

Dear Coronavirus

I hold my breath.
You thought I would panic
because you put me in a jar?

I don't care about it.
I don't drink poison in it.

I'm not a rat in a jar,
but a rat breaks the jar.

I will strike the jar with my head,
like a clapper strikes a bell.

I will not die.
I'll let the world know
that a mere rat can save the world.

I'll ring the bell in a jar till
it echoes near and far,
so no rat will be trapped here,
see themselves dying.

Like humans,
we rats will no longer die alone.
Though I look like I'm dying,
not actually a rat who should die.

so you'd better make a real strong jar
unless you want it to break,
and exterminate you forever.

from

Rat

animal symbol of this year 2020 on chinese zodiac

*This year 2020 is year of rat, especially white rat^^that symbol of hope and good luck. And rat is symbol of leader, fecundity and richness. Rat, this year fights against virus^^, rat is not virus here. My poem means all nation must overcome virus^^, together^^.

The Shaking Rock

I knew this day would come
since an old woman dropped a package here,
and Seorak picked it up and placed it on its head.

A good man just shakes it
while an evil one drops it.

If it ever happens to thump on the floor,
the spines of Taebaek crack.
But Sisyphus rolls it up again
and carries it over his shoulder.

Tantalos refuses with terror
to take it and adorn his head with it,
while Seorak is willing to do it.

However countless times it rocks or falls,
Seorak silently repeats its own fate:
even more persistent than guilty Sisyphus.

The great innocent Seorak
leads its life, a snowman on its head:
never melting though ever shaking,

only heart—

*An old woman in the first stanza refers to a legendary giant figure from mythology who washes clothes with one foot standing over the Korean Peninsula and the other in Jeju Island. Jeju is korean big island.

*"Seorak" stated through the poem is the name of the mountain in Korea, which means

the mountain covered with snow, and the Shaking Rock lies in there.

*“Taebeak” in the third stanza refers to the Taebaek Mountains, which include Mt. Seorak in Gangwon-do in Korea.

Homowastecus

Food waste says—

I’m from a different background.

Household waste says—

I don’t smell bad like you.

Recyclable waste flies into a rage—

I’ve served someone really precious.

Regular waste says—

I have a different DNA from all of yours.

I was once a human but not good man.

I didn’t love my wife, didn’t like my children,
even hated my parents, friends and neighbor.

Then he lays his yearnings down,
and look up at the sky.

It rains in the sky that used to smile.

He reseats himself to take a bath, but
he cannot straighten his wrinkled skin.

He groans, with his nose into the sewer,
being trampled by passersby.

Wearing human perfume,
He smells like garbage.

Desperate joints keep screaming,

feeling sharp pains, suffering insomnia.

When the sun rises, he lays his dirty body down
and spends all day long dreaming of a human.

Stealing into a Trip

You know what?
I once went on a trip like a thief.

What did I steal?
Umm. Perhaps I tried to steal

a broken heart
from myself,
and crumple it into my backpack.

I got on the bus at dawn
wearing a summer dress in the cold.

My destination would be in summer
though I left in winter.

For whatever reason I didn't know,
the plane would not take off.

There must have been a good reason;
it would take off anyway
as if nothing happened.

I was caught on the runway
for an hour in pitch darkness.
The morning seemed to
forget its destination.

At night, I landed in

another part of the world.
Darkness seemed to lead to
another darkness.

I once had a belief that
the morning would come;
it would come when
the night is over.

Now I realize
my trip took me nowhere;
I ended up returning
to the same place.

The picture crushed
even before properly painted,
vomiting its black blood.

All alone there, sliding
on the empty runway.

Carelessly Thrown Stone

Have you ever recognized
there was a sound like 'Ouch!'
when a stone was thrown at me?

You probably didn't hear that.
Because you didn't want to hear.
You didn't even have any idea I could feel pain
because I'm a cold-blooded animal, did you?

I like the fresh wind blowing into my nose like you.
I like to see roses like a Little Prince.
You didn't know that, did you?

Perhaps you don't have to know
because the life of a frog is nothing but insignificant.

Once in the past,
I wished to be
a dancing frog
a singing frog
a beloved frog.
Funny, huh?
Though being only a frog.

Now it's time to say good-bye.
Please forget that you once threw a stone at me.
Though you did it
I won't get back at you.
I know better than anyone else
it hurts.

You shouldn't bury me at the water's edge after I die
because I don't want to cry loudly in your dreams.
I'll be born a stone in the next life.
Then I'll be valued in your hand
even if for a brief moment
and forget about hurtful tears.

If you ever happen to pass by a green frog
please remember my bruised heart—

Once upon a time
there was a frog
that tried hard to avoid stones
but stoned countless times
hurt countless times
and forgotten forever.
Don't forget.

Just only you.