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AdventHealth School of the Arts

## Who Built the Railroad

In the 1860s, the American dream is about the railroad,  
They want the trains to go through the stiff steel,  
Trend of the rush has calm down since miles of railway will be the new gold,  
Best diggers are not the Europeans but the Chinese.  
A forgotten story is witnessed in the eyes of white and yellow,  
By politicians, industrialists, constructors, taskmasters, and twenty thousand people.

Mr. Lincoln sees a bright future waving to all Anglophone people,  
But when he signs the treaty to build the railroad,  
He forgets about one group, the man in the color of yellow,  
Assuming the pride of Uncle Sam is the production of steel  
Without seeing it brutally kills the innocent Chinese,  
Even the remains are buried on the same land with gold.

Mr. Stanford sees a portion of shining land with acres of luminous gold,  
As the governor he represents voices of the people,  
He accuses injustice except for those that happened on the Chinese,  
Since he clearly knows, they face unjust while building the railroad,  
After all, his entire business depends on steel,  
And what he gains are the dollars in green not yellow.

Mr. Crocker sees the rare precious qualities that exist in the people of yellow,  
He is not any businessmen crazy over gold,  
Instead he dreams of a great industry construct upon the steel.  
He never spent a day working under the sun with the people,  
But he claims he is the father of the railroad,  
Who takes away credit from the real working force--the Chinese.

Mr. White sees his three-story mansion through the tenacious Chinese,  
Deep down, he still thinks Sick Man of East Asia exists in the soul of the yellow.  
So he brutally whips the wounded bodies working on the railroad,  
The sweats drop to the ground and make reflections like gold,  
Complaints and fear are spreading among the people,  
His job is to oppress the “horses” and defend the steel.

Mr. Wongs and Lees and Chins see their little old hometowns through the rusty steel,  
It is where the gracious Yangtze River gestates the Chinese.  
We hold the heavy shovels to earn money for our type of people,  
“We don’t own the skin of peril but we are like topaz in the color of yellow!”  
It takes good fortune and hard work to find gold,  
It also takes more blood and lives to build a railroad.

The hidden history reveals the inhumanity behind steel and the railroad,  
If you see dead bodies of the people you see the faded memories of the yellow,  
We remember the Chinese for their contribution and hearts of gold.

Luisa Luo