a chance for correspondence over time and space within our own families.
90. Your mother a vision atop metal and dirt, sky in her hair
91. Your mother looks very courageous in the "air".
92. The movement of pages
93. A story that can be passed on.
94. I'm going to send the postcard to my best friend
95. Aching
96. Sharing is preserving.
97. "Tones of Vietnamese Language" is really interesting. Having it read to me by a native speaker made all the difference.
98. I liked it
99. //////////////
100. Something so pleasing about :\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\:
101. Sending my friend this postcard so she has a piece of my experience + your mother
102. a treasure
103. loss: not a negative
- 104.\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\ - time is closed.
105. A sacred interiority.
106. My ghosts and your ghosts sharing a cup of tea.
107. Adventure and survival in spite of adversity.
108. Molding language like PlayDough
109. resisting stereotypes
110. resisting genre
111. Translated history
112. Meditating on the Butterfly Lovers
113. Connection through the protection of a generational story.
114. A serious leather pouch lined with yellow amber gems.
115. A reflection of futures present and futures lived.
116. ...
117. A campfire story but make it poetry
118. Returning to home, returning to a mother.
119. An engine revved.
120. Mother, where are you?
121. The Perception of yourself by another.

122. Sensational catalogue of Vietnamese victimization.
123. Searching for connection: found?
124. A place of comfort: expelling worry or expelling frustration.
125. sitting in the family room, not speaking a word
126. Radio Static
127. Patience
128. A mother's perfume
129. the rattle of branches
130. the sound of a fire dying
131. What were the drafts?
132. How many more stories could have been asked about? Could have been told?
133. Transformative.
134. The space between motherhood/daughterhood and womanhood.
135. Ink like motor oil
136. An act of love.
137. The verbal version of an ofrenda
138. A look into the self through another.
139. Past tense, post tense, intense.
140. Longing
141. Keeping the sacred survived.
142. language as the smell of cherry blossoms in springtime
143. Memorable.
144. I learned that I have accidentally called my mother a ghost
145. a room dimly lit
146. A Pillbox shattered.
147. language as heritage
148. variations on a theme
149. Mystical
150. Acknowledging and trusting a story, a life
151. "Durian Sonnet" rules
152. The speckling of the cream cover is a joy and soothing
153. ISBN has a good variety of numbers
154. "underworld yourself," chef's kiss
155. "Warm Rain" is so warm and homey
156. I loved the meta-moment in "Made by Dow."
157. Ghosts at home.
158. Enjoying someone else's mother, because I am not connected to my own
159. Agent Rainbow - Hades
160. Stamped title, a recurrence
161. "What's past is prologue"
162. I love all of the flowers. Flowers are wonderful.
163. A thousand pictures couldn't capture this book.
164. intonations of prior selves
165. The power of women
166. Sharing in the celebration of her mother.
167. We're all ghosts
168. All of the unnamed people in the photos are also ghosts.
169. A salve to a wound
170. there is beauty on a skinned knee and a dented bike
171. A web of life
172. a sip of warm tea

173. The circularity of the poems is estranging yet revealing.
174. The multiplicity of selves serves to break the grounds in which the poem was grounded in spatially and temporally
175. To live is to sing.
176. Embracing my ghosts; telling them I love them
177. Ghost stories of the living.
178. A questioning of "memory."
179. A whole house of ghosts making dinner
180. Language as a summoning
181. words are ghosts...a naming of the silence
182. the reader is also a ghost
183. The feeling of inclusion
184. Whose home is whose home
185. Why did you decide on that section of poetry for the post card?
186. What made you choose to include the postcard?
187. The book cover is like delicate eggshells
188. Where did the title come from?
189. Do you think this captured the essence of your mom?
190. A work of art.
191. How many versions of a self can there be?
192. How many version of your mother did you know?
193. How many versions of yourself have you known?
194. Stories and poetic sacrifices result in this collection.
195. Creating a collection is it's own story of necessity.
196. This book acts as the ghost of your mother in some ways.
197. A motorbike reaching the red line of the barrel.
198. Your mom is incredible!
199. The love and consideration is tangible.
200. Could we be a letter to our whole selves, across time, through space?
201. a flock of singing birds
202. Treasure unchested
203. Did you ever try to motorcycle like your mom?
204. Motorcycling Moms.
205. Where did you first get the idea to write poems about your mom?
206. What was her perception to letting you write about her?
207. What is your favorite memory with your mother?
208. A
209. H
210. I
211. S
212. T
213. O
214. R
215. Y
216. I dogeared five pages.
217. This book made me want to write poems.
218. I like how many times you use the word 'gourd' (at least two I think)
219. Infinite loops of love.
220. Ghosts who host a memory of life long lived.
221. A book that projects movement through the use of fragmentation.
222. Challenging notions of trauma in family memory.

223. Grief is for the living, but do ghosts grieve us too.
224. An archive of memory.
225. How long can we wait with the weight of our life?
226. This book is just like my favorite pen—I had it in my backpack this week.
227. A portrait of glimmering ghosts we call ‘time’ and ‘war’.
228. I like the cover of this book
229. A
230. S
231. O
232. N
233. G
234. Distinction in tone, receiving in time.
235. one-hundred and eighteen pages
236. ink
237. pressed paper
238. On ancestry: how much ghost money can we burn in a lifetime?
239. News clippings without need for context other than an acknowledgment of existence.
240. “A saint she aint” what a line.
241. ^ and so truthful. That’s a quality of this collection I admire.
242. A note on treasure: are we digging for what we want to see or seeking something we’ve never lost?
243. A
244. G
246. I
247. F
248. T
249. Not simply a manuscript to be understood but a collection of memories to be felt.
250. A motorcycle kissed a ghost and hatched this book.
251. Dirt, dust, digging for humanness.
252. What’s the deaaaaal with mothers!
253. thanks for the postcard
254. A group of ghosts is called a “seance.”
255. A poetry seance.
256. A fine horse
257. A fire Horse
258. A glistening forest
259. a pile of glass
260. two sticky notes in mine
261. Talking of, toiling about, tinkering with humanity.
262. A Thousand Times You Lose Your Treasure? More like a thousand times I’d like to read this book.
263. Frame-shattered photograph
264. Life as ghost industrial complex.
265. America as Scooby Doo villains all the way down.
266. The performance of religion is seen.
267. Do you have a favorite tarot card?
268. Ghost stories past are numerous but what of ghost stories present?
269. Heartfelt.
270. This book sent me down a wikipedia rabbit hole.
271. who will take care of our bikes when we’re gone?
272. So many colors in this book despite no actual colors in the pictures or cover.

273. Dislocation prolongs hunger.
274. Ghost money: ephemera for those who have left.
275. Hell yeah.
276. Life is a rainbow (herbicide).
277. The idea of "ghost money": is interesting
278. Ghostly, ghastly, ghoulishly ephemeral.
279. What's a ghosts least favorite room? (see 421)
280. How does a ghost speak?
281. How is a ghost born?
282. Your words are haunting.
283. Do ghosts speak?
284. And if they did/do could I understand
285. "Strangled stars bangle" is lovely
286. I'm not sure I want to be a ghost
287. I would miss my family and friends too much
288. "I have no sacred rites for you" very nice
289. Sweet cover.
290. A vast expanse of vulnerability.
291. Tonal translation lost in human transportation.
292. Vroom vroom
293. A heart scratched
294. The motorcycle of poetry collections.
295. Thank you for sharing your treasure with us
296. An offering in stages, like the first 100 days after a passing.
297. Ruh roh!
298. That opening though...
299. A machine as wings
300. A mother as wings
301. A ghost who yodels
302. You seem to enjoy wordplay.
303. Acrobatic spirits
304. We are everything we have been, will be, and are now. Ghosts of ghosts of ghosts.
305. [cue Scooby-Doo theme]
306. Easily read.
307. Wonderful titles.
308. Like a turtle.
309. Durian sonnet is so impactful (especially with the inclusion of the pictures).
310. ^ I so badly want to try durian
311. A treasure trove of imagery.
312. A treasure trove of imagery lost one thousand or so times.
313. This book has been added to my growing pile of writing-inspiration books.
314. Your mother looks so joyful..almost like she has wings and is about to fly away.
315. This book stole my car keys and threw them on the roof.
316. Are we all just homesick all the time?
317. a reflection in a lake
318. No tortured tears as torture remains clear in the mornings dear as we drink our orange juice: fear.
319. Music rec: LAKE.
320. Especially their songs "No Wonder I" and "I Look Up To You."
321. This is the "Monster Mash" of poetry collections.
322. home is war. war is home. is home a war?

323. Home is an irrevocable condition.
324. War. Huh. Yeah. What is it good for?
325. Mistranslating war as home.
326. (Absolutely nothing.)
327. (Say it again.)
328. A four of cups is taped to my bedroom wall.
329. The sounds in oxbow lake work very well
330. On this particular four of cups, a person is sitting by a creek with three cups beside them.
331. One cup is bigger and is over their head like a potato sack.
332. Paper feels great.
333. Paper feels *really* great!
334. My favorite poets: Anais Duplan, Roger Reeves, Franny Choi, Ikkyu, Alexis Pauline Gumbs
335. Who are yours?
336. A joy to read.
337. Napalms near bombs they blamed on blessed lands.
338. Matriarchal muse.
339. *Enter Buddhist funeral music*: family weeps, incense burns, processions follow.
340. heartbreaking to read.
341. Daughters and mothers.
342. Mothers and daughters.
343. Tension between generations never goes away.
344. Cinematic poetry.
345. In the clocktower she was pregnant. In Da Lat they were lovers. In district five there is a McDonalds.
346. This book is so lovely I'm going to force undergraduates to read it.
347. Powerful and beautiful.
348. Moving in its movement.
349. How much treasure was lost in grief?
350. Life as it were, has already ended billions of times over.
351. All our thoughts are water and electricity that's crazy.
352. Family connection
353. Connected together over time.
354. Teardrops down to toenails as tension creates turbulence.
355. George Carlin is unexpected.
356. Like, cosmically speaking.
357. I love the ghost stories.
358. I was scared
359. chúng tôi hát cho
360. Cover is cool.
361. Ghosts not to be feared.
362. Dispersed. Descendent. Diaspora.
363. Family is so hard.
364. Living histories drawn from wars past.
365. This book has a good flow to it (i.e. I have spilled a glass of water on it)
366. Fluidity is everywhere
367. Awesome.
368. Some awe.
369. Riding shadows on the wall of death inside Hotel California.
370. I loved the big twist ending.
371. The album *All Eternals Deck* is about a fictional set of Tarot cards.
372. Great!



373. Insert obligatory momhearttattoo
374. I'm enamored by the spirit of heroes. My ancestors are heroes.
375. What do you think it is about songs of lamentation that call for blind musicians?
376. "the running blue shock of her" is an amazing line
377. Mountainous monuments our mothers make us.
378. I noticed the shape of many of these poems are all similar, is there are reason for that shape in particular?
379. To me the shape suggests fluidity, a creek running through the book.
380. Are the ghosts of my past self still with me?
381. I'm worried about losing my mother.
382. Disagree with that earlier review about the ISBN, I think it has too many 7s.
383. Prayers by means of the living are just thoughts into the aether.
384. I feel like the last 24 months have been "language silent months."
385. The future's not ours to see tenderly.
386. We must find a way to be very tender.
387. A single leg, hands up, flying through the air
388. Following a thread of love I work through each poem.
389. Brimming with life.
390. One of the people I love most in the world has a tattoo that says, "Find a way to be very tender."
391. Sometimes I think Jenny Holzer is the great prophet of our time.
392. "Turn soft and lovely anytime you have the chance."
393. "You are the victim of the rules you live by."
394. Lamenting lines to celebrate lived lives in the loss of liberation.
395. One of my favorite Latin words is "praeceps" - "headlong"
396. And "Sussurus" - "Whisper"
397. And good old "Malus."
398. Filled with truth.
399. Venus w/ fingernail ← Love the "w/" but why? Seems like slashes are important.
400. Specter spectator.
401. Fish sauce and pho: the smells of home.
402. Hùng Việt shows us beauty.
403. Hùng Việt shows us courage.
404. Hùng Việt shows us strength.
405. Hùng Việt shows us freedom.
406. Hùng Việt shows us fun.
407. Mothers teach us beauty.
408. Mothers teach us courage.
409. Mothers teach us strength.
410. Mothers teach us freedom.
411. Mothers teach us fun.
412. Flowers - the beauty of grief.
413. So much spirit it haunts through time.
414. The book makes me feel free to write through memories of my mom.
415. Grief isn't something to look away from.
416. Grief is something we face in motion.
417. Around Around
418. We go we
419. Infinite Infinite
420. Incense smoke billows upward like our ghostly prayers.
421. The living room.

422. I think the point is that we each decide what makes art and poetry.
423. And in doing so we have a conversation about god.
424. What is perfection?
425. I think it's a sum total.
426. I think we know it in our gut.
427. 7, 49, 100.
428. "strangled stars bangle" oof
429. An exercise in ghost-making.
430. And exorcism.
431. Look ma I'm flying.
432. Thoughts by means of belief are a communication beyond.
433. America as a cult to the folk god of money.
434. America as *Vogue Magazine* 1970.
435. Society has progressed past the need for America.
436. Being human is sacred, is this why we honor those before us?
437. "Transplants" is fascinating.
438. I wasn't sure what to make of it.
439. Even in a poetry collection that rejects the whole idea of language—or at least circles the loss inherent to language—the language falls short.
440. You implicate the "I" and the "You" together in that poem.
441. And the conversation leads to "yes I hate this / poem too." Is it because a conversation about having a conversation is necessarily *meta* (read: as tedious as a Ryan Reynolds film)?
442. On ghosts: are they (we) really real?
443. Yes.
444. No?
445. Yes.
446. Well all right.
447. All right, all right, all right (read: in Matthew McConaughey's voice).
448. On growth: acknowledgement, reverence, and grief.
449. I've been thinking a lot about Edouard Glissant's *Poetics of Relation* lately.
450. How there are ways of accessing infinity through minutiae.
451. What is war?
452. Is it a consequence of our refusal to acknowledge our own boundlessness?
453. Reality can't be measured, and we need to reckon with that fact.
454. There is something so special about poetry that builds and builds and builds.
455. But never reveals outright.
456. Because it knows that if it reveals outright, the universe will call its bluff.
457. Poetry as a sandcastle on the infinite coastline.
458. Poetry as an ice-sculpture in the desert (paraphrased from Vi)
459. Poetry as a ghost unstuck in time.
460. How can we honor our dead without food to honor our bodies?
461. Who's your favorite Scooby-Doo character?
462. Taking stock; checking out my ghost inventory
463. Family is important, it's a lifeline
464. I lost a friend seven years ago; your text helped me re-envision how to remember him
465. What's your favorite food?
466. Stamp stamp stamp stamp stamp
467. What is love if not ghosts in a bottle? Now tell me about your bottle.
468. ENlightening
469. Tiredness is part of the adventure
470. The adventure is part of the adventure

471. There is no such thing as adventure without risk
472. What is the opposite of a ghost?
473. What is the opposite of a mother?
474. What is the opposite of a collection of poetry?
475. A dossier of visual language.
476. A Thousand Treasures Found.
477. Daring mothers give way to children fully being.
478. Recovering/recovery.
479. "because why not" (72)
480. A place inside a place—like Mexico in Vinh Long province.
481. A time within time.
482. A book with wings
483. Life given. Life-giving.
484. Where does language come from?
485. Can we be born without it?
486. Maybe after we kick the bucket we'll be handed a book of every word we ever said and all of those words will be born into a person.
487. "Fear is not part of it" (2)
488. To whom should I send my postcard?
489. I'm taking suggestions
490. What books were you reading as you created the poems for this collection?
491. "Who is calling me?" (58)
492. Are there ghosts in translation?
493. Do translations of older texts beget more ghosts?
494. If you could get rid of one word from any language what would it be?
495. "bebop de bebop boom" (42)
496. Figures risen from mud.
497. Generational.
498. Born from deep consideration.
499. Photographic.
500. A review in review of myself as I view my self through the self of ancestors still becoming.
501. This book is becoming.
502. Does speaking imbue the world with ghosts?
503. "thankful pleasing" (27)
504. Do motorcycles leave ghosts behind too?
505. I read this on a Saturday over coffee and a muffin.
506. Composition, arrangement, collection.
507. There are just the right number of poems in here.
508. Tales as tall as time.
509. What kind of music were you listening to when you created this collection?
510. Did you have any distractions?
511. Did you lean into them?
512. "sending a vibration up the face" (40)
513. The crumbs are the seeds.
514. Ghost stories storying.
515. A source of many sources.
516. A resource re-sourcing.
517. The marked breath of breathing.
518. Rebirth.
519. Preservation persevering.
520. A Scooby-Doo villain unmasked.

521. Tarot spread under a full moon.
522. A single string resonating.
523. A song scattered.
524. The only time I saw a ghost it was in a pond.
525. It was wearing a green scarf and Converse.
526. Also it looked just like me.
527. "Unrelated Future Tense" is my favorite.
528. A vessel cutting across water.
529. A makeshift boat refusing to sink.
530. "womb-woven song" (62)
531. "a dragon tongue drum" (63)
532. Compacts unpacked.
533. What could be a travel guide?
534. To acknowledge is to exist.
535. To write a book of poetry is to exist.
536. Exist exist exist.
537. I wonder why we are all so preoccupied with existing?
538. Would you rather be a poem or a person?
539. The poem can be written by yourself or anyone else you like. You can pick it.
540. The person would have to be the person that you already are.
541. A fresh drink.
542. "her name / loud / loud and loud" (12)
543. Nam mô a di đà Phật.
544. joy
545. quiet.
546. "A frenzy of magenta flowers" (7)
547. What is a poem anyway?
548. What isn't a poem (anyway)
549. Deep dives into the lesser-known
550. My cover has paint stains on it.
551. Wings can be necessary.
552. What if ghosts were ephemera for the living?
553. What if ghosts were the cavities in our teeth?
554. "Sags scully sag-faced" so sonically pleasing
555. The book cover reminds me of sheet music
556. Like John Cage's mycology book.
557. Full of risk and vulnerability
558. What would happen if ghosts lived with us like the living?
559. Haunting.
560. Your diction is wonderful. "Clavichord" is particularly nice
561. Language as photograph.
562. The cover reminds me of those French books—the ones that only have the title/author on an off-white background...
563. Except this is way more interesting to me. It treats typography as art.
564. I'm guessing you probably didn't have a lot of say over the cover but it's beautiful.
565. An offering for souls lost and found.
566. That is to say, an offering for bodies lost in living and spirits found in death.
567. A relational experience for those overseas, abroad, or simply here in the now.
568. *A Thousand Times You Lose Your Treasure* only to find what has worth had never been lost. And maybe having lost is not to lose but rather to relive, remember, and realign.

569. Million dollar idea: exorcism service but when you call I just come to your home and read poetry.
570. Like a shell.
571. Cracked mother of pearl.
572. I read this book on a bus.
573. Me too!
574. What does it mean to live a "good" life?
575. Pictures say one thousand words.
576. To live is to love.
577. To live is to die.
578. To live is to live.
579. Specters.
580. Black and white images
581. A collection of only beginnings.
582. Ghosts of meaning
583. cream cover of book and thoughts
584. speckled cover and timelessness
585. To lose is to live.
586. Seeds and crumbs.
587. to read is to expand
588. What an honor to experience a life lived: sharing.
589. A mystifying experience.
590. A joy to read
591. The experience of knowing
592. Ghosts of past and future
593. What is a future? Learn from the past
594. An ode to a mother lost
595. A world of give and take from past experiences
596. The essence of memory
597. Beautiful, timeless
598. "Yes a famous mise-en-scene"
599. "Lets herself into life"
600. Naming assembles you—how do we name ourselves as we get older?
601. pages on pages
602. Who exists?
603. What memory remains?
604. Was this book cathartic to write?
605. What would you add to this book post-publication?
606. If I exist then who am I?
607. I am treasure.
608. If I lose my self, who am I?
609. If I lose my love, who am I?
610. If I cease to exist, who am I?
611. I'm not really sure...
612. But i'll tell you if I find out
613. Ghosts of the past.
614. Ghosts of the present.
615. Ghosts of the future.
616. Is memory a ghost?
617. Past, present and future phantoms.
618. Why one thousand?

619. Realities of existence as subtle as the inflections of a tonal language: Vietnamese.
620. What does one thousand mean? Out of all the numbers?
621. Drown versus flood.
622. A very unique style.
623. What is the meaning of words and black ink?
624. Why not the other way around?
625. The life of someone else feels almost like another word
626. Like one I don't have access too
627. What is transparency?
628. If a motorcycle was an animal, what kind would it be?
629. Do objects tell the stories of their owners?
630. Memory that haunts
631. How do we activate our memories?
632. How do we write to honor the past?
633. Who is your father?
634. Apparitions of memory.
635. Do you have siblings?
636. Did your mother have siblings?
637. Who do you cite as your inspiration?
638. How do we quantify the past?
639. Flights of figures taking flight for a freedom unfolding.
640. A memorandum
641. A memorial
642. The feeling of driving is a lot like one of fleeing.
643. Language, in translation, soars above ground, waiting for the next breeze to carry it onwards.
644. Translation is the breeze that carries the human conversation forward.
645. Having multiple languages on your tongue is such a wonderful gift.
646. Do you own a motorcycle?
647. I have never ridden one!
648. My boyfriend has one though!
649. He says when the weather gets better he will take me on a drive?
650. If a photograph is a ghost what is the camera?
651. What does one see in the rearview mirror of a motorcycle?
652. What was your thinking behind the cover image of the collection?
653. Did your mother continue to ride motorcycles after she left the circus?
654. Did she enjoy other extreme sports?
655. How Long did it take you to finish writing A Thousand times You Lose Your Treasure?
656. Putting distance between past and future
657. I think my dad had a motorcycle once
658. The writing is brilliant.
659. Arms spread to provide balance on motorcycle: flight
660. Freedom via exploration
661. Simultaneity of spectrality: ghosts of the future present exist as a multiplicity of lived realities.
662. Evading traditions of grammar.
663. Badass women, badass mother.
664. Poetry is the wind breezing by an unhelmeted head
665. Generational time.
666. Refusing to be colonized.
667. Freedom via understanding

668. "Drown vs. Flood"
669. Fingers typing, moments unlocking
670. Memories that are revenant.
671. A timeless creation
672. before war/after war centered poems
673. Nostalgia that lives through the present
674. A memorial to her mother
675. Deep feelings for one's home.
676. I also love my mother <3
677. I would write a book about her too.
678. Letters to futures past.
679. a testament to understanding another
680. Fragmented yet whole
681. Centered and grounded in vietnamese poems
682. A space that allows for creation
683. Who are we to one another?
684. How well do we know one another?
685. Elliptical in nature
686. Cyclical and curious poetry
687. This collection pulls us into a microcosm of Vietnam
688. Lovely and true poetry
689. Small caps provided space to soak up the titles in this collection
690. Writing to others, writing for the self
691. Postcard was so cute! Loved that
692. "Seeds and crumbs" was striking
693. Direct
694. An adventure and exploration
695. Striking.
696. On ghosts (again): existing in, out, through, around time; but what really is time anyway?
697. What do you think time is?
698. Is it something we move through?
699. Sing through?
700. Are we stagnant?
701. Is it all in our heads?
702. A challenge.
703. A mediation.
704. Didn't want it to end.
705. Unsettling.
706. Identity is not stagnant.
707. Identity is always changing.
708. Ghost story.
709. Unfiltered gold: the currency of language.
710. A space of questions and answers
711. The place we all wish for: to be understood
712. A collection of growth in self and connection
713. A study on observation
714. Truth and timelessness
715. Brought me into a creative headspace
716. Read this alone but discussed it together in class
717. Poems were magnetic
718. Outside of childhood, a look back to who you never knew

719. How do we tell others of our previous selves?
720. Tightrope, tight line, time line, time through, through you.
721. A narrative of knowing
722. The grey area between knowing and attempting to know
723. Intermixed with truth and fiction, but what is what?
724. A work of attention
725. Resistant practices.
726. Simultaneously pushing into and out of reality.
727. "She read the taboo novels named daughters"
728. What is a daughter?
729. What is a mother?
730. White space.
731. Is connection the ultimate place of understanding?
732. Do we ever really know one another?
733. Do you feel this collection captures who your mother is and was to you?
734. "Ask About Language As If It Forgets"- I loved this title.
735. "A city street"
736. Reminding me of lights and shadows and what unveils itself to us
737. Flying motorcycles versus sunken planes: aptly in contrast; one sings of freedom and liberation, another faintly whispers of lives yet lived.
738. How does war impact us?
739. How do we live with violence?
740. How do we process violence?
741. *How do we live with violence?*
742. Historian of a family.
743. On protesting disaster: live.
744. Ghost stories to tell in the dark and in the light.
745. You are a treasure.
746. Shadows cast onto the pages.
747. Absence and longing.
748. Can we treasure ourselves?
749. Can we pirate ourselves?
750. Are pirates bad?
751. How can we be more like pirates?
752. Is losing bad?
753. How can we lose our treasure more often? Or less often?
754. Where were you before your mother was born?
755. A collection of ghosts that remind rather than haunt.
756. Phone reminder as ghost.
757. Wait, do ghosts come from the future or the past?
758. Rebuilding.
759. Dwelling.
760. A recollection of the past that doesn't archive but vivifies time itself.
761. A vivication of the unveiling between the Vietnamese and American ghosts of past and future.
762. Enables time to fly.
763. A hauntology that demands a remembering of others.
764. A reflexive portrait that penetrates the collective memory of Americanism and reconfigures its underpinnings.
765. Ready to be lost in time to find itself once again—to become reborn again.
766. Time capsules that paint the tears and joys of incomplete memory.



767. A book that captures the Vietnamese diasporic experience.

768. A book's freewheeling experience is conveyed extremely well through the wall of death

769. Concerned with the circularity of memory, trauma, and love.

770. Incredible interwoven articulations on the dismantling of collective memory through personal and archival juxtaposition.

771. The interplay with the wall of death and the title of this book really captures the nuances of tragedy and comedy.

772. Uses space as an integral piece of storytelling to convey the absence and the non-absence of identity and memory.

773. An act of dismembering the America's collective memory through the remembering of one's personal stories.

774. Fractures of the book become the sutures of becoming one again—the rebuilding of one's self.

775. The dialectic between personal and collective memory (remembering and disremembering) urges us to confront others with empathy.

776. Photographs that exorcises the misconstrued ghosts of not only Hoa's but our own past.

777. A powerful feminist text that dismantles patriarchy through the interrogation of collective memory.

778. Hoa's inclusion of the treatment of women in this book goes on to commentate on the colonialism that still lives today.

779. Hoa does an excellent job expounding on years of colonialism through the echoes of her story.

780. Both her and mom's story serve as echoes to the years of imperialism that Vietnam and Vietnamese Americans have undergone.

781. Hoa's book is a complement to the Vietnamese American diasporic experience.

782. This book considers not only the victimization of Vietnamese, but also the inhumanities of Vietnamese that have been brought by the war.

783. A powerful voice in the Vietnamese diaspora to encourage trans-feminism.

784. Poetics that reaffirm the role of women, ethnicity, and memory.

785. Assures that poetry has a role to empower.

786. Reveals poetics are nonconforming.

787. Using poetry as a form of dialectics to dismantle the binaries established by Vietnam's years of colonialism and its aftermath.

788. A book that brings the distant towards the intimate and vulnerable.

789. The tragedy conveyed by Hoa's tears and loss bring together the collective of understanding.

790. Tears are not conveyed by the victim but the storyteller to open portals of empathy.

791. *A Thousand Times You Lose Your Treasure* is a story of persistence and perseverance.

792. A book dedicated not only to her late mother but a celebration of the Vietnamese.

793. Water, rain, and tears are inseparable to each other in Hoa's book.

794. Integral to the diasporic experience, water in Hoa's book redefines water as not only a tragic experience, but a human experience.

795. This book epitomizes the geographical and human dislocation of loss.

796. However, this dislocation of loss sees water, the entity that has geographically separated the homeland, as integral.

797. Water in the form of poetics, via space and metaphor, is not seen as a geographical indicator of loss but instead a oneness in Hoa's book.

798. Water is a geographical mapping of narrative

799. that ultimately is the impetus to unify the Vietnamese diaspora in acceptance, sympathy, and empathy.

800. Hoa Nguyen dives into the infinite coastline of reality—delving deeper with every poem into the beauty and complexity of the life she has lived, and the lives she has witnessed.

801. In Hoa's book, ghosts exists in

802. this space,

803. the waters,

804. the epic,

805. the tragedy,

806. the comedy,

807. the archive of history,

808. the personal remembrance,

809. the pictures,

810. the positive space,

811. the negative space,

812. the fullness,

813. the emptiness,

814. the nothingness that follows—

815. the Otherness—to convey the oneness we experience as human beings;

816. ghosts remind us of the beauty of the human experience that is in the

817. guise of plight because Hoa's ghosts demand us to look in between

818. the spaces

819. like this and the one that forecomes in 820, 821, 822, and 823

820. [ ]

821. [ ]

822. [ ]

823. [ ]]

824. to confront and embrace the nothingness of loss.

825. Hoa uses hauntology to instigate the reflective process of loss.

826. Hoa creates a space for the Self (the reader) and the Other (Hoa's experiences, history, ghosts, etc.) to interact with each other.

827. By having the Self and the Other interact with each other, Hoa reveals not only the difference we have, but also the sameness we have between the Self and Other.

828. The oneness of the Self and Other, seen in Hoa's book, ultimately reveal the infrastructure of power created by colonial culture.

829. The binaries of created by patriarchy and colonialism have been neutralized by Hoa's hauntology.

830. Hoa's story of her and her mother is a memoriam to Vietnamese diasporic history.

831. *A Thousand Times You Lose Your Treasure* states the ephemerality of memory and identity.

832. As ephemerality is the core of Hoa's book, the necessity of memory reveals a promise of change and loss in understanding war and identity in the wake of postcolonialism.

833. Flighlessness of Hoa's book

834. can

835. be

836. seen

837. in

838. the

839. levity

840. of

841. these

842. Words,

843. the incompleteness of

844. these reviews,
845. a seamless passing through via
846. reading.
847. Flightless and freewheeling as apparitions are,
848. Hoa's book subscribes to a compelling movement that
849. Demands readers to be
850. apparitions:
851. Subconscious yet conscious,
852. Rememberful yet rememberless,
853. Destructive yet reconstructing,
854. Lifeful yet lifeless,
855. Bounding yet flightless,
856. Careful yet frivolous,
857. Historical yet ahistorical,
858. Be in the past yet live in the present,
859. Be the self yet be the other as well, and
860. Be osmotic and sedimental.
861. Hoa challenges us to be something and nothing at the same time in order to experience the oneness in the midst of the effects of trauma and war.
862. The wheel of death that Hoa depicts is, in actuality, a wheel of life.
863. Hoa's diasporic experience is an open reading of the binaries we live in in order to experience life in its infinity.
864. Hoa's book is a living piece of narrative and poetics that redefines life in time.
865. A wondrous exploration that carefully interacts with the histories of the past, present, and future.
866. Hoa's use of motorcycles are the way to go with life: let your life roar, soar, and ride the roads of life, time, and aesthetics.
867. Hoa's and her mother's past is a forgery of hope for Vietnamese women and other groups to be who they are.
868. A form of poetics that breathes narrative into life.
869. Hoa's words are a not a transaction between the loss and gain of words, but the transaction itself demands us to reform our treasures to make us whole and one with everyone.
870. A wonderful gift to the reader
871. An honest reflection
872. Shadows that sometimes emerge into full figures, but sometimes they don't.
873. A song of *tân nhạc* inked in words rather than score.
874. Seriously, how else? Anyone?
875. How else do we move on but to remember?
876. Loads of valuables, piled high in memories.
877. A journey in re-membering what feels lost.
878. What is a song to be sung if not a life yet to be lived?
879. Unrelated future tense is a brilliant play on translation of language vs. concept.
880. And it highlights what we can lose when we cross language barriers.
881. Sometimes I think it would be better if nobody spoke anything at all and we were all just kind to each other but then I read poetry like yours and I'm persuaded again that words are all right.
882. This book feels lucky.
883. This book is beautiful.
884. And it came at a time when the world needed beautiful things.
885. Two wheels, four limbs, one highwire. A human experience.
886. This collection is inspiring

887. This collection is adrift in its knowing
888. This collection is a timepiece to insight
889. Memories of your mother before her second life.
890. A collection of the heart
891. Collective memory between mother and daughter
892. Like actual treasure: at times rough but with inherent value
893. A knowing and losing
894. A time capsule
895. A recognition of desire and it's fulfillment
896. A masterpiece.
897. "she read the taboo novels/ named daughters" rings so true—relationships are complicated
898. "Napalm Notes" was one of my favorite poems
899. "She threw the photographs into the canal"
900. "Wet eyelashes" holds me captive
901. A revelation of something total within the self.
902. Maybe an ache or a heartbeat that isn't yours.
903. What is the sum total of treasure?
904. What makes treasure ache?
905. What is the opposite of this book?
906. And the joy we get reading it?
907. Such a lovely place.
908. One thousand, 1,000, a thousand.
909. I cannot stop thinking.
910. Mind is abuzz like a bee.
911. Ghosts of my own came out in the pages.
912. How did the pages pull out my own ghosts?
913. Words give memory wings.
914. Words keep memory alive.
915. Remember.
916. Can you remember the future?
917. When I google how to say thousand in Vietnamese, google translate tells me it is just "Thousand."
918. Creating connections with characters I've never met.
919. I met your mother in those pages.
920. I spoke with a ghost.
921. I could hear the roar of the motorcycle.
922. And the spirt of the exhaust.
923. Thank you.
924. Keep writing.
925. I hear motorcycles outside my window, and now I think of your mother.
926. Poetry.
927. POHetry.
928. Time is linear.
929. Time is not linear.
930. A connective story of past and present
931. In each picture your mother's eyes are so determined while riding the motorcycle
932. I wonder what poems were left unwritten, what stories untold?
933. Have you ever ridden a motorcycle?
934. Does it feel freeing?
935. What is your personal motorcycle riding? Or perhaps, a moment of determination and triumph?

936. How does one get to know themselves?
937. How do we reflect on our lives and provide one conscious thread?
938. Is one's life a thousand different versions of ourselves?
939. There is a juxtaposition between the movement of the language like water and the physical descriptions of motorcycles and dirt roads.
940. The space between ourselves
941. How do we account for the different versions of ourselves?
942. The ones we never got to meet?
943. To know?
944. How did you select the photographs featured?
945. Was this a collaboration between you and your mother?
946. I wonder if your other collections were about a family member?
947. Do you set out with a theme prior to writing a collection?
948. Or does it present itself to you as you write?
949. The blossoming of energy
950. What does it mean to remember?
951. And to forget?
952. And to love?
953. And to lose?
954. Can you count to one thousand?
955. I think I'm too lazy to.
956. Who has the time to count to one thousand?
957. One thousand words,
958. times,
959. loses,
960. loves,
961. treasures.
962. One thousand memories.
963. Can you count how many memories you have?
964. These poems are like counting memories.
965. Publish more memories,
966. But keep the special ones to yourself
967. A halo
968. A tunnel towards light.
969. Literature will save us.
970. A space to love.
971. How we share memories.
972. I wish I could share my memories as well as you do.
973. Memory of the future.
974. A space for reflection
975. An acknowledgement of what was, is, and will be
976. A moment, highlighted
977. A work of love
978. A collection of the self
979. Đàn bầu đi đâu?
980. Đi về. Về đâu? Về nhà.
981. Nhà ở đâu? Đâu là đó.
982. Đó là chiến tranh.
983. Chiến tranh ở nhà.
984. Remedies are: melodies born out of tragedy.
985. Operation A Thousand Times: Images to Give and Take Life

986. Open ended sonnets for the grief that continues to process.
987. Tragedy is: the millions of people who sought the sea, their country, nước tôi, for an ounce of hope.
988. Fragments of pieces of fragments of lived truths barely mentioned.
989. Mothers can have wings.
990. Your mothers has wings in those photographs.
991. Your mother remains immortal in the pages.
992. Poems like rain like mothers keep coming till they don't for a while.
993. A collection which speaks volumes
994. A space of remembrance
995. Spoken: Vietnamese, to its core.
996. What is the core of all of this?
997. Like, *all* of this?
998. A representation of the light
999. A space held sacred
1000. An immortal art.