

Poetry Series

Chulsoo Kim
- poems -

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Chulsoo Kim(01/05/54)

A Bird In Azure Sky

In the snowing valley last winter

I saw the tear of loss which you sent
Flurry of snow getting stronger
You wiped out tears

You walk step by step along the fluttering blizzard
I think of myself whom wander along the wind
Each of steps you walk becomes my lingering affection
which makes me walk through snow field

Let blizzard stop to make you stop
Let blizzard rage to make you break
I let you go not to be a slave of lingering affection
With taking a look at a bird in azure sky

Chulsoo Kim

A Ripe Persimmon

What have you done until you come to me? Ripe persimmon!
To become pink-colour flesh inside thinned skin,
to leave taut fattening to my lip
you make spring and summer be stretched
with lifting heat- piling-up-plate to heaven
with connecting bronze colour vein to earth
you, an arrow target, look after parting of wind
you already rise to dress up to the autumn
Didn't you raise your sweet voice because of severance from the world
on the day of separating stalk?
Don't you hurt when firm flesh become soft to be runny?
Don't you fidget to find out to whom you get married?
Do you feel relieved at the time of catching sight of me?
When cherished flesh is bared with the skin undressed,
when you feel your flesh exposed to air for the first time
do you cover up with shyness
the chest shivering because you can't find where to go?
Do you perspire the groan of pleasure
when lips are matched
when sitting on the tongue?
Are you fearing to break up
when I taste even though the flesh is dispersing?
I am happy with you gotten.

Chulsoo Kim

A Song

To aim where to go and
find out why to go
are your song to dedicate to Him
Bring sorrow from the air into your mind
as seeing the toughness from the flower and grass
which go through summer's sun and rain from the sky
Sorrow makes the fear kneel down
with the the power of sky and air
for going forward to Him
Hand out your hand to a song sounding from inside
Step on earth with pleasure and take power from deep there
Dedicate your song through yourself

Chulsoo Kim

A Thicket

The wind might be iced.
A little rock grain on earth is blossoming frost flowers.
Flying dry grass is shaking with leaves of grass caught.
Water flowing in a brook heightens the sound with rocks caught.
Like hanging dry grass flowers, water plants form a bush to be finely dressed.
Upon the moor of rock fragments catching eye sight getting opened,
the branch of thicket gets swept away along winds flying.
The butterfly dances of dry grass are getting frozen with chills.
The heaps of thicket make smooth groans with branches of trees caught.
With tuning to dances spreading out between winds,
they go to where there are no ways.
Wind marks crossing wilds are showing.
They are burnt with the warmth of earth getting fevers.
Rolling heaps of thicket face to winds
and frost flowers are shattered.

Chulsoo Kim

A Wait

My fingers sleep in my palm
from which the root of energy is connected, with singing.
My finger points deeper point than the root
whenever it wants to get energy to sing.
My palm send signal to fingers to move forward.
My fingers can not get the energy from the root yet.
They are bending toward the root for delightful safety.
Can they get energy to sing alone not through the palm?
I'm waiting to listen.

Chulsoo Kim

Again Soaring

In the strand of wind lapping and unfolding
among the tree braches
The energy of tree root wet inside
take out the routine of day
The sun measures the height and again soar
Green grass, blue water,
the spreading out of clearness is observed
One beam of light ray is waiting there to be clear

Chulsoo Kim

Another You

I was in despair
after not passing the entrance exam for the middle school,
My mother, too
Her best endeavors for complete one year just for me made me sad
with inside something collapsed into my heart.
Despair made different world inside me.
Another eye looking at that something inside me
made me astonished and my eye wide open
and lead to new world.
New world is developed by another me.
I meet another you beyond the limit that our time has offered.

Chulsoo Kim

At Juneau

The vigor of dark and damp
fully filled with
the chill cold
fomentaiton being done
meets the air
and is warmed up to peaceful temperature
so as the outside flying away
and then the vigor of chill inside the dark and damp
is given to
the fresh whisper of peace
and to the message of nothing
which earth, sky and sea make
casts it grain by grain
in the domain of which
babbling done with peace taken
is piled up neatly
In doing Yucon river and White Pass railway excursion,
looking around
natural landscape like backlight
granted from the Alaska
up to hilly sections,
gathering into heart
the likewise root of nature providence
and getting pregnant of dream treasuring fear
randomly,
and the challenge upto the knowledge limit
inside the domain holding the darkness
purely tunably,
and the conquest of deepened displeasure
being gained by your seclusion
discriminatly,
and far roundly embracing the black
from the emissary of that blessing
As climbing up mountain ridge by train,
roaring, yelling, and remaining silent
being called rising enomously from the bottom
receive the deep mind of big and bigger mountain mass
with a few centuries' stern and deep storage shook off
The time realizing the river of longing

lays pulses chimed in
and joins devil hunt stream of Yucon river
The light of peace
rising with freshly dawned
in every ridge
is waiting to be greener
and the lofty tune of coming back life
facing the clearness, fear and making of sky
with the wick of heart
is heard
Thoughts on the hightness of sky
reopens
The grain made by their height
sits back
and hand hands out to the light
taking off brilliance pouring down

Chulsoo Kim

At Ketchikan

A sleep begins not to crouch down beside
The sleep also seems to me to adjust to climate
Winds encountered after anchored at the Ketchikan Port
might travel several times
through opened Alaskan sceneraries
Just in 5days onto Alaska,
my wind is also put into her beyond the limit of want
Today land excursion for walking around
Rainforest Wildlife Sanctuary is chosen
The hard work of the sun and the rain
stepped in the forest
gives and opens the condensation of rarely preciousness
so that the colour of it blossoms along the heightness of azure sky
Those leaves, those branches, those barks
take and rise it with overcoming the power of earth
and then bloom the sacrament of colour colourfully
so that holy spirit of power given out is kept in it
and fills the surrouding air fully
Dreamy coolness and warmness
mingle into us respirations
Each of us look together, condensate, and open out
and spread out their sights of deed
toward their sky, toward light
to be hers and our hearts
Each moment by moment contemplating the forests
in which fantasies flower
make them each other each other
with condensing and opening out
and get their areas
Sometimes they condensate to be adorable cuteness
like little pupil,
open out to be like a field,
and are like rising of wide and widened earth
through the condensing power of soil
even within dreamy like small domain
Nobody knows when their breathing out
everyone want to get
will be opened and opens their waiting
Since time to forget everything,

we have been waiting to open their breathing out

Chulsoo Kim

Being Of Body

In the domain of mind
I vacate mind.
Whenever do.
Whereever I am,
I am with empty space.

I read characters on papers, and they go into eyes.

Being empty space has reasons
to be as a being of body.

Chulsoo Kim

Dash To Glorious Grab

There were a lot of small stones on the surface of your territory.
I pick one of them to smell yours.
I attempted to throw it far away to find out your boundary.
I ran to where it reached to get it again.
On that fallen point where my eagerness had been dissipated,
I stood up with the soil grabbed.
A breeze approached and
was wound on wrist which had been waiting for jealous answer.
Sour, pale, transparent, rusty blackening, and finally white fire seeds
flew away from my palm.
I heard reply from the seed which touched the boundary.
I can smell the sound, of which the memory of fire could make fire,
at there and finally walk to out of it.

Chulsoo Kim

Going Back To Being

None is being in an enclosure. Always it is.

Whereever I am, I am a being of none.

The air making empty sapce which trace the walk of being
always fill none of mine.

There are reasons in filling the mind of finite space.

I walk out from none.

Chulsoo Kim

Going Back To None

We stand within naught in the domain.

Stand without loss.

Widenesses of naught widens wherever standings stand.

Breath comes out and naught open.

Walk of naught nods toward being.

In time of naught, the will of standing stands.

Chulsoo Kim

Going For Seattle To Get Yours

I reserve Carnival Cruise
for 8days Alaskan cruise last November
For the delight of the voyage
KAL business class flight is reserved
Newly furnished Cosmo suite seat requires
more mileages than other KAL business class flight's
About \$1300 including port tax and others,
which is the expense of two,
is needed to travel alone
Cabin is upgraded from inside to ocean view, though
I'm not in a member of package tour,
self-spirit can spread in any direction
with not only the mind of comfort
but the load finding the happy way
Korean Airline let customer enjoy his time
after checking in freely
regardless of taking-off time
after 6 a.m.
Sandwich, salad and a cup of espresso are
in my hand gracefully
and airplanes which land and take off
are put into my eyes invisibly
through big and aloft windows
in KAL business lounge
An airplane emits the time of blue heaven
occupied by her flying,
The anticipation of traveller
within a few days or months
aroused from the tracing of other places,
the domain of which is seeked from the openness of that time,
is rememberd as a dream
so that it can share the pulse of expectation
together with the speed of azure,
Light beam is seemed to come out from somewhere
and shoot the arrow of taste into the mouth
as seeing menus displayed outside restaurants
Business class seats are
rather wide, agreeable, comfortable
and standing toward and widening as sky

so that countenance of service provides
with cushions experiencing
the beauty of inside hardness
as well gently flowing outside softness
Stewardess who has worked
for more than ten years
is showing internal gracefulness
which is smooth, upright
and exchanges sensitivity.
Tenderloin steak is waiting for dinner
Soup and appetizer are tasty
and stirring deeply.
The delicacy of tongue's sense is aroused
so that a bit of excitement is
waiting for call
Where the light of sky is present,
Where the crane flies down and ignites a dream,
Where the phoenix preoccupies and makes a being dream to reclaim,
Where the water of a brook's clearness makes tell the heightness,
Where the memory of dinosaur
which the time of Alaskan glacier tells
is sleeping at and the call of paradise is made,
Where the light of honor which the glory of ancestors
makes memorize,
The taste of being present keeps being filled
and arouses the domain of glorious memory big and enormously
Awakened clearness which fresh blood draws
and the bend of good training stand and come closer
The steak coats the memory
onto the root of taste organ each one by one
with the depth of taste
Wines make stand highly to the taste of being present's height
Desert and desert wine examine the height of taste
to the degree of which human being can perform
I transfer the memory of taste to Seattle,
push a bell to call
and put my few hours' sleep down on the seat
lying with 180 degree

Chulsoo Kim

Going Forward

New bud comes out upright

lets communication with the earth be heard
says hello to the sky and smiles
and said that it can be where it should be

Flower bud blossoms

thanks to the mercy of the sun
The figure of flower allures the sun
bees offer themselves as friends

With the tenacious love of the sun
the seed lets the world know coming out
with the smile of time blurred

Chulsoo Kim

I'M Aloft

To say 'you are a man' to your soil,
to nod to your river, and
to hear your singing thunder,
I go and run forward to your height.
The smell of soil stained on my foot
says yes to my wisdom.
The scent of river smeared to my nose
nods to my love.
The fragrance of thunder reached to my mind
hears my wish.
Now I touch you and someday
and listen to your calm.

Chulsoo Kim

Inside Passage

Go back to Seattle
Sail the Inside Passage
Clear and clearer water melted from glaciers
heightens calmness
so that ever the flow is blended,
the clearness deep there is thrown up
so that some centuries of clearness's deeper sunken up
is cast on the all the surface of water
and in there
Its vigor is also bottomlessly ejected into the air
so as the mist having
the blossoming vigor of
heavy and heavier
and far-off old and older days
showing overwhelming figures
on the surface
and finally opening the sight
which some centuries' suppression is making
Islands everywhere and therewhere
project the colourful soaring of those figures
on long times oppressing silent syllables
and add the waiting of still and calm in there
As the conversation with remote times
is heard
within 360 degree panoramatic spreading out views,
the signal which the condensation of those times is sent
is heard
Those breathing sounds being
within the harmony in real and old times
which those islands are making
go into pulses of hearts' beats
All those vibration, those pressure, those disturbance
attain the equilibrium calmly
and ask conversation
to those many times of waitings in future
Put the waiting
which might be caught within the reach of hand's handing out
into heart

Looking For You

Be imbued with the smell of flower flew
Get buried with the sound of wave moved back
I get on the wave to last winter
Hear again her whisper
When I look at her face holding out the bus window
I see the smile of sun rising behind
The wave of that day heating me up with the sun
wraps my whole body up, though
there is just the smell of flower in today's wave
Like handful of wind blurting out the scent of last winter
I'm just watching rising sun today.

Chulsoo Kim

My Puppy James

He wakes up in the morning,
opens eyes with purity and clearness
in order to forward the touch of black and shining hair
which has kept from his mommy's belly,
breathes in a row toward the openness
letting him be together with me,
and jumps up on my widened knees.
He gushes out the living fever.
His facing toward circumstances which comes from
the dream familiar with a few hours of darkness
meets mine
and drives the chilled vigor of morning
occupying the inside of room to the corner.
During I am checking around the room
whether he does urine and feces
his joyful run flies from here to there.
His high jump pleased with the preparation of feed and water
warms up the break of day.
The sound of having feed which will go into empty stomach
and be energy for a quarter of a day
is fast as well loud.
I bring his small but surged movement
in my heart with standing by him.

Chulsoo Kim

Oh! Lord

Let me wake out of darkness which makes whole world black,
see the constant fight bringing pain and sorrow all over the world,
and sense the dim light giving exit form the fear.

Oh! Lord.

You tell you are the only one
who can mediate birth, death, and happiness.

Give me the power to mediate my mind
for pursuing serenity in this world.

I want to be reborn as you order
for reaching your world a little bit closer.

I want to be redied as you wish
for entering your internal world a little bit intimately.

I want to feel your paradise as you ask
for keeping life forever.

Chulsoo Kim

Opening You

I have a dream to open you
after getting soaked in shower.
The ambient, darkened, getting erased shape comes close and closer
with erasing the serenity of whisper calmly one by one.
The hand from that shape begins to make your hair
and to cover your eyes.
Mind, mouth, ear. colour, taste, clothe, and words.
Thing creeping out inside yours is empty space formed the shape.
Now you can be opened even though it's a dream for being.
Reach and dance.

Chulsoo Kim

Shared Room With You

Inside you, there is space
which comes from your consciousness
since you can tell it is for you or not;
grown and compressed space
for arguments or daily feelings
such as happiness coming out from smoothness,
sorrow originated from losing,
and artificaily drilled mind control
will control you
until you can annihilate it.
You can deliver
your feeling to outside
by using that space
to communicate, show,
and cotrol the space which corresponds to it and exists outside,
so you can stand up alone in your world.
You can get feedback,
translate it to your internal words,
and store them in the space
nontheless they are good or not.
Several hundreds and thousands stored words tell you
your status in specific case
and heighten your brightness
which will lead to pain.
You pull out pain
with that portion of space
and try to eleminate blackened dots and lines of pains
which existed together with preciousness
inside your that portion of space,
and leaves room to share with others.
It can be a light to you and your sapce.
You take steps that way and
light and valuables can come out to your and my room.

Chulsoo Kim

Smile

You're going without knowing where to go, aren't you?

You're informed very there where you should go, aren't you?

Even though you should've not turned away
from the passage to the sky

You keep staring with letting me be far away

You abandon contemplation without taking a look with coming closer

You're letting yourself smile with patting that depth and covertness

Does smile sent when leaving betray the covertness, doesn't it?

Not wanting to sink, you're just leaving, aren't you?

Are you leaving the discipline of benevolence?

Are you informed not to answer only wisdom?

Smile is flew away

With holding one strand of spirit blew

Meditating with the heart being absorbed

Answering with covering with rejoicing

Dancing and facing

Reraising the memory to nether world

I will recollect a handfull of smile

I miss smile

Chulsoo Kim

Throwing Me Away

As missing the world sent away

I begin beckoning

Missing the world

The boring world came closer one strand by one strand

That one strand and one strand pierce me

I just start to beckon, though

Since I can't hold my heart

I struggle toward that world with trembling heart

Until the whole world is mine

You have to be mine

Chulsoo Kim

To Be There

To be there

I brought farewell attached to yesterday's pack

I get the day of 'today'

I will be free from tomorrow

I will be there

with yesterday's confined memory for green grass,

today's appointment for standing up not proposition and

tomorrow's dream for getting out of fetters swallowed fresh blood.

Chulsoo Kim

To Face You

You are the openness which another world makes
because you are there
You are the world where I belong to
You are the relativity without which I can not survive
You are the essential which I always eager to have
You are the air which exist surrounding me at any time
You are the mirror which makes another you inside me
You are not just you of which the domain of shade you make
You are the waiting which I long for since I am born to be there
I think myself as I see you
Your existence makes my stronghold be formed
Whenever it wavers, I see you
I have to keep eye on you
until I find out my existence is not just stronghold
With all flows surrounding you be recalled
Until the struggle to survive without hesitation does not become
the struggle to face only you
I look at you with leap facing brightness be kept on
Until the value of my existence is not just to face you

Chulsoo Kim

To Have More

In the morning,
I eat one apple.
One apple becomes my share.
Habitually,
one is necessary.
The need to live one day is
everywhere and anywhere.
In that need
there should be always a little bit more left one
so that the extorting desire on material might be reduced,
the feeling of shrinking on facing world could be reduced,
and standing on the corridor opening to the world is possible.
Now in the bond of sympathy which non-having opens,
I take the need to have more.
I approach to the world of mine to survive one step closer.
Like learning foreign words,
my consciousness is refilled.
With the program operated,
I sense the collision.
Reprogrammed.

Chulsoo Kim

To Have More 2

You do not have the need of one apple in every morning.

The sense of humiliation and defeat that the need makes
becomes internal value.

It clashes with the intrinsic value of person who satisfies the need.

The desire of need for an apple becomes stronger beyond the need.

Internal power to be able to have, have more arises.

With collision, you examine self input matters
according to the size of need.

Pursuing person can fill the need.

The need is standing on the wall of collision.

Chulsoo Kim

To Reach The Limit Of Mind Jump

When the 'when' says yes to your mind and
where the 'where' says yes to your limit,
Circling grabs love coming from your mind and
squaring penetrates fear coming from your limit.
Go up and grab circling and
climb down and penetrate squaring.
Now you can be free from your mind and
then fly with your limit,
nothing opens its mind and
widens its limit.

Chulsoo Kim

Under The Name Of Red Ant

The swarm of red ants shows
it is going forward
with rolling desert sand
in red.
As rolling,
until being red
as much the heat of midday
sand has struck.
The deed
the swarm is getting larger
and rolling sands
is that
biting sands with sharp teeth
and exhibiting the penetrating power
to sands to melt
with tentacle sprouting eyes.
It is thought possible
because ants are a swarm.
Because it is not observed
sand gets used to
wind and the darkness of night.
When wind blows,
they breathe smaller breathing
in the pit
and then the night comes down,
they have backing out happy sleep.
As seeing stars,
they draw rapture
rather than light baptism
sands want.
Nobody wants to lose the red of sun
each other,
so sand transforms to white series
and ants overlook it.
Just they try to be red diligently.
They think
the sun should be in their power
as they become the chief of the red.
The movement of ants grasping

the remaining still of sand
revitalizes,
so sand makes fine line
on its body.
Shortly after they think
rolling sand easily,
they shout the cheer of pleasure.
As sand might reserve deep crack,
it scorches its mind.
It feels relief
rain is not coming.
The red march of red ants
is in the middle of desert.
The sand which ants roll
gets more white colour
and the sun is onto it.
Sand thanks to the benefit of crack
and ants shout pleasure
since the parade of red is over.
The pleasure of crack might be in a while.
It forgets parting into two.
As parting two,
the red is sucked into the chip of crack.
The signal of red
crack is left
stands like
the spirit of water
coming up through the straw.
Now it feels happy
even though it parts into.
Sand wind says hello arrogantly
like pouring sand
to crack the red left.
The red the wind peels out
comes back with missing
and makes a small water drop.
Such spirit of water is precious
as in desert.
The care of blowing up
answering to the preciousness of drop
faces the sky.
The star of calmness

gives illumination.
It can sustain in desert.
Sand breathes a pleasant breathing
at the time of the day after tomorrow
running to the day of desert.
It makes blank
with remembering well
in the time of waiting to get the sun.
The mind grows up
in the blank
one after another.
The root of peace
dreamt with locked up in the blank
looks around
whether it reaches to the bottom of desert.
The leaf growing into blank
does not grow well
since in desert.
With sitting on the strand of clearness
the star light gives to breathe,
it begins to open its sprout.
The sound of talk is heard
mumming together
in the blank.
It is thought
whether the root is breathing.
Even the thought
calmed happiness is locked up
is coming out.
It might stand up.
It is doubted
red ants can not roll it.
The red which the sun emits
gets pure.

Chulsoo Kim

Walk And Walk

I walk and walk to await and differentiate my different being
which has breathed inside me and given tranquility to myself,
and kept ugly thing inside, though.
It just come out and show another me
which has coped with things and hearts surrounding me.
I keep eye on it whether it will be good to keep inside.
Now time to enjoy standing still to be beyond serenity
to the limit of reaching
to get another true me to Him
Time to fly
Now I can stand and reach there
I get openness and coming light
I walk and walk on the field of heaven
to await and differentiate His gesture
, which will be my another being
Congratulate my rebirth and getting new life
I walk and walk to the edge of me
to take out the root of myself and get out of its reach
Smear light far from height brightens its blackness
My light comes out and reach Him
The reach of blackness becomes the supporting domain of lights
I acquire new born life
Walk and walk
Here is me upon myself which breathes under my heart
and supports new me

Chulsoo Kim

Within Your Limit

You wake up in the morning and
find yesterday's yourself resumed again, not newly.
You do not miss anything of yourself.
Now it's your turn to face new one around yourself and make it as yours.
You have to put yourself in that situation and
examine yourself whether you can survive.
If yes, you can realize yourself a little bit more.
If no, you put it in your subconsciousness and
will refer it in worse case for realization later.
Now you manage to live a little bit better.
You need more information, money, and facing yourself for upgrading yourself.
You broaden your limit.
It's time to look into yourself deeper for finding reasons to be in this world.
You feel and need your values to stay there.
Inside there, another you keep yourself as you and
tell something which are good for you.
You need family, society, rules derived from our history, and another you.
You see flowers and trees, feel the air and
eat something live which have lived together with telling what they are.
Now you are there with them at any time.
You've got to get their words in your world.
You stay in their limit.
You who felt blood feel another boundary inside you.
You are within your limit.

Chulsoo Kim

Your Yesterday

To reach there,
I project my awaited yesterday
on a person who arises my inspiration.
To open the coffer kept for my soul,
I hear again
the voice stepping on
the path of snow lying in white.
The spirit of earth released from the shoot
hung on underneath snow
is threaded and
put under the sound of fluttering wind.
The power of soul holds up the wind
and begins to roll over on the earth.
Surge of wind and roller of power
come out upright
turning around the bud,
undulate and go forward, go forward.
They draw and make clear and clear sap stand.
I get and raise incised dream,
make eyes open,
hold out hand to the vigor of permeated sap, and
put into coffer in which the memory of yesterday was thawed.
Yesterday is lowered like today and
is waiting for flying in the air.
Stepped marks arise one upon another,
look at the coffer of shoot, and raise voice.
The memory of morning which stands on the edge of cliff
is lossommed, so the time in stomach is pull.
Yesterday is here like today.

Chulsoo Kim