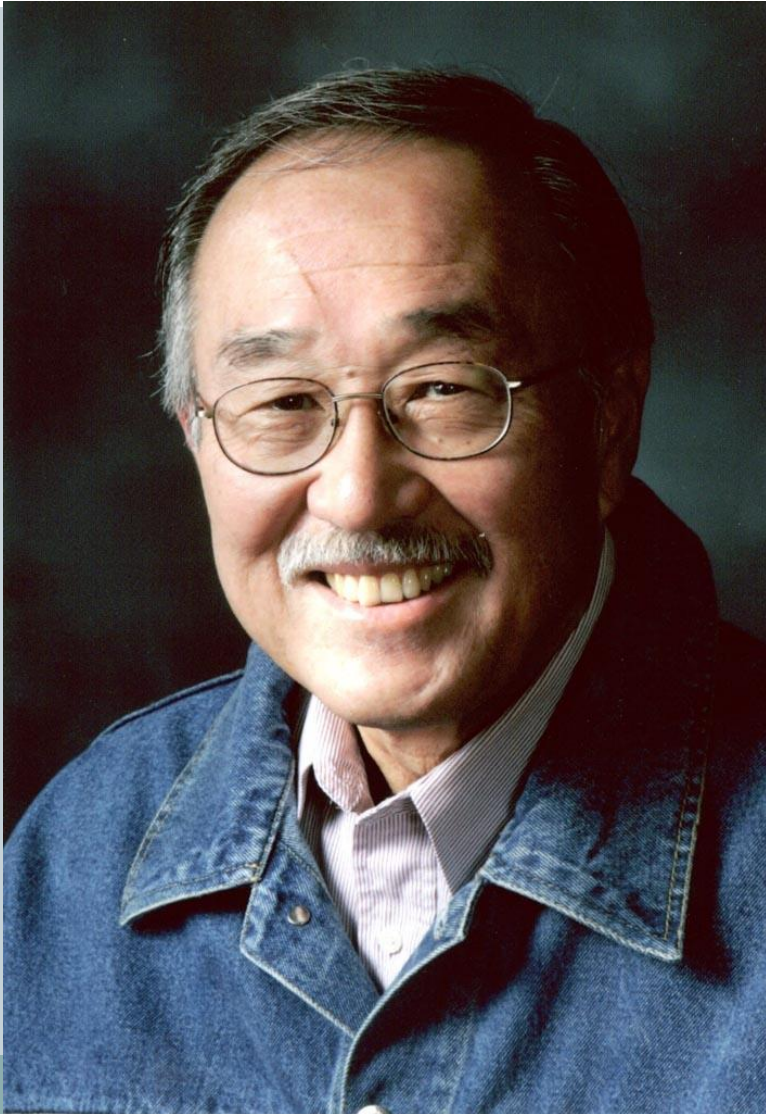


# Lawson Fusao Inada



A MINI-BIOGRAPHY

# Lawson Fusao Inada--Life



- Born: 1938 in Fresno, California
- At age 4, interred in Japanese Internment Camps during WWII
- Began tenure as English professor at Southern Oregon University in 1966
- Became Oregon's Poet Laureate in 2006
- Died: Not Yet Buddy

# Lawson Fusao Inada—Selected Works



- **Books**
  - *Legends from the Camp*
  - *Drawing the Line*
- **Poems**
  - “Concentration Constellation”
  - “The Legend of Lost Boy”



**“Somebody's Been  
Messing With My  
Money!”**

**By Lawson Fusao  
Inada**

Somebody's been messing with my money!  
You heard me!  
Somebody's been messing with my money!

Somebody's been taking my hard-earned salary  
and sticking it all over their sticky bodies!

Somebody's been defacing my currency!  
Somebody's been mutilating my labor!  
Somebody's been abusing my country!

I'm sure it's you! Who else could it be?

Somebody's been crumpling the stuff up!  
Somebody's been throwing the stuff down!

Somebody's been licking on it,  
spitting on it, chewing on it,  
spilling on it, stepping on it,  
crying on it, bleeding on it!

I'm sure it's you! You unknown commodity!

Come payday, I'm heading down to the mint!  
I want all my money clean and fresh and new!  
I refuse to be part of your filthy economy!  
Somebody's been messing with my money!

# “The Legend of Targets” by Lawson Fusao Inada



It got so hot in Colorado we would start to go crazy.

This included, of course, soldiers in uniform, on patrol.

So, once a week, just for relief, they went out for target practice.

We could hear them shooting hundreds of rounds, shouting like crazy.

It sounded like a New Year's celebration! Such fun is not to be missed!

So someone cut a deal, just for the kids, and we went out past the fence.

The soldiers shot, and between rounds, we dug in the dunes for bullets.

It was great fun! They would aim at us, go “*Pow!*” and we’d shout “*Missed!*”