

Poetry Series

**Kinsley Lee**  
**- poems -**



PoemHunter.com

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# Kinsley Lee()

- \* Name: Sang-Gog Ki-Woon Lee
  - \* Born in Seoul
  - \* Graduate from Sogang University
  - \* Graduate from Korea Air & Open University
  - \* Studied at KAIST.
  - \* Had been worked at OPC.
  - \* Had been worked at Samsung Electronics Co.
  - \* Had been worked as an Adjunct Professor at EEC of the Sogang University.
  - \* Had been worked as an Visiting Professor at Kyun-Yang University.
  - \* Working at CapusPartners Co.
  - \* A member of the Han-Gang Literature Association.
- \* Writing the Korean Shi or Shijo, English Poem, Traditional Chinese Poem titled the Hanshi and a literary critic.



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# Okinawa The 3rd Poem

The sea in midday, the deep-blue currents  
Which calls the eternal warm spring,  
And the streets are brimmed with diverse souls from the world  
On varied journeys in the evening.  
Ryugu's ancient history intertwines  
With the underwater of dragon-king's palace  
And the traces of remaining soldiers of Sambyulcho'd  
Reached far this fortalice.  
(Jan.,10th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



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# Thinking The Turkey Hunting

After rain falling the sky is emerald blue  
And white clouds are floating the sky's cerulean blue.  
The old days're blue like today, but smokes screened  
The eyes, and no talking the solders in bunkers keened.

The battle ships filled the sea, and the planes in the sky,  
But it's lopsided Turkey Hunting not battle, but they should fly,  
It's the only massacre. The short of flight training, but they grabbed the stick  
And only the big trace of wheels they'd collided on the gun's sick.

Indoctrination! Lunacy! Unjustifiable War! Unwinnable,  
They'd known, but basely putting the young on the card table,  
Consistently. The name of King, they'd deceived the people  
And requested an honorable death to soldiers and people.

Now, the Okinawa'd forgotten the old pains, the sky's bright.  
At twilight the sun's setting with reddish light.  
Wish to Mother's sky'll shine blue forever!  
Nevermore tearing, Okinawa'll shine forever!  
(Jan.,8th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# At The Japanese Navy Underground Headquarter

In memory of the young who fell at the battle of Okinawa, which side they're belonged to.

Climbing the hill in the park, far away  
The sea draws to my eyes, it glitters like emerald, and the day,  
The light is breaking and dazzling on the top of the palm trees.  
And without the ceasing and it keeps on blowing, the sea breeze.

Under the ground the old headquarters, at length,  
They must endure for long time with all their strength  
Without surrender, but at last they finished themselves  
By suicide. The unjustifiable war but they rationalized themselves.

At the world war first, Japanese soldiers were praised  
By the world, to be example of gentle treatment to POW, but crazed  
The soldiers. They transformed the devils, and hunted to hysteria  
Their triumph at war led them the militarism and the cruel battles were this area.

When war had ceased, almost eighty years has passed  
And they lived for long time for peace-loving people but they passed  
Who experienced the cruel-war. And wish the cenotaphs remind  
The young of the cruelty. And they'll live long with the world-loving mind.  
(Jan.,7th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

## Okinawa The 2nd Poem

In south, the islands prettily drooped like connected beads in braids  
When the north wind blows, the surrounding seas shine with the light of jades  
What is visible now is peaceful, and the land is full of beauty in gloam.  
But since the days of old wars, how many soldiers have returned their home?  
(Jan.,7th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



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# Okinawa The 1st Poem

When the winter rain stops, the flowers in the garden are lovely coming out.  
And on the leaves of the palm trees along the road, the freshness's seeping out.  
The southern sea is calm, and as I gaze on it, tranquility fills the air,  
Yet silently conveying their pains, the injury still is lingering there.

(Jan.,7th 2024, Kinsley Lee) .

Kinsley Lee



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# The Night At Yokohama

In Yokohama  
Without the blue light at port  
It goes winter night.

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# At The Yokoska Port

Yokoska is a big memorial city,  
Now, it's disappeared the name of navy,  
Here and there, the monuments're located  
And people recall the old ships which disappeared.

At night, the yachts are anchoring on the port,  
And the moon is floating on the surface which's swart.  
The road-lights gradually lighten in the park.  
And the decoration lights are shining in dark.

On the battle ship of the Self-Defense Forces,  
The bulbs twinkle but they look like the helmet's torsos.  
No the Army, but the liberal democratic nation,  
So they've long time pursued the general nation.

The old who experienced the War, almost  
Passed away, but the young, in this old coast,  
What'll they figure out? Peace?  
Or Sorrow? When they recall the disappeared showpiece.  
(Jan.,5th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# On The Hacksaw Ridge

The ridge is high and steep  
By the movie, and now, they clepe  
It as the Hacksaw Ridge. The traces  
Were left in many places.  
Here and there, the old corries  
Try to talk the old stories.

The fiercest battle was there.  
The young from all of sphere,  
By the orders they must kill the opponents,  
Not met as the match opponents.  
Not war, shaking hands  
They'd watching Olympic on their lands.

The Okinawans civil're dead  
At that battle, where their fathers' dead  
Place didn't know the reason.  
To people, it's painful season.  
It blows, the winter breeze,  
The cenotaphs are under the trees.

The falcon is flying in free  
And the memory is dim to tree.  
The sea which's far away  
Is glittering in the lights of day.  
A crow caws the old story  
In woods but it runs off a lory.  
(Jan.,5th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# The Year End Day

The end-year, the long and narrow street to Shinto Shrine  
Is full of the visitors from passim, they're walking with making the line.  
The workers shouting with holding something to throng,  
At some stores, the waiting lines are very long.

The sun is setting, under the eaves the lights  
Are turnin' on, and the pilgrim're visiting the hallowed wights.  
The snack carts are standing in row to the deity palace,  
And a canteen is selling the offering, amulet and chalice.

The folded papers're waving on the string at backyard  
The pilgrims're washing or buying the charms to guard  
Their fortune for new year. They burn the incense and pray  
With two hands together, at the new years' eve, the day.

The night is fast in winter so night's deep already  
The street where the people're rare, only the winds eddy.  
The persons're striving for luck, but on the trees, the crows  
Look down them, 'Tomorrow's Luck, god only knows.'  
(Jan.,3rd,2024, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# Enoshima Lighthouse

Passing by the side-road of the Shinto Shrine stairs, and climb up  
On the mountain top. I find a towering lighthouse standing up.  
Far away, I can see the blue waves of the Pacific Ocean are dancing  
And falcons following the wind, ascend and descend, each other, they're calling.  
(Jan.,3rd,2024, Kinsley Lee)

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# Ryugu Folk Village Performance

A lady sings a song  
But audience cannot understand,  
But tourists hear the long  
Of story, sit or stand.  
From all the place, they throng,  
On afternoon, at this southern land.

They even not knowing the story  
But simple and mournful sound,  
Maybe it's the old dynasty  
Which disappeared, the mother ground  
Which fostered the human on the country  
Or the waiting and love story on this mound.

The next is cheerful dance  
Of group. The beats are strong,  
And fantastic rhythm of dance.  
And the warriors wield the long  
Sticks and tourists glance.  
And the performance is over with dong.

And the performances and tourists throng  
The ground and dancing with cantily.  
The Ryugu'll last for long,  
Even disappeared the old dynasty.  
And it'll live in mind for long,  
So long as it's liberal democracy.  
(Jan.,3rd,2024, Kinsley Lee)

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# Seeing The Mountain At Enoshita

The bluish colors deepen  
Within the undulating waves,  
The falcons' high-pitched chirps  
Are heard in the wind by close shaves.  
Through the mist, crossing the sea,  
The cities vaguely appear,  
But within the clouds, Mountain  
Fuji is revealed in blur.  
(Jan.,3rd,2024, Kinsley Lee)

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# A Guardian Dragon For Nation Of The Chon-Ji

On the day when heavy rain falls from dark clouds and lightning,  
People are worrying and hiding in fear.

The frustrated people boil by the anger within, because  
The moral collapse and economy's in blear.

But at last, the dragon cleaves and leaping over  
The waters of Chon-Ji, and soaring with the outroar.

Soon, the fortune of the nation will rise again,  
And the Hope will take the flight once more.

(Dec.,23rd,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Twisted Doughnut Shop

The alley, with its oil-infused aroma,  
When the scent of fried bread filled,  
To the children in the neighbor, the browned and well-done  
Color and sweet taste, it lured  
Them. The small and old shop by the street, the memories  
Of bygone days're been coming  
Up. Today on sidewalk by shop, with my young grandson,  
My old memories, we are sharing.  
(Dec.,23rd,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Year-End Landscape

As the colored lamps are shining, the arrival  
Of Christmas, they are heralding,  
In the streets, where daylight is short, the crouching  
People do to hurry their walking,  
The year end, from the north, the Arctic cold waves  
Are persisting and flooding spry.  
And already casting a frosty light  
The young moon's in the eastern sky.  
(Dec.,23rd,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# The Name's Still Charlie

-To dedicate Late Charlie and Olwyn Green

He graduated from the high school and enlisted the Army,  
And was a youngest battalion commander in Australia.  
The Youn-Chon, Park-Chon, Jeong-ju, consistently  
His name of triumph, but fallen like a Dahlia  
In late fall, sadly. And Olwyn received  
A notice, but then, too harsh to have believed.

With her baby, a war-widower had lived  
The long years with the beautiful memory of her honey.  
But, not static but actively she'd been lived  
Her life. Not always, her days are sunny.  
She had tried to study Korea for long time,  
And she tried to make the bridge for her time.

The couple were born in Australia and now  
They've rested and will have rested Korea.  
When he passed to the long way, she didn't say, 'ciao',  
But her one hundred birthday, she visited Korea.  
For a long time, she'd loved Korea and environments.  
Koreans will love them forever for commitments.

The old days she wore a wedding veil  
But now in the white urn instead of carriage,  
At last, it ended her poignant tale.  
In sunny place in Busan, their marriage  
Life has continued again, and would forever.  
And also the friendship of the left will forever.  
(Dec.22,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# A Good Night

It's freezing, the cold wind's blowing  
But in the pub, a lord greets warmly  
The sizzle of pork piles up  
On the griddle, the atmosphere is cozy  
On flushed cheeks, and good drink,  
It continuously runs to the deep night,  
Embracing laughter and friendship,  
People are sent off by the door light.  
(Dec.21,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# The Biography Of Bae, Jeong-Ja

The household's crumbled, the father's executed,  
So she'd wandering as a servant, and a Buddhist nun.  
Escaped but returning for revenging, with leveraging  
Her beauty and mocking this land, she begun.  
As a society queen, and a spy in diplomacy,  
For aiding the invader, she did for Japan.  
She made a wicked contribution for grudge  
And pain at young age, fulfilling her plan.  
(Dec.,20th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# The Ki-Saeng Seol Joongmae-A Ume Flower In Snowing

They called Seol Joongmae at high officials' party  
And suddenly high-ranking official mocked her the infidelity  
She retorted'em, 'High officials're serving two dynasty'.  
Ancient people knew shame, but today they know wealth, only.  
(Dec.,19th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Choi Seung-Hee, The Supreme Dancer

In Eastern Asia, she soared to the pinnacle at the field  
Of the modern dance and succeeded an ace,  
Yet, faced the heavy criticism in Seoul,  
For her deeds which tied to a pro-Japanese trace.  
Following her husband, she went to the North Korea,  
But the art was the implement, so she resisted their sway,  
Branded with false accusations, finally punished,  
She lived her old days in the thorny way.  
(Dec.,18th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# The Poetess Hong-Rang

Even when a man departed and a new one came,  
There's no affection only unilateral service.  
Kyungchang admired the kisaeng's skill in poetry  
And song, even she's owned by government office.  
When parting, they responded to each other in verse, and she walked  
Five hundred miles to visit and nursed when he's ill,  
But after his death, she even disfigured her face  
Herself and everyday cared for his tomb in chill.  
(Dec.,17th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# A Doleful Ditty Of Ok-Bong

The talent of writing poems for Korean woman  
Became an obstacle to living a plain life.  
Expelled her for writing words, the beloved man.  
Have he already forgotten his wife?  
In solitude, battling every night,  
She penned poems filled with yearning.  
The beautiful honor of the poet, to the light,  
Is sadly revealed in the ocean's waving.  
(Dec.,16th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# A Sad Song Of A Certain Poetess

Even she achieved success in verse,  
But living this land is truly tough.  
She exposed the hypocritical face that preached  
About equality, fairness and bluff.  
Changing the world, she tries to lead  
But the sun sets so the path is long!  
The shameless faces, craftily words,  
They gracefully trying to deceive the throng.  
(Nov.,15th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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## Writing After Listening To 'tombe La Neige'

In the street-side, autumn leaves are rolling according to the wind's play,  
In the place where snow falls, the crouching people hurry along their way.  
To outside the café, the rich aroma which the coffee boast.  
Upon entering, a familiar song does welcome in lieu of the host.  
(Dec.15th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# The Immortal Admiral Yeon Su-Young

Leaving a great legacy in Goguryeo's sea  
And across the Asia's shore,  
Her navy defeated Tang's navy on the sea,  
Victorious forevermore.  
Even in pregnancy, at Tanghangseong battle,  
She commanded to take by assault,  
Today in women's blood, still,  
Her spirit flows without halt.  
(Dec.,11th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Congratulate On Your Being Commissioned

Congratulate on your being commissioned as an officer.  
Your insignia means the sweat and honor,  
For long time you've sweated and endeavored the insignia.  
From now on, you must keep your honor for your insignia.

You'll be deployed the front unit as a leader,  
For country, you'll carry out the task as a guarder.  
Please not forget your hometown and family,  
And always keep in mind the enemy.

Not only a guarder for freedom of people  
But also you'll be a member of disciple  
For country's tomorrow. It depends on your shoulders,  
That the responsibility for country and the leadership to the soldiers.

Please, fly to the sky like an eagle!  
Now for your country and your honor. Struggle!  
Impatient and endure for "You" and "Your country",  
And be a hero to write a new history!  
(Dec.13th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# The Brilliant Transformer Mun Ye-Bong

Born into an artistic lineage, God-given  
Beauty graced in her birth,  
A gifted actor, received the rousing  
Cheers on country's earth.  
Once accused of collaboration for Japan,  
But she transformed and led ideology,  
Punished but was reinstated, and resting now  
In the patriotic martyr `s cemetery  
(Dec.,11th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# The Buddhist Nun At Sudeoksa

She's born and raised as a daughter of minister  
But received maternal grandma's care.  
The literature, women's movement and parting  
For studying abroad, she did to bear.  
But living together by fiery love,  
But it kept on stacking the agony and strife,  
So breaking free from the vain world, and turned  
To Buddha and lived the medicant life.  
(Dec.,11th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Riverside Scenery

Early winter weekend, yet it's warm like spring,  
Far away, the cars're humming and running in a line like the string.  
Over the river, thick mist intertwines the afternoon and evening,  
Fine dust covers the earth by the waterside, it's difficult for inhaling.  
(Dec.,9th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Kim Myeong-Soon, Intellectual Of The Enlightenment Era

She's born of a concubine, as a daughter in home of property, being fed,  
With literary prowess, widely won her renown, she led.  
The oppressive and unfair systems, against it, she made the haroosh,  
Yet, by the scars of youth, she's fallen in the thorny bush.  
(Dec.,9th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# The Biography Of Yoon Sim-Deok

&lt;&gt;

Studied vocal music, widely she achieved renown.

In the midst of recording, she met a friend and been lovers that town.

Embarked and set out the liner, yet not touched the shore,

Only the record remain, revealing a woman's lore.

(Dec.,8th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# The Trace

Sihn-Kyung Lee

I've the feet for the purpose of walking,  
In the journey of life, walking is recording.

I've left the footprints, once again, today,  
The numerous traces I've stamped along the way.

The way which I'm looking  
Back, stumbling and faltering,  
Even if I want to erase, but I can't.

It's shameful and rueful

Below the light, I must live in the right.

May the footsteps I'll tread  
Become a road-sign for posterity's ahead.

(Sihn-Kyung Lee's book of poems, Tears on Woven Straw Garb, Translated by  
Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# The Biography Of Jeon Hye-Rin

In the days of my youth, I often encountered  
Her name in many books,  
Life was bustling, yet she's on the boundary  
Like to be the waterside of the brooks.  
In the realms of art and scholarship in both side,  
She erected landmark achievements,  
Amidst abundance, the only flaw  
Was a poverty in love, no reliefment.  
(Dec.6th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Kyewolhyang

How could she forget the country? In Pyongyang  
Castle where's being brimmed with invading troops.  
For her country, watching for opportunity she's feigning  
The loyalty for deceiving the enemy troops.  
Meeting Eung-seo at the fortress walls,  
By deceiving to Japanese and leading him to headquarter.  
The enemies were messed, amidst the loss  
Of commander, for victory, she's a leading contributor.  
(Dec.,4th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Chungseob And Masako (Namdeok)

When they young, they met by chance, and gazing  
Into each other's eyes with love's glow,  
And she left her father behind, crossing  
The Hyunhaetan-Strait with the man in tow.  
His family separated from him, so happiness fleeting  
And the war prolonged and so blocked their way,  
Battled loneliness, drawing, yearning  
For the wife, he finally passed his way.  
(Dec.,2nd,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Sochunpoong Who's A Kisaeng From Youngheung

In castle of Seoul, all  
The men lamented their inability  
To forge cozy bonds,  
By singing poems, she made  
The officials from getting angry  
To laugh with playful responds.  
Because was bound by duties,  
By even the love, struck king  
Couldn't follow his heart's decree,  
Abandoning decorum, crossing  
The walls at night, finding  
Joy unconstrained and free.  
(Dec.,1st,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Sochunpoong: The name of Kisaeng, which means to laugh at spring wind)

Kisaeng: a girl who was an total entertainer in old Korea, who can dance, sing songs, play the musical instruments and read and write poems, draw pictures, etc

YoungHeung: the old province which was located in north-east of the Korea.

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# Writing A Poem For Solacing Antigone

The young princess had roamed to the end of the sky with her father,  
Returning to her homeland, her brothers fought and killed each other.  
Disobeying, she buried the body, and sadly she passed. But dear  
Friend's death, now, but the hesitant scrambled-éggs couldn't condole by fear.  
(Dec.1st 2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Mata Hari

The pain of bygone youth transformed into lotuses within the mist,  
Emerging in social circles as a flower, and she should have waiting list.  
Sometimes giving information to officials of various country as friends  
But as public sentiment soured, departed with a dance, to mountain bends.  
(Nov.29th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# The Traditional Tea House The Ssanghwa In Insadong, The 2nd Poem

As late autumn, after sun set, the wind's song echoes through the trees,  
The warmth of a traditional tearoom beckons people at ease.  
Departed guests remember the rich taste of herbal tonic tea,  
The owner's warm smile welcomes new visitors in glee.  
(Nov.28th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Reflecting The Kilsang-Sa, The Buddhist Temple

In the family's trees're intricate like the web of fate, entangled and complex,  
Possessions come and go at will and the joy and sorrow is subjects  
To the ebb and flow of wealth, the god of mount remains indifferently  
And fall-trees dedicated to Buddha quietly welcome winter currently.  
(Nov.26th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# The Princess Nagrang

Even if it strategically arranged between the nations,  
How can one calculate love's chain?  
Departed Father, teared the self-sounding  
Drum, following the lover's rein.  
Through foolish betrayal called the Goguryeo's invasion,  
And her body and nation vanished in flare,  
Not burying with lover-the poignant wishes scattered,  
Even the tomb, she unable to share.  
(Nov.25th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Eohudong

How can she restrain the surge of poetic  
Words, prose, and artistic sentiments?  
Following innate fervor, breaking  
To be free from confining normative elements,  
Like flames of love affairs, departing  
At will, she's true to the original self,  
To mock the false conventions, fallen  
Like petals, finally liberated, herself.  
(Nov.22nd,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Reflecting Queen Jin-Seong

When Silla tilted, its finances in ruin, she's chosen as king to succeed,  
The roots of the country's crisis ran deep, conflicts're lasted indeed.  
Day and night, for reforming the royal court, she's striving to rebuild,  
And tirelessly efforts, she try to pour in to ensure the people's welfare instilled.  
She drew on the counsel of Ui-Hong, made the power-families be restrained,  
And embracing talented individuals through open gates, potential unrestrained,  
But met with resistance, she's confined in North Palace sadly fallen to disuse,  
And her merits and legacy was vanished but left a label of unjust abuse.  
(Nov.23rd,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Reflection On Buyeo

When the White-Horse's structure lose one's master, how many years have passed?

And the Fallen Flowers' Rock is standing many years have passed.

Had the greenish mountains not early embraced silence all,

Then one might inquire into the reasons for all ages' rise and fall.

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# In Memory Of Late Captain Robert Lee Timmons

Smoke, gunfire, cannon're thundering,  
To the front fortress, wave attacking!  
The assailants, The People's Army, the strongest enemy,  
They're former Red Chinese Eight Route-Army,  
The One hundred sixty sixth division,  
Was changing uniform to sixth division.

They thrust the Masan for gaining road  
To Busan. The mountain's an important node.  
The division risked their life for defending,  
Losing the fortress and again occupying,  
The possessor of the fortress was changed, in short time,  
Several times, on the hill not ceasing the smoke climb.

Timmons' company encamped the mountain  
They risked their lives, at the Seo-bug mountain,  
For guarding the Masan, but he's wounded sadly,  
But during transferring, being raided by enemy.  
His body was found a year later. Far  
Away, he left this land, be a star.

Even young Robert passed for Korea  
And his son was appointed a commander at Korea  
And his grandson's appointed a company commander  
In Korea, his family is with Korea not bystander  
For long time. And we must not forget him and family  
Owing to them, from the disaster, we won a victory.  
(Nov.21st,2023. Kinsley Lee)

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Late Captain Robert Lee Timmons passed by war during Masan battle, for  
defending action at Seo-bug Mountain. And most of his company solders were  
passed during the battle. We should not forget them forever. And we always  
should thank you for their sacrifice.

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# Writing A Poem For Congratulating On Ban-San's Birthday

On the way back, the shining colored leaves  
Are red, the autumn fully grows.  
And glancing back the seventy-seven years,  
It's adorned with beautiful poetry and prose.  
The name is known as a poet for mountain  
In Korea to the world, wherever widely.  
Sir! May God give you the full blessin'  
And good health be with you eternally.  
(Nov.,20th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Wáng Zhaojun And Anna Von Kleve

Was painted ugly, Zhaojun's sent  
To barbarian king to marry,  
And pretty depicted Anna, was sent  
To Henry VIII to marry.  
A woman's fate is determined by the artist's  
Heart, putting them handle.  
Like today at their will, the media distort  
The picture and deceive the people.  
(Nov.,19th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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# Looking Back The History Of Anne Boleyn

Under the Milky Way, the words  
Of love are cozy and beautiful like a dream,  
Once heart departed, the long-standing affection,  
In a thousand days, vanished like steam.  
Refusing to admit the infidelity, so labeled  
A traitor, to next world, her name was rostered,  
But at last, a left daughter ascended the throne,  
And during her period, England prospered.  
(Nov.,18th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Writing A Poem On Passing By Chang Hee-Bin's Tomb

In the heart of power, the lady's beauty became a flaw,  
They exploited, mocked and discarded all of her honor to the shaw.  
The period of enjoying sweetness was ended too short on the way  
As the fall day, with its brief sun, is soon about to fade away.  
(Nov.,16th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Day Lily

When the rain stops, raindrops hang, and the leaves more clearly deepen  
Even the day-lily fall, then your worries. Please, not have forgotten!  
The traces remain on empty stalks, and dancing when the wind blows,  
How can they didn't feel the melancholy? 'Cause, strangely as time flows  
(Nov.,14th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Write A Poem To Congratulate On The 80th Birthday For Csm Lee

The old days before, we met him as a robust influential personnel.  
In the blink of an eye, he meets the eightieth birthday. Well-  
Evoking moments gone by, memories flicker before us,  
Raising a glass, for his happiness and health, we offer prayers.  
(Nov.,12th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Afternoon At Late Fall

The rain stops, whene'er breeze whispers, they drip beneath the leaves.  
Autumn sun gently spills where the leaves're sparsely stuck on branches.  
Though the foliage may've fallen, the beauty lingers on colorful leaves,  
And elders're savoring leisurely moments, sitting on benches,  
(Nov.,11th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Turn Toward Busan Day, Nov.11th

The late fall the morning sun is bright,  
The gathered people are waiting in quite,  
For 11 o'clock, and even the breeze  
Is stopping for a while under the trees.  
The bells in temples are waiting to strike  
The Bells. The fishes in Daunt Dike  
Are swimming quietly. The nature and people  
Are holding their breath, and so the birds in steeple

Black and white the young had joined  
The hands, the freedom and slavery adjoined  
In this front line, fought against the axis  
Of Devil. And they restored the world from off-axis.  
Fifty thousand of the young from the world,  
During the mission, they passed to the other-world.  
And therefore they are resting in this hollowed land  
Or come back to their home and hometown land.

The Nov.11th is the dedicated day  
To them. And we must recollect their way  
Again.11 o'clock the bells are pinging  
The artillery salute for dead is dinging.  
When siren goes off, the cars are stopping  
On the street all the workings are stopping.  
People are paying a silent tribute.  
With one mind, the thanks. They truly pay tribute

Owing to their sacrifice, that time, we could defend  
Our freedom, human's right. And could wend  
To proceed the steps for prosperous future.  
With the world people, we could dream the glorious future.  
Now we must not forget the young's bloods  
Which permeated and which are feeding the liberty buds.  
Their left words be the stars in dark!  
Turn toward Busan! Hark!  
(10th, Nov.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

## The Fallen Leaves The 2nd Poem

The last night, late fall, I's intoxicated by the pretty colored leaves.  
But the today-morn. I can see again that the fallen leaves're rolling.  
In the mist, on the tree at the park, a dove chirps and grieves  
The last night, late fall, I's intoxicated by the pretty colored leaves.  
Easily the life wilts. Then your achievements! Why are you so boasting?  
The world'll be covered equally white, when it'll be snowing.  
The last night, late fall, I's intoxicated by the pretty colored leaves.  
But the today-morn. I can see again that the fallen leaves're rolling.  
(Triolet. Nov.,10th 2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# Harris The Father And The Son

The father's name was Field and son's William,  
They left the merits, Koreans would call'em  
As the War-Heroes fought for freedom, against  
The Communists and evil-ists. In extremely tensed  
Warfare, they did their best for Korea,  
And people of World and people of Korea.

Father was a veteran at the first and the second  
World war, Korea called him to reckon  
That he rushed to fight against the devils.  
And his son bravely returned from the camp of devil's  
Hands. But he rushed for battle field for freedom,  
With world soldiers he wanted to sing "Te Deum";.

Father was a commanding general of 1st  
Marine, the triumph for freedom, his thirst  
Was endless. But his son, battalion commander,  
To protect retreating forces, he cover'  
The rear. But sadly he's missed at the action,  
And even today, there's no return to his position.

Even they passed the world, but their merits  
Will be left eternally, not ceased but it inherits  
Today, in freedom, it be the great tower,  
Now for Korea, it be the Great power.  
On today's our freedom and democracy, we're owing to'em.  
We all appreciate them and we must not forget'em.

Kinsley Lee

# The Dining Table Like Silk Texture

In the ground of general Kwon's house, now  
An ancient ginkgo-tree proudly stands,  
As the sun sets, in the western sky,  
The clouds turn red when looking up in this lands.

Gleaming-lights spread like the silk, here  
And there, steadily lighting the night,  
And thoughts of our hometown, and the food which reminds  
Us mother's love, it induce us tight.

(1st., Nov.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kwon: the family name of the general who defeated Japanese troops at Haeng-  
Ju(Northwest area of Seoul) During Japanese Choseon War(Mar.,1593)  
Ginkgo Tree: maidenhair tree, Ginkgo biloba

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Last Night In October

The night, the dark clouds're floating in the sky,  
And the breeze says that winter was drawing nigh.  
The last night in October. Silently. Hark,  
On the ground. The whispers of the leaves in the park.

The leaves on the twigs are leading song  
And repeating on the ground but it's going not long.  
Whene'er the gust's blowing the boughs, the leaves  
Are falling, on the tree, a bird weeps and grieves.

The sounds of the bugs disappeared already,  
By blowing on the grass, the fallen leaves eddy.  
On the boughs, the colored leaves cease  
To boast and wait the fate at ease.

They knew that their time already passed  
In nature, not long they'd be withered fast.  
Gradually the night runs, deep and deep,  
And one by one they fall in sleep.  
(31st, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# The Fallen Flowers

Today, in the wood, we have the strong winds and spring-rain all the day!  
Fallen on the ground, the petals're dreaming, the time on the bough.  
The flowers, always wished to be on the branch for a long time.  
They're exposed to rain, waiting the new month which named, May!  
The flowers' days hadn't been lasted long and fallen, now.  
But not knowing the rule, only men dreamed as a hero for a long mime.  
(Org., Apr.,2019, Rev. Oct.,2023 Kinsley)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Autumn Night Of Gyeong-Ui Line Park

The sun's on the verge of setting, the light  
Run into to window panes and bright.  
Open café, the smells of the coffee,  
To beneath the trees, it spreads luridly.  
The warm steam of a cup is instantly disappeared  
And the fall-blows make the wood-air be cleared.

Some leaves're tinted lightly on the trees  
And others still dark green and the breeze  
Is blowing in the wood. On the Stones of brooks,  
The sphagnum waves and it greenly looks.  
On the surface the ripples arise and flowing  
And on the bench, an old man looks down, the flowing.

After the office, many people  
Are gamming, and turning on the electric-candle,  
One by one in the stores. The sparrows  
Aren't seen, and a day's time passed like arrows.  
In wood now, the grass-bugs are forgetting  
To chirp and the dragon-flies aren't flying.

Under the trees, there's a way  
And on a bench, people look around a day,  
The young with short shirts are jogging  
And the old are slowly talking and walking.  
The young cheer their cups of beer, in the pubs  
The darkness fall and dark are the shrubs.  
(18th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# The View Of Autumn On The Riverside

Autumn colors are sure  
Of the riverside park on fall days,  
The hues of the green leaves slowly  
Changed colors on the park ways.  
Beneath the blue sky and over  
The blue water, with packed lunch, and people gather,  
During lunchtime, the riverside  
In Seoul is filled with laughter.  
(29th., Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Deep Tears Of Cheongdo Province

The Theater shaped with the Chinese restaurant's  
Delivery-box stand still  
Many places lie abandoned,  
Crumbling and desolate on the hill.  
Because the people disregarded Jeon's talents,  
Ideas and outputs, so fly-  
Flies buzz and disappear relentlessly, leaving  
Only the powerless to sigh.  
(29th. Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Chewy Cow Skin Lining And Boiled Rice Soup(Sugurae Gugbap)

At Changnyeong, the Chewy Cow Skin Lining Soup in the Market,  
These days, it's rare to find a place that serves or sells it,  
But in the old days, during times of poverty, it was sold everywhere,  
It named as a local product, and worth for cultivating once more.  
(29th., Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# Su-Reung Garden

Even the old trees've been disappeared,  
But the relations left in twined,  
And memories fill the garden, the story  
Carried by the sounds of the wind,

These days, the king and queen, walking  
Together as to be the spirit,  
Two thousand years, out of the royal  
Tomb, they've met at night.

(29th, . Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Night View Of Yongsan

The Yongridan Street is the street which coming up in hotly,  
And the shapes of new shops shine beautifully.  
The youth show their vitality on every street, with laughter,  
And it's different on the main road, in contrast with the dark road's lighter.  
(28th, Oct.,2023 Kinsley Lee)

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Yongsan: the district which is located in central Seoul, Korea.  
Yongridan: the street name which is in Yongsan.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Monument Of The Baekgol Troops On The Han River Defense Line

Autumn, on the riverside, the symbol  
And the flag, with the skull and bones,  
On the pole, it waves, the Baekgol  
Silhouette clearly shines.  
Achieving legendary story  
Through the great victory in battle.  
But the juniors hunger for victory  
Now and future in battle.  
(27th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

\*Baekgol: Korean word, which means the white skeleton. The symbol of that division was the skull and bones.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

## 28th., Sep., The Day

In the darkness, for a hundred days for long time,  
And barely they held their breath,  
The eternal reign of foes, finally  
Withered and met its death.

Even in despair, and risked their lives,  
The heroes didn't lose their way,  
Dedicated, they triumphed in battle, and hoisted  
The Taegeug-gi again the day.  
(26th., Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Park Of The Nodeul River Dock

The breeze blows, blueish river  
Flows proudly and fluently, like old days,  
The old trace's all erased, the bridge  
Stretches the hills on both ways.

In the park, the righteous names of fallen troops  
Are etched in the memorial stone,  
In the shade of the trees, not saying a bird  
Is pecking and resting alone.  
(24th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Look Back The Lake Named Paro-Ho

The morning breeze by the lake is refreshing  
And cool. And like a folding screen,  
It encircled. In the afternoon, the shadows of mountains,  
It feels the deep scent of green.

In days of old, heroes fought  
Against the invaded enemy,  
And heroes beat invaders at hot spring  
On this lake with immortal victory!  
(24th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# On The Daunt Water-Way At The Unmck

Not knowing the people in Korea or not knowing Korea,  
But they enlisted the army or landed the port in Korea.  
In the Memorial Cemetery Park, on the pavement way,  
There's a stream, named as Daunt Water Way

In honor of the name, James, Patrick Daunt  
Late afternoon the sun is west sky and looks gaunt.  
That time, He's a private and only seventeen years old  
Too young to die, but the November at the northern wold...

He maybe the age of high school student,  
3rd Battalion, the Royal Australian Regiment,  
He died for freedom and life, the people in Korea,  
Till now he's rested in this hallowed land in Korea.

Fancy carp are swimming at the cold, fall water,  
As the sounding of steps at the way, following in water.  
And they're opening the mouth to talk something 'It's freedom',  
Somewhere heard to my ears on the breeze, the 'Te Deum'.  
(18th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee

# At The Un Cemetery Park

Afternoon of the fall, it's sunny day.  
The flags on the poles are waving of the breeze.  
The koi're playing in the Daunt water way,  
And the leaves are beckoning the visitors on the trees.  
And the Sharon's Roses in the garden are beautiful.  
The early fall, the park is peaceful.

A wheelchair visitor's guided by young men.  
This tidy cemetery is hallowed ground,  
And devoted ground for resting the young men  
And now the statues guard them on the mound.  
A crow is cawing for something to say  
On the tree, to the visitors walking on the way.

What're the stories that he try to say?  
The heroic stories for triumph on the fort,  
Or the stories of the powder smoking day?  
Or the words their departing the mother port?  
The people who're walking this way. Hark!  
Whate'er he say on the tree in the park.

To the visitor's ear, his croak is the blow.  
'The young men who bled their blood for the country  
And people, before they did not know.  
And now they are resting this ground'. The story  
He try to say, 'Freedom's not free.'  
He caws, all the day on the tree.

Kinsley Lee



# The Last Night, The Gust Sent Down

Yoo, Ung-Boo

1.

The last night, the gust sent down snow and frost with howling.  
The giant pine trees fully leaning, falling and exhausting  
What is the use of the talking for the flowers which aren't blooming.

2.

The last night, the gust sent down  
Snow and frost with howling.  
The giant pine trees fully leaning,  
Falling and exhausting  
What's to use  
To talk the flowers  
Which are not blooming.  
(14th, Oct.,2023, Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Pear Blossoms Pure Under The White Moonlight

Cho-Nyun, Lee

Pear blossoms pure under the white moonlight  
The Milky Way gleams at the midnight.  
How, the cuckoo should know the spring time passion  
In the heart which seethe with the spring sentiment.  
To my heart,  
Can't falling in sleep  
Likely, I'm ill by the profound compassion.  
(14th, Oct.,2023, Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Reflecting On The Ancient Geumgwan Gaya

By the Haebancheon, please not drink three cups of wine, now I say!  
The full moon over the river, is calling the wine and fading away,  
The once, thriving port has vanished, only stories remain,  
The traces of ships that passed in bygone, are covered in soil's grain.  
The hermitage's located on Imho Mountain's no longer as it used to be,  
And the old palace site at Bonghwangdae hides in a pond, now when you see.  
Who will join to drink with, sending off the midnights in company  
With? No words, helplessly flowing water shows ripples in its journey.  
(13th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Kimhae Darye-One

Along the shopping district beside  
The Wangneung Road, it's silent  
From the southern land, came the Kimhae  
Tea, it's not simple and not opulent.  
A chance to taste a new flavor, it's good,  
And that opens my eyes so wide,  
Over a millennium, the ancient culture  
Of Ga-ya approaches with pride.  
(12th, Oct., Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Autumn Day At Chon-Gog Port

On an autumn afternoon, with smell and the sea breeze  
Is cool and noisily blows,  
On the port of the sea, the yachts were tied  
On the pole of the seashore and repose.  
Suddenly the dark shadows descend upon  
The sea, all around,  
As the sun sets, the deep clouds are dyed  
And turned red, and it looks profound.  
(12th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Fall Day At Un Cemetery Park

The sun shines on a fall afternoon the grasses sparkle brightly,  
No return, the young guys from the world are lying eternally.  
The period which they're lodging there outdid their life-span, it's passed,  
While a bird on the tower building hovers and flies at last.

(12th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Young-Jong Yong-Gung-Sa

Yong-gung-sa, the Dragon's Palace Temple,  
Not by the beach, where it situated.  
The center forested hills of the island,  
Amid the lush pines, where it's located.  
The sutra chanting, the sonorous sound  
Echoes through the hills on a long distance.  
The Millennium-old trees likely whisper  
The stories on the years of experience.  
(11th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Hae-Dong Yong-Gung-Sa

On the beachside hill, it gracefully stands, the Yong-gung-sa Temple's,  
As white waves crash on the rocks, bouncing to be the bobbles.  
Paper-prayers hang on lines, swaying in the breeze,  
Sailors yearn for journeys where their worries find release.

(10th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# Kwan-Chon Jae

In the valley under the pier, the flowing  
Water makes a lively sound,  
By the old house which located beside the path,  
The crepe myrtle blossoms reddish abound.  
A righteous soul, amidst a nation's  
Strife, met a valiant end,  
The family is a symbol of loyalty and fidelity,  
Their memory will be noticed forever extend.  
(10th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Passing The Hwangok, Heo's Mausoleum

Queen Heo, secluded and alone at tomb,  
Waited her wishes couldn't attained,  
After two millennia, she remains to be buried  
Alone, her hope restrained.  
The love which traversed the vast ocean and long space,  
A bond didn't easily gained,  
Yet, the pagoda stands to be weathered,  
In the pavilion, aged and waned.  
(10th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Autumn Temple

In the deep and thick green mountains where I cannot  
Find the mystical fishes really.

Amidst the autumn threshold, the valleys

Shed their tears to the raining softly,

Instead of the Buddhist monk, the guest

Were welcomed by the red-spider lilies firstly.

At the Milky Way Temple, the old fragrances filled

The Temple, which are always tranquil and leisurely.

(9th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Song Of Kimhae

In the ancient land of Gaya, a thousand years past,  
Whispers of ancient souls still linger, steadfast.  
The South Ocean linked the sea road for convenient trade,  
The fertile Naktong River's soils've been laid.  
The pure water, the gentle mounts' always sing and share,  
And the lands're nurturing the people with loving care.  
Till now, the center spirit of the old capital is bestowing,  
For the nation which toward the future, it'll be pushing and guiding.  
(5th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Life(By Chon)

Mi-Jung, Chon

Between the sky and me, clouds drift by,  
Between the sea and me, waves dance high.

Birds take the flight among the trees, and tree,  
You and I, in each other's eyes, we see.

In the morn, on every day, the sun pay a call on us,  
At late night, the left stars sing a lullaby for us.

Children silently grow simple-heartedly and strong,  
Parents're sincere and be the model all along.

The sky is truly gracious, and the world so fair,  
Life's a festival, and the greater blessing to bear.

How shall we live, our lives, brightly gleam?  
Like a dewdrop's sparkle on the wild flowers in a dream?

The fragrances which emits to the father within our hearts,  
Wish to bloom through the seasons, in all life's parts.  
(6th, Oct.,2023, Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# Kimhae Yeon-Hwa Temple

Though the traces of the Yeonja-ru, Hamhur-jeong have already faded away,  
In the corners, on the remaining cornerstones, still lonely birds cry,  
In the temple, on the pond, where the red rails shine and lay,  
And autumn winds rustle the leaves, the old trees stand tall and high!  
(1st, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Eunha Temple

The small temple's in Sin-Eo Mountain, rainy, so it chillers.  
Upon the steps, the bell tower welcome the visitors  
On the temple buildings, the Zen Poetry was written on every pillars.  
(30th, Sep.,2023, KinsleyLee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Wistful Thoughts, Which Floats Within My Heart

In ancient, long ago, Gaya's Haebancheon river  
Led the prosperity and flew the important place to downriver.  
Now diminished, it's became a small stream on the edge,  
With long time, its traces left the ponds, not to dredge.  
(30th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



## The Dream Of Kimhae, The 2nd Poem

When the sun rises over Bunsung Mountain, they begin the new days,  
As it sets in Mt. Imho, then people return, ending a day's matter,  
In Kimhae, through two millennia, they maintain their lives like old days.

To the southward direction, Haebancheon, still the stream flows to enter  
Though Bonghwang-dae, it left the old traces of the Gaya's palace,  
But the old dreams reside in Gimhae Library and Arts and Sports Center.

In this two millennia, logistics thrive, the mark is not traceless  
At Haebincheon. KTX, highways and light rails pave the way,  
In the sky, all the time they never have the days with flightless

In two millennia's, an old dream reborn on present day,  
Hur Hwangok's descendants, toward, they are drawn to Hogye-cheon,  
Kimhae, reaching out to the world once more, on its way.  
(30th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee, Terza Rima)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Rainy Night

The rain falls, the wind blows and the wind-bell sings in according to the wind.  
On the thin window, the silhouette looms and longtime'll take to be bright  
In the back yard, the bamboos are swaying in the dark and deepening night,  
It's barely four o'clock, when I woke up by been hitting the door by wind.  
(29th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Welcoming The Morning At Kimhae Traditional House

The wind-bell hangs from the eaves, singing in the morning,  
The tiny Bamboos in the back garden rustle, like horning,  
From the trees on the royal tomb, crows, cawing loudly  
In the coolness of autumn, the east window lights continuously  
(28th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Dream Of Kimhae

The Haeban-cheon, the water that encircle the capital and flow,  
Amidst the prosperity and a bustling port, ships come and go,  
Far and wide, Gaya's ironworks were sent to fain.

The ancient land, someday, shall draw the dream again.

(28th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Ho-Gye Road

In days of old, by the Ho-gye Stream, they gathered for doing  
Laundry. But now on that street, endlessly foreign shops were low.  
People from the southern land, who followed their princess were gathering  
For soothing the homesick. Now, gathering for eating their gateau.

Though time has flowed for long, people's hearts remain and unchanged,  
The lonely tower, worn by years, bears the pain.

By two thousand years, even the old traces're estranged  
And vanished. Feeling nostalgia now, still people pain.

(27th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Wake Up At Dawn

I went to sleep last night with the window ajar,  
But this dawn, I was woken up by the chill from star.  
The bamboos in back garden, rustles in the autumn breeze,  
And a bird which is sleepless cries in the dusky trees.

(28th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Climb Up The Ancient Tombs In Kimhae Daeseong-Dong

The autumn rain, continued to pour the drops in windy this morning,  
On the hill of the royal family, a lonely breeze blows on the brae.  
Only the millennium tree, where ancient traces have faded away,  
As if trying to convey, it scatters drops by waving boughs and greeting.  
(28th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Welcoming Night At Traditional House

I hear the cries of crows  
Over the king's grave, in the early morning  
And can hearing the musical sounds  
Which are loaded on the forest winds, in late-evening.  
Beneath the eaves, the stories  
Of falling stars are never ceasing  
And silently jujubes drop  
In the backyard, welcoming the fall's arriving.  
(27th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# To Hear The Autumn Rain's Dropping

I'm sitting on the veranda and leaning against the pillar with ease,  
When hearing the raindrops falling from roof tile on the edge of the eaves,  
It's reaching somewhere, the sky-flute echoes softly in breeze.

Early autumn rain hastens the season's embrace,  
When I open the door to hear the rain's dropping sound to release  
In. Yet the cool fall breeze enter first in this place.

(27th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Going Up The Old Royal Family's Hill

In the ancient royal family's hills,  
Where traces of tombs have faded away,  
On an autumn afternoon, the sound of the wind  
Is lonesome, amidst the hot sun's ray,  
To indicate the place where the old tombs were located,  
The short and ornamental trees.  
Were planted in lines. A wildcat sitting  
Upon a broken dolmen, in breeze.  
(27th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Kimhae Lotus Park

The side of Haebanchon, and the garden is located in beside of the wide roads  
Fall breeze refreshing, trees chatter each other waving cladodes,  
The lotus blossoms bloom, the ducks swim, the reeds sing in windy,  
In these high buildings, as if I've already forgotten that I'm in the city  
(26th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The New Keumleung Road

On the tree before the East window of the traditional house, a bird sings its song,

By the royal tomb, beside the stone-wall, the side road is the foreign migrant's  
avenue.

The friendship blooms again once more for a thousand years, long,  
Transcending time, this pan-Asian ancient love beautifully grew.

(27th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# A Certain Sorrowful War-Hero

After war, for sixty long years, held captive in enemy lands,  
As a prisoner of war, forgotten for so long, he escaped in empty hands,  
To hometown, returning with snowy hair, without a welcome. But no wife,  
His solitary burial ceremony reveals his distorted and unhappy life.

(18th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Write A Poem For Praising The Triumph Of Baekdusan Battles

The citizens and soldiers, all the people in country, heart in heart with one unity,  
In Battle they gathered their loyalty with common thoughts to overcome  
confusion,  
They pursued the enemy within the darkness, achieving complete victory,  
It's not just a triumph in first day, but also the base of guarding the nation.

(16th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Boonsan-Castle(Bowl Mountain Castle)

Dam-Woon, Kang

Within the temple of Chunhyang, on the girder the lamps redly flare,  
In front of the Manjangdae, water strikes the empty air.  
And facing the wind, a commander plays the jade flute in dark,  
A solitary melody fades into the depths of the clouds in stark.  
(16th, Sep.,2023, Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Hamheo-Pavilion

Dam-Woon, Kang

I look on the westward sky, dragon-like clouds are forming and billowing,  
And finishing a ritual for rain, a county magistrate's slowly returning  
On horseback. They turn on the red candles at Hamheo-Pavilion, when sun's  
setting,  
The young ladies're singing songs, and the poems in the sky, the white gulls are  
writing.

(16th, Sep.,2023, Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Royal Tomb Of King Suro

Dam-Woon, Kang

The water of spring like the clouds, flowing abundantly in the Tiger Valley,  
People who're doing laundry have split on both sides of the Tiger Valley.  
Even in cold food festival, throughout the day, cuckoos sing  
And the grasses are green and lush at the Royal Tombs of the Queen and the  
King.

(15th, Sep.,2023, Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Yeonja-Ru Pavilion

Dam-Woon, Kang

Before the Yeonja-Ru Pavilion, atop of the branches the flowers of the willows.  
Willow branches, and young swallows, they fly aslant the setting sun.  
The swallows fly to chase the flowers, and the flowers run after the swallows,  
Scattering into the various houses in the castle, they fly to run.  
(15th, Sep.,2023, Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Patriotism Prestigious School Of Suncheon Mae-San High School

Closing twice and opening thrice, for justice it had denied for shushing  
For the sake of the nation, they raced ahead as student soldiers, and rushing  
In battles against invaders and resisting to worship at Japanese shrines  
For the future eternally, the righteous torch of Mae-san illuminates and shines.  
(14th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Sharon's Roses At The Gyeong-Ui Line Park

In rows along the path, several mugunghwa trees sway in the wind,  
Blossoming their flowers in sync with the summer days, calling the people.  
For ten thousand years, they've taken the roots in this land and people's mind,  
For generations to come, may they continue to spread far and wide and ample!  
(12th Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Ode To The Ceremony For Constructing The Monument Of Student Soldiers At Sunchon

That summer, when the red colored banners're fluttering in this land,  
Emergency, the students rallied for their nation, in this hot field.  
They gathered in Sun-Chun square, they took a stand,  
For leaving family, off home, to join the battle field.

A week of training, they're sent to the frontline Army  
And facing the foe, the Crack People's Army the sixth Division,  
Which composed of the veterans at Chinese War at the Eight Route Army  
And many young lives fell to be crimson petal on mission.

Their sacrifice ensured the stalling tactics' success,  
And make time to rebuild the defense line when were to crack.  
Their deaths provided the chance for victory to progress,  
And planting the seeds of freedom in this nation's track.

Though victory in war was finally won, and they've been hard time  
Because the survivors missed their study to run,  
And seven decades've passed, though we remember late time,  
They're nineties, and our living is debt of their merits in large ton.  
(30th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# To Pick The Mountain-Willow-Branches

## 1. Hong-Rang

I've picked the willow branches from the mountain crest and sent them to love.  
Please, plant them outside the window of your bedroom, and see not to admove.  
When new leaves bloom in the night's rain, knowing that it signifies me, please  
my love.

(10th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

## 2. Hong-Rang

I've pick'd the willow branchiz  
From the mountain crest and send'd them to love.  
Please, plant them outside the window  
Of your bedroom, and see not to admove.  
When new leav'z  
Bloom in the night's rain,  
Knowing that it signifieth me, please my love.

(10th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Song Of White Heron

1.

To the valley where crows are quarreling, white heron, please not go,  
In the quarrelsome crows, they're for fear of envying your whity glow.  
Your pure form with a bath in pristine waters, will be tarnished by crow.  
(9th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

2.

To the valley where crows are quarreling,  
White heron, please not go,  
For amidst the quarrelsome crows,  
They're for fear of envying your white glow.  
Your pure form  
Which've bathed in pristine  
Waters, would be tarnished by crows.  
(9th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# With Thorns In One Hand

## 1. Tahg, Woo

Glared eyes, with thorns in one hand,  
A club in the other hand,  
I try to block the aging-path  
With thorns, and to hit the coming gray-hair,  
Firstly took a short cut  
With knowing oneself, is the gray hair.

## 2. Tahg, Woo

Glared eyes, with thorns in one hand,  
A club in the other hand,  
I try to block the aging-path  
With thorns, and to hit the coming gray-hair,  
The gray-hair,  
Knowing oneself first,  
And which come by taking a short cut.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# Summer, Friday Night Scene At Gyeongui Line Park

It's Friday and always bustling with nightlife  
Beside the forest of the park.  
Laughter spills over, beyond the open  
Windows of the taverns in dark.  
During walking on the forest road, you can hear  
The insects' crying in dark,  
People're crowding on the small road, birds  
Are awake leaning on the bark.

(12th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Old Man, Who Once, Soared On A Crane

The old man, who once, soared on a crane,  
Long ago, his presence wane'.  
Only the drooping willow trees sway,  
Whispering by the river every day.  
The traces of merit have faded away,  
Replaced by memorial stone on the way.  
The public officials lost in fight,  
They're self-centered for only their light.

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Ode To The Us 24th Infantry Division

The history, of the twenty-fourth division in Korea  
Is, for freedom, written by blood and hands in blistering  
They infused the breath for country, lapsed into dyspnea,  
They're all the brave warriors and left the glorious history

Osan, Dajeon, they gained time instead of their lives,  
And on the battle fields only left the summer breeze.  
The young soldiers fallen on earth to be floral leaves,  
But, in Korea, the leaves brought up the freedom trees.

Collapsed the front line and one after another commitment,  
But under handicap, they succeeded the stalling operation.  
The time for other units, it's essential for refitment,  
As a result, it's the base for victory for other operation.

Now, owing to the blood of heroic division,  
Korea could defend the freedom, it's not only the victory  
Of Korea but world. They planted the freedom as vision  
And it'll be recalled eternally by free people as the victorious history.

(28th, Aug.,2003, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# Three-Story Stone Pagoda At Sooljeong-Li

Where has the grandeur of the glory, old times gone,  
In the square, only a stone pagoda is forlorn,  
No temple and the corner stones are scattered on the meadow.  
As the sun tilts, the tip of branches, it's shaking, the shadow.

(7th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Thou

1.

No hand to hold, yet  
My arm's beginning to numb,  
Reminds me old days.

2.

Can't bearing to break,  
In deep of my heart, the last  
One pretty flower.

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3.

'Tis night, energy,  
Not endless roads before me,  
Living endlessly.

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Let's Not Send Obituary Notice

Hong-Gu, Heo

My dear friends! Ah! My friends who're genial and kind,  
When I receive the obituary notice, my heart sinks to wind.

One must travel alone the path which lonely drawn,  
When we meet those who've already taken off the body and gone,  
What else is there but sorrow and pain to bear?  
Let's not feel lonely or think to feel hurt, if we dare.

Let's live our lives and suddenly take off what it meant to be,  
Someday we'll come as the wind, the sunshine, spring rain at cree,  
If there's the relation, as the beautiful flowers, we'll meet in glee.

(6th, Sep.,2023, Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Passing By Late General Cho Minsu's Tomb

The tomb rests on a lonely hill, a desolate mound,  
As the sun sets where dreams vanished long time to be downed  
Dust. Comrades who vowed to share life, now scattered afar,  
To conflict for achieving fame and prestige respectively, the oath be the char.  
Bamboo leaves on the hill are wailing to follow the breeze,  
While the grass on the path are blocking the visitors, so paces freeze.  
Indifferent to wealth and fame, the stone statue stands tall,  
The shoulders covered in moss, it has faithfully watched over all.  
(29th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Thinking Of The Old History At The Tomb Of Cho Min-Su

Even when the revolution's banners fly high,  
Wealth isn't allocated without the 'why? '  
Yesterday, comrades argued for the share,  
Distracted by greed, no sight of what's fair.  
In the pages of history, a sad truth we find,  
Friends' wielding knives, concealing the mind.  
So why grieve for no visiting, left on the hill?  
Satisfy with humble graves, the life is nil.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# Makgeolli Brewed In Your Township

In Your Township, makgeolli was brewed in a modest home,  
As the lid is lifted, and in the room, the deep aroma roam.  
Because the sweetness and sourness, which blended harmoniously  
Hoping for the continued prosperity of Changnyeong's specialty...  
(29th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Morning Of Upo-Swamp

In the early morning, distant water, it rises the fogs,  
The sun casts light through thick trees in bogs,  
In the eastern sky and the day begins  
At Upo. When the surface of the lake is tinged with gold, the day grins.

When Upo awakens, the pheasants in the grassy copse  
Are frighten to dart away, making noise with stops,  
In the marsh, ducks flap their wings suddenly,  
While herons walk exquisitely and slowly.

The cool, morning breeze cuts through the trees,  
And with every stepping, the sounds of the grass suddenly cease.  
In the distance, I can hear the sound of a tractor from the vill,  
And the air slowly rises above the fields on the hill.

On the village hall's flagpole, the Taegeug-flag's fluttering  
And by the sun, it's shining even brighter in the morning,  
A morning in the time of eternity, like some of day.

Upo awakens again today.

(27th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# At The Thatched Cottage On Hot Summer Night Near The Upo Swamp

Near the Upo swamp, hot summer night,  
The left heat make the hill forget the breeze.  
The sky without clouds, the stars share their light  
Is downing and twinkling on the needle of the pine, the tree's..

It hears the frogs croaking from the far away.  
The pond at the cottage, the lotus are secretly blooming.  
The mother stars whisper across the Milky Way  
And on the cottage windows, star-lights're stealthy knocking.

The small winged insects're buzzing and flying to the light,  
Having sit on the small veranda, crickets are chirping  
And I standing on the ground, the stars are sending the light.  
The sky without the moon, the dark clouds're floating.

Hot night and late night, to man or animal, it's hard time,  
The center veranda under the grass thatched roof,  
I'm lying sprawled out on the porch for a long time,  
And the buzzing and the chirping of the world, as if I'm aloof.  
(27th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee

# Mt. Hwawang

As the name of Mt. Hwawang, is the guardian mountain, is known to us,  
Eloquently, the history of three kingdoms flows, now, and thus  
In the future like long ago, it'll share us the joys and sorrows,  
And revealing countless faces in spring afternoons and fall morrows.

(27th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Writing A Poem On Visiting A Pottery

Succeeding the tradition of Bihwa-Gaya(the old country in this area)  
The potter places his works into the furnace and put the fire.  
In Changnyeong, in the world of ceramic fields, it's the center at old days.  
The artist's heart is anxious until the end of last days.  
(26th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Stay Over Night At A Youth Hostel Which For Ecological Experience Vill In Upo Wetland

Beyond the open window of a straw-roofed cottage which is old,  
At dawn, I can hear the sound of raindrops, gentle and bold.  
A lullaby from the cradle on a sudden occur the days to my mind,  
And tossing and turning, seeking sleep, in hopes to unwind.  
(25th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Ode To Changnyeong

The clear water of Nagdong River flows for ten thousand years,  
The clouds that cover Hwawang Mountain rain evenly down in time.  
The Japanese invaders're defeated by the people who rose up as volunteers,  
The barbarians from the north were chased away by defending like the hardéned  
lime.

On the fertile paddies by the river, the ears of rice are bending and swaying.  
On the abundant fields below the mountain, the fruits are politely drooping,  
In every school, and every classroom, the children's voices'll be filling,  
I wish, for the country's development, at the head, always, Changnyeong'll be  
leading...

(26th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Writing A Poem When Looking At Mangwoo-Dang

He raised a righteous army and achieved the great feats during the Imjin War,  
But dreaming of a Taoist hermit's life, he declined high positions after the war.  
Returning home, he played with seagulls and cranes, on the hill of the river-  
bank.

Abstained from hot food and grains, and followed the wild geese, left his boat on  
the bank.

(26th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# Visiting A Courtyard Full Of Shiitake Mushrooms And Writing

On my first visit, I entered the courtyard after hard way for finding.  
Before the lord, on the gate a dog greeted, with tail was wagging.  
When my learning was done, the dog's running for goodbye when I turned to  
depart,  
Watching me until my car was out of sight, with her truthful heart.  
(26th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Passing By The General Cho Min-Su(The Chang-Seong Marquis) 's Grave

As the late summer sun sinks low and can hear lonely sounds,  
At the front grave, bamboo clashing, hills echo with chirping sounds.  
The wild grasses grow unchecked, blocking for guest's feet,  
And moss on stone-statue talks the latter years' hardness complete.  
(23rd, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Ode To Heroes Of The Us 2th Infantry Division

- To write a poem to praise the US 2th Infantry Division's Victory at Changnyung Battle

In late summer days, Nag-dong River was flowing  
As usual. And thousand Lis the blue river's winding  
The mountains and fields. The enemies' full-scale, two weeks,  
Offensive, and the heroes defended the rivers and peaks

The enemy's launched series of attack to surround  
The Dae-gu and their desperate action to defend them all-round  
Operation. The bluish river had turned to be red,  
And the invaders were fallen their dream on the riverside and bled.

The enemy couldn't break through and ran about in confusion,  
Occupation the Busan, the dream turned out the illusion.  
The Long experienced enemy soldiers were vanished  
And lack of the arms, ammunition, and supply so they famished.

This successful operation was based on the counter-attack  
And by Inchon operation, the enemies were pierced their back.  
Changnyung-Bagjin was the name as a triumphant victory  
And eternally we'd talk about the heroes and the story.  
(22nd, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee

# Writing A Poem To Celebrate The First Birthday Of My Grandson

Before I know, my pretty grandson welcomes his first birthday.  
It satisfies me to see him growing simple-, heartedly and brilliantly  
And truly adorable, watching him imitate and strive on his own way,  
And I hope he grows to be the heart of the world, truly.  
(20th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Landscape Of The Kyung-Eui Line Park At Midnight

It's passed the initial day of autumn,  
And it's cool and the leaves're wobbled by the breeze.  
Being heard the sounds of grass-bugs on bottom.  
And a few cicadas're chirping on the trees.

A few people are walking at dark night and mid night,  
And side of the park, there're few people in the stores,  
And gradually became the brighter the road light  
Many of the lords were cleaning the floors.

In the park when the sun set in the west,  
Many persons are walking and jogging.  
After the office, they're seek to rest  
And filling the pubs, benches for talking.

Already the birds flew to their nest,  
The winds're cooling the left heat in the Park.  
The street stalls were lost the guest,  
But they're preparing morrow in dark.

(17th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# The Ode To The French Legionnaires At Jipyung-Ri

As freedom fighters, they were all the volunteers  
The heroes of war, experienced, the legionnaires  
Disembarking battlefield, they encamped the Jipyung-ri,  
Like a flood rushed the Chinese, red Army.

Immediately below the front line, stealthily  
In the dark, approached near, but the enemy  
Were exposed by the experienced veteran and they left  
The corpses, the action of French was deft.

Again and Again Red Army attacked  
In waves, hand-to-hand, the cracked  
Legionnaires defended the fortress, the binded  
Enemies all were absentminded.

The triumph of the Gapyeong was wrought from Jipyung-ri  
Owing to Gapyeong's triumph, Seoul  
Was Safe. And the triumph recorded on war-history,  
Forever will remember the invincible soul.

(19th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# The Ode To Russell L. Blaisdell And Mike Strang

In Korean War, after Incheon operation  
In Seoul, he founded the shelter for the orphan  
And cared for them at during retrograde operation,

A thousand orphans were up to the burthen  
Of him. It's known to us the Kiddy Car Airlift  
To transport by boating, but gradually worsen.

It's urgent but received short shrift  
So Blaisdell made the fake order for requisition  
Which for the trucks to support the orphans to shift

To Je-Ju island. And due to the operation,  
He was summoned to the military law commission,  
But happily, in the army, he can keep his position

The orphans could be rescued by his action,  
And he left Korea, but Koreans were in his debt,  
As an army chaplain, he had various position.

No more, we cannot meet them, yet,  
Blaisdell and Mike Strang, we must not forget.  
(15th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# The Reason I Love Him

Saeng-Jin, Lee

Here, the real names would be preferable,  
His name was 'Baek Seok' whom she loved  
Known as 'Kim Young-han', the woman whom Baek Seok loved  
Yet Baek Seok called her 'Jaya' as a nickname which suitable  
They met each other at early twenty  
Baek Seok, an English teacher of verse,  
Jaya, was a Ki-saeng, played the songs and dances at party.  
For three years, love grew within their embrace.  
Baek Seok wandered Manchuria and passed away in north Korea  
Jaya made the great fortunes in south Korea,  
And made an offering to Kil-Sang Temple.

Ten days before Jaya's time would wane,  
Elderly lady who was in weary pain,  
A young journalist inquired,  
- 'Would you donate hundreds of billion worthy fortunes,  
Do you not regret? '  
'What, regret?

- 'Mainly, when is the time that the thought of him crazed  
To you? ' 'Is there any good time to be raised  
The thought of lover? ' The journalist stood, lost for words, dazed,

- 'Instead of your wealth which was donated, you should be more blessed.'  
'What is the use without love, the rest...'  
The journalist again, dazed.

- 'If you born again? '  
'Where? '

- 'In Korea? '  
'Oh, well! Korea?  
'Not there, I would not born Korea here.  
If I were born again for literature, around England, there.'



- 'What made him so precious, whenever you refrain  
The old memory? ' 'A thousand fortunes can't match a line of his verse.  
Born again, I'd be a poet to drain  
The love's lines, ' Now it was I who puzzled with the answer in terse.

To cherish the love ' There's only verse', she phrased,  
In the realm of poetry, as a poet I was dazed.  
(14th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# Natasha, The White Donkey, And I

Baek-Seog Baek Ki-Haeng

I'm who is in poverty,  
And loving Natasha, the beauty,  
Tonight, it sinks deep in the snows and falls heavy.

Loving Natasha, I do so,  
Whity snow-flakes're deeply drifting,  
Alone, I sit, sipping the soju,  
When drinking soju and contemplating.  
Natasha and I,  
Through the snowy night, are riding on a white donkey's back,  
Let's go to the deep mount, where the birds bray for hunger in deep mount and  
live in a shack.

Deeply snowflakes keep on falling  
Natasha, I am missing'er  
Never Natasha must be not coming,  
Sometime already coming, she calmly whispering to my interior.  
Going to the remoted mount not means yielding the world,  
I throw away it, because of filthy or what the world.

Deep and deep it's falling and snowing  
Beautiful Natasha loves me,  
Liking this night, some place the white donkey's whinnying and whinnying.  
(13th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# It Will Be Snowy At Kil-Sang Temple And A Poet

Thinking a man for ten thousand days,  
Embracing a poem before, once he'd penned  
For her, she'd recited a verse in her heart, in lifetime days.

On days when the white snows gently fall to descend,  
When the day, deeply and deeply, that snow and spread  
The mount, from there, a whity donkey, which descend.

She followed the path the whity donkey led,  
No bell, no bridle, just left the footsteps to climb,  
The donkey, fading out to the snowstorm like a sled.

From the heavens, suddenly heard the whispers of rhyme,  
The wealth which she earned, gave to the other people  
Mounted on the donkey, she started to other time.

But now, when the snow'll fall down on the Kil-Sang Temple  
Then a poet'll recite a poem without the purple.?

(13th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee Terza Rima)

Kinsley Lee

# In Memory Of Late 2nd Lt. Lee Kyung-Bog And Paek Seong-Heum

The soldiers're flying low on Seoul with driving a training  
Plane. By hand-throwing cannonballs, they flew to attack the enemy,  
And struck in mid-air, so wrapped around their plane by flaming,  
They spewed a final flame, colliding to the tanks of enemy.  
(9th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# In Memory Of Late Gen. Yu And His Son

Throughout General Yu's short life, he remained under the embrace of the nation's sky. Only

The unwavering loyalty, for destructing the challenging objectives, he'd flown out to the full of sortie.

He's a model of the scarlet muffler, while he still young, but ascended to be a star.

Forever the twin stars'll shine, sadly, later his son chased him to become a star.

(8th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Ode To The Greatest Batter And Pilot Ted Williams

At major league, he's a batter of the Boston Red Sox.  
During the world war second, he put down a bat  
For a while, he took a control handle of Fight-Hawks  
And after war again he returned to at bat.

When it broke out Korean War, again stopping batting  
And he made many hits, by high speed ball.  
But he'd been hit by pitch, during air-attacking  
But he returned on base from anti-aircrafter's ball.

At war he took part in many sorties to strafe  
And always scoring runs he touched the airbase,  
At all events at battle, he's not out but safe,  
And in front of the crowd, again he returned to the home-base.

He's a hero not only war but also baseball,  
And by record, being inducted into the Hall of Fame,  
And retired a legend hitter and veteran on Gun-ball,  
Even passed away, we forever remember his name.  
(7th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# In Memory Of Late Captain Taek-Soon Lim

At the liberated country, he's a first alumnus of Air Force Academy,  
Riding a Mustang, attacking enemy, did his best for his devoir.  
Before the last night, final sortie, he wrote and left his diary,  
Being struck down in Goseong area, he'd departing to become a star.  
(7th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# In Memory Of The Student Soldiers Who Participated The Chang-Sah Landing Operation

To deceive the foe, they launched a simultaneous attack, for concealing the grand activity.

Student soldiers took part in landing the Chang-Sah shore as the diversionary activity,

With limited forces and scarce resources, they braved the challenging to the jaw of death,

In the triumph of Incheon operation success, it's the foundation of victory, and never be the lethe.

(7th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# In Memory Of Late General Lee, Keun-Seog

The boy dreamed of flying in the sky,  
As a youth, he made that dream come true.  
Returning to Korea, he joined the military,  
Raising soldiers of the sky, he flew.

By hands-throwing, later riding the mustan',  
In the heavens, he soared and shined bright.  
When been shot down in action, colliding foe-tan',  
He turned to stardust, a star in the night.

(7th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# In Memory Of The Guerrillas At Bulamsan

Gathered as one mind, those who lagged behind, soldiers and cadets,  
Emerging from the shadows of Bulamsan, sudden guerrilla attacking, they  
launched.

With invincible and agile raids, they've achieved the war results and been the  
threats

To the enemy. Alas, the last battle, they rescued civilians and all were perished.  
(6th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# In Memory Of The Fallen Cadets

Raising rifles, the military cadets rushed to the battlefield,  
With bare fists, they blocked the invaded enemy, flaming loyalty.  
Did not blooming, young men for nation, they've fallen on the hot field.  
The deaths of young age, the lonesome tower mourns silently.  
(6th, Aug.,2023 Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Lady General Of Guwol-Mount

The country liberated, burdening with loss of family she grasped the nettles.  
A woman, escaped from the prison, and joined the freedom fighter far  
Away. On Mount-Guwol, she fought valiantly and made contribution in guerrilla  
battles,  
But even the seasoned soldier could not overcome the pain of scar.  
(2nd, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Ode To Us 213th, Field Artillery Battalion's Triumph At The 2nd Gapyeong-Battle

Suddenly outer cover unit disappeared,  
So they're in sticky situation but never bewildered.  
The assailants were seven times, as enemy  
And the defender were without the cover of infantry,

Frank ordered, 'Nobody sleeps tonight'.  
It's spring and they're waking at starry night.  
Like ants Chinese assaulted in dark night  
They defended by shelling and hand and hand fight

The enemies withdrew hills and vales,  
Here and there, on the corpses, there're gales.  
All of the battalion fought with one  
Mind, at last many of the captives, they won.

The battalion, there're no war dead  
At the battle. Real story! It's a miracle! It's said  
That under a year, Frank Rally, the Commander,  
Whose blonde, but returned home only white hair.  
(6th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# Reckless, Us Marine Horse

Alone, without fright, she took the active roles in the midst of combat field,  
From beginning to end of war, galloping the battle field where full of the  
gunpowder mist.

At last this US mariner from Korea retired the field and honorably be dismissed,  
A marine horse left the great contributions on the history and left the field.  
(3rd, Aug.,2023 Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# A Poem Dedicated To The Student Soldiers Of Taebaek High School

When the Red Chinese invaded the Korea, the Taebaek young students,  
And teachers and their students applied to be warriors for dangerous country to  
fight,  
Made the contributions, and they meet again at their home town, many students  
Yet, their precious names engraved in the mountains under the light.  
(2nd, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Kun-San High School Renowned For Patriotism

By the enemy's invasion, the mother land's on the stake and going to burn.  
They applied to be the student soldiers and ventured vales and hills to face  
The enemy. After war, to the campus, many student couldn't return.  
The lonely tower honors their youthful sacrifice even as time pass.

(1st, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Members Of Kagnev Battalion

They were the gallant Royal Guards soldiers in Ethiopia  
But one days applied to participated the war broken at unknown  
Country, far away. They descended the Olympia  
To the port. And arrived the land the cannonballs flown.

The name 'Kagnev', it means the invincible at the battle,  
The heroes wrote the many legends and the core  
Operations they carried out. With the sky-high mettle,  
They planted the freedom on the land which torn by war.

They returned to their home with medals and honor of victory,  
But after the revolution, they must bump into the new era.  
The reason of fighting against the communist, astrictory,  
They were kicked off from their works, living with their life like para.

The almost of the veterans were nineties. They're living with the retrospect,  
But now Korean and world's freedom is owing to their merits,  
And their heroic story isn't passed, it progress for prospect.  
For Freedom for Human. It always be remembered, their merits!  
(1st, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# The Last Parade Of The Poor Soldier

He'd captured during Korean War, the battle-field,  
And the enemy sent him to the remoted coal mine.  
Last fifty years, the friends've died at the red field,  
Barely, he had escaped the cold and frozen mine.

He escaped the land of cold place by himself,  
The presidents'd gave the money to the North,  
And visiting but the prisoners' name're on the shelf,  
Returning the spies, but they're forgotten thenceforth.

He deeply and deeply longed for his home town,  
The earth was changed, and he's not accustomed to,  
His old families had passed away at the old town,  
He's lived as the other stranger, too.

To the crematory, he made his last parade,  
While turning to the ashes, no requiem, no glory.  
But with sentence of the poem, he'd rested on the glade.  
'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.'  
(30th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# Calling Again The Forgotten Names

Now, seventy years have passed  
Since it ceased the echoes of the cannons,  
But the many soldiers're living with the blast  
In mine, left in the red land and canyons.  
No soldiers could know when the war was ceased  
Ev'ry-day, they're held in the mine at least.

At twenty one century, they're abandoned,  
And long time, they've lived with numbers no names.  
When young, by the nation, at emergency they're summoned.  
And fought for nation and with nation's names.  
At the national cemetery, they're registered as the missing,  
Or the war dead, so far they're regarded as no living.

For long time, they've longed for home but couldn't mouth,  
But once departing no visiting to their town.  
In fall, the wild geese fly to the south,  
The crossed entanglements, the winds can go down,  
But all time, they're held the forcible grinds  
And even to the birds, they couldn't talk their minds.

Now we all must call their old names  
Again. Let's call their names, aloud,  
The names're remained the death land, and the forgotten names,  
Until the sounds reach to the heaven, in loud,  
Until the shouts hit the freedom bells,  
Until the calling make them go out in dells.  
(30th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# Returning Home After Seventy Years

They drew in foreign power and invaded  
The other brothers in the name of liberation.  
With the army who changed uniform, they raided  
At dawn, suddenly. With difficulty, nation  
Defended against an enemy desperately.  
The young soldiers're at the age of twenty.

Elder brother was dead at the battle  
Of Youndug, Pohang at the Walker line.  
After In-Cheon Operation, they retreated to scuttle.  
They kicked off the enemy like to chase the swine  
To north at last. He served at KATUSA,  
But sadly he dead in the shield of MED-USA.

At Chosin Reservoir, he was too young to die  
At high-teen. With other soldiers he was covered  
By the white snow, waiting the evacuation to lie.  
But too long the evacuation, 'cause not discovered.  
At last, Choi Im-rak, he had a trip to Hawaii  
And waited the physical examination at the Hawaii.

With his nephew, he took aboard a plane.  
And coming back to his hometown, the journey'll end  
And he's passing the soldiers to Hollowed Plain  
Where his brother is waiting at the other end.  
Beside the Choi, Sang-Rag. Choi, Im-Rag will rest  
Forever. Never forget, owing to them we can rest!  
(30th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# To Write A Poem Looking Around The Osaka Castle

## The 2nd Poem

In Cheonsugak(Tenshukaku) , the crests of a Paulownia leave graceful on the roof's eave

But warehouse the salted noses and ears, the soul wandered can't leave.

Pu-Ha's righteous knife pierced a heart, the head of enemy,

And a foolish son was dead by Tokugawa's sword and left no posterity

(28th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Recollect The Battle Of Gloster Hill(Solma-Ri, Imjin River)

The late spring in the field, the coquelicots are blooming  
In this Imjin area, on the vale and hill.  
Spring's coming, the red thieves were looming,  
And human-wave attacking, to the Gloster hill.  
Here and there, on the hero's blood,  
The flowers're blooming as the hue of blood.

In this area, one thousand years ago,  
The Tang Dynasty Army invaded  
And the Silla soldiers blocked their blow.  
During Korean War, Red thieves raided  
And besieged to crush the royal heroes.  
For three days, the enemies're blocked by the heroes.

Even a guidon had broken on the fortress,  
And to the heroes, Grim Reaper came nigh.  
But the invincible fought against them in support-less,  
But many heroes, under the sky,  
Sadly, couldn't see again, the Seoul,  
Owing to them, we can see Taegeug-Gi in Seoul.

The Korean War'll be never forgotten,  
And the Glosters' heroic story'll not end.  
Only the freedom could've be boughten  
By the blood. For freedom, to fight no bend!  
In the field, the coquelicots'll bloom forever,  
The Glosters' flag'll be waving forever.  
(29th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# An Ode To Archie And Joseph Hearsey

The Young and chivalrous Archie applied the Korean War,  
And Joseph applied for his brother without the notice,  
To family. But they did not know Korea and war.  
But they irrigated freedom to the barren lake for the lotus

Archie met his brother at the field hospital,  
And rite-less Joseph held his last breadth on his brother,  
Archie and Joseph departed again in the hospital.  
And for long and long-time, Archie'd been sought his brother

He did not know where his brother's resting place.  
He'd the sense of guilty for his brother's passing away,  
And Archie's been rested beside his brother's place,  
At last, long he's turned round and round the way.

We must not forget these brothers lying in this land.  
They fought for the people unknown for all their life  
And `cause we're owing to them all we have in this land.  
We'll must reward the world instead of their strife.  
(At 10 o'clock, 27th, Jul., 2023. The 70th ceasefire day of the Korean War. Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# To Write A Poem Looking Around The Osaka Castle

Hideyoshi's futile and greedy dreams, they slaughtered the people in Joseon  
For five hundred years, till now his name was been cursing, Korean people drive  
on.

Tokugawa received Heaven's order and annihilated Toyotomi's family,  
Yet deep resentment makes Korea and Japan can't be friends easily.  
(26th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



## The Castle Of Osaka The 2nd Poem

It gloriously in golden splendor, the Cheonsugak\* augustly stands,  
By Hideyoshi's greedy ambition, it crumbled the merits to the sands.  
In the lake, according to the wind, the pretty, slanted shadow sways,  
Beneath the lake's surface, the sighs of souls rise with the waves, on the ways.  
(25th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# At The Garden Of The Cho-Dae

The garden of the restaurant is beautiful, located at the side of the Han-river,  
The full of the water flows silently without the babbles.

The breeze blowing through the shade of the trees, the coolness, they deliver,  
As the moon rises amidst the conversation, the shadows sway in the ripples.

(1st, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Castle Of Osaka

Far away the head of the castle is seen, in the deep woods,  
With high walls and deep moats, even the strongest enemy couldn't conquer.  
How did Hideyori foolishly trust the enemy's words?  
A bird is crying in the splendid pavilion where no the old owner.  
(25th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# At Summer Dawn

At dawn, through the open window embrace,  
Whispers of weeping voices reach to my bed.  
But down the park, to the grove I tread, where  
The chorus of insects' hushes, silence spread.  
In the heart of the forest, all I see is the night  
Mist amidst the deep and serene hushes.  
Returning to my high-rise home and lie in bed,  
Once again, I can hear the sounds from the bushes.  
(20th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Night Crying Cicada

As rain subsides for a while in the park at night, the cicada cries,  
In ancient times, it sang clearly in early morning summer skies.  
Aware of the dangers that fill the world, even insignificant one strives  
For love. How do they're chirping loudly until the dawn arrives?  
(23rd, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Nursed Grandson

As the infant grandson draws near his first, the birthday of baby,  
Following grandparents' acts, now he imitates with gladly.  
Not speaking words, through eyes, he sees in every detail.  
Remembering and trying, we'll left him the beautiful steps he'll trail.  
(23rd, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# General Gang Gam-Chan

Rushed to the border to engage in battle,  
The valiant old general, at the age of seventy,  
In Ryo's third invasion, protecting the nation  
With unwavering valor, he's leading the troops to victory.  
Amidst the winds of Kui-Ju, in the final battle,  
The great triumph at the crisis, his army achieved.  
All the people won the last operation  
And overcame the cataclysm, the flags of peace were waved  
(19th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Boarding Secretly, Bound For The Pacific

By Syngman Rhee

November 1920,

A guest, seeking a distant journey from Hawaii, surreptitiously boarded  
The ship, within the tightly sealed cabin, the lamplight glowed warmly,  
Its wooden walls like iron fortresses, inside the darkness is casted  
By tomorrow's dawn, it will be far out of reach, the rivers and mountains  
But how monotonous will the passing years be before this night is over?  
Over the Pacific, drifting lightly on the fair winds  
Who could know in this vessel the next world is near?

(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# Burning Love Of A Thousand Nights

Love aflame for a thousand nights, a farewell without a vow of next bond  
For lover's sake, for man's sake, in a deep one night, she stealthy did abscond.  
Even departed, the geese may find their mates beneath the same sky,  
The pitiful maiden, in a different realm, to him, she cannot draw to nigh.  
When autumn arrives, she seeks news from migratory wild ducks and geese,  
As spring departs, she weaved the poems by tears and loaded the floral breeze.  
With lavish generosity, all of her wealth she bestows upon society,  
Then abruptly departs to meet a man, running to a secluded place, lonely.  
(17th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Write On A Professor's Honorable Retirement

Having been the relation with Sogang for forty  
Years. As a student and till now as a teacher,  
The young lady became, old last forty  
Years. The time fly, and white snow which left to her.  
On the hill, and she looking down the campus,  
The Nogo-San, always looks like the Olympus.

Most of her life, living in Sogang,  
She's been lived for Sogang with the students,  
And thinking only literature and Sogang,  
And all her best, has done, her commitments.  
When it rains the ginkgo trees on the ground,  
The drooping boughs, the fruits only sound.

In a twinkling of an eye, the time has passed  
By. And leaning and watching the light of the day,  
During with the students, the time fled fast.  
When she'll leave the campus, it's the near the day  
In the nest on trees near the library,  
The magpies croak to talk the last story.

Even she's leaving but she'll be the lamp us,  
And the future, the planted seeds bloom and fruit.  
And may her bless! Leaving the campus,  
And evermore, only she has happiness in the flute!  
For long time she've nourished Sogang ground,  
Whenever spring, they'll bloom on this mound.  
(14th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

## A Poem At Dawn With No Titled

As the waking at dawn quickens its pace, the oldness is nigh without understand.  
In the chime of a Kakao message yet, heart emotions remain,  
Oh, alas! The days of verdant youth, never to regain!  
Looking the face, captured by a phone-lens, the wrinkles are deeply engrained.  
(14th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Passing By General Nam Yi's Shrine

At General Nam Yi's shrine, violet flowers bloom on the bough,  
But it cannot work for long, even deceiving may work, temporarily.  
As truth unfolded, the meritorious vassal's showy tombs faded now,  
Who's a Jin-Hoi? Who's an Ahg-Bi? That's known to people and history.  
(13th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Park Landscape In The Rainy Season

The rain has stopped for `while and the park is dark at night,  
The thick clouds fill the sky and the insects are quiet on the grass.  
Young people run and old people walk in the wood-road light,  
It's fresh when, on the leaves, the water droplets fall and the winds pass.  
(12th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Make The Excuses For Queen Jin-Seong No.2

-The Decline of Silla

Since the union of the Three Kingdoms, a century has passed,  
The nobles severe to people, and the youth lost the aspirations.

On his steed, Kim Yu-Shin's spirited soul lamented to cast.

Silla begins to waver and rebellions arise from all directions.

(11th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Make The Excuses For Queen Jin-Seong No.1

-Prelude

That she was licentious, the later generation of the historians condemned  
Her. And blaming the responsibility for the nation's financial bankruptcy.  
But for the people's sake, utilizing the Sir Goh-Eun's chart, she reformed,  
But she's impeached by the kinsmen who indulged the bone-rank and luxury.  
(11th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Climbing Up To The Old Knoll

By Lee Eun-Sang

Returning today to the old knoll  
Where I used to play,  
The words of an ancient poet that the mounts  
And streams are unchanged, it's false.  
Th'towering  
Pine tree that once stood  
Here, now fell and gone.

Leaning on my walking stick,  
I turn towards the mountain's slope,  
In some years, battered  
By storms, collapsed and fallen,  
Yet from th'soil,  
The new pine saplings  
Emerge, they trying to measure the height.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Ode For Twin Star

-In Memory of the Air-Force Pilot, the Father Myung-Ryul Park, and his Son In-Chul Park...

The hillside is dusky when the sun set in the west,  
The riverbank the road lights flash on the dandy creased  
Roads. In the small cell, they prepare for their rest.  
And on the sky, the stars appear their faces in the east.  
But the outside of the land the day's affair's not finished,  
Under the starlight their busyness are not diminished.

One day the gravestone was erected in this hallowed ground,  
And with greeting, a new star appeared in the sky at night,  
And the four-year son's waiting his sire to the airplane's sound,  
And longing for father but only the star's beaming the light  
When he grown up, been an air-force pilot to fly  
But one day, sadly he chased his father in the sky.

Yon, the twin tombstones on this land. Hark!  
The twin stars on the sky, on this hill and river, they shine.  
Without the resting the gray tombstones gleam in dark,  
The last post blows the calmly sounds in this shrine.  
For their living days for their country they did their best,  
And the small cells under the ground the all souls rest.

Owing to the sacrifice of the stars the road-lights shine  
And the Pleasure boat progress upstream on the river  
And hot summer on the farm the grapes are maturing on the vine  
For wine. We must not forget their sacrifice forever.  
For this country, he left this land for being a star,  
And even his son chased him for being another star.  
(10th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# The Seoul Chinese Regional Unit

When the war began, even the Chinese in Korea who joined voluntarily,  
Infiltrating the enemy's rear to disrupt and gather intelligence which needs,  
They're rewarded medals, burying national cemetery their noble deeds,  
But 'cause of the other nationality, leaving tales of heroism only.

(8th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

## To Write On The Seol-Pa's Painting

In the outdoor summer park where flowers have yet to bloom,  
But the Roses of Sharon now return, in Seolpa's painting,  
Though the buds haven't burst in the late monsoon, they not bloom,  
Already, on the hill of the painting with balminess they're abundantly blooming.  
(6th, Jul,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Apologize To Antigone

In a land of cursed, unable to live as a princess,  
She departed with her father, wandering from farmland to fairyland.  
Father's death, even returning to her homeland,  
The hurt heart, it's not easy for her to express.

Her brothers fought for the throne, killing each other,  
The corpse's dumped on the field, beasts mocked and ravens jeered.  
Who could dare break the king's command? But she feared  
Not the order, and flying the poor soul of brother.

Accused of crime for funeral and burying the dead brother  
Leaving behind her lover, she took her own life.  
That tale become a play and the performing are rife.  
And it request the tear of world, sister and mother.

Unable to join the funeral rite of friend  
Due to fear, and cutting off the relationship,  
For the successful military career discarding the guilt-trip.  
When will the grasses grow the grave of friend?  
(6th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# In Memory Of Late General Walker

With a small army, he waged delaying battles and made an opportunity  
successfully,  
For counter-attack. His men valiantly fought on the battlefield and protected with  
all their heart.  
To dark Korea, leaving the light of miracle, the victory, though he sadly  
Passed away before his parade, his great merits'll live in Korean's heart!  
(4th, Jul,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Deep Scent Of Hydrangeas

When hydrangeas bloom in the garden, butterflies come for taking flight,  
The fragrance is so rich that they do not think of returning but look forever  
remain,

But if the flower's honey were to run out, the butterflies would depart to bright.  
When men step down, how can they expect the dependable friends to remain?  
(4th, Jul,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Write On The Seol-Pa's Painting Titled Pear-Blossoms

The pear-blossoms dance along with the winds, under the moon is bright.  
How did people of old who cry out their sadness in the misty night?  
Here and there, it remains that the poems and paintings which sang of tears.  
It's the reason farmers're filling the fruits with tears and sending the pears.

(3rd, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Trumpet Flowers

Blooming in the morning, blowing the horns, man awakening with its sound,  
They're drooping in the hot afternoon sun, and falling with conceding its place.  
Tomorrow, at dawn, the flower will bloom anew, from the ground  
But greedy souls know not when to depart or remain, sticking on the place.  
(27th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Student Volunteer Soldier

They succeeded to the spirit of the old days' army who raised for the justice,  
ne'er

Despairing. Instead of books, the student voluntarily took up guns in the  
students' army.

Even no rank, nor military service number, but they have the patriotism, only.

Young boys rising in the face of crisis, they're shining the ever-lasting flare.

(27th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Letter Of A Student Soldier

In the darkness, the boy wrote upon the paper, letter by letter,  
He hid even the tears and captured them within, thinking of his mother.  
Unable to send it, his heart is filled with blooming crimson longing,  
In the smoke of gunpowder, the shouting of the boy, it still like lingering.  
(26th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Abebe Bikila And Abebe Bakery In Korea

He was a soldier at the royal guard,  
And joined the war for this country,  
Which unknown and be a freedom guard  
At the Kagnew unit as an infantry.

He won the new record in Rome  
With bare-foot, and Tokyo again.  
To him the road was at home,  
In Seoul we met him again.

As a soldier, he visited Korea  
And as a famous athlete again,  
For unknown competition in Korea.  
No guarantee but visited fain.

Alas, a Korean friend couldn't revisit  
And no trace of him in this country  
But many Koreans, visit,  
Not knowing the name, but the Bakery.  
(23rd, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# In Memory Of Late K. J. & Nancy Humerston

In their youth, amidst war, they loved each other and married in Japan near the base.

But the honey happiness was ended, by calling his departure to a stationed base. Longing did not cease, and her beloved, never came again.

They're laid to rest in God's garden, when, at last, she met her lover, to regain  
(21st, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Ode To The Pilipino Army's Monument For Korean War

The Pilipino battalion faced the division of enemy soldiers,  
Even been encircled but desperately and staunchly resisted in the battlefield.  
In the morning, the enemy fled and left the countless corpse-field,  
And engraved the tale of the miraculous victory of heroic soldiers.  
(21st, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# In Memory Of Late Gen. Richard S. Witcomb

As a general, did his best, and made a contribution for supplying during the war,  
Stepping out of the military, he exerted himself for the needy after the war,  
And living Korea, to orphans and the injured, he lived as both a parent and a  
friend.

He's born in the United States, but living for Korea, he's resting in Korea as a  
friend.

(20th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# In Memory Of Late Cap. William Hamilton Shaw

He's an American, born in Korea who also loved, Korea as his mother-land,  
The end of World War II, he'd trained the naval officers at southern land.  
When war broke out, from Harvard to War, he made great contributions, but fell  
at Nokbeon in Seoul.  
His legacy of service lives on through his descendants, while he rests eternally in  
Seoul.  
(19th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# In Memory Of General Ralph Montclair

For a distant nation far away, an old hero of the world war,  
Transcending the age and rank, voluntarily rushed to the battle fields to fight,  
With a great victory in the Battle of Jiphyeong-li, and his army altered the course  
of war.

He saved friends from the hell pit, and forever his name would be remembered  
as a freedom light.

(18th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# Bookstore Street In Gyeongui Line Forest Park

They're huddled, here and there, spread in dark.  
There are bookstores in the forest path of the park.  
Yellow and red, maple leaves fall by the road like the rind,  
And like paper, the leaves hesitate and pile up in the autumn wind.  
(14th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Sochang Castle(Kokura Castle)

The flowing river wraps around Kokura Castle like'n oldén days,  
And ownerless place, the croaking crow welcomes when th'guest're approaching.  
Cheonsugak(Tenshugaku) has lost it's grandeur, and it's faded away the  
splendid days,  
Yet, it's become a rest-place where cicadas' crying and dragonflies' dancing.  
(13th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Early Morning Landscape Of Gumi City

In the early dawn, the city keeps on withering gray.  
And long time ago, to the past, Gumi's glory has faded away.  
Because of the narrow-minded politics, it pushes the country  
To ruin. The desolate autumn wind's weeping in the void city.  
(12th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Hongju Gazebo

In center of the castle, I step the stairs of the gazebo and ascending.  
The early summer breeze whispers through the forest with clarity,  
There's no signboard inscribed with poems, even the good scenery,  
The dull mind, I lay out the letters and write, with th'feel of wanting.  
(12th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Choryang Cafe 1941

Amidst the mount ridge the ancient house has stood firm for the long ages  
It's lonely enduring the sorrows of history, all on one's hard time.

The ships continue to come and go, just like the past ages

Please, remain and gaze upon Busan harbor for a long time...

(11th, Jun., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Late Autumn At Geumsu Temple

The late fall day, from the hilltop of Choryang-dong, the scent of  
chrysanthemums wafts,  
The shadows of the autumn colored mountain gracefully embrace the temple.  
In the distant harbor, ships are coming and going, along their paths  
Yearning for their return, the soundless the wind chime bids farewell on the  
eaves of temple.

(11th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Kug-Je-Si-Jang

The name of Kugje Sijang, it widely introduced us to the people as a movie,  
But November, on early evening, the breeze blow with dusts and I'm chilly.  
The stores that once appeared have changed, only the name remains,  
Due to misguided politics, merchants' foreheads burdened with pains.  
(11th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Dadaepo

The Nakdong River is running a thousand miles, reaching the sea,  
From far away the sea, the waves of Dadaepo return serenely.  
The autumn wind in the afternoon at the seashore is blowing warmly and gently,  
The breeze briskly brushes the green hills, and blowing from the distant sea  
(10th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Landscape Of Choryang-Dong

Across from the Busan Station, in Choryang-dong, at the city of core.  
Rare are the people passing by at 8 o'clock on an early night,  
It looks dark bars, here and there, extinguished their light.  
Late fall-wind knocks on the door, be a customer of the dark store.  
(10th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Tangeumdae

On a spring day, the river flows blue, and the cliff is high. Like passed dates,  
On the Tangeumdae, as if the sound of the gayageum playing resonates.  
The eight thousand rancored souls. Now, where they're resting.  
As if knowing the ancient history. A bird is wandering and weeping.  
(10th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Write At The House Of Manhae's Birthplace

At the backyard of house, when summer wind blows the bamboo grove is singing.

On behalf of a man, the thatched cottage stand alone and is greeting.

Though the former owner no return, his spirit's lingering on,

And I think again, the path he's lonely and painfully trodden on.

(6th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# While Gazing At The Castle Of Hongju

A few of the castle gate and the portion of walls, barley they're remained,  
The shade of summer trees grows thicker, the traces of the moat, are drained  
And vanished. The old vills and hills, even their old names're disappearing.  
From afar, a bird flies and perches on branch, and it's deploring and chirping.  
(5th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Ode To The Unknown Patriotic Martyrs' Grave At Hongju

The unknown warriors stood in righteousness and fought at their best,  
Though buried together in the one grove, for eternal rest.  
But their birthplaces and times may never been the same,  
With one heart and fidelity, they served their nation's aim.  
(5th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Hwatus And The Cho Young-Nam's Exhibition

Having introduced from Japan, in the middle of Joseon dynasty,  
Now, blooming and boasting of its popularity throughout the country.  
Mocking the fool who only consider the art as the vanity,  
The genius playfully toyed and ridiculed their foolish luxury.  
(5th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Rainy Scene At Gyeongui Line Park

In the afternoon, the rain falls upon the park, on everything, the verdant lay.  
It's heard the sound of forming beads on leaves, and the droplet dances.  
Whene'er it's swaying by breeze, a refreshing essence is released from the  
branches,  
The greenish shadows're in tranquility of the long, serene summer day.  
(28th, May, 2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# On The Streets Of Osaka During The Long Holiday

They're filling the street, as the golden days of May is commencing,  
Along the Dotonbori's riverside, and under the sign-  
Board of a triumphant man who're passing the finishing line,  
The young guys are, hear and there, conversing in Korean and traveling.  
(4th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# It's Raining On The Changpo Garden

As spring departs, the rain falls on the Changpo Garden.  
The withered irises're the fresh and recovered dancers  
And various colored flowers fill the garden,  
And welcoming the summer, droplets're shining on the flowers.  
(30th, May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# A Traditional Tea House

At Insa-dong, there's a house frequently sought by people,  
The scent of ssanghwa-cha can be felt, even from afar,  
The guests sit and pass the time, mostly are middle-  
Aged. But can meet their friends, like the time of the parr.  
(29th, May, 2023. Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Okura Museum Of Gekkeikan(Wolgye-Gwan)

In the millennium-old, the ancient capital streets,  
No smoking the tall chimney're imposing like sophora trees.  
Countless people continue their stepping beats,  
The old water, once brewed rice-wine is delightful in breeze.  
(31st, May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

## At The Tamakite-, In Uji

In Uji, on the outskirts of Kyoto, a quiet and serene street,  
Even in the morning, the bakery is bustling to greet the groups of customers.  
From afar, easily finding, 'cause of the aroma of greasy and sweet.  
They go embracing joy and not a bundle of breads but laughters.  
(29th, May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Kyomizutera, Sesui-Ji, Cheongsu-Sa

On the hill, the crimson-painted main hall stands tall in sole,  
As the sun set upon the spring mountain, it looked, silently  
Many people scattered, it faded into the darkness, and felt lonely,  
Behind the pagoda, a boat sails, serving it as a punting pole.

(25th, May, 2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Golden Temple(Kinkaku-Ji, Keumgag-Sa) In Kyoto

A majestic structure adorned with glistening gold, it boasts and splendor in knoll.  
In the toilfully nurtured garden, so the sweat were lingered in garden beautiful  
gracefully.

Now, serving as a temple which dedicated to the Buddha, it has fulfilled and play  
the role.

Like shifting sands, they recognizing the nature of power and wealth, which  
disperse transiently.

(26th, May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Squid Grilled Pa-Bo In Osaka

In a small shop, there's an old owner, only.  
Being not more than ten chairs, and there aren't many  
Customers. But locals and visitors easily become friends  
To the world, really something, the bustling tavern wends.  
(26th May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Masugataya, The Udon Restaurant

As walking past the market street, I noticed a udon restaurant,  
Silently waiting their turn and they stood in line, the road jaunt.  
And nicely and neatly the mackerel sushi and udon were served by  
Old lady. When I coming out, the old chef said, good-bye.

(24th, May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# Wrote In Uji Tea History Park

In Uji, I tasted the tea brewed,  
The sencha, tencha, and gyokuro were brewed  
Which nurtured by the Uji-farmers' sweating,  
And with care in long rowed awning.  
Farms were covered with the awning,  
Near the park, I could be seeing,  
The tea're grown by the detailed devotion,  
Without the negligence of minute portion.  
(25th, May,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Japanese Rice Cake Cafe

On a spring afternoon, the old capital, it's raining and keeps on falling  
But many people form a line outside the shop, and waiting.  
Through the windows, it's heard the brook is quietly murmuring.  
The bracken cakes and warm tea, to weary customers, they're welcoming.

(24th, May, 2023. Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Hot, Redder Than Camellias

Yoonjoo Cho

In the job market of Guro-dong, people are seeking for job,  
Since the day, and wandered like ice-floe  
More days they couldn't find the job  
And, turning away just like that day ten years ago.

I spread hunger out, white as a canvas, and draw the paints,  
Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, purple—too hardened  
And old so it doesn't develop the colors well, by that paints  
And faces on the drawing papers, starved by skin and

Bones. The faces are scattered in every directions,  
Squeezed with all my might, the paints' lumps  
Clings to each leaf in coagulations,  
And it flowing in forming thin, long lumps.

The sound of breathing which grab the dawn by the people's lining.  
'If you haven't eaten breakfast, they won't take you,  
So you should assert to ate even if you without eating.'  
People with years of experience hold onto their daily wages with skilled clue.

In the middle of winter  
They get in the trucks, vans. and blooming  
As the ephemeral flowers which compare with the camellias, the redder.  
(May,2023. Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# Arrogance

Yoonjoo Cho

Sometimes rain becomes a powerful adhesive  
Leaves stubbornly stick to the pavement, refusing to ease of  
Falling flat. No more concessions, as if declaring  
They lie on the cement, protesting,  
Wanting to vent their anger towards the world at least  
Once. It's actually a lingering leaf within me leased,  
On the road just before returning to nature  
Leaving behind a notable legacy even abbreviature  
Somewhere I want to make a final desperate act  
Even if it's arrogant fact.  
Shouldn't it become a name that someone  
Remembers? Tired of the long-run  
Arguments. I stick to the ground  
My last breath, exhale the body aground.  
(May,2023. Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Sleep Over The Roof

Yoonjoo Cho

It sharply scratches through the darkness is the cat's cry,  
It almost be a scream, waking me from my morning slumber  
I realized that the cat's cry was my own cry,

Must sending you off, Even I'm knowing,  
Yet wanting to hold onto your heart for a long time  
The drops fallen on the lotus leaves, I'm gazing

Drip, drip  
That droplets are rolling as the wind.  
Which blending with the cat's cry. I'm absorbed in a strange thinking  
Purr, Purr  
A couple of cat, they come to my mind,  
Which were gently rubbing.

It can't bear, the night breaks under the weight  
Because even longing has its own magnitude no doubt  
The damp dawn, through the crack of the shattered night,  
Wanders along the mist, that thought it won't fade out.  
(May,2023. Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# Mother\_By Lee Young-Guk

Lee Young-guk

I, now  
Am running to my mother  
Who is ninety two years old  
And in hometown Paju

Last night,  
I saw her in a dream, it makes me think my mother,  
And running like a bullet.

I was born as the youngest child  
At the age of forty for my mother  
Now I have to take my mother's hands  
But yet my hands were taken by mother's hands

I am so far  
In front of my mother  
Even though I am over fifty years old,  
Being just a child who is three years old.  
(May,2023. Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# The Schedule For Sharing Happiness

Yoon Jung-san

The age of seventy years in my life, I've surpassed.  
From early morning till night, I've lived diligently not asked  
the rest. A trip to Shinan Imja Island, a long-awaited outing.  
The tourists're posing and capturing  
The sight of the beautiful tulip garden.  
My wife, acting as a model, being taken so many pictures no burden,  
And murmuring that she had never taken so many before.  
Watching my wife's beautiful appearance, something I had never seen before.  
And I felt a peaceful happiness.  
Ann Renders said, in 'The Time table for Sharing Happiness',  
'Take time to think. Take time to play.  
Thoughts are the source of strength. To play  
that brings happiness  
And is the secret of eternal youthfulness.'  
(May,2023. Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Difference Of Discernment

Yoon Jung-san

To all people who have suffered sorrow and agony,  
In our surroundings,  
I hope that it will pass quickly.

Just like undergoing the COVID-19 pandemic confusion,  
We cannot escape from crisis and confusion.

If human beings' wrongful behavior  
And improper doing  
Leading the society's changing  
The end of humanity and nations draws near.

Humans must embrace a more discerning posture in living,  
Finding the right path and leading change,  
And the disharmony in society, we must be overcoming.

The events to the challenges facing today's generation  
The solution lies  
In the difference of discrimination.  
(May,2023. Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



# The Red Plum Blossoms Which I Planted

Nam-Jeon Kim

Going over through the winter's,  
Cold. A bellybutton laughs to see the red plum blossoms.  
To me, who planted them, as if they're the waiters.

It makes me feel anew the mystery  
Of nature, the plum tree I planted is smiling lightly.

Small and got lumpy, the plum blossoms're blooming,  
And hiding secretly their skins, shrinking,  
But their bulging and bright red looking, my eyes're dazzling.

To share the clear air and the nature's beauty  
With everyone whom I love, I feel my duty.

(May,2023. Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Sun Of A New Day

Nam-Jeon Kim

- Wishing for the stability during the COVID-19 pandemic

As the clouds glide  
Away and cold winds subside,

Even hotter and stronger  
The empty hearts in this land  
Please make the light be fuller.

With more intense brightness,  
With a deeper and wider,  
To the everywhere in shadiness

Wipe away the worry, sigh and tear  
And please, lead us upright and sincere

The country of courteous people in the east  
The dream that once shone so brightly,  
Let again it take place the frolic feast.

The sun of a morrow day,  
Rising even bigger and brighter.  
Please make morrow be another day.

(May,2023. Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# My Hometown, Eomae-Gok

Nam-Jeon Kim

Walking the winding way on the hill,  
Eomae-Gok, my hometown vill.

A remote countryside, the rock-stones  
Where I used to play and frolic as a child on coal shovel  
And guarded by ancestors' tombstones.

By the cozy love like the whispers to the ears  
The warm-hearted vill,  
And the gingko tree, in the vill,  
Which is a guardian spirit for three hundred years.

If I were to go abroad for study,  
The parents' gestures to the corner of the mountain  
Afraid that the kimchi-jar break to be ruddy.

Must be the worthy guys  
The words are clouded up in my ears  
And be moist with tears,  
Maybe it tears up on my parents' eyes,

(May,2023. Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# Writing When Looking At An Acacia Painting

In May, emitting the rich fragrance of the acacias are fully blooming,  
The school stairs where petals used to fall during my schooldays.  
Whene'er the wind blew, they'd fluttered and through the window, coming.  
When looking at the painting, it awoken me the many far back memories in old  
days.

(23rd, May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Write On The Violet Paulownia Blooms

Increasingly warmer, it's late spring,  
So verdant hue is deepening.  
With a gentle touch of purple light,  
Flowers abound in bright.  
The fragrance spreads in every direction,  
The bees become guests, their selection.  
In the feast bestowed by the paulownia tree,  
They chase the sweetness of honey with glee.  
(22nd, May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Family(Painting Poetry)

To somewhere weary souls are going,  
Endlessly going or maybe coming,  
A husband stares and a wife's burdening,  
As their footsteps move, a family's hurrying.

(21st, May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Write For The Rose Festival

They're blossoming in large and small along the Jungnangcheon River,  
The roses sway and dance along with the wind, variously  
Although the late spring, hot day, people continue to gather  
Between the city's building-forest, the flowers're shine beautifully.  
(20th, May,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Write After Visiting A Exhibition By Choi Woo-Seon, A Painter

In nature landscapes, warm words are conveyed,  
And in the bright light of still life paintings, love is laid  
Deeply. Art, it seems, is but a different way of transferring  
Thoughts, and lyric poems reside within Woo-seon's painting.  
(20th, May,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# To Write At A Damwon's Art Exhibition

The light and unadorned figures, it feels devoid of excess,  
They're naive within their unassuming laughter's whom impress  
To people. Olden days' blissful, nostalgic memories revive,  
Spectators bask in warmth and passion by the paintings derive.

(19th, May, 2023. Kinsley Lee)

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Inspired By Seeing In-Kang's Exhibition

Even though the brushstrokes may seem simple and few,  
But the impressions of the painting linger long, surprising me anew.  
Within each canvas, including the world's agony and life's anguish in a painting,  
The artist poured her soul, and expressing the philosophic thesis by drawing.  
(19th, May, 2023, Kinsley)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Spring Day At Ahn-San Trekking Ways

On entering the shade of Ahn-san, a familiar fragrance lingers heavily.  
In every valley, the white acacia flowers stretch out delicately.  
On the paths of the trekking ways, people enjoy the spring for six miles.  
On every places, around Seoul, the peaks on the weekends, overflows the smiles.

(13th, May,2023 Kinsley)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Son Who Became A Flower(The 2nd Poem)

Young-Jae, Kwon

The sea surrounded me, the ferryboat was the only way,  
The little son caught a cold and he's thermally withering  
Through the midwinter, frozen sea blocked the way.

One year son who passed away, and it hurt the heart,  
My mother's life was filled with regret and sorrow,  
Always the grief, it had owned the full of her heart.

My father was distressed, as his infant turned to ashes,  
So he planted the ashes in the pot, caring and watering  
By caring, the flower, the soul of him bloomed like rashes.

With the beaten heart, mom and dad, 'til passing, they still  
Couldn't sleep, the pain heart with the thoughts of the flowered son,  
So forgetting all, they've slept in the old seashore hill.

(From the Young-Jae, Kwon's the Anthology of the Sijo. Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# The White Chrysanthemums

Sang-Cheol, Han

White chrysanthemums laugh, underneath the stone wall,  
The autumn breeze steals its pure fragrance away,  
The crickets chirp and the humbly compete for beauty for their way.  
Even when the moon tease, the frost is even remains pretty as a moll

(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Natural Pine Tree And Rock(2nd Translation)

Sang-Cheol, Han

A weathered stone fragment, tumbled down from the peak in high,  
Roots are twining through long years, a few pine trees bloom shy,  
Their spirits're straight and green, reaching up towards the sky.

(Sang-Cheol, Han The anthology of Sijo, From the Soswae-won 48 poems, the 17th poem. The page 162 Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Blue Plum Blossoms Blooming In The Snow: Zen Poem

Sang-Cheol, Han

Between the windowpane of the tea room and the curtain,  
All day long the snowflakes fall on the mountain,  
As soon as the hot light from the stove is shooting  
Beside the rock, the blue plum blossoms are blooming.  
(1st, Apr.,2023, translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Glowing Clouds

Young-Jae, Kwon

Where the horizon meets the earth,  
The clouds are enchanting.

In the jade-colored sky above,  
What kind of paint has been splashed?

In the sky,  
The evening sunset  
Has been dyed in to scar-let.  
(1st, Apr.,2023, translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Natural Pine Tree And Rock

Sang-Cheol, Han

A weathered stone fragment,  
Tumbled down from the peak in high, ?

Roots are twining through long years,  
A few pine trees bloom, ?

Their spirits  
Are straight and greenish,  
Reaching up towards the sky.  
(4th, April, 2023, translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# After Seeing The Ace Art Fair Seoul 2023

In Seoul, here and there the flowers  
Are blooming, the green buds're shining on the trees  
The afternoon, sunny all the hours.  
The petals are dancing according to the breeze.

The basement hall of the gallery, there  
Are four seasons, various flowers and the fresh life,  
And some paintings remind me the old days, and the air,  
And the grassland, I can feel the Savan's wildlife.

The big and the small, the old and the new,  
The late time and future, long I stood,  
And gazed the picture, to look for the clue  
Which a painter concealed. As far as I could.

Back home, I sit on the armchair and be lost  
In thought to solve the riddle from a painter.  
My heart will be full of joy, on the frost  
Like to meet the sunlight, when I be a gainer.  
My heart was full of joy whenever  
I found the message from the painter  
(27th, Apr.,2023, Kinsley)

Kinsley Lee

# To Write On The Painting For The Rattan Flowers

The blue shadow blocks the hot light, in early summer.  
The swaying petals, purple flowers're the strong scents spreading  
The two birds nestle in the leaves, when the wind is blowing,  
They're singing throughout the long day, and to face each other.  
(2nd, Apr.,2023, translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Poem On The Trumpet Creeper's Painting

The trumpet creepers hang on the fence in early day.  
At dawn whenever the wind blows, they're sprinkling dews and singing.  
Keeping lights their mouths so brighter, in clear summer day.  
Without being called, the butterflies themselves are flying and dancing.  
(21st, Apr.,2023)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Visit The Grpahapati Kim's Rural Cottage

To-Jeon, Chung

Autumn shadows spread widely, and all the mountains are lonely,  
With redness, the ground was covered by the fallen leaves silently.  
Asking for the way back, by the stream I make a horse be standing,  
I did not realize that my body was already in the painting.  
(20th, Apr.,2023, translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Hwa-Seog Pavilion(The Solidified Flower Pavilion)

Yul-Gog, Lee

In the forest pavilion, already autumn ripens still,  
The poetic concepts are boundless, with no end to fill.  
To the sky, far away the river runs in blue,  
The frosted maple-leaves're ablaze by the sunlight's hue.  
The mountain brings up the lonely moon to stand  
Up. The river bears the winds from the distant land.  
Where have the frontier geese gone in mist light,  
And fading away their sounds in the clouds of twilight.  
(19th, Apr.,2023, translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Yeongnam Pavilion

By Seog-Gyun, Shin

I lean against Yeongnam Pavilion, feeling the autumn breeze,  
The blue river and mountain shimmers, too vast to capture with ease.  
In many houses, songs and flutings fill under the bright moonlight.  
On the river, a fisher plays a pipe, and the white clouds take the flight.  
The old bhikkhu in temple hits the bell in late, solemn and grand,  
And the autumn leaves fall before the Arang's shrine, scattered on the land.  
At eight miles, the full of the riverside, the flowers of reeds bloom before my  
eyes,  
On the long, white sand, countless flocks of geese land and rise.  
(19th, Apr.,2023, translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Haeundae Traditional Market

Kinsley Lee

As night deepens, people scatter and gradually the beach turns calm.  
From the middle of the sky, the moon's shadow draws over the water  
The lights illuminate the back alleys brightly, and looks sitcom  
Film site. In front of the stores, many travelers line up and gather.  
(10th, Apr.,2023)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# Haeundae Elegy

Kinsley Lee

Along with a crane, where does he play, an old foregoer.  
The traces of the past have already vanished, and seagulls roam over  
The sea. When the ashes of the queen were scattered, the Reformation turned  
To ashes also. The imposing skyscrapers shed tears rather.  
(10th, Apr.,2023)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Camellia Island (Dongbaek Island)

Kinsley Lee

At the end of Haneundae, there's a small and greenish hill.  
Here and there, the traces of old person are left in the island.  
The old paths vanished, 'cause the paved road circles around.  
And the camellia and pine trees stand together well in still.  
(10th, Apr.,2023)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Autumn Lake

The tip of the trees at the late autumn lake, are tinged redly.  
The black swans quietly floating, silently the bubbles which're arising,  
And rustling leaves, wind making sounds, they're playing mutually,  
And people have left, even as the sun sets, their nests, the birds are forgetting.  
(2nd, Apr.,2023 Kinsley)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Peregrines

Still in winter, on a tree branch two peregrines sit on and stand up.  
And folding their wings and facing the clear wind to come,  
Dreaming of spring, their uncontrollable youthful passion which bubbles up  
Rubbing their beaks and whispering to each other, preparing for the day to come.  
(1st, Apr.,2023)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Write On A Painting For 2 Pretty Birds At Early Year

In the spring that has arrived on the branches, Plum blossoms bloom calmly  
And before you know it, camellias have already bloomed splendidly.  
Birds in pairs are playing each other with overflowing affection mutually,  
As the seasons' change, the hearts of farmers are on the hills already.  
(1st, Apr.,2023)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# In Jeju Island, When The Wind Passes By

In Jeju Island, the wind speaks.

In Jeju Island, the wind speaks.

When it brushes against the Flame Grasses, the wind speaks.

When it passes through the bamboo forest, the wind speaks.

In Jeju Island, the wind speaks.

When it brushes against the red camellia forest, the wind speaks,

When it brushes against the tall pine branches, the wind speaks,

In Jeju Island, the wind speaks.

When the wind speaks

The Oreum aches.

When the wind speaks

The sea aches.

Have you heard the words of the winds?

Do you know how the waves ache?

Do you know how the black rocks ache?

Have you heard the words of the waves?

In Jeju Island, the wind speaks,

When, the Halla Mountain, it crosses over,

When, the Namhae, it crosses over,

Over the wide sea, the wind speaks.

The wind speaks

Only the truth the wind speaks

The wind never be the black liars

The wind never makes excuses for others.

The wind only blows in the direction it chooses,

The mountain only remembers the past and it aches,

It doesn't create new memories,

On the past facts, it never add new memories.

People and things can only hear the sounds of the winds,

Black rocks can only be hit by that the wave speaks,

At their will, no one can change the sounds of the winds.

In Jeju Island, the wind speaks.

(Kinsley, 16th, Mar., 2023)

\*Oreum: small volcanic cones

\*Namhae: South Sea

Kinsley Lee

# The Camellia And Plum Blossom

Where the snow aren't melting on yet, it blooms beneath the mountain's slope,  
The apricot flowers behind the camellia, blooms and urging the coming  
Of spring. News of flowers from the southern province, which are constantly  
ascending.

It conveys in advance by picture, I am grazing far in the distant scope.  
(31th, Mar.,2023)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Painting For The Blue Dragon

The thick clouds are full of the sky, so it's suffocating.  
Gradually a portent of darkness is increasing.  
But penetrating the hardships, the blue dragon is appearing.  
Surely, by the fortune, the nation will be prospering.  
(25th, Feb.,2023)

?

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Winter Flowers

Kinsley Lee

In the early spring on the mountainside  
The camellia flowers are falling  
In the early spring on the hills in the seaside  
The camellia flowers are falling

The last winter the abundant  
Of the winter's flower.  
Now one-by-one  
On the ground it's falling in dour.

In the early spring on the mountainside  
The camellia flowers are falling  
Whenever the winds are blowing  
One-by-one they are falling

The last winter the abundant  
Of the winter's flowers.  
Now with the winds  
Now it's taken away with all the petals of the flowers.

If the flowers fall, then that's all.  
The wound which left on the heart it's being,  
The wounds which were not healed still.  
What we are doing? What we are doing?

From the Jeju-Island to the southern coast  
Now from the southern coast to Yang-san  
The camellia flowers are falling  
The wounds left on the heart, what we're doing?

Kinsley Lee

# The Sea At The Sup-Islet

Kinsley Lee

The sea is flowing.

The sea is flowing.

Running down from the blue sky, and the sea is flowing.

The tides with a wind-stream, which and the seas is flowing.

Around the Sup-Islet, by the sunny light, the surface of the sea is been glittering.

The sea is flowing.

Far away, the sea is glittering

As to be the silver light, it's glittering.

In the sea mouth, keeping the sunny light, it's flowing to be the silver-lit.

The sea is flowing,

Around the islet when the blue sky turns to twilit

Without the rest, it's flowing.

The direction, it be never knowing,

From the somewhere and to the somewhere, it's flowing.

Without the rest, the sea is flowing

Likewise our life is flowing.

(16th, Mar.,2023)

Kinsley Lee

# The Ae-Wol Beach

Kinsley Lee

Far away, the fishing boats are gradually floating  
And the palm trees on the beach are swaying and lingering wind  
On early spring the afternoon, the sun is scorching  
And through the window, the wind-sound deeply piercing the elder's mind.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The White Magnolia

The magnolia blooms fully, in spring,  
And in the garden, a bluebird's singing  
The southern wind keeps blowing in,  
And naturally a poet murmurs in the painting.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Cricket

Young-Jae, Kwon

On a sobbing autumn night  
The sound of weeping faintly heard

Playing the strings of the violin  
Breaking through the stillness,

In midnight,  
Your soliloquy,  
That echoes through the empty heart.

(From the Young-Jae, Kwon's the Anthology of the Sijo. Translated by Kinsley Lee. 30th, Mar. 2023)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Magpie Bread

Young-Jae, Kwon

On the tall branches of a persimmon tree  
Redly ripened persimmons.

During in the midst of harvest  
Leaving a few fruits behind

Magpie bread,  
Only the foods are  
Left and withered on the branch-tips  
(From the Young-Jae, Kwon's the Anthology of the Sijo. Translated by Kinsley  
Lee 30th, Mar.2023)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Autumn Fields

Kinsley Lee

In the valley, where the flowers flourish in deep,  
The butterflies gather in abundance, and heap.  
In rice paddy when the rice bow down,  
And the sparrows flock together, aroun'.  
As autumn arrives, in every fiel's,  
Golden waves that spread the hills and fiel's.  
The scarecrow dances in the wind, so carefree,  
As the puppet's heart follows, busy as can be.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Gypsophila

Sang-Cheol, Han

Like a puppy's wagging tail, approaching with gladness.

Being untangled by the spaysage,

The topic's verily count on the beauty and ugliness.

Like a bundle of thoughts that cannot

Be understood, lost in a hazy mist of whiteness.

(Sang-Cheol, Han's The Anthology of Sijo, titled 'The Crying of Crain.' Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Cherry's Blooming Day At The Kyung-Eui Line Park

Kinsley Lee

In the park the cherry blossoms bloom,  
And the petals're flying according to the breeze,  
Because of cold, spring is in loom,  
But the pink petals are dancing on the trees

The fragrance aboard the tender breeze,  
It permeates the windows and notices me spring.  
The young are walking on the lane under the trees,  
And making pictures, and cherries are blooming.

The trees stand tall, and the branches wear,  
The pink and white flowers, wait the leaves.  
The park-road, ten lis, they boast for their share,  
But they fade away when meet the leaves.

The blossoms are beautiful, not blooming but will fade  
Away. Petals glimmer in the light.  
Enjoy your days till the old pervade  
Your life. Sooner the dusk turn on the light.

Kinsley Lee

# The Son Who Became A Flower

Young-Jae, Kwon

The sea surrounded me, the ferryboat was the only way,  
The little son caught a cold and he's thermally withering  
Through the midwinter, frozen sea blocked the way.

One year son who passed away, and it hurt the heart,  
My mother's life was filled with regret and sorrow,  
Always the grief, it had owned the full of her heart.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Painting For The Peony Blossom By Seol-Pa

The twigs are thick and they blow themselves so the leaves're brought to  
The wobble. It blooms and without calling but butterfly is flying.  
The peony blossoms smile quietly, the people smile, too.  
'Cause the home is full of the smile then the fortunes are flowing.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Traditional Daffodil

Sang-Cheol, Han

How can pass by the perfume of skin? It's fluttering the white underwear.  
With the traditional ornaments of the jade and amber, she worn on the slender  
body e'er  
So. A fairy! Who crossed the sea lightly treading the waves floating on air.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Sasanqua Tea

Sang-Cheol, Han

It is cushiony silk! And over it,  
It looms the trace of the broken  
Real image. Softly lick on tongue  
With red mind, the golden stamen,  
It's a cute  
And a young geisha  
Who come in to fit my breast.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Apricot Flowers Which Early Blooming

Sang-Cheol, Han

The vivid yellow nipple and the hairs were hinted on the armpit.  
Unconsciously grating the ink stick for writing a love-mourn song.  
Please be off a step, 'cause stealthily stinks the smell of armpit.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Jade-Apricot Flowers

Sang-Chul, Han

As seeing the sooth skins, I feel the lust stealthy.  
The breasts are muffled in ten thousand layers, by which the Poppy  
Are shamed. Cleaning snows fly in flakes, I hope to embrace surely.

(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Telepathy By Heart To Heart

Hyung-Sig, Kim

The heavy rains are coursing  
Down, it's the softened noodles of string.

The raindrops are tapping and bouncing,  
The potato pancakes, which make the sounds of frying

It makes me, whenever it rains,  
To recollect the mother's chopped noodles.

According to the empty hunger,  
To inside of the home, when I enter.

'The potato pancakes, ' my wife serves  
Me, 'and the hand-made chopped noodles.'

The heart-to-heart telepathy,  
I'm in your mind, so I'm happy.

Kinsley Lee

# The Magnolia Blossoms

Young-Jae, Kwon

Like the fairies in spring days  
Secretly they were blooming

And by the before wind, the wide petals  
Are falling for getting on the winds.

They were left  
The natty figure  
And the clear smiles, they're had fallen.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# A Mendicant Friar

Hyung-Sig, Kim

It rains on the leaves of the lotus.  
It spatters that the silver beads.

Who does say that these beads  
Are the drops of the rain?

Street-Angel-  
A mendicant friar,  
They fall on the leaves of the lotus.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# At The Barley Field

Young-Jae, Kwon

At May, the spring winds  
Blow on the barley fields.

On the every greenish furrow  
The waves are fluttering and swaying.

The swallows're  
Flying in the sky  
And the children are running.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Left Traces Of The Snowshoes

Hyung-Sig, Kim

At midnight. Found the traces  
Something had been to the stable.

The Dal-Gu who was the watch dog,  
Did not bark when someone had been to.

The hungry  
Inermis-members  
Again, had been stamped the snowshoes.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# At The Nam-San

There's a small mountain in the center of the street, the tower  
Is stand up. To the southward, the river is flowing.  
And people ascend the mountain at noon-hour.  
The trees in the side of the roads, they're flowering

The foot of the mountain in a southwards direction,  
There're many alleys and beautiful houses  
On the area, and the young had gathered for ejection  
Of the passion, with the masks instead of the blouses.

The accident! The disaster was occurred at the place.  
The broadcasts had been encouraging the festival.  
But Blaming! But they hid their former face  
And shifted their position easily like an Evil.

The broadcasts blamed the government every  
Days, and the politicians asserted the punishment  
To the persons in charge as their benefit, and the plot-theory  
Was brought and spread by someone, to the government.

The investigation for the cause of the accident, and the supplement  
The system for preventing recurrence is not their interest.  
The labor unions were congregated but the treatment  
For the injured isn't their aim. They flocked as the interest.

The autopsies were not executed by the medical authorities  
The dead were sent for burning out  
With all of the proofs for social securities.  
And it only left the social groups' shout.

But the people're not fool to be deceived again,  
They're enough to clever to know the truth,  
And they'll improve the system and never again  
For occurring the accident, it's the commitment with the youth.

The river is flowing far away  
It's delivering the joyous and sorrowful stories.  
In the twilight sky the sun fades away  
And tomorrow we'll make the other stories.

Kinsley Lee

# The Han River In Early Spring

In spring the river is flowing like the old days  
The surface is glittering cherry red  
In twilight, and it passed by the many days  
The waves had washed the blood of the dead

Beside of the river the hallowed ground,  
They rest in the cells in the plain porcelain  
The statues are laid in the central mound  
And they show the victory, faith in certain.

The tides flow down along the river  
And wind the island and the green and big dome.  
There're the evils which couldn't washed by the river  
Flood. No ceasing it makes the red foam.

Our fathers have guarded this land by their bloods,  
Fighting against the external enemies.  
Now, it couldn't washed the river floods,  
The sun's fading cause of the internal enemies.  
(22nd, March,2023)

Kinsley Lee



# The History

We were taught the history, for a long time  
Our forefathers were always peaceful people,  
So had loved the dancing, singing and rhyme  
And never invaded the other people.

So the students know the openers of the dynasties  
Founded the nation on the purchased lands,  
And the Great Gwang-Gae-To had expanded the territories  
By trading with Khitan for buying the lands.

The many expeditions at the history was the business  
Trips for buying the lands for their people.  
And the battles were cause of the broken business,  
And partners didn't notice the business to their people.

The young know the importance of the real estate business  
And know the reason that the China prohibits  
The foreigners from buying the territory for business.  
And they're thirsty at the international real estate snippets.

Kinsley Lee

# The Winter Flowers Are Falling

In the early spring on the mountainside  
The camellia flowers are falling  
In the early spring on the hills in the seaside  
The camellia flowers are falling

The last winter the abundant  
Of the winter's flower.  
Now one-by-one  
On the ground it's falling in dour.

In the early spring on the mountainside  
The camellia flowers are falling  
Whenever the winds are blowing  
One-by-one they are falling

The last winter the abundant  
Of the winter's flowers.  
Now with the winds  
Now it's taken away with all the petals of the flowers.

If the flowers fall, then that's all.  
The wound which left on the heart it's being,  
The wounds which were not healed still.  
What we are doing? What we are doing?

From the Jeju-Island to the southern coast  
Now from the southern coast to Yang-san  
The camellia flowers are falling  
The wounds left on the heart, what we're doing?

Kinsley Lee

# The Sea Of Ae-Wol

Far-away the se of Ae-Wol,  
The white boats are floating  
On the blacks rocks at the seashore  
The whity sprays are raising  
Who did love  
The moon on the sea?  
And called the name as Ae-Wol?

The white sprays're raising  
As the bubbles on the sea.  
They are passing by hitting  
The black rocks on the seashore.  
Whenever  
The winds're passing by,  
We can hear the sounds which the sea sings.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# At The Seashore Of The Bomog-Dong

The sea is flowing,  
From the sky no clouds to the sea, with a stream of the wind,  
The sea is flowing.

When the winds are blowing  
The palm trees're waving their green hands  
To the sea, they're waving.

Whene'er they're waving  
The palm trees' green hands to the sun, it's  
Responding and shining.

The sea is flowing,  
And the surface's glittering in silver  
And the sea is flowing.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# In The Friday Evening At Kyung-Eui Line Park

In the park, the sun declined in the west  
And the warm winds are blowing on the empty boughs  
And the public houses, the people are rest  
On the chairs, drinking, they smooth out their brows.

After working, they are walking the parkway  
Stores are welcoming the guests opening  
The windows, and stores are along the long way.  
On the faces, they the lighthearted are feeling.

The young lads and lasses are folding their arms  
And it looks that their faces are brighter than the road lights.  
And the sounds of the laughter are heard like the firearms.  
The tables are waiting for them brightening the table lights.

The winds blow on the parting lads and lasses  
And somewhere it smells the spring perfume.  
In the dark, it flows the tree over the grasses  
In the park, the ume flowers are beginning to bloom.

Kinsley Lee

# The Traces Of The Snowshoes

Hyung-Sig, Kim

At midnight. Found the traces  
Something had been to the stable.

The Dal-Gu who was the watch dog,  
Did not bark when someone had been to.

The hungry  
Inermis-members  
Again, had been stamped the snowshoes.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# An Osprey Is Flying

He's flying and viewing on the surface of the lake,  
His kingdom and his domain, he's firmly guarding.  
Turning round and round he's searching,  
In a moment, like wind he's swooping to the lake.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Red Ume Flowers

At prevernal out of the window, it's not melted all the snow.  
The cold winds are blowing in the park as it left the snow.  
Full of the room, the red ume flowers are blooming.  
The scent of spring, already I met the gorgeous spring.  
(Mar.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# A Woman

Nyeong-Ha, Kwon

That mountain call me near  
And again call me come near.

Pulling near the skirt of the mountain  
And masking the half-face, he call me,

Calling me,  
Refusing gesture,  
With the eyes of jealousy.

(The anthology of Nyeong-Ha, Kwon. The River Ever No Appearance. Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Poetic Concept

Nyeong-Ha, Kwon

If this place is the primitive forest  
Then I wash you neatly.

And I carefully embrace  
And put you up on the brain.

And never  
And never again,  
I will let you down and release.

(The anthology of Nyeong-Ha, Kwon. The River Ever No Appearance. Translated  
by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Seaside

Young-Jae, Kwon

On the sandbank, the winds are going  
Ahead, which are following the paces.

The color of the sunset in the twilight  
Which is dyeing the sky.

The seashore's  
Brushed by the winds,  
It takes away the hot weather.

(From the Young-Jae, Kwon's the Anthology of the Sijo. Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Write A Painting For Magnolia And Small Bird

Winter winds pervade the underwear, in morn and evening.  
The magnolia buds bursts and they're going to blossom.  
Whispering by spring sentiments, a small bird's chirping and playing.  
Out of the picture, the day is alive with spring rays and awesome.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Painting For A Hen And A Rooster

The more day's warm and the birds are chirping in the morning, the sun is the early riser.

By lusting, a hen and a rooster get along with well each other.

As the worms begin to work, the grasses are growing and a hen is pecking.

Before long, filling the ground, the chickens are walking hurried steps and chirping.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Orchid

Nyeong-Ha, Kwon

The end of the fluttering leaves,  
You hide the edged fever,

Light purpled and milky-white figures  
And be a shyly silent conceiver

You! Yourself,  
Like as a daughter,  
Lovable and adorable, the pretty wife!

(The anthology of Nyeong-Ha, Kwon. The River Ever No Appearance. Translated  
by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Earth And The Winds

Ji-Hoon, Jo

'Cause, dust you are, at last to dust return  
'Cause be inflated by the winds  
At last shall be the wind return  
Far away and away, the sunbeam between the winds  
Are the winds in the sunbeam and fluttering dusts in the earth,  
At alone, even be burned to be a star which is eternal  
To tell and could tell  
Simply when you are living on the earth  
The fresh on the fresh and the bone on the bone, I embrace in my deep soul  
Without remorse  
I did to love you without remorse!

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# At The National Cemetery

Early spring day the sun is going  
To set at the western mountain ridges  
And the tombstones are lining up and greyly shining  
On the sky a bird is whirling with his remiges.

Far away, beside the entrance  
Gate, the many flags are waving  
On the flagpoles and the statues are erected for remembrance.  
A short day, slowly the darkness is drawing.

On the big tree, a crow make sounds, caw and caw  
As if he try to appeal to the live.  
On the shaking bough, he's grasping tightly by his paw.  
And the otherworld not long, he warns to the live.

The artificial flowers are picked by the tombstones,  
On the yellow lawn, the more they're splendid  
The more they're looked lonely, on this divine zones,  
But the Congress's strife for the profit is not ended.

Kinsley Lee



# A White Tiger In The Midst Of Snow

He is standing on the hill alone  
All the peaks are white in still  
The striped tiger with his strong muscles, alone,  
Are growling and roaming at his will.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Korean Tiger

He's the forelegs with tough muscle and pointed canines,  
And running fast but he knows to wait.  
He ambushes and glares behind the white pines,  
But, to the prey, running in his wind-like rate.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Painting Of The Envoi De Fleurs

The waving twigs, the bud is being inflated slowly,  
And the wild geese try to move away on the busy  
Field, In the South, it's envoi de fleurs already.  
In spring sentiment, the ten mile lanes are ruddy.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Apricot Flowers And The Sparrows Welcome New Spring

The old tree blooms and the red apricot flowers fill in garden.  
The sparrows by themselves come to play and chirping and singing.  
The cold winter goes far away when the south winds blow in garden.  
Opening the windows and dusting on the books, I welcome spring.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Devoted Poem For The Soldiers Without Identities

They returned to the hometown after defeat  
At the War, but no rank, they were called again,  
By the chaotic times. Being selected, to beat  
The Communist, They helped to sweep the bane.

For freedom for the Asia, but having no identities,  
As not soldiers with rank, but the name of civvies,  
They joined the dangerous works but no lenities  
Of the bullets, so many no returns to be the casualties.

The mine disposal at the port before  
Landing and they guided the road for attacking  
Unit, but even their merits at the war  
Were been kept the secret and so the sacrificial working.

Therefore, the official notice of the falling  
In battle were not delivered to their families,  
Seventy years has passed, when ceasing  
Fire, but we should praise their honors and sacrifices.

Kinsley Lee

# The Heroes Of The Chosin-Reservoir-Battle

They joined the battles for the freedom of the people,  
And almost doing the calling from God,  
Dreaming to return, so waiting for the whistle  
Of the end-war, but in plateaus, they were in quad.  
They did not know this land before  
But for world, joining the battles which they abhor.

Winter season, it's very cold,  
They must fight against the cold in the field.  
But never they knew, the enemies to hold  
Their rifles and ambushed plateau field.  
Millions of solders crossed the river  
In every night, the thick-iced river.

Ten times enemies suddenly  
Attacked them by besieging from high plateaus.  
They withheld the enemy at the place absolutely  
And fought against the cold as the foes.  
At Hungnam, due to their heroic battle  
Safely, they could evacuate the armies and people.

Many heroes were dead at the battle  
But they gave ten times casualties to enemy.  
Their victory is not only the battle  
But for the people of liberal democracy.  
The heroes'll be recalled by the new generation  
And they're forever attacking in new direction!

Kinsley Lee

# The Painting For The Red Pomegranate

The pomegranate ripen and they, themselves, crack  
Even without calling, the brown bird come back.  
They play well on the boughs, between the bird and fruits,  
Where's a jade cup for drinking, with nature to be in cahoots

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Write A Poem For The Painting Titled As The Snowy Mountain Village

Snowing on the mountain village, it cease the men's trace,  
Blowing on the thatched house, and it's smoking over the chimney.  
It's calm and, to the old days, the times trace  
Back. Even midday, 'tis falling to sleep that the deep valley.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Painting For Ahn's Peony Blossom

The twigs are thick and they blow themselves so the leaves're brought to  
The wobble. It blooms and without calling but butterfly is flying.  
The peony blossoms smile quietly, the people smile, too.  
'Cause the home is full of the smile then the fortunes are flowing.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

## To Write Wu-Jeon's The Peony-Painting

The woods of the pond-side, the willow branches're drooping flabbily.  
The flowers smell sweet the butterflies're flying the miles.  
The peony blossoms're calling the fortune for family.  
At home it's full of the singing a song and the smiles.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Fall Sky

Young-Jae, Kwon

The breast is cold blueishly  
And in the lake is the sky.

The plane like a small boat  
Which is floating leisurely

The Daytime  
Moon, to the abyss  
Which was falling into the sky.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Serenade In Autumn

Young-Jae, Kwon

The crickets over the window  
Which are chirping for calling the lover.

The sounds are plaintively  
And which were too affectionate to me

The pure sounds  
Seeking for lover,  
Why don't you call, gallantly?

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Lotus

Young-Jae, Kwon

In mire at the fresh water  
You are blooming the pretty flower.

Your figure which is elegant truly  
Which is being indwelled at highly

Elegant!  
The women's figure,  
The purity which is your figure.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Fallen Leaves(Sijo)

Young-Jae, Kwon

It come down finely the autumn rain  
And the stacked colored leaves are relaxed

The fallen leaves are trampled by travelers,  
And which are lose real images

It became  
To white, by first snow,  
'Cause the fall leaves were covered.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Day When The Cherry Blossoms Are Blooming

Young-Jae, Kwon

The cherries are in the midst of blooming  
Over the window which opened

The sweet smells for the smells of spring  
And my mind is excited by it.

The winds, full  
Of the smells of spring,  
Which come closer slowly to me.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# A Kite Stares On The Winding Pine Tree

A thousand year old winding pine tree  
On the cliff, which is a thousand fathoms high  
For a moment, the kite's folding his wings  
And sitting on the dragon-like pine  
Tree. Even if he is remoted from the world  
Far away on the woods of the Bushy tine.  
In the sounds of blowing winds  
And he dreams to take a flying leap on the sky.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Painting For The Wisteria And The Roses Of Sharon

The vines of the wisteria is greenish hanging down and shaking. Silently resting, the Roses of Sharon are pinkly blooming. The wisteria bloom in purple and by perfume competitively inducing. Without talking, the Roses of Sharon always are welcoming.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Painting Of The Pine Trees And The Roses Of Sharon

The pines're always blue, when it's snowy  
And even the winter's winds blow  
The pink shades, in the hard rain and the hot summer's  
Heat, the roses of Sharon are smiling.  
When the all the leaves are fallen, then the reality  
Of consistency, at last the people know.  
When it's frosty and fade out the flowers,  
And the delicate fragrance, people're missing.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Song Of The Tae-Mountain

Sah-Eon, Yang

Even the Tae-mountain is high,  
But the limit is the sky.

?

If man goes up and up again  
Then there is no reason not to gain

?

The persons  
Can climb but not try,  
And saying the peak is too high.

(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Talking And The Voice

Hyung-Sig, Kim

Without talking  
I'm sitting in the woods.  
If I opening the eyes and ears  
Then the mountain birds are twittering and the stream bubbles.  
My body and we all are on nature since the beginning.

Cherry blossoms,  
The petals are falling  
The surface on the water and aimlessly floating  
Which are buried the truth, the petals are floating  
Some chatters, the voices are from the nature or my mind?

Those voices  
From the nature  
Truthful, always it's talking,  
Why can we not hear that voices?  
Talking, talking and talking, who are you? The persons only are talking.  
(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# The Bitter Voices

Hyung-Sig, Kim

The hatcher  
And mother-  
Hen doesn't differentiate between the black and the white.

Of fetal egg,  
The people know well  
The putrid smell

The egg-shell must be pecked at the same time  
The politicians turn their faces away,  
And decaying are they.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# On The Street At Night

Kinsley Lee

February night, Nine o'clock. The lights  
Lose their brightness on the street. The winds  
Brushed against the cheeks. The bytes  
Of a smart phone bigger and bigger and it reminds  
And controls me. I feel my brain is empty  
Because of the alcohol like the late street is empty.

Sometime, street became the less bright  
Than before, but I couldn't know the reason.  
Because of the electric charge or my eyesight,  
Was weakened by the ages. The silly season,  
Always to me, because of my weakened ears  
Or other reason. Because of my mind  
Or not, the thoughts occurred on in twined.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Journey

Hyung-Sig, Kim

It's truly happy  
For us to journey.

On foot, if I sight-seeing  
Then my will is delight for touring.

If I traveling taking on the train  
The body is preferable to, not strain.

If sitting on the window seat, then I'm going  
And the mountains and streams are going.

When I arrive the last train station  
Only I came, the chasing mountains and streams are cessation.

I'm going alone, leaving as it is.  
It's what the life is.

Kinsley Lee

# The Buddha's Ship

Hyung-Sig, Kim

At midnight  
During temporary strolling  
Unconsciously stare the bo tree.  
Under a crescent moon, to sling a knapsack and go over the hills in busy  
The monks who are practice asceticism at summer, go around for offering

Our relationship at this mundane world,  
It's serious the karma of the former world.  
Like this the bo tree replace the public offering  
Dear Buddhist monks, please take this offerings and soon win the spiritual  
awakening.

I'm praying, please relieve,  
All the foolish people.  
When finish the training penance this life  
I'll go, taking on the Buddha's ship for which the drowning people.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Red Ume Flowers In Tongdo Temple

Sang-Cheol, Han

The stooped Ume branch, the shadow  
Of the moon is wandering.

It comes spring at Tongdo Temple,  
So rubbing the cheeks on the air.

Secretly,  
The tongue stretching out,  
Which redder than the saries are!  
(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

\*sary: small crystals sometimes found among cremated remains of monks, and regarded as sacred relics.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Kyung-Eui Railroad Park

Already, it's been eighty years,  
When the road's disconnected.

Now, it's the citizen's park,  
Blooming with the season.

If nearing,  
The election-day,  
The Politicians are gathered.

?

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Hi! The Clean Water In Green Vales

Jini Hwang(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Hi! The clean water in green vales,  
Please do not brag going so well.

Once arriving the blue sea,  
Then you cannot go back again.

The moon-rays're  
Full of the mountains,  
Why don't you rest here briefly?

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# What Is The Sijo?

The old traditional poem,  
Which are the uniquely closed form-

Poem by the Korean language,  
The old days prevailed in this land.

But today  
It's not written widely,  
So we must revive as Han-Ryu.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Love At Deoksu-Palace

At Deoksu-Palace,  
Under the ginkgo street road,  
'Twas the smelly Love.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Catch The Agony

Sang-Cheol, Han

The leather gloves which are used for baseball  
Are like the five stalks bananas. The hundred-and-eight torments  
Of mankind, of which the devil hit the seamed ball  
The Buddha snatched and swallowed at short moments.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Wind In Snowing

The wind in snowing,  
It looks like to make to weep,  
The winter's flower.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Be Deadly Drunken By The Full Of The Flowers

Kinsley Lee

Along the side of the ten Lis' park, it's lined the pub houses, and bars  
For thousand years at the Tusita-deva, it's beautiful the flowers. The petals  
Are flying and forming a whole, the world and I, I'm drunken and lying  
On the long bench, I can't discern if I'm heaven or the world of human being.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Landscape Of The National Cemetery At Dead Winter

Kinsley Lee

The late day of the dead winter, the river flows blue  
And from the peak of the hill the cold winds blow this land.  
The rain drops on the hills and it be the river and come through,  
And it looks as if it surrounds and guards this hollowed land.

The fields and mountains lost it's desolate shape  
And when look up the eyes, the tall tower approaches  
And far away the buildings the mountains drape  
The mists and surround the various city's torches.

The whitish tombstones form the divided queue  
Like the honor guards, and like white cap the unmelted snows  
Cover the top of the tombstones, at the military review.  
And the spectators're no named blue birds and crows.

Always, the tombstones wake up by the morning bugle  
And go to bed according to the sounds of the last post.  
At midday's calm, they idle away the new with Purple  
Heart, at night dreaming the old days' guard post.

Why they are lying? In this calm and hollowed land,  
Left from their lovely family and home town at their young  
Days. They must be the bastions for heart of the people in the land,  
And always they should be the immortal flares to the young.

But now they are forgotten, in still the river is flowing  
Like the old days, but the surroundings are changed, lights are glow.  
On the both sides of the bridges, and many cars are running  
Along the roads, the old form, never people know.

What had done in this area? The battles and the bleeding,  
But they won't recollect and regard it as the passed, in the history,  
But the war's not the passed by affairs without returning,  
If we are forgetting, it can write the horrible new story.

Now the winds blow from the river, very cold  
As if it awoken the people don't recollect the old lesson.  
On the returning way, the tombstones whisper the old  
Stories. "Never forget the history and old lesson!"

Kinsley Lee

# The No Named Flower

Kinsley Lee

Even the Great Solomon in all his splendor  
Couldn't dressed like one of flower in the field.  
But they are competing their costly powder  
And brand-named bag to a flower in the field.

The Bible in the priceless bag is more precious  
Than that in the gunny sack? All  
The Words are same weight, God is gracious  
And strict to the people, it's equal to all.

But some believers are bragging their achievements  
By brand-named bag and watch in church.  
These can't be the emblem of sincerity to the Commandments,  
But some people can be despaired and left in the lurch.

Only the no named flower is more gorgeous  
Than the brand-named bag and watch in church,  
And always, the unpretentious prayer is more precious  
Than the pedantic poem or glorification in church.

Kinsley Lee

# The Great Teacher, Homer Hulbert In Yanghwanjin

Kinsley Lee

King Sejong invented the Hangeul letters,  
But for a long time those was not widely used  
Even between the people, the transmitters  
Were the traditional letters, so it couldn't be fused.  
The great King invented the letters for the people  
But the missionaries diffused the Hangeul to the people.

Most of the plain people were illiterate.  
The missionaries translated the English Bible  
To Hangeul, and taught it, at last they be literate.  
He researched the letters and taught the people.  
The Great King invented the Hangeul, so he's the father.  
Hulbert fostered the letters, he's the mother.

The old Korea was called as the Morning Calm  
And the most people were poor and lived with no hope,  
Due to the Hulbert, full of balm  
Are the letters, and people have the right and hope,  
For a long time, Korea had received the American assistance.  
To the other country, Korea can give the assistance.

He'd fought with Korean for many years  
Against for the old thought, freedom and independence.  
For Korea, he shouted to the stuffy ears,  
For assisting Korean to regain the independence.  
Though, he didn't witness the success of Korea,  
But the Great Teacher's resting in Yanghwajin in Korea.

Kinsley Lee

# The Dark Morning

Yesterday, winter, it'd rainy all day,  
It ceased, but very dark this morn,  
On the plaza, the pigeons are hopping like the ballet  
And chipping away at something like the corn.

The thick fogs are twisting the trees,  
Under the trees it's mistily drizzling,  
The lane of park, the twenty lis  
Are shrouded in mystery, there's the misting fogging.

Early morn, the city is clean,  
But one place is exceptional in this country,  
People live an atomic in their heads, but they keen  
As mustards for concealing their criminal history.

Like other dimension, to the mist, it's sorrow,  
The People are fading away in the park  
And in spite of the splendidness, the nation's morrow  
And the achievements are going to disappear in dark.

Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee

# The Bank In Heaven

(Matthew 6: 19)

In heaven, storing up the treasures for ourselves  
Where moths and vermin cannot destroy,  
And we never worry about if thieves  
Break in. We can live the life in full of joy.

In short span when living on the earth with bear hands  
By the sunlight, God's feeding us in every morn.  
And He's sending timely rains on this lands,  
And it's full, the grains of rice and corn.

Never worry about tomorrow, prithee,  
Smooth out the creases on thy middle of the forehead,  
God'll prepare morrow's manna for thee,  
Sing and not grumble today, thy cheap bread.

No pockets on the clothes thou wearing when leaving  
Off and no two way ATM between the heaven  
And earth, but in land unidirectionally storing  
And thou canst only withdraw the bank in heaven.

Kinsley Lee

# To Write On The Peony Blossom

It says, 'The wealth and the honor is like the dew in the morning'  
Through the right mind and action, so I can hear the grandson's crying  
Keep my place and not obsessing the wealth, but naturally I can earn a crust.  
Is it not the best life? That the picture of the full bloomed peony, I can be  
enjoying.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Landscape At Night Of The Year End

The year-end day, at night  
The passing people were rare  
And lonely the streetlight's bright  
And the cold winds split the air.

In the pub at the side of the park,  
The laughter crossed the window,  
And the sounds resounded in dark,  
And shook the twine of ginko.

They try to forget the last  
Sorrow and many disasters.  
Each other laughing, they cast  
And release the dark registers.

Suddenly they're silent, it's near  
The twelve o'clock and ring,  
'Happy Newoo Year! '  
Like choir, the unison, they sing.

-Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee



# The Old Pine-Tree

The old pine is bending like a dragon's spine,  
And the dark barks show it's sturdy sign,  
A young hawk looks around on the bough,  
And the winter airs brush against and whine.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Long-Horned Beetle Was Put Himself Catechisms- Zen Poem

Sang-Cheol, Han

A long-horned beetle brags in the sunbeam  
In golden armored wings in the loose-flower hornbeam  
Coming and going, you draw a heavy plow  
Between the furrows of the clou-  
D. It's no use for you if harvesting in the field,  
Why did plough the phantom truth field?

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Way Which Muhaeng's Going

Muhaeng won't go out the white world when it's snowing,  
'Cause he fears for polluting the white world by treading  
Naively loves the art and lives with the art, it's his way,  
Without treading, well-versed, he already arrived by flying the way

?

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# No Pets Allowed

(Revelation 22: 15 NIV)

Outside are the dogs, those who practice magic arts, the sexually immoral, the murderers, the idolaters and everyone who loves and practices falsehood.

These days, many of the people think that the dog is the family,  
Like other the dirty, You made the dogs be outside  
My Lord! I cannot admit Your Words, easily  
'Cause they are the faithful animal and always they abide  
By their owners, and rush to welcome tails wagging and yelling.  
You treated their doing like the rotten eggs' doing?

It's the reason that there's the sign board written in "No Pets Allowed";

In the front gate of the catholic-church at the Han-river side.

I thought that the priest afraid their barking loud,

But in Bible it's written that the dogs can't go inside.

What the reason? Or the priest can't understand the dogs' Confessions?

Or You want to lead the animals to the temples? That's my questions.

In the world, there're many people who're worse than the dog,  
For the Faithful Animal, why did not sent a hogg?

Kinsley Lee

# The Hills And The Rivers Where The Sharon's Roses Bloom

In summer, when the river is about to dawn  
In the morning mist, then it gleams again.  
To the shallow side, the carps gather to spawn  
And the leaves drop the dews on the side of the lane.

When the roses wither away on the yard  
The Sharon's roses are here and there.  
When they're waving with the wind, an alfresco bard  
Cannot but recite the poems to the air.

They bloom on dike along the riverside,  
And dancing and singing with the birds in the woods.  
When the sun rising, they stretch on the boughs at hillside  
The early bird only knows the moods.

They `ve been bloomed for a long time this land,  
On where our fathers had been lived with this river,  
And in the Sharon's roses, our sons will stand  
Up in the morn and graze the flowing of this river.

Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee

# The Ode For Eun-Sung's 60th Birthday

You are looking back your ways gone by,  
Having many hardships, and during walking the way,  
You've met the flowered, windy and high  
Uphill, and sometimes rainy day.

You are standing under the colored leaves  
And turning around the road with sigh,  
But from office to home, like the Liturgical Recitatives,  
The road for others, the way you've gone by.

But as the colored leaves are more, beautiful  
Than any of the flowers, till you've lived  
The life not the flower but the leaf, it's plentiful  
Love to your family and others. You've not skived.

But now it's time to look in for yourself,  
Till now, you're not decorated flower but the colored  
Leaf, and afterward think for yourself,  
Please, let's laugh, live with and be flattered.  
-Kinsley

Kinsley Lee

# The Spring Days At Kyung-Eui Line Park

When winter is over and the east winds blow to the city,  
The woods awake from the sleep on a sunny day.  
The flocks of doves skip with coo-coo, and the sparrows chitty.  
The buds try to sprout from the branches on the way.

It comes March on the city the forsythias start to bloom,  
And the brooks start to flow with babbling along the way.  
At the Kyung-Eui Line Park, the people stretch at the morning brume,  
And the colored stars are walking on the Milky Way.

From March to May, the forsythias, the magnolias, and the cherry  
Blossoms, and windy day, it rains the light pink.  
When it blows the willows, it becomes more and more glary,  
The sun beams, then the short spring goes with eyes blink.

When the pretty spring is over, we dream the next spring  
And praying that we can enjoy the spring for long time with the offspring.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

Kinsley Lee

# A Pulsatilla Koreana(A Pasque-Flower)

Ae-Kyung, Shim

One day, the waist which was straightened  
To her, to bend was the more comfortable

A flower bud was buttoned  
And she didn't attribute it to whom is blamable

A grandma,  
With the whole life's karma  
She passed away taking all things which left untouched.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# Have Written A Poem For Seeing The Royal Tombs And Mausoleums Of The Late Fall

On the Five Royal Tombs, the clear and vigorous fall-winds're blowing.  
In the fallen leaves, the boughs are stretching to the sky in skinny,  
For the power during their living, secretly they'd been fighting,  
Even in the tombs, it is entangled that their anger in unceasingly.

- Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Fallen Leaves

The yesterday-night, it's late in the fall,  
I got drunk at the pretty colored leaves.  
But the morning light of today, all  
I can see that rolling are the fallen, leaves.  
The life is easily withers away,  
Why are you boasting the achievements? Intentionally.  
When winter, it snows on the field and brae,  
It looks same, covering with white, equally!  
(Org.11th, Nov.,2022, Rev.9th, Nov.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Landscape Of The Late Fall

Kinsley Lee

November, in the afternoon, the sun is bright  
And the leaves give off the golden gleam.  
On the benches, under the trees, the winds are light  
And the old sit on and bathe the sunny beam.

Their talking is not heard but looks that funny.  
They are looking around the autumn leaves  
And talking. But butterflies don't fly for honey  
Anymore to the chamomile's floral leaves.

For what's the theme that they are talking?  
The passed day's glories or today's so-so.  
But it would not end their laughing and talking.  
Already, the cold of the evening blow.

The leaves do try to stick on the boughs,  
And the sky is colored by the evening glow.  
They wear the caps for hiding the brows,  
But the mischievous winds tangle the sprouting snow.

Kinsley Lee

# The Late Fall Night And Gin

Late fall, the leaves are falling by the winds  
The early sun sets and it's beautiful evening.  
The winds are blowing from the city wynds  
In the night on the road, the leaves are groaning.

Here and there, the people are gathering  
In the pub, they are talking until the late night.  
For a long time they couldn't be blathering  
'Cause of the Corona. The streetlamps are bright.

The neon signs make the leaves on the trees  
Be redder, and the fall foliage are waving  
To the passers-by. And they press the phone button at ease.  
The fall is too short even the men's craving.

I pulled out the brandy and made on the rocks  
Drinking, so the leaves come on the cheek.  
And wall clock hit the twelve but their talks  
Are not finish, the left leaves are sleek.

Kinsley Lee

# The Forsythias

Dong-Seog, Kim

The walls in the park, yellowish adorning themselves,  
Pouting and pouting, the beautiful forsythias are coming.  
Twine! Twine! Twine!  
Tying up and twining,  
They embrace and threw themselves.

The wild birds are coming, biting the petals, and thence,  
Eating the azaleas. Softly, the winds are blowing.  
Tweet! Tweet! Tweet!  
Petit cuties're being  
Clustered in the Park's, the winds are piercing, the long fence.  
(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

## To Write On Seol-Pa's Peony Painting

Gorgeously and splendidly, in full the peonies are blooming  
Even men don't call, but the butterflies are coming.  
Hanging the picture, the full of the smiles are in home,  
The family's harmonious, and naturally the Fortunes're filling.

Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Kam-Hong-Ro

It's time that ginkgo leaves are dyeing  
And Kam-Hong-Ro're growing ripe  
The perfume of the spirituous liquors are spreading,  
And the winds blow the maple leaves to sipe.

In the field, the fallen leaves are rolling  
And in the bar, the people touch their glasses.  
And the western sky is redly glowing,  
And the lights shine over the glasses.

For a thousand years they have distilled liquors,  
There'd been many songs and dances along the rivers.  
And there're various gins along the rivers  
And hills, and there're many gin makers

Luckily the traditional gin's been reborn,  
The people could not but cheer with the gin,  
When walking in the autumn leaves in Morn  
Light, and felt the scent of the djinn.

Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee

# The Landscape Of Fall

In the morning the cool winds are blowing in the park  
The foxtails are dancing along the way,  
And now the cicadas aren't chirping on the bark  
The leaves of the peach tree are dying on the brae.

They are laughing and walking under the trees  
With the colored clothes, to the colored leaves.  
Kyung-Eui Railroad, the twenty lis,  
It's full of the red and yellow leaves.

On the open-air Café, their cheeks are red  
To laugh, until a sunset glow  
Like the Kam-Hong-Ro's color, the western head  
Grows dark and the night starts to blow.

The day of autumn is too short for enjoying,  
And falling leaves means winter is drawing.  
But we can expect the next spring and blooming,  
Your life, can dream the next rejuvenating?

Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee



# To My Grandson

There is a long way in front of thee,  
And thou must go the way at alone.  
Thy family can help but not with thee.  
Thou must go the way with the legs by thy own.

The Woods, flowers, muds, deserts  
Will be there, sometimes the Milky Way  
Shines on thy head, when thou walk the outskirts,  
And sometimes at the collapsed road, losing the way.

But thy dad or mom can't go on behalf  
Of thee, even though thou stumble on the obstacle,  
Thy family can't replace, so, laugh  
That off and rise, not trusting the miracle.

Sometimes thou will stand on the two roads in the wood,  
But thou must choose the one for thyself,  
Fully request the opinions but thou should  
Decide to choose the road for thyself.

At young, thou feel the front road too long  
For thee, but not and look back, it requests me  
Sequential decision, there are many prong  
Of the roads and it'll too be true of thee.

And after long time has passed, at dawn,  
On the desk, thou'll sit under the lamp,  
In a certain autumn day, to yawn.  
And to write the letters to thy lovely scamp.

Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee

# The Dog Is Barking Looking At The Mirror

Hyung-Sig, Kim

All things,  
There are not that not these things.  
There are not that not those things.

On the mirror,  
I was reflected  
There is this thing on the place.

To examine,  
Those things are on the place.

Looking at the mirror the dog is barking.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Icicles

Sihn-Kyung Lee

The innate modesty, maybe is it the order  
Of the heaven? To the earth, it is the colder,  
Under the eaves, it is lengthening the height, that the General Winter.

It grows by the will's communicating with the territory  
And be worn out and thaw the one's own body  
To bring up the air of spring in the underground, thee.

Thou art finishing the life and fading away  
That is like the salmons in the Nae-Rin brook  
After spawning and finishing their lives and fading away.

Who could understand thy will? On every year coming,  
And thou-the icicle-art begetting spring, and leaving.

Spring always comes from thee.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# It's Black Like White, A Crow

Paeng-Nyun, Park

It's black like white, 'cause a crow  
Got the rain and snow.  
The luminous and bright  
Moon, why should it dark at night?  
To King, the sincere and single-hearted  
My mind, why should will it be changed?

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Draw On A Sheet Of Drawing

Sihn-Kyung Lee

The mist goes down  
And drew a sheet of drawing  
The lake was confined in drawing

A moon in daylight which was hidden in the breast  
Goes down on the damp drawing papers  
And it dilutes the watercolors

The shadow of mountain dyed by the sunset  
And it is so beautiful that,  
It maybe because of loving the lake

When the darkness falls  
The shadow is fade away  
The twinkly stars were embraced on the lake's bay.

I will share the love  
With the stars in the above,  
And I am burying my soul in the lake.  
(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# The Way To Yong-Mi-Ri

It's full of autumn tints on the way  
To the Yong-Mi-Ri, the leaves began to brown.  
To the hills and vales it's not long, the way  
Was off the city streets and town.

The ridges surrounded the open fields  
In softly and the sunlight shined in warm.  
Here and there, on the altars, the goldfields  
Were put and withered but bleached form.

The dragonflies were flying as the autumn winds.  
I was standing between the tombs, and was seeing  
Their flying, and it filled me something, some kinds  
Of Love to my left life, by the fluttering.

In my young days, I felt the fear on the way  
To the Municipal Cemetery, in old days but not now.  
To the cemetery, maybe it's not long the way,  
On retuning the fruits were waving. Ciao!

Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee

# The Kyeong-Eui Railroad Park

It's the many faces along the way  
From Yong-san to Yon-nam, brooks and grasses  
Between the woods, not ending way  
Linked to the buildings and stores, the masses  
Of the people pour out of the offices at lunchtime,  
And afternoon the old are sunbathing the daytime.

The holiday morning the young girls running  
With sweating and wagging their pony- tails.  
After closing time, they are waiting  
On the seats at the outdoor cafes for the ales.<sup>11</sup>  
Summer, sky turns reddish at the twilight,  
And between the woodland, the roads lighten the park light.

Like snowy, under the cherry trees,  
And autumn there're full of the burning leaves.  
The petals are falling by the springtime breeze,  
And the aromatic winds pass through their sleeves.  
As the season's going, the park has many faces  
And the people walk the way, as their age's paces.

The young and old, in rail-road Park  
Are writing in everyday life for their themes.  
Some people begin their work at dark  
In early for seeking their hopes and dreams,  
The parkway is not only for the present Seoul,  
But the railroad bounding for tomorrow's goal.

Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee

# On The Peak Of The Mount Paek-Du We Plant Our Colors

Chong-Suh, Kim

On the peak of the Mount Paek-Du we plant our colors,  
In the Tomoon-River we wash our mares.  
Here! Thou rotten and pedantic scholars.  
Are we not truthful men of sturdy patriots?  
Whose portraits will be hung later,  
On the wall of the Hall-of-Famer.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# Early Fall Day In The Park

The cicadae's chirping is withered in the trees,  
But the dragonflies're fluttering and the light winds breeze.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Buyeo Gung-Nam-Ji(The Pond Located In South Of The Palace)

Sang-Cheol, Han

The silent, in the old dynasty's pond  
Where it's been breezing by the light wind.  
A female Buddhist stretch her tongue  
And the clear redolence is flung.  
Seo-Dong(Dioscorea-boy) picks up a red lotus flower  
And presents it to Seon-Hwa(Pretty-flower) .

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Time Machine

Jang-Sung, Chu

Off Seoul,

Take on the eight round-trip lanes freeway,

And if you, for long time to the southward direction, running

On, then the lanes are decreasing,

And it changed to the old days before that the landscape of the surroundings.

If you decrease the speed, then you can see the surroundings.

The four laned road is the Local Road, and it looks like the vanished road located in hometown.

The road softly curved to the right,

If you rise up the gentle slope, then you can see the small tunnel on the road.

And it goes well that the old woods and the granites' retaining wall of road

The trees are stand up silently,

And the silent mountain won't conceal the rounded ridge.

Who did switch on the time-machine secretly?

It looks like that the time standstills or goes very slowly.

Like the black hole, the tunnel draws near,

If you enter the long and dark way, then the yellow lines, one after the other,

Passed away like the buoys of the time

Far away, the small outlet of the black hole, it draws near like the movie film picture.

It was the warm village, warm school, and buzz organ and persimmon tree.

If I go out, then the bright surroundings are play-off,

And the time-machine-switch was turned off.

The road is increasing to the four lane ways, again

And the surrounded landscape will be the shot arrow again.

Kinsley Lee

# The Day Which Beyond My Comprehension

Jang-Sung, Chu

Midwinter, at the evening when it's around the sunset.  
Uneven and gray-black clouds terribly went down as if touching the dark sea.  
But the atmosphere was dried and it's lucid between the dark cloud and the sea.  
And I could clearly see the coast which across the bay far away,  
Rap! Rap! And I could clearly hear the sounds from the far away.  
Maybe it mixed that between the stopping and moving, the farness and  
nearness, the darkness and transparency, the curiosity and dreadness,  
Or it divided clearly which I was feeling curiously  
Observing the surroundings, I walked the seaside.

It jumped up with kicking off the dark water that a fish which was black back and  
silver belly  
In a twinkle, splash, even falling to the sea, it jumped up again.  
It's swagging the caudal fin busily.  
Why that guy jumped up over and over again?

A small crab crawled out from the sea  
And was wandering the black asphalt plaza  
And tried to crawl to the mountain  
Why this guy took the direction to the mountain?

The several scores of the kentish plover're flying low as if they brushed against  
the surface  
And all together were changing the direc

Kinsley Lee

# The Sagumi Seashore

Jang-Sung, Chu

In some place where faraway the coast.  
I was looking for your traces which dispersed.  
When I put it in the blue bottle, truly  
Envious Luna told me secretly.  
'Tomorrow at dawn, the Sagumi Seaside will be high-tide at a hundred years  
since then.'  
I came with running without stopping.  
'Cause I knew it fair.  
'If it's at dawn, slowly bright the east,  
If the seawater is fully fill the cost.  
Then always you come there.'  
It's very accurate that the sea's high tide and the sun's rising,  
At the surroundings, there were the full-beauty of the morning.  
I waited for you silently.  
You appeared like in a dreamy.  
Without the words, and it looks you were still in thoughtful.  
I felt like bursting my heart in joyful,  
Didn't you know?  
The winds passed by brushing against your collar, slightly.  
The waves passed by brushing against your top of the foot, slightly.  
To my regretful breathes,  
To my regretful kisses,  
Soon, it's time to go to the another lane.  
How will I wait a hundred years, again?  
At the behind of the clouds, I'll go having a good cry,  
Too excessively, how missing and regrettable I am! What can I do, excluding  
good-bye?

Kinsley Lee

# The Autumn River

The winds blow on the green field, so the blue river is crystal clear.  
The stars set on the azure sky and the white clouds rise higher, higher.  
A fisherman has the heavy hands because the fishes are fat.  
At daybreak the lights are reflected by the scales so the water glitter.

-Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Be The Frost And To Be The Wind

Dae-Mun, Park

The sky is high.

The hill is high.

On the mountain, the end of the bough  
Is also high.

The edge of the bare twigs which stand on the ridge,  
Dimly touching the sky.

By the point of the twigs, be driving  
All the sky, the loneliness is roving  
And it flows in like the lightning.

Spurting in the mind, the longing  
Stretch like the sap in the early spring.

The loneness flowed into in time  
On the earth,  
Form and be the rime!

The longing which stretched  
On the air  
Be the wind, blow and blare!

?

Kinsley Lee

# Thoughtlessly Tramping

Sang-Cheol, Han

Thoughtlessly tramping,  
The ice columns on the field  
And shepherd's purse' sprouts.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# Shaking Butterfly!

Sang-Cheol, Han

Shaking Butterfly!

A wild Ume flower, fallen

On the rock's surface!

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Dishes In Cupboard!

Sang-Cheol, Han

The dishes in cupboard!  
She is feeding butterflies,  
Four seasons, wife's garden

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# On The Muddy Flat

Sang-Cheol, Han

On the muddy flat,  
At dusk, a girl digs out clams,  
And her red shadow.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Legend Of The Zelkova Tree

There's a big zelkova tree on the hill,  
Long ago, in my child days at home town.  
Under it my grandmother waited me on the hill  
Whenever I visited her house in home town.

The old men played the chess, in summer,  
On the low wooden bench, under the tree.  
The children made the snow men, in winter  
And a shaman'd performed the rite at the tree.

One day the tree was fallen for construction,  
And we heard the story of the workers death.  
But new houses're stood without the ruction,  
On the hill, soon the villagers're on the lethe.

The village lost the old traces, now,  
Tightly the houses're on the vale and hill  
But sometimes, the legends of the tree, sough  
In me and villagers' mind from the hill.

Wherever they live, whenever they live,  
The whole village've a zelkova tree in mind.  
The legend of the tree won't disappear and live,  
It is handed down from mind to mind.

Unconsciously my mother had waited the grandson  
On the hill, where a tree had been in old days,  
And on the hill, sometimes I'll wait my grandson,  
And my daughter'll wait her grandson in some days.

- Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee

# My Mentor

Yun-Mi, Lee

I've a mentor whom I can't forget in my lifelong  
When I was at the crossroad in a life or death,  
He rushed me for giving me the courage, going along  
With a beam of the hope for imperative living on earth.  
O dear, grateful my mentor!  
Now it's my turn, I should give the beam of hope  
To his heart for him to recover.  
Always, with the steady-fast trace,  
Please, stay at near me forever,  
I am praying and praying,  
For the life of my grateful Mentor.  
With all my respects and thanks, I am praying  
Him being the more healthy and a prolific writer.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Mom Whom I Miss Her

Yun-Mi, Lee

Fifteen years has passed since my mom passed away  
The thought of her make me something in my throat  
The mother's vacancy which is left me dimly faintly  
Whenever I recollect her I always have something in my throat  
When she was hurt and felt pains  
I kept myself to be so cool daughter,  
And why I turned my face away and blinded eyes?  
When she was living, I didn't warmly embrace her  
And didn't say a word that I loved her.  
And now, infinitely I miss the poor my mother.  
I recall my mother whom I miss her,  
And today, also silently I call my mother.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Wives Of The Marine Corps

Suk-Ja, Kuk

My old man was a general at the marine corps.  
Like the Dok-Do which guards the East Sea stand against the Strong Tsunami  
and Typhoon Waves which rushing from the Pacific Ocean. And guarded the  
Nation Sea, he was a reliable general at the marine corps.  
I was his wife and his lady,  
Whenever I walked with him, the all the women envied me.

My husbands is a lieutenant at the marine corps.  
When I walk with him, and they salute to him, I also walk the marine tread,  
strongly.  
I'm the wife of the officer at the marine corps,  
And all the women're envious of me.

My lover was a raw recruits at the marine corps.  
He had the first on leave,  
With ironed military uniform and a cap of marine corps,  
And his gallantly walking pace, also I was walking cheerful and positive.

'Salute! Ghost Buster Marine Corps! I declare the coming on leave to my fiance.'  
In mute  
And in spite of myself, I received the declaration and a military salute.

An wife of a general, an wife of an officer, a fiance of a recruits, as the core  
Of army, we are all proud as the wives of the Ghost Buster marine corps.

Kinsley Lee

# Han-River

A young guy's sitting on the bench  
And holding a smartphone, and twittering.  
On the surface of the river, a tench  
Is rising from the bottom and puffing.

A sea bird is swooping and scooping  
Up, with her bill, a minnow  
For feeding to her fledglings, and flying  
With brushing against the willow.

'Cause of the flood the wreckages  
Are floating on the surface of the river.  
And yet, that give us the messages  
The blood from the soldier' liver

Colored the water to red.  
And the North bank was full  
Of the attacking arms. And the dead  
Scattered on the riverside. And full

Of the enmity, the soldiers' in trenches  
Were staring and watching the North banks  
Now the riverside, there're the benches  
And cars are running the both banks.

And the rotten congress is located  
In the island and the parties are full  
Of the rotten smells. And an aide  
Is in it and be the push-pull.

And the freedom is not for free,  
It request for the blood to guard.  
For a long time, forgot have we,  
But lonely, exclaims a bard.

The forefathers've lived for a long time,  
And the descendants will live with the river,  
Which beautifully and peacefully pass time,  
And the river'll flow forever.



-Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee

# The Happiness Of The Wheelchair

Dong-Bin, Ju

I thought that the mother-in-law's boring to be in the house,  
Often, lifting her on the wheel-chair and go around alleys here and there,  
She said, 'If I were young again, wishing to open the flower-shop house.'  
She picked up a piece of the pink rose, when I recalled her words, and suggested  
to choose the flower.

And she delighted to held it in her bosom like a young lady.  
At the clothing store when she was suggested to choose a suit of dresses.  
'I have fully lived for a long time. It will be the luggage to pass away'  
At that instance it spurted out the tears with being choked up the nose.

By using the smartphome, we were hearing the Elvis Presley,  
O between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, we felt happy.  
With chewing happiness over,  
We went to the coffee shop with pushing the wheelchair.  
Mother ordered the sweet Caffe-latte, I, the American style, gracely.  
We, two remained in the small coffee-shop, mother and me.  
A passing by schoolgirl took pictures of my happiness,  
For giving the pictures to her mother.  
That's enough, let's go! Fearing to late preparing supper.  
It's mother's happiness.

Kinsley Lee

# Back To The Land

Jong-Rae, Lee

To the soil, I will go back.

To the land where I were, I'll go back.

I'll rise to the sky when I finish the life,

When sitting for relaxing with bad legs on the clouds,

When looking down the world which I sticked to my life

Deeply regretting the place where I sticked to affections

The clouds which I sat, when it'll be the snow-flower and falling down,

Lightly to the earth, I'll too fall down.

It breadths that the all the truthful lives and lover's whispering,

To the root of the ume flower, and god's doing his busy working,

The place where the sun and the moon visits by turns,

I soak the body in the brooks where the stars are too, playing.

Before we knew it, the galaxy fall down on the land` where I'm playing.

I myself will have the eternal sleep in these lands.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Yul-Shi For The Summer Park

And now late summer at dawn, the park is dark  
The cool wind I sense the seasonal change, now  
The cicadas start to chirp, sticking on the bark,  
The doves, sniffling, talks their sleep on the bough.  
For now, there'll be the various flowers'll bloom in the field,  
In present, the ears of the reeds are full in my head.  
It's short that the cicadas' life in the brilliant world.  
The corpses are scattered on the road where I tread.  
-Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Mythology

The young and blushful boy received an apple  
And it made him as a tragic hero without his will.  
The history is flowing, from yesterday to today, not simple,  
And the haves of power try to divert as their will.

The gods and goddess divided and supported on Olympus,  
Many of the sons and off-springs of them joined the battle.  
And the bards've been reciting the inherited Magnum Opus,  
For long time the story were forged by the concerned in subtle

With bare hands, the heroes stood up and made the enemies  
Fallen in the field, in spite of their newest arms.  
Yesterday the gods, today the media produce the histories,  
In everyday, newly they are making the heroes for their aims.

The god led the hero to attack the Medusa in stealthy,  
The armed with flintlock, the heroes won the machine gun.  
Fighting against the haves, they are making history,  
The knights with the acute sword start to kill the fat dragon.

-Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee

# The Picture Of The Jae-Ho-Ya In Summer Day

The hot and humid day in the Summer,  
And late and hard shower rains on the City  
We are bound to Ja-Ho-Ya go through the shower,  
'Cause there is the old remembrance and comfortability.

It wakes us that the remembrance, and we drink for future..  
In mingled world, only we found the place,  
Where to be ages, but 'twas the accustomed picture,  
And whenever visiting, where we can find the piece.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Sonnet For Eun-Seong's Honorable Retirement

Kinsley Lee

Thou art walking on the way of the long, named as life-race.  
With many mingled feelings, thou art recollecting the last days  
But until now, thou never have time for thyself on the long ways  
But so far, in the many troubles thy route is shined grace.

Thou have had many roles at many place.  
One year had passed and the other, and forty years,  
Have stolen by, it turned white both sides of ears.  
And now, thou have had many badges on your face,

So far, thou have gotten the merits not thyself,  
But now it's the time to dream for the new life really.

The future journey, let's go with for thyself,  
And let us shake hands with lovable and dependable family.

The road left us will be and make an end in itself  
And let's walk the road to see the landscapes at freely.

Kinsley Lee

# The Flood Damage

Kinsley Lee

They are uploading on the YouTube the flooding videos.  
It's heard for all night that the rolling soaked wheels.  
It's long time to see again the roads are flooding  
It ruined the Seoul that no preparation for last ten years.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Healthy Kyun-Woo And Gyg-Nyu

Kinsley Lee

They are living in the sky as the stars across the Galaxy.  
Only they can meet a day per year eternally.  
They have lived as a long distance couple were stymied by the Galaxy,  
But like today, maybe they will live forever in healthy.

They need not have the stress by living together.  
They are living with longing for each other except a day.  
They'll maintain the good blood pressure and diabetes forever.  
For year, they must build up their bodies for one day.

But In Korea, many couples are living as the goose-farther  
For their children's education, they are living the life on the ice.  
Many couples fell in love with each other,  
But few years passed they frequently dream the divorce.

But In Korea, many couples are living as the goose-farther  
For their children's education, they are living the life on the ice.  
Many couples fell in love with each other,  
But few years passed they frequently dream the divorce.

But they not! They began to live at the dawn of the cosmos,  
And they will live to the last day, dusk of the cosmos.

Kinsley Lee

# The Winter Mist

Hye-Kyung, Lee

December,  
When you cross the foggy street  
Please do not look back the past places  
Where the street lights look like the ring around the moon, on which the street  
Please, do not stop the paces

The sounds of treading on the fallen leaves  
When it is heard like the sighs  
Please forget the past days.

At dawn  
Even the hairs which braided behind the ears are soaked by the humid winds  
Please do not sing the past songs.

The another day dawned bright and it came the dusk dark too.  
Maybe the foggy winter-night come too.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Anxiety

Hye-Kyung, Lee

Do you have any worry.  
Please talk to me.

The sounds murmuring together are, out of the push-up windows,  
The winds passing the bamboo gro'es

Do you have any anxiety  
Please talk to me.

The lonesome thrills,  
Which come down on the surface of waters,  
Are lovebirds.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Noodle House In Kim-Je

Jang-Sung, Chu

When I had been working at Kim-Je industrial complex,  
There was the buckwheat house in side of the ironworks,  
When being tired, I used to go for eating the warm noodle.

The landlady who has the bright and untainted voice.  
She put fully the noodles into the warm soup  
In the large brass bowl.

I's in the habit of not left behind food  
So when leaving after ate all of food, filled in the large brass bowl,  
I said to her ' Please serve me drawing off later.'  
She answered shyly,  
' I rather have an open hand....'

But it looked closed, her pretty and small hand.  
In the front of the gate of the noodle house,  
Verily, the pretty and small flowers're blooming so much.

Kinsley Lee

# The Fatal Injury

Nyeong-Ha, Kwon

Please lift your face  
The sleep which deeper than passing away  
The past remembrance...

Whenever it comes the darkness  
To be alive again  
In pain

Please lift your face  
Possible to pass away  
But I never do not think twice

Today, when the winds blow  
Which revive me the sorrow  
Please lift your face.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Mind That Wearing The Blue Robe

Nyeong-Ha, Kwon

In the heavens, the winds blow,  
It draws near with fluctuation like the tide flow  
And completely sunk

Redish single-  
heartedness is colored to an'l  
'Cause to live drinking the dew-  
S. So it turn to bu-blue.

At all events, to live.  
It's fine only to live  
To walk lightly like the breeze  
It's fine to live like a man who wore the Blu-ue dress.

It pleases me  
That the sky blows to me  
As blue.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Ode For The Meat

Kinsley Lee

The breeder sold the cows to the broker.  
At dawn, he loaded them on the truck,  
They were departed to the world as the first and last traveler,  
And be bound the ropes so they did be stuck.

At last, they arrived at the slaughter house,  
And were sent to jail for staying overnight.  
No feeding the grasses, they stayed the house,  
And never, again they could see the sunlight.

At dawn, they're conveyed on the auction by the broker,  
The men only are talking the Ei-Ple, Two-ple,  
The ratio of the profit's counted on by the seller.  
Nobody think that they're once the live cattle.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Rose Mallows

Sang-Cheol, Han

Your stirring fervor is filled on dish  
The wriggling blue ambition twinkles by Irish  
The scattered clouds which stay up all night, circles on the dimples

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Streaming Streets

Dong-Ju, Yoon

Hazily the fog is streaming.  
The streets are running  
That trolley, the car  
And to where all of the wheels are running  
With being no port to anchor  
With the many pathetic persons were being loading,  
The street is swamped by the fog,

If I try to stand with a red postbox which is the corner  
of the street, in all of the things are running  
The glimmering street lamps is not going  
Out about which is, then what is the symbol?  
My beloved Park  
And Kim  
Where are you now?  
When the fog continuously is running,

'In the new morning let's meet again.'  
Writing a letter and dropped it into the mailbox,  
And waited all night long  
For a mailman in the uniform with a golden insignia and buttons  
Who would appear like a giant:  
A delightful visit in the morning.

This night, continuously the mist is streaming.

Kinsley Lee

# Diamond Bluebells Were To Be The Lights

Sang-Cheol, Han

The Crescent is hung on the acute peak, Diana dropped a fine-toothed-comb.  
At night, a mountain-daughter-in-law, climbs the rock for picking up the comb,  
The end of the cliff, plucking the diamond blue bell flowers at midnight, and  
turning on as the head light.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Torn Plantain-Leaves

Sang-Cheol, Han

The window katydids are chirping and chirring, through which the crescent's peeping.

My sweet dream were woken up, by the winds, the weather strips were been battering.

Through the torn plantain leaves, the lover's underclothing is fluttering and tattering.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Trumpet Creepers

At the height of June, early summer.□  
Here and there, it occurs the orchestra.  
The trumpet creepers hold a walker,  
At the height of June, early summer.□  
The winds ?are touching the chitter-chatter,  
To the trumpet, a walker hold the camera,  
At the height of June, early summer.□  
Here and there, it occurs the orchestra.  
(29th, Jun.,2022, Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Landscape At Suwon Castle In Summer Day

It's the rainy season, it's stopping for a while.  
The summer winds touch the branches softly,  
The air is sweet, and the flowers smile.  
The auto-wheels' sounds are heard with humidity

The old days' palace is under the reconstruction,  
And the new stores are located in both sides of the streets.  
Like the old days, the pharos looks down in the position,  
And the color of the clouds turns to the thin sheets

It's working hours, the young guys are seldom pass  
With umbrella in their hands, but streams the city  
With energy. The schoolchildren are going after class,  
They prepare the persons in restaurant with vitality.

It grows weak the corona virus, and no curfew,  
And again, people begin to bustle,  
Even with the thin purse, they expect the new  
Government. The renewal, it was the Suwon castle.

Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee

# When A Golden Crane Howls

Sang-Cheol, Han

The northern territory is near, the barbed-fences block the way.  
Golden Mountain turned sulky and sit, spring lights are turning away.  
When a Yellow Crane's honking and howling, the snow on which the frozen land  
will be melting

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Short Thoughts In Dawn

It's dawn of the summer, rainy days.  
But in the park, the winds're chilly.  
The thing which opens the dusky days  
Are the delivery vehicles of the Coupang, M'Curly.

In the sky, it's full of the shadowy clouds,  
And in the grass, it's full of the daybreak's dews.  
The sleepless night, the road-lamp stands  
With tiredness, vaguely shines on the dews.

In the old streets of Seoul and Tokyo, Dong-Ju,  
Why did he sleepless, and be lost in thought?  
It's coming, today, 'cause of the yahoo,  
The young guys were buried. What did wrought?

But still, the falsehood are prevailing,  
The foolish guys are fanatical and thoughtless.  
On the bench the used cans are whirly rolling  
And several raindrops fall with noiseless.

Kinsley Lee

# Miss You In Dream

Ji-Yi, Hwang

I miss you, want to meet you but only to rely on the dream.

When I visited you with joy, you visited me with joy, too.

Tomorrow night, I want to walk with you to the farther away in another dream,

We start to walk at the same time, and in the middle of the way, wish to meet you.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The White Shadows

Dong-Ju, Yoon

In the corner alley of the thickening twilight  
All day with the wearied ear, silently I listen carefully to  
The tramping sounds of the trace in the moving twilight.

Am I bright,  
To understand the trace of tramping?

Now, foolishly, after grasping all thing,  
For a long time, which are in my deep heart,  
And many of myself who are suffering,  
When I send them back to their hometown by ones and twos,  
Then, into the somber corner of the street,  
The white shadows which vanished without the sounds.

The white shadows,  
The white shadows to which I stick to love

After letting go back the all thing in me  
And I roaming forlornly over the back alley  
And coming back to my room being tinged like the twilight.

Like a faithful and matured lamb,  
Let's graze the mass of grass all day without anxiety.

Kinsley Lee

# The Extra(Leap) -April

Mog-Wol, Park

The mountain peak in out-of-the-way  
Where the pine pollens are flying

The extra(leap) April's sun is late to home on his way.  
When the nightingale are howling.

In the woodman's isolated cottage,  
A blinded lassie,

To the door post, with listening attentively,  
Eavesdrops the outside scenery.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Road(2nd Poem)

Dong-Ju, Yoon

I've lost something,  
But I don't know where I lost, and what it is,  
With my hands, the pockets, fumbling,  
I'm going on the road.

The stone, stone and the stones one after another without the ending,  
The road go with the stone wall.

The iron-gate at firmly is closing  
By the wall and cast the long shadows on the road.

The road leads from morning to evening,  
And from evening to morning.

Groping the stone wall and weeping,  
I'm looking up the sky and it's shamefully blue.

This road which no weeds, I'm walking,  
'Cause I were left over there the wall.

Only, The reason living on, I'm looking  
For the something which I lost.

Kinsley Lee

# In The Winds're Rising

Dong-Ju, Yoon

From where do the winds showed  
Up, to where do the winds are called.

In the blowing wind  
There is no reason for suffering to my mind.

Maybe, is there really no reason for my suffering?

Never I've loved a lass.  
Never I've grieved for the times.

In the wind blowing constantly,  
On the rock, I'm standing with my feet.

The river flowing unceasingly.  
On the hill, I'm standing with my feet.

?



PoemHunter.com

Kinsley Lee

# Drinking The Moon-Shadow

Hyun-Poong, Wu-Hyun, Kim

Offering or drinking  
And fill the another glass,  
The wine and the poems are rolling  
And be stuck to the glass,  
Pull out the sheets and brushes, please,  
I'll go, after reciting all the poems.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Tomb-Wood

1.

The smoke of the battle swept away and the deep vales,  
On the Sunny place at the deep vales,  
The long time with storming, the unknown tomb-wood,  
The unknown tomb-wood  
Have missed the childhood friends and the hometown at far away,  
And in every joint, having borne the mosses and leaned to lay.

2.

The musk deer's crying echoes in the moonlight  
To echo in the moonlight, on at night,  
By the feeling of loneliness it have wept and tired,  
The tomb-wood have wept and tired,  
'Cause it's painful the old days' naive memories,  
Graining after graining, the sadness have been piled up as the stones

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Another Hometown

Dong-Ju, Yoon

On the night of the day when I came back  
At same room, my skeleton was running after and lying

The room is flowing thru the universe  
Like the sounds, somewhere in the sky the winds are blowing

In the dark, I am looking in the skeleton  
Which is finely going thru weathering,  
On weeping is that I'm crying  
Or the skeleton is crying  
Or beautiful soul is crying

All the night to the darkness  
The dog who is honorable is barking.

The dog may be seeking for me  
To the darkness, it is barking.

Let's go, let's go  
Let's go like the person who is been pursuing  
Let's go another beautiful hometown in secret to the skeleton.

Kinsley Lee

# The Night Of The Sung-Bul Temple

Eun-Sang, Lee

Sung-Bul temple, it's midnight, I can hear the wind-bell's mellow sounds.  
Master bonze went to bed and the guest's hearing alone.  
Dear Guest, please go to bed and let it be crying alone.

When it's tinkling, worry about tinkle again if it sounds  
When it's been soundless, I await if I can hear again to shake.  
All night with the wind-bell's sounds, I keep awake.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Joy With Aging At The Spring River

Kinsley Lee

Near the Han-River, I've been lived for twenty years.  
In spring, the fishing floats are beautiful in the dark fogs.

Not knowing why the Izaak Walton's rushing to the fishing place.  
Then how can I remember the reason Dong-Bong been a recluse.

The big and Green building in Yeouido, it stinks polluted lousy,  
My maisonette in Yong-San, always the river winds blows cleary.

Now, it become diminished my ambitions in young days.  
Often, the old friend invites me to the saloon these days

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Song-Hag Temple

Tae-Gohn, Kim

On the corner of the mountain, turn directly,  
The Song-Hag Temple is there.  
Going into several branches, what makes thee  
Astray deep mountain roads here and there?

The night insects are chipping the valley  
Where the star rays come down at finely,  
In my heart, being longing to Him verily,  
I'll run to Him as quickly.

The night insects are chipping the valley  
Where the star rays come down at finely,  
In my heart, being longing to Him verily,  
I'll run to Him as quickly.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Lumps Of The Sorrow

So-Wol, Kim

To kneel and dedicate the fire in the incense burner.  
The lumps of the sorrow're in my mind.  
The 5th day, under the silhouette of the moon, the rain is a crier.  
The lumps of the sorrow're in my mind.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Going With Closed Eyes

Dong-Ju, Yoon

?

Boys, who admire the lamp of heaven

Boys, who love the heaven's eyes.

Now, it's dark night,

So go with your closing eyes.

?Whichever all you own

Go with scattering the seeds.?

If you bump into a stone,

Then widely open your eyes

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Sad Tribes

Dong-Ju, Yoon

The white washcloth is wrapped the black brains.  
The white rubber shoes are hung on the rough feet.

The white blouse and skirt is draped the sad trunk.  
The white band is tightly bound the slim reins.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Cross

Dong-Ju, Yoon

The sun lights came to chase  
Now that were hung on the cross  
At the roof-top of the church

So high is the spire,  
Going up there how I can aspire.

'Cause cannot hear the bell's ring  
So I'm whistling or hovering

If the cross will be  
Permitted to me,  
Like Jesus Christ, he  
Was happy, but he had been felt it painfully,

Hanging down my neck like on the thorn choker,  
The blooming blood, like the flower,  
Under the darkening sky,  
I am bleeding in calmly.

Kinsley Lee

# Till The Daybreaks Come

Dong-Ju, Yoon

To all the dying people  
Put on the black clothes

To all the living people  
Put on the white clothes

And put them to sleep  
At the same bedroom, aligning them

If they weep,  
Then please, nurse them

Now if the daybreaks will draw near,  
Then the bugle-sounds echo on your ear.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# In The Beginning Of The Morning

Dong-Ju, Yoon

It's not a spring morning  
The summer, the autumn, the winter,  
It's not the morning of that season, but the certain morning.

Bloomed the red flower  
And the sun's azure.

On the night before,  
On the night before,  
The all things were prepared.

The Love and snake are going with themselves,  
The venom and little flower are going with themselves.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# A Confession

Dong-Ju, Yoon(Dong-Ju, Yun)

In the copper mirror, which the green rusts smeared,  
Still my face was remained,  
Is it the relics which was passed down some dynasty,  
So it's disgraceful to me.

I'll summing up my confessions to one line.  
- For what pleasure I'm looking for with livin',  
For a month and twenty four years.

Morrow or the day after morrow, the one day when it pleasant day,  
Another confession line, I must write addition.  
- At that time, my young day,  
Why did I shamefully speak a confession.

Night, on every night, let's cleanse the mirror  
By my palm and my sole in bare.

Then the person who is walking alone under the some meteor,  
The sad person's back  
Will be appeared in the mirror.

Kinsley Lee

# The Street Without The Signboards

Dong-Ju, Yun

When I got off at the station,  
On the platform, there were no person.

All of them were only the passengers  
Only the person whom looked like the passengers.

There were no signboard on every house  
I'd not worry of finding the house.

There were no letters with glittering gorgeously  
In reddish  
Or in bluish.

On every corner  
Turn on the light the old gas  
Lamps which is gracious

If grabbing their wrists  
They are all men of vitue  
They are all men of vitue

The spring, summer, autumn and winter  
They come back according to be in order.

Kinsley Lee

# Paying Tribute To Late Gen. Myung-Rim-Dab-Bu

The great General, named Myung-Rim, his merits shine eternally.  
Too aged but he ran to the battle field with flag's fluttering.  
At the outskirts, a million of the enemy soldiers were fallen bloodily.  
The Han dynasty weakened and collapsed, without room for recording.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The New Road

Dong-Ju Yoon

Going across the rapids and to the woods,  
Going over the hill and to the vill,

I went on yesterday and am going on today,  
It's my road and new road.

The dandelions are flowering, the magpie is flying  
A lass are going by, the wind are rising.

My road is always new road.  
Today... the next day.

Going across the fords and to the woods,  
Going over the hill and to the vill.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# With The Burning Thirsty

At the new dawn, at the back alley  
I write thy name, the Democracy  
In my brain, I've forgotten thee for a long time  
With my steps have cut off thee, too, long time  
But only a stream, remains to me  
That the memory in my heart which is the thirsty  
So I secretly write thy name, the Democracy!

Yet not breaking the day, at the back alley, some places,  
Urgent footsteps, whistle sounds, knocking voices,  
The shrieks which someone's long and long screaming,  
Moaning, wailing, groaning, in that sounding,  
That it's engraving in my heart is thy name,  
The lonely dazzling on thy name,  
It's painful hurt to my living  
And the azure memory of the freedom far away on living  
And I recollected the friends' bloody faces when they were dragged,

With shivering hands, with shivering heart  
By the really shivering and with anger, on the plank  
With the chalk and without the knack  
I write.

With catching my breathes and sobbing  
I write thy name in secretly,  
With the burning thirsty,  
With the burning thirsty,  
&quot;Vivat Democracy! &quot;

Kinsley Lee

# The Afternoon Of The Late Spring

To my sorrow, the splendid cherry blossoms, and the traces are vanishing.  
On the edge of the bank, as the successor, the royal azaleas are blooming  
The nature knows when it goes and retreats, so, gives way by oneself  
On the bench the old man who picked the willow twigs and is snoring

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Tear Are Stronger Than The Liquor

In-Hwan, Park

Drip, drip, it likes the tearing,  
The night whenever the leaves are falling,  
I try to hold my mind in sorrow,  
Which was fallen down treading on your shadow.

This way stumbling,  
That way rambling,  
So I endured the parting.

The farewell could not fruit itself  
That is my fate, too, myself  
And again I won't weep, pledging myself.

Cannot forgetting you in sober,  
So I begin to drink the liquor.

How dare know that you deserted the lover,  
In every night, I am drinking,  
That is not liquor,

That is the tear which are stronger than the liquor,  
Eventually, I have fallen with zonking

Out, the longing, which are deeper  
And deeper than the passing.

Kinsley Lee

# The Winter Sky

Jung-Ju, Seo

In my mind, I made my lover's pretty brows  
Been clearly washed by a thousand night's dreams  
And been shifted and planted in the sky,  
Then flying in the Mid-December, a fierce bird knows  
The situation and pretends and flies with steering by.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# When The Pear-Flowers're Raining And Scattering

Mae-Chang, Lee

Departing, the lover whose sleeves, I dragged, caught  
And wept when the pear-flowers were raining and scattering.  
The lover if he is too longing for me or nought.  
When the autumn winds are blowing and the leaves are falling.  
In the long distance, the dreams feel lonely,  
I have a dream and awake from it frequently.

Kinsley Lee



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# The Green Grapes

Ryug-sa, Lee

July in my home town  
The green grapes are ripening season

On this town, the legends are hanging to ramble and the sky,  
In the far away, are stuck in berry after berry

If the blue sea opens the bosom, under the sky,  
And the white sailboat slides in graciously,

Then the guest whom I'm longing for, with the weary body,  
Will visit me with the azure overcoat, they say.

If I will meet him, and pick and eat this grapes  
Then it will be, good for me, fully dampened my two hands

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Acme

Ryug-Sa, Lee

Be struck by severe season's whipping  
It swept to come to north at finally.

The plateau, where the sky ends by wearing,  
It stand up whereon the frosts in sternly

Trying to tread on more steps, there's no way,  
So I do not know where to kneel.

So I shut the eyes for thinking, only the way.  
Maybe the winter is the rainbow made from the steel.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Feeling Try To Meet

So-Wol, Kim

After the sun set in the evening and twilight is the way.  
Dark, the clouds were lost at the mountain far away.  
What's the reason in my heart is full of the longing to meet.  
There is no reason that he will come back completely.  
Without the thought the steps lead me to come to meet.  
The moon rises at the sky and the wild geese weep, noisily.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# In The Past Days I Did Not Know The Reason Still

So-Wol, Kim

It rises nightly regardless of seasons, is the moon,  
In the past days I did not know the reason still.

I'm missing you until it pierces my heart.  
In the past days I did not know the reason still.

I don't know to look up even so bright moon.  
In the past days I did not know the reason still.

Now the moon that is so sorrow to my heart.  
In the past days I did not know the reason still.

Kinsley Lee



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# The Politician

Man

High, outstanding

Speaking, deceiving, shining

There is no truth.

Politician

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Politicians

Never do to read their lips,  
But must look at the direction of their tempting trips.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Spring Day Afternoon

There's a certain slant of light,  
On early spring afternoon,  
With staggering the burden weight  
To the west, there'll be setting moon.

We are hearing the break news  
In order to achieve the aims,  
The young soldiers are being dews.  
Not knowing to be the victims.

The vulnerable system is been using.  
They encouraged the early voting,  
Without the solution even the worrying,  
And no certification method for believing.

It's Spring but not like Spring.  
In the sleeve, it's full of the cold,  
So feels too far the blooming  
But the sprouts're piercing the mold.

Kinsley Lee



# The Young, The Soldiers

The young Russian soldier was surrounded by the Ukrainian citizens.  
He was provided the warm tea and the pieces of bread,  
Not knowing why he was there and on his shoulders heavy burdens,  
By phoning, weeping with talking, to the east he's the fine thread.

He was recruited by the Chiang's Army during working in the field.  
Without the combat, his army surrendered to the Red Army, there.  
They did' nt keep the appointment which he could go back to his old field.  
Suddenly he's gotten on the train, not knowing to where.

He took off the train and walked the place to the unknown land,  
On hearing the political officer's something in every morn.  
In cold winding, he grabbed the rifle and dreamed his old land.  
In the trench, there were the statues of ice in the sunny next morn.

By the unjustifiable war, the people died, and the soldiers, too.  
But there will be the many slogans and songs and movies for poor death.  
The dictators brainwashed the people and will, too.  
The people will yell the false tears and sing together the death.

Kinsley Lee

# The Life

The drying cicadas,  
Others're chirping on the trees.  
It's the life on earth.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Ode For The Dead And To Be Dead By Corona

Whenever the blood moon incants to the people with something,  
And the stations go on the air the smiled face of demon.  
Then Like the bush fires the infections steeply rising.  
And the curses prevail the nation with the firing beacon.

Lonely, the dead make the rows in the crematory on the hearses.  
Without the observers, the poor were leaded to the flames.  
By the purification ceremony, being liberated from the curses,  
They can go back the family's bosom with the former names.

In the crematory, the smokes go on rising to the heaven.  
They were left as the ashes, there's no clues who they were,  
The cause of death was the Corona, being formally written,  
Without the dignity, the last road of the life, it's severe.

A white haired witch in the Center of Disease Control,  
In every day, foretells the Dead and the Serious,  
And incants the booster shots without the control,  
The people who held the candles entrapped in nervous.

Kinsley Lee

# The Fall

The leaves are falling by the fall winds' blowing

Our lives are withering as the season's going.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Late Fall

The side of the fence where the leaves have fallen, the yellow chrysanthemums  
are blooming

Under the side burns of the dyed hair, the snow white frosts are falling.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Bad Neighbor

In void forest, still the left leaves are splendid and beautiful.

In morrow, the sky is dark `cause the micro-dust are full

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The White Hair

The hot day, when the sun is high, the wild-born flowers fade away

When the man angry in the giddy dust, his hairs are turn white to decay.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Presidential Election

The more they try to conceal, the more their real faces are come to light,

It turned out to be the lawyers' lying contest under the sunny light.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com



# The Last Trip Of The Corona Patient

He was boarded alone by the disposal team with patient clothing.  
Without permitting to meet his family, the car started lonely.  
The last road on the wagon, it's time to close the sorrow his travelling.  
After waiting the line, a stream of the smoke was rising to the sky.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Back To The Heaven

Now, I'll be back to the heaven.  
Shaking the hands and hands with the dews do to vanish  
When be touched by the dawn lights in the morning.

Now, I'll be back to the heaven.  
Only two with that the evening glows to yellowish  
At the mountain ridge when the clouds do beckon during the seeing.

Now, I'll be back to the heaven.  
I'll go and say, the day when I'll do to finish  
The picnic to the world, it's beautiful and relaxing.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Death Poem

The Drums hasten the men's passing away.  
The fall wind's gusting, the sun is going to down in the twilight.  
They say, to the otherworld, no saloons on the way.  
Then, where shall I rest tonight?  
(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Autumn In Life

In early morning, whenever open the eyes,  
It flows that the unrecoverable old stories, suddenly.  
The autumn airs are whirling like the spring tides,  
The regrets and sorrows surges upon to me.

Whenever the old recollection occurs to the minds,  
Like the rising tides, it make me soaking.  
Escape from the seashores, holding the pen in hands,  
Without the thought, I fill on the sheets with something.

For a short time, the sheets are full of the rambling letters.  
As usual, I'll tear the sheets when the sun rising.  
Out of the windows, the thick clouds cover the airs.  
Maybe the sun indeed will be lazy this morning.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Birds

1.

The wind's rapids

Where was laid out in the air.

It's the crisp sound like to whisper

And in the shade of the trees, the birds are singing the songs.

But they do not perceive the songs.

Never they perceive that it's the love, two birds

Share the body temperature

By burying their bills

At the wing joints each other.

2.

Never the birds make the meaning

By chirpping and making

The coquettish behavior by playing,

Never make the love with disguising.

3.

-- The gunner aims at the Pureness

With a lump of lead

Whenever he gets with his fireness

At best only one bird that is wounded and wetted in blood.

(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

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Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# In The Morning

The older, the shorter the sleep at dawn,  
Always get up early these days.  
Sit up at the desk and have the big mawn.  
Not I, read the newspaper nowadays.

I, in the house, only it flows the calmness,  
No newspapers, No broadcasting, can hear the crisping.  
Quitting the newspapers and broadcasting, `cause of unfairness,  
So in early morning I am reading and writing.

This autumn, I can hardly meet the sun rising,  
The wet season's maybe prolonged till this October.  
But I am looking up by the window, and awaiting  
His coming with turning off light and computer.  
(Written by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Until The Peonies' Blooming

Written Young-Lang, Kim

'Til the peonies are blooming,  
I'll await my spring.

Tap, tap, the day when the peonies are shedding  
Then, I'll sink down the sorrow with losing the spring

On May, a certain day, the day when it's a sultry day,  
Even the fallen and lain petals whiter away.  
In the world, without the trace, the peonies were vanished,  
On regretfully, my fruitfulness that is stretching was been clashed.

If peony blooms fallen, only that's all,  
All of my year was gone away,  
In my regrets, three hundred and sixty days I'm weeping away.

'Til the peonies are blooming,  
Yet, I'll await my spring,  
Which is the radiant mournful spring.

Kinsley Lee



# A Certain Passing Away Of Self-Ownership

In the merry, holiday morn, the memo pads are fluttering.

Forlornly, instead of the lord, they are fixing on the window.

All the night it rains with feeling chagrin and tears're dropping.

Blowing the air on early morn, the winds try to console the sorrow.

In the world, it were full of the crying of the self-ownerships.

From deep palace to the sky, they are boasting the success in ever-where.

It express deep sadness on the memo pads with many penman-ships.

The white petals are floating and going with the soul to somewhere.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Hope To Go

My home town is the southern sea, in mind, I can see the blue waves.  
Even though in the dream, how can I forget it the gentle home waves.  
Now the water birds are flying, I want to go and go.

I miss the old friends whom I played with at my childhood days.  
Wherever go, how can I forget them, whom I frolic with at the old days?  
Today what are they doing? I miss them and miss.

The water birds, the friends, they are all in home town.  
Why do I leave them? And I am dwelling the other town.  
I hope to shake off all of the things, and to return home and return.

Wish to return back to the old days, I live together and live.  
To wear the rainbow stripped clothes and I laugh and laugh to live.  
When the day I do not know the tears, let's return back and go.  
(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# Nice To Meet You, The Full Moon

The night  
Goes to deeper and deeper,  
And important guest visited the small spring.

To draw the water  
By the gourd dipper,  
To cherish my mind with welcoming.

I await  
The full moon,  
Please, grow up nicely and nicely.

I await  
The full moon,  
Please, grow up nicely and nicely.  
The original poem was written by Hyung-Sing, Kim,

(The original poem was written by Hyung-Sig, Kim, and translated by Kinsley Lee.)



PoemHunter.com

Kinsley Lee

# The Half Moon

There's a little white boat in the milky way and the blue air.  
And a cassia bark tree and a hare.  
It has no pole and no mast.  
And goes well in the land of the west.

Across the milky way and next to the cloudland.  
Where are you going, passed the cloudland?  
Stars glitter and glitter at the far away.  
The morning star is the light house. Please find the way.

(The Original poem was written by Geun-Young, Yoon, translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# To Go Up The Oldie Hill

The oldie hill when I played in my childhood, today, again, I stand up to balk.  
The poet's words that the landscape was the same as before, is the empty talk.  
The large pine tree which was standing up here was cut off to vanish.

I turned to walk to the foot of the mountain with a crane.  
In which year it was collapsed by the wind and rain.  
In the soil, the new pine grew to try and stretch the branches to the sky.

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Thought Of Friends

The symphony of the Spring is resonating  
On the Ivy green hills, when that're flowering, the lilies.  
I snuff the fragrance of the white lilies  
A song for you, I'm singing and singing.

My mind is like the Ivy green hills.  
Then a man who like the lilies are my friend.  
When, you, lilies are busting out in my mind.  
All of the sorrow is disappeared in inner hills.  
(The Original Poem was written by Eun-Sang, Lee and Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Azalea

Cause you are tired of me,  
And if will leave me,  
Then, without the words, I'll send you off, neatly.

The Airlie Gardens, the azaleas,  
Pick the armful of the flowers,  
And I'll scatter them on the road you are going, politely.

At every step and step to depart,  
On the road heart.  
Please tread on the flowers which are placed, lightly

If you leave me,  
Cause you are weary of me,  
Then, not. I'll drop the tears even though wither saltly.  
(The original poem was written by So-wol, Kim and translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The Buddhist Monk's Dance

The cone hat is whi-te and flimsy tiffany,  
Which be carefully folded like a butterfly.

The head is shaved in bluish-ly,  
And is concealed in the cone hat made of the thin gauzy.

The both cheek on which the lights flow,  
Factually, too beauty, so looks sorrow.

At night silently, the yellow candles are melting on the blanked candelabra.  
The crescent sinking down on every leaves of the paulownia.

The sleeve is long so the sky is spacious.  
Like spiral jump up and lightly cuffs on the small shapely socks

She is raising the black pupils in secretly  
To be drawing on the one star light from the far sky

On peach blossomin' pretty cheeks, it's likely to form two drops.  
To be harassed by the worldly affairs, the agony are the star-lights.

The curving, winding, again folding and stretching hands,  
Like sacred, together, in the deep heart, putting the hands.

This night, too, sleepless until the midnight, the crickets're staying on,  
The gauzy cone hat is white and thin, and which carefully be folded like a papillon.

(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



# A Wooden Horse And A Lady

By In-hwan, Park

To drink a cup of booze  
We talk the life of the Virginia Woolf  
And a lady who left riding on a wooden horse  
The wooden horse abandoned his lord and ringing the bell  
And left to the Autumn. The stars fall on the bottle.  
The depressed star broke in my heart in slight.

But the girl, whom I knew briefly,  
By the side of the grasses and trees, fostered.  
The literature faded away and the life passed away  
Even the truth of the love abandoned the shadow of the love and hatred  
The lovely lady who ride the wooden horse doeth not seen.

The time goes and comes  
Once withering in order to escape from the loneliness  
Now we must say farewell  
To hearing the sounds the bottle was fallen by the breeze,  
And look at the pupils of an old authoress.

If it not seen the light at the light house,  
For the future pessimism which I only have,  
We must recall the wooden horse's wretched cry.  
Even all things go away or pass away  
Just to grab the dim awareness which left in the heart, only  
We must hear the Virginia Woolf's mournful story.

We must drink a cup of booze with opening the eyes  
Like the snake which seek for the youth in passing the chase of the two stones.  
The life is not alone  
But be common just like the cover of the magazine,  
What are we afraid of the deplorable thing?  
Are we leaving?

The wooden horse is in the air  
The sounds of the bell are sloshing to rim of the ear.  
The sound which the autumn winds whistle,  
Is crying with choking up of which voice in my fallen alcoholic bottle.

(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# Calling The Soul

Calling the Soul

Written by So-Wol, Kim

The name which was broken in pieces!  
The name which was departed in the air!  
The name with no owner whenever I call!  
The name which I'm dying to call!

In my heart, a word is left,  
I could not talk at last,  
Euridice whom I've loved!  
Euridice whom I've loved!

The red sun hangs in the top of the western hill  
The herd of deer are crying sadly  
Which were across the river and very on the hill  
Where I call your name loudly.

As feeling it difficult to sorrow, I am calling.  
As feeling it difficult to sorrow, I am calling.  
The harp's echo never goes o'er the Styx.  
It's too wide between the sky and the earth.

If I be the stone in this place,  
The name which I'm dying to call!  
Euridice whom I've loved!  
Euridice whom I've loved!  
(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# If The Times Go By

Written by In-Hwan, Park

Now, I have forgotten his name,  
But the lips, the pupils  
It leaves on my heart in trails.

Whensoever blowing  
Whensoever raining,  
The street lamps, weren't forgotten by this time,  
Which were out of the window and the nighttime.

The love went by the old days were left.  
The lakeside at the summer, the park at autumn,  
On the bench,  
It was been by the fallen leaves,  
And the dust were made from the leaves,  
And it's covered by the leaves,  
And if our loves  
Faded away.

Now, I've forgotten his name,  
The lips, the pupils  
It leaves on my heart in trails.

It leaves in my cool heart in trails.  
(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

# The Roads

One night at the traveler's house, yesterday.  
And sat up all night. Caw, caw. There's the song of the crow.

How many miles shall I go, today?  
And where shall I go!

Go to the field and go upstairs to the mountain,  
I can't go 'cause there were no place to call out.

Don't mention it, my house is in Jeong Ju, Kwag-Mountain,  
Too. I'm going by the car and boat.

Hello. At the sky, the wild geese  
In the sky, doth go well 'cause there is the road

Hello. At the sky, the wild geese  
I'm in the center of the cross road.

Devided roads, the roads art forky and forky.  
Absolutely, there art no ways to go for me.  
(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

(Original Poem, written by So-Wol, Kim)

Kinsley Lee

# At The Southern Vill Over The Hills

by Dong-Hwan Kim

1.

Who's living at the southern vills over the hills.

At every year, the spring wind bloweth from the southern country.

It bloometh at the April, the fragrance of the azalea,

And ripeneth the wheat at the May, the smell of the barley.

Whatever don't load the one thing from the area?

I like when the south wind bloweth from the southern vills.

2.

Who's living at the southern vills over the hills.

Why the color of the sky is beautiful like that area?

At the wide golden grass, there are the flocks of the tiger butterfly,

At the brooklet of the willow garden, can hear the larks' sing in the sky.

Whatever don't load the one thing from the area.

I like when the south wind bloweth from the southern vills.

3.

There are the pear trees at the southern vills over the hills.

Under the blooming pears, silently, someone keep stands.

'Cause the old thought remindeth me, the slap way, I go along.

But I cannot see, 'cause the cloud is screening the hills.

To keep on and off, the weak song

Is heard peacefully, with getting on the winds.

The weak song is keep on and off.

Who's stand up under the pear flower.

(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

(Original Poem, Written by Dong-Hwan, Kim)



# The Self-Portrait

By Dong-Ju Yoon

I turn around the corner of the hills,  
On the edge of a rice field's  
By myself, to visit a remote well.  
Carefully, I look into the well.

In the well, the moon is bright, the cloud is running,  
The sky is stretching, the autumn and the blue-ue wind is breezing.

And, also, there is a man,  
I am turning back, somehow hating the man.

Thinking of him on my way back, I feel sorry for him.  
Again, I back and look into the well, there still is him.

Again, I return, 'cause hating the man.  
But thinking of him on my returning, now I miss the man.

In the well, the moon is bright, the cloud is running, the sky is stretching,  
The blue-ue wind is breezing, the fall, like the old memories the man is being.  
(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

(Original Poem, Written by Dong-Ju, Yoon)

Kinsley Lee



# The Night When Counting The Stars

The seasons are passing in the air  
Where the autumn is full in there.

Not I am with anxiety  
Can counting all the stars in autumn, possibly.

That are impressed in my heart by ones and twos.  
The reason I cannot count all the stars  
'Cause the morrow easily come  
'Cause the tomorrow night is left yet  
'Cause my young days are not finished yet.

The reminiscence on the one star,  
The love on the one star  
The lonesomeness on the one star  
The longing on the one star  
The poetry on the one star  
The mother on the one star, mother.

Dear mother, I am calling the beauty words on a star in each.  
Who sat together with me in primary school, the friends' names,  
Like Pae, Kyoung, Oak, the exotic girls' names,  
Now, the girls, who have already been the mother, whose names,  
My poor neighbors' names,  
Like dove, puppy, bunny, mule and deer and their names,  
Like Francis Jam, Rainer Maria Rilke, the poets' names,

They are too far away,  
Like as far as the stars are o'er the milky-way.

Mother, you are  
In Norhhern Gando, too far.

I yearned for something  
The starlight's fully downing the hill  
Where I wrote my name  
And I covered it with the soil.

All night the insects themselves are chirping

'Cause they are ashamed of their names and mourning.

But on my star, when the spring time come and drive,  
The winter. As green grasses grow on the grave,  
The place where my name has been buried, very on the hill  
Proudly, thriving be the grasses will...

(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

(Original Poem, written by Jung-Ju, Seo)

Kinsley Lee

# A Flower

Choon-Soo, Kim(???)

Before, when I call his name

He's only,

He is nothing but the gesture.

When I call his name

He cometh to me

And be the flower.

As I call his name,

Please, who call my name,

Which is fit to my fragrance and color.

I'd like to go to him,

Hope to be a flower for him.

All, we,

The something, hope to be.

Thou to me, I to thee,

A memorable eye-sign, I hope to be.

(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

(Original Poem, written by Choon-Soo, Kim)

Kinsley Lee

# The Stars

Byung-Ki, Lee

It's cool by the wind, I'm going out the yard.

The sky o'er the west hill summit clear from the cloud.

Neatly, crescent moon appeareth with the stars.

The moon set in the west, only the stars glittering each other.

Where is my star? Whose star o'er there?

With silence stand alone, I am counting the stars.

(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

(Original Poem, written by Byung-Ki, Lee)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# At The Side Of Chrysanthemums

For making a chrysanthemum bust out to blooming  
Maybe from the spring, so the cuckoo was wailing

For making a chrysanthemum bust out to blooming  
Maybe behind the nimbus, the thunders were howling.

A flower, like my elder sister,  
Who is anxious about the longing and remorse,  
Who is from the back lane which is far of the life course, Now, come and standing  
up the mirror.

For blooming the yellow flower, the early rime,  
Falleth so, and maybe never I slept at nighttime.  
(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

(Original Poem, written by Jung-Ju, Seo)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# An Oaten Pipe

With blowing an oaten pipe,  
The vales and hills in spring,  
I'm longing for the oldie home town.  
Beep, Pi-l nil ni ri!

With blowing an oaten pipe,  
The green grass hills in blooming,  
I'm longing for the days of childhood.  
Beep, Pi-l nil ni ri!

With blowing an oaten pipe,  
The street where people are living,  
I'm longing the human affairs.  
Beep, Pi-l nil ni ri!

With blowing an oaten pipe,  
How many years roaming,  
I'm passing the slope with tears.  
Beep, Pi-l nil ni ri!  
(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

(Original Poem, written by Ha-Uhn, Han)

Kinsley Lee

## The Pre-Poem(????)

Looking up from the heaven, until dying,  
I long to have no blots of shame  
Even on the leaves when the winds are stirring,  
So being tortured by myself I have to blame

With the heart that sings the stars' ray,  
I will love all the things be  
Dying. And I will walk the way  
That hath been given to me.

Again, the wind of gust, to-o—  
Night, brushes the stars, too.  
(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

(Original, written by Dong-Ju, Yoon)

Kinsley Lee



PoemHunter.com

# The New Song For Jeong-Eub Temple

- Lighting up holding the arrow-root lamp.

If the full of longing stretcheth to the dark-side,  
If looking up the time turneth to the purgatory days,  
If it dawn the night,  
The spirit fire shall appear.  
Aa-ch Arong Diri

On the end of the twisted the posture to the right-side,  
To hoist with the sprits and bodies,  
And turn on the light  
For the underworld which you will come.  
Oe-Geuiya Oegang-Dori

The day come and go to the other side.  
When you pass away, mournful are the somehow the ways,  
Wait you all night.  
Lighting up and holding the arrow-root lamp.  
Longing for, truly, truly.  
(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

(Written by Nyung-Ha, Kwon)

Kinsley Lee



# A Blue Bird

I,  
If I  
Passed away then being the Blue Bird.

Blue ether  
Blue Fields,  
Hither and thither I am flying,

Blue song  
Blue crying,  
Saying farewell with crying.

I,  
If I  
Passed away  
Then wishing to be the Blue Bird.  
(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

(This original poem was written by Ha-Uhn, Han)

Kinsley Lee

# Like The Wind Which Come Back After Meeting The Lotus

Please feel sorry

But

Please not feel sorry verily

Please but sorry suitably.

Please say farewell

But

Please not say eternal farewell

Even somewhere in next life

Engage to meet again and say farewell.

Like the wind

Not coming to the lotus for meeting,

But the wind not coming back after meeting...

A few days ago,

Not the wind coming back after meeting

A few seasons ago,

Like but the wind coming back after meeting...

(Translated by Kinsley Lee)

(Original, written by Jung-Ju, Seo)

Kinsley Lee

# The Han River

I go up slowly the hills at nights.  
Hitting the cheeks, the mild wind blows.  
The road on the way, turned off the lights.  
Without the words, the river flows.

Along the river, the road lights twinkle,  
And look like the endless milky-way.  
On the bank, like birds some wagons sprinkle  
The lights with rushing the late and dark way.

In the sky, the pinwheel-like stars round the pole.  
In dark, the river flows the time.  
In the morn, the sun rises for doin' his role,  
Again, people wake up and go as the chime.

Ten thousand years the river  
Flows with the people who live in by,  
Henceforth, for long, it'll be together  
With the sons who are and to be, nearby.

Kinsley Lee

# The Old Landscape

The landscape of the old days when I had lived in the country,  
Fifty year has passed, sometimes, it reminds me like the yesterday  
Now, I can hear the fall drops and it feels to me like the poetry.  
Sometimes I can smell the old when I see the drops in rainy day

At noon, the bees across the brooks are flying and buzzing,  
At night, from the milky way, the stars come down and whispering.  
In the morning, school-boys go to the school with back packing.  
At the afternoon, the boys are coming back with cows at the sun setting.

In Early Spring, it snowed in large flakes on the bloomed azaleas.  
It went well, to the Violet and white hills, but the sun sent his rays.  
In late Autumn, on the mountain hills, there were the wild-achilleas  
At night, the wind breathed, the petals were scattered on the ways.

The old landscape calls me to become, nigher and nigher.  
The summer rain-drops sing and call me with hitting the windowpane.  
But I know, going to the landscape, only I'll be a new stranger,  
Yearning and hatred are not the other word, I recite to the old lane.

Kinsley Lee

# The Rose Of Sharon(Mugunghwa)

Kinsley Lee

It rained hard last night,  
And heard the blowing of the wind.  
In the morn, it's full of the light.  
The petals were scatted by the wind.

The roses of Sharon were torn.  
The twigs were broken to litters.  
Some left flowers were worn  
Out were dangling like tatters.

Afraid if the tree were dead,  
Never see again, the flowers,  
Only, I did to spread  
And sweep the twigs for viewers.

Morrow, the sun rises again  
With joy, the buds are blooming.  
Never I forget, they'll remain  
In my heart ever-blooming.

Kinsley Lee

# The Rose Of Sharon

Kinsley Lee

In summer, on the green bank of the river,  
At the undergrowth, under the side of the hills,  
Always visiting me as fair face, like the lover,  
And skylarks flying and making trills.

At dawn, the Sun begins to send his rays,  
On the twig, the sparrows start their wingbeating,  
To school, the boys and girls are laughing on the ways  
With the smile, the lads and lasses are appearing.

Never stop to visit after raining.  
Never fail to smile going out the wind-blast.  
The lads are come again us with smiling.  
And lovely faces again, the lasses cast.

Till all of the water in the East-Sea go dry,  
And when the Baekdoo peaks melt down,  
The roses of the Sharon shall write the new story.  
Always, the mugunghwas shall smile at the town.

Kinsley Lee

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(Translated in Korean by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee



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Kinsley Lee



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