

KIM HYESOON

FLIGHT

Translated from Korean by Cindy Juyoung Ok

Since born into the world
I have soared only once

After A hit me and went
B jump kicked me and went and
the collapsed me C
lashed thoroughly with a whip, then
D pretended to caress me
while pounding my bruised whole body

like a strand of a flute's song I
heard
my soaring's sound

DOOR

Toward that dark night
Toward the corpses' waiting
Toward an infinitely deep down well
In front of children crying
without even tears
In front of women in mourning clothes
In front of coffin bearers sprinkling stones
The door of the prison closes and opens
The door of death closes and opens
The soft flesh making up the door of your lips
even without knocking
closes and
again
opens

THAT PLACE 5

To you the beautiful
To you who rise glowingly
To you who still remain
When I cannot send my regards
what can I do
Why don't I draw a picture on the wall
and just, too, from eyeing it
In that instant interlude
when my left cheek is hit and
when my right cheek is hit
why don't I forcefully shoot off
the last remaining of my pupils
onto the wall for a moment
bending my body like a bow