

Years later, he opened a restaurant in Blaine
He learned English, Charley was his Western name
He cut off his que and wore Western-style clothes
A lonely life, one would suppose

Old Charley died in 1915
I think of him there, building his dream
A kite made from memories and scraps from the Bay
To fly for friends driven away

CHORUS

This song and the next were written in 2018 for the “Opening Doors: From Prejudice to Inclusion” project. These songs reflect so much of the history of exclusion in Bellingham: Expulsions of Chinese, Sikhs, Japanese, Native-Americans and African-Americans. A cross burned at a migrant camp. The manager of a gay bar beaten up three times. Hate crimes still erupt all too frequently in our town.