

She and I were the romantics. Were we doomed for betrayals and misery? Should I give up my beliefs or die believing? Would I end up like Sisyphus and roll a boulder uphill for eternity?

It wasn't a decision I had to make. Love drew me like a moth to a flame.



My parents didn't know my current husband existed until, on a business trip to China, I invited them to my wedding. After the initial shock and relief that I would finally be married off—though at an embarrassing age and, once again, to an American man—my father went for a cigarette break.

I asked my mother, alone in a hotel room, “How do you describe your marriage?”

“It's a sad failure. We emotionally broke up years ago.”

Twenty minutes later, downstairs, I asked my father the same question.

“It's a tremendous success. We love each other very much.”

They had been sharing a bed for over thirty years. Didn't he know his wife was a victim of love?

Or perhaps she just wanted to look like one in front of me.



Two days after my wedding ceremony in the U.S., the four of us gathered for dinner. When my new American husband left the table, my mother said, “You may find it hard to accept at this moment. But remember, the only people who can truly love you are your parents.”

“Parents?” She always said “Mother.” But my father was sitting next to her, so she may have felt the edit was necessary.



Mother, you wouldn't curse my relationships, would you? I'd rather believe you meant the words to be a siren that would steer me away from harm. I tell myself that you're not the Sea Witch and don't want to capture my voice for your own use.

Or in the deepest, most secretive part of your heart, a locked place, do you want the entire me all to yourself? Do you see me as your only chance