

Poetry Series

Kinsley Lee
- poems -

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Kinsley Lee()

- * Born in Seoul
- * Graduate from Sogang University
- * Graduate from Korea Air & Open University
- * Studied at KAIST.
- * Had been worked at Samsung Electronics Co.
- * Working at CapusPartners Co.
- * A member of the Han-Gang Literature Association.

- * Writing a poet in Korean, English, Chinese.

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)

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(Original Poem, written by So-Wol, Kim)

Kinsley Lee

At The Southern Vills 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)

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(Original Poem, Written by Dong-Hwan, Kim)

Kinsley Lee

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)

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(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)

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(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)

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(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)

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(Original Poem, written by Byung-Ki, Lee)

Kinsley Lee

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)

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(Original Poem, written by Jung-Ju, Seo)

Kinsley Lee

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)

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(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)

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(Original, written by Dong-Ju, Yoon)

Kinsley Lee

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)

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(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)

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(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)

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(Original, written by Jung-Ju, Seo)

Kinsley Lee

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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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Kinsley Lee

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(Translated in Korean by Kinsley Lee)

Kinsley Lee

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Kinsley Lee