

# Grove of Azalea

Anthology of Modern Korean Poetry in English.

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## **To M. P. Goodfellow**

By Kiusic Kimm (May 22, 1916)

It was in the merry month of May,  
Nature full of joy all hearts did sway;  
After counting seven, eight and nine,  
When the weather was so nice and fine,  
There arrived a Goodfellow by name;  
Destined was he as a man of fame  
Trots he morn till dusk both East and West,  
Always trying what he thinks is best,

Sometime when we're tired and feeling blue,  
Comes he as a friend well tried and true,  
Word of Cheer and hope he has for all,  
Ever holding up one who might fall,  
He may never bellow, bray or brag,  
But for man to wave his freedom's flag;  
Claim we him a friend of ours to be  
'Cause he wants to see us really free;  
Hope he'll soon be back amidst our cheer  
as the first ambassador to here;  
Then we'll all sit by the old plum tree;  
In a joyful mood and real good spree;  
Come you quick before it's late and dank,  
Help our down-drooped hearts to soar like lark;  
Bon voyage to you and God speed back,  
And may life leave nothing you may lack!

## **Mother Korea**

By J. Kyuang Dunn

Chained, beaten, lied and raped by an ancient foe,  
That her mind and sense be sterile into slavery;  
Then in earth's upheaval and heaven's fire  
Her fetters broke.  
In her foe's defeat she found her spirit live;  
She gained pulsation, her limbs to reach, her voice to sing,  
In will to grow back her flesh in vigor,  
To live again.

But does she live in freedom, in spirit clear  
When anew, strange chains have wrought to  
rack her mind and limbs?  
Then where the freedom, the voice o living?  
O, world awake !

## Eden

Where is the Eden of the Best?  
That Eden fair of which the sons of Adam dream?  
Is it by some idly flowing river  
Where fragrant flowers greet the eye,  
And langorous music lulls the soul  
To rest for ever?  
Can this be that land  
For which i sigh?

Ah ! tho' I find an earth-born bliss  
In fabled land of Heart's Desire,  
And bask in royal splendour;  
Tho in those perfumed bowers I listen  
To the sweetest music of the spheres;  
Tis but the clanging brass of s un ing cymbals  
If Love reign not  
No, I will away, far from your tiresome immortality,  
If Love reign not !

Where Love is-there is the Eden of the blest  
Where loving hearts confide;  
Where loving hearts forgive;  
Where each for the other lives  
In selfless purity.

Eden is in my heart  
Tho' I dwell in the desert;  
Tho' I live but a moment-  
That the eternal Now,  
That the eternal Here,  
With its eternal peace and joy and rest.

O, glorious Sun of Love !  
Thy beams effulgent, bright,  
Beat down in rays celestial  
On this poor barren heart.  
Ah! Eden of which our fathers dreamed!  
Eden fair for which cur spirits thirst!  
So near!  
So very near,-  
Or very far,-  
Whithin the heart.

I. P. Chang

**Variations on the Theme of Despair  
Before and After August, 1945**

.....BEFORE.....

I. Morning Prayer in the Desert

The leafless tree of Knowledge gives no shade,  
Being hung with only bitter fruits. Sitting  
Thereunder should we plan to journey shadeward  
Before this sun of sorrow rolls o'erhead ?  
Or should we greet the fierce inheritance  
In solemn calm? Consider by what course  
We've reached this valley in the desolation,  
And of the bitter sun-trodden shrubberies.  
Our carravan of hopes and coming glories  
Has trailed across Your hard horizon, kept  
The vigils of the night, abiding by  
Your laws of pilgrimage and sacrifice  
And now, what have You given? What reward?  
For us with nerves enslaved and shrunken loins,  
There is no choice between despair and joy;  
The question is; how shall we set in order  
This chaos, our grieving heart and memory?  
You who have given us power in the sun,  
Will You, O God, forsake us in this toil?

II. Descent from the Mountains

Walking downhill the meandering path of Grief,  
Walking downhill the meandering path of Grief,  
Treading with soled refractory feet the stones  
Of dried stream- beds, I never found relief  
In the incidental songs birds, the groans  
Of haunted. lost mankind without belief  
Humming their figured bass in well-known tones

Then past a mud-hut crouching to the earth  
Beside a fruitless orchard long forsaken.  
I went desiring water, rest, and mirth  
"In vain !" the hermit Cried. "Comest thou to waken  
Afresh th'insinuating smell of dearth?  
Of thee my longed-for peace shall not be shaken!"  
Last, to a learned city came and saw  
A host of dessicated souls astray  
Along dumb streets, each ay a closed door,  
And stagnant ponds - the swans had flown away.

Seeing no promised vision of thy Law,  
O God, I must to sea; here is no stay.

### III Chorus of the Spirits that Appear In A Woman's Day-Dream

*1st Spirit* ; We are the creatures of day-dreams.

*2nd Spirit* ; We come to every woman-born  
Who, winter and spring, at times  
                  forlorn;

Sit by the ancient fountain-streams  
Of regret, dreaming of glories past  
And joy in deep-sea Memory cast.

*3rd Spirit* ; We also come, both first and last  
          To lovely women who have wept  
          For causes that have take flight,  
          who, grieving at Life's given plight,  
          Have learned to be in sorrow adept.

*1st Spirit* ; To those we also come who know  
What creative misery is, who go  
From mood to mood, snatching  
beauty.

As a famished soul its craven Deity.  
All ; We are the spirits that confirm  
The eternal doubts of Man whose term  
Of life must end in self-fold darkness  
And gnawing grief in all its starkness.  
(Surrounding the woman)

So here we come in twos and threes,  
Crowding her dreams by slow degrees  
For dream she must and dream  
she will  
Of us who hold and turn the Mill  
Of Destiny that grinds to dust,  
Alike all hopes, all pains, all lust.

*1st Spirit* ; What we dictate is absolute

*2nd Spirit* ; Because we are the stern statute

*3rd Spirit* ; Of hidden remorse and discontent.

All ; What we dictate she must assent.

.....After.....

### IV. Monologue of a Scarecrow

The wind blows down the barren hills, bearing  
The wailing cries of all-suffering pines.  
And here I stand on bamboo crutches, staring

At vacant space, and Time's secret designs.  
The patient tillers of the soil have reapt  
Their harvest and gone; only the stubs in lines  
Bear witness to their humble passions steeped  
In mud, and their bent backs in summer's heat.  
This sterile patch of carth on which they heapt  
Such care and toil, now trespassed by the feet  
of starved crows ! Who be the tenant now ?

see men swayed by bouts of false deceit,  
Blinded by naive dreams of power. But how  
Shall these children of poverty await  
Their blessings of peace? shall they be forced To bow  
To a lien thoughts and philosophies of hate?  
Here is no abiding love, but merchants' greed,  
Impostores' strut, and scholars' hot debate,  
And coughing foxes with their holes, to feed  
Upon the noxious flesh of the beguiled.  
When shall arrive the sower with the seed  
Of fertile frondage to redeem this wild?  
And the peace-maker who hall mediate  
Between the hostile father and the c i d ?  
Lost erring souls, seek to alleviate  
The anguish of your unresolved belief  
By faith, not make-believe, in future fate.  
The patriots back from exile will relieve  
Your burdened souls, and guide your feet, O ye  
That trample without direction, cease to weave  
Your patterns of ambition ! Learn to be  
Firm on your soil, and love humility.

In Soo Lee

## To the Candle

By Pyun Yung-tai

How so on thy lone altar dost thou burn,  
Thou ancient soul of fire!  
What mortal can thy tireless prayer learn,  
Sweet as angelic choir?  
For what celestial bliss dost thou so yearn,  
So tremulous aspire?

How gladly flesh to spirit yields in thee !  
Yet flesh isn't worn too soon,  
The best of us still lack thy harmony  
And forfeit half their boon.  
Thine all-souled flesh, all-fleshed sou let us see  
And hasten Life's high noon!

No nimbus better fits a saintly head  
Than thine thy sacred flame.  
A sage's life still leaves it's earthly dead;  
The earth still holds his frame  
His virtue Heavenward soars, devotion-fed;  
His clod falls still untamed.

But, Holy Flame, thou art consumed until  
No relic's left to mourn  
And with the sweetest memory us dost fill,  
Of Life not passion-torn.  
I ask thee, Whence thy ceaseless, placid zeal?  
Of sinless body born?  
Behind a screen of earth so thin

Yet deep as death is deep,  
My mother lies with settled mien,  
Within a moss-grown heap.

In life she led me, and in death  
As guide before me goes;  
Now unafraid I'll lie beneath,  
My head touching her toes.

I seemed a plant all green with leaves,  
With blossoms here and there;  
Now I'm a spreading oak that lives  
Alike in earth and air.

How Holy is the eternal Love



That binds to mother son;  
That does Death's seeming pangs remove  
And make it with Life one

By Pyung Yung-tai

### **Birds of thought in Beautiful**

Plumes, come flocking silently,  
Some to mock me into a fool,  
Some to stay fore'er with me.

Birds of thought alight and go  
On their golden-speckled wings  
Bidding dance to the trilling flow  
Of their songs a bird ne'er sings.

Birds of thought alight again  
Speaking in my painting-brush  
Showing as a perky wren,  
Or a singer-souled thrush

Wonder-filled I sit and stare  
Till the louder birds of thought,  
Cawing vanish in the air,  
Leave me free from all they wrought;

Then the brush beings to move,  
Sets me dancing all the time  
To the rarer notes above,  
Gentler birds'enthralling chime.

By Pyun Yung-tai

## To the Goat Living in a Street Corner

By Pyun Yung tai

How is it, you free-footed goat?  
You have a world in dream,  
Tur deaf ear t the nose of man?  
Is it the chattering stream  
That used to clean your woolly coat?  
Elderly, gentle goat, O say;  
The far-off, ringing cliffs  
Where you did freely skip and bleat,  
O would they heal your griefs  
And all your saintly fears allay?

Your silver bleats are no more known,  
Nor your large happy stare,  
For no more is all that did you good,  
The bracing mountain air,  
The leafy view from crown to crown

Ail seasons, changes, rain or shine,  
Cruel words or kindly sighs  
Are one to you that dream and dream  
With half-closed, blinking eyes.  
And think of the far off hilly line.

## Translations of old Korean Songs (Pyun Young-tai)

E'en if I die again, again,  
To a hundred and first death, my shape  
A handful of dust' in earth remain,  
And all ideas dissolved escape,  
This single heart for him, my King,  
Shall know no change though aeons ring.  
My mind befooled so utterly,  
All that I do is of a dunce;  
How can my love here near me be.  
Beyond the dim hills for the nonce?  
Yet, a leaves wind-spun crisply leap,  
I listen for his steps and peep,  
The ancients saw me not, nor do  
I them. Though they are our of sight.  
The path they walked still runs agrow  
In front of me. Since the path of light  
The ancients fared on lies before,  
Why should I waver any more?

Mt. Tai-san is a lofty one.  
But still it is beneath the sty,  
However high. If one climb on  
And on, he'll top it certainly.  
Who must their idleness confess  
Prefer to blame it's loftiness  
Don't heartlessly brush away the hand  
That holds your sleeve. Already the sun  
Is level with the grassy land.  
As you sit when the walk is done  
In an inn room and candles snuff,  
You'll what you've done repent enough.

If wronged by others certainly  
I shouldn't in evil vie with them;  
Forbearance would a virtue be  
While vying put me in their team.  
Is wrong not on the wronging side?  
Why should I mar my case, wrong vied?

O'ernight the wind has scattered peach  
Blossoms that shone bright gardenful.  
But, my lad let no broom them reach;  
Stir them not with your sweeping too.  
For are they not sweet flowers still,  
Although the rough wind blew them ill?

The sunset brings me endless sighs;  
Cuckoo cries strangely stir my heart.  
O rain that fall soft from the skies  
Why should you help the teasing part?  
No peace! 'Tis vain to try to rest  
When thoughts of love must rack the breast.

“What was love lie? Round like a ball  
Or square? Elongated or short?  
Could your stretched arms cover it all?  
Or was there much left to be thought  
Of?”-“Maybe not so long, but I  
Cannot tell where its end did lie.”

Butterflies dance before fair flowers  
And they smile back their jocund mood;  
Year in, year out their blissful hours  
Are thus repeated as they should,  
Alas! our love alone, once gone,  
Returns no more and leaves us lone!

Let those on pinnacles refrain  
From scoffing s that walk the ground;  
Theirs is to come down, once they gain  
So giddy heights, as years spin round;  
Greater aren't we whom future time  
May witness higher rise and climb?

**The lily, oak and sweet Pea (Y. T. Pyun)**

The lily, oak and sweet Pea equal are.  
I air and sunlight, if in tallness not;  
In quality unique, in kind though far;  
In the same pulse of Life that has all shot.

A pound of meat would choke to death a child  
While a weight-lifting giant surely starve;  
Such equal dealing's something to be smiled.  
Man can be rich in rags by means to salve

If others' joys us thrilled as they them do,  
Exult then shall we everlastingly.  
Through pity, love, equality we'll woo,  
And in eternal blessings sharers be.

For one more pea, turn up the neighbour's mess;  
Be equal just in death and nothingness!

Nov. 13, 1946

**Freedom diverted, can man still be man? (Y. T. Pyun)**

Freedom divested, can man still be man?  
He's given the regal will to choose between  
Heaven and Hell, and, argue what you can  
Heaven would not be such, were forced he in.

Man is created to create. (Mark this!)  
Will-less creators! monstrous mockery!  
Take the free will from man, and God will ease;  
His whole creation will a void blank be.

Who are those gawky darkling quibbling guys  
That hold that man is nothing but state all?  
Man must do what is told him to with sighs  
And what the guys called "state" thinks his own call!

After this topsyturvy notion hanker,  
You will be on civilization a canker.

Nov. 13, 1946

### **Whene'er I Pass**

Whene'er I pass by shops that line the streets  
Or those that, where they can, themselves ensconce  
Whether in lanes that seldom ring with beats  
Of shoppers' feet or chats and their response,

Or any unfrequented villages,  
All decked with nick-nacks, kept so neat and trim,  
Alluring one into lust to possess  
The things made to his varying taste or whim,

This query creeps uncalled into my mind:  
Will the commissars, if they to their own  
Come, sweep away all these and power find,  
Attend to us with care and fondness known?

Won't they, monopolizing, human trust,  
Denying Man and Freedom, bring rust, dust?



**To Emily Dickinson (Y. T. Pyun)**

The songs are pearls, and what art thou?  
Thy name is purity!  
O virgin singer, let me bow  
In reverence to thee.

Raised planes reduce to crouching knolls  
The lofty-seeming hills,  
Mississipis with stately rolls  
To mere meandering rills

A courtier Chaucer is doubtless;  
Worldly looks Shakspeare e'en;  
What's Browning? Country parson yes,  
To thy angelic sheen

Poet Supremest! Sappho's aid,  
High culture,(ah! forsooth)  
To thee a hindrance might have made,  
A tomb, not door, to truth.

A stained glass but itself displays;  
Impeding. marring light  
O Crystal soul! thee nothing pays  
That keeps pure truth from sight

Jan 27, 1947

## Poems by Younghill Kang

Love gathers into a flame  
And sets my breast on fire.  
My heart rotted out, becomes water  
And runs-from my two eyes.  
By fire and by water my whole body is vanquished.  
It cannot die, it cannot live.

Cut my heart out completely,  
Make it a moon  
Nine times ten thousand long skies may be hanging upon it,  
It will illumine all the above of my beautiful love.  
Chrysanthemum grows by the window,  
By it is set wine to become old.  
The flower opens, the wine ripens,  
Friends come, and a moon also.  
Strum the Kumoonko, boy,  
We will waste away the night till dawn.

Tree you are not,  
Grass you are not,  
And nothing is more straight than you  
Beside why are you so clean?  
Bamboo, for this besides I love you-  
That all four seasons you are green!

The cold wind flaps in falling leaves,  
Wild geese sadly wailing.  
Evening light at the river's bank,  
My beautiful lover stealing.  
Even Buddha or Lao Tze,  
Would he not cry too?

I have no sickness.  
My sickness is not being able to sleep.  
My solitary lamp is exhausted.  
The cock passes away on his crowing.  
In a trance I think of my lover.  
I have not slept all the night.

To what end do peach blossoms don a cosmetic of rose?  
East wind blows the slender rain until they are drunken with tears.  
Spring tide soon easily goes-  
I'm sorry for such flowers.

## Poems by Young-ro Pyun

### One Stanza Old Korean Lilts

O pale, mournful-burning lachrymose candle  
What sorrow or grief affects your soul  
So? Tell me why you shed tears so profusely  
While your body dissolves, wick and all.

Hush'd is the Autumnal river as the night  
Advances, and my fishing-rod feels no bite!  
Meagre in gain, yet with heart free and light  
I'm rowing back full-laden-with moonlight.

If the road in the Land of Nod is,  
Like the one in reality  
Impressible e'en the stone-paved walk  
Under your window, of surety,  
Wears out by my visitings  
That know no satiety!  
If the willow's drooping sprays are a warp,  
The oriole must its golden shuttle be,  
That darts back and forth on the leafy loom,  
Weaving out young summer's pensive glee.

In the dead of frost-sprinkl'd night,  
Though you're not visible as in light,  
By your doleful honks I know  
You and I are under the self-same sorrow  
O lagoon-sick geese.  
O home-sick I !

When the courtyard with wintry moon is blanch'd  
O wind, do not make such sounds that cheat  
Me. deeming well it's not the thud of his steps  
Yet in excess of yearning, my heart begins to beat.

With stick in one hand and brier in the other,  
I was to check the advancing Grey Hairs,  
But the damn Old Age with its soft pad,  
By hidden lane sneak'd upon me unawares.

Though the beads fall on the rock and be shatter'd  
The string that hold them will not snap in twain!  
So I with thee by fate for aeons sunder'd  
Love like the string will unchanging remain

By the wind of yesternight all fallen-

Scatter'd gardenful, our lovely peachbloom  
Aren't they flowers still though they're beaten?  
Then, O lad, why sweep them away with broom?

A wind-blown pear-bloom in its whirl and drift,  
On a cobweb perchance fluttering it fell.  
Spider thinking it a moth or a butterfly  
Pounced upon and bound it up so well.

The sun is setting an i the horse is chafing.  
And the way to fare is a thousand Lis. Cease weeping,  
My love, unfasten your clasp and let me free  
Since you cannot make the sinking sun to tarry

If e'er a love a lie, his' a two-fold lie,  
But the 'dream-visitation' is more than a lie.  
Ah, what image will e'er appear to overtake  
The lovelorn one who lie all night in wide awake?

Who planted the pawlonia outside of my chamber?  
Goodly are the checker'd shadows on the moonlit  
Court, but on drizzly night the low, intermittant patter  
On its leaves make my heart break bit by bit.

Ravens are coal-black, cranes are snow-white,  
Storks are long-legged and ducks web-foot'd  
Since all things are thus different in size and sight  
Who can divine the Nature's scheme so deep-root'd?

O cricket. click to you soulful  
Cricket ! why your notes so doleful  
While the moon is lowering,  
While the east asilvering?  
Thought the gauzy casement.  
Why with your incessant lament  
Persistently disturb my dream?  
So be it! since you alone, I deem  
Can divine my secret woe  
While I with spirit so low  
Lie in cheerless bed amoan  
Though a tiny insect you were born !

## **To Pseudo-Patriots**

The pseudo-Patriots or conscience venders,  
Why with wiles and guiles, O you pretenders,  
Ending and marring the noble affairs.  
Of state, attune to your cheap fanfares?

Though your hair has pomatum gloss  
But your brain stuff'd only with dross,  
Maybe your belly with fat well fill'd  
The meat you ate, perhaps, under-grill'd ?

With all your vulgar rodomontade  
And the vile and unjustified tirade  
Lead the people go astray from the light  
O you "rotten sticks at dark night!"

O you poseurs, by all you chicanery  
And full display of schemes and charlatanry,  
You can laugh or scoff at people's rod  
But ne'er can escape the wrath of God!

## **Hearing into Rain**

The rain Peppering on the umbrellas,  
Not only on the umbrellas;  
It peppering on my heart of hearts,  
Aye, it's just so, alas!

The rain pelts on the window-pane,  
Not only pelts on the pane;  
It pelts, pelts on the memory of you,  
Of you. It's more than pain!

## To Phoenix

Arise, Phoenix, from the ashes  
From the aeons of ashes slumber,  
You "Bird of Myriad Lives" arise!  
O Phoenix, the prince of the feather'd race,  
From the cling of the cindery coma,  
From the lure of the Lethean letharge  
You surreptitiously resuscit'd, resurrect'd!  
Yet you are somewhat dazed still,  
A bit ungainly and shaky too.  
Preen your singed plumage  
Until it regain its sheen of your  
And do gather little more strength  
Till the puissant beat of your wings  
Make a sonorous nascent sound  
Like the monotonously grand music  
Of rain that fills and resounds  
The torrid heaven and parch'd earth!  
(Calm of a Steppe-like Meadow)  
Forbidden, primitive solitude,  
Forbidden to modern denizens,  
Like a dream world in fact renewed  
Greets me so blessed in the tens  
Of miles of grassed pain. The deep calm  
Is deepened still by a stag's alarm!

(Through the Thicket)  
How thick is the place with trees on trees  
That so oft shut me off my friends  
Only a foot ahead in threes  
Of fours Peril and cheer ne'er ends!  
Who has so true a thrill to speak  
Of but who knew this hide-and-seek?

(Across a Flower-covered Plateau)  
What beautifully mighty Hand,  
With what marvelous craftiness,  
Here in this blessedly lifted land,  
Has scattered in such harmonious mess  
Enchanting colours, delightful forms!  
The sight with thankfulness my heart warms.

I shut my eyes upon the scene  
So dazzling as they cannot stand.  
I gaze again; it has not been  
Half so bright! Like starred sky scanned,  
The floral host is doubled with gaze.

My god! this beat a thousand Mays.  
(Grand Monotony)  
Through grandeur lies the tortuous lane  
To the Sacred Mount, my journey's end  
O'er pass, ril's wood, and pass again.  
Their alternation does not mend  
Itself whose vice is undue length  
A song too long may mar its strength.

(The Mount in the distance)  
Through the rent forest curtain lo!  
Thy soaring sight breaks on my view.  
Can grandeur and beauty harmonize so  
Far beyond all I saw or knew!  
Thy cloudy headgear, it seems to me,  
Adds, too, thy sacred majesty,

(On a Pine Parasite)  
You seem to fly yet you do not,  
O fair enjoying, loafing grass,  
Light as gossamer yet, I wot,  
Drooping as sorrow that does not pass.  
Flowers I love for fragilness;  
Your staying grace I like no less.

(On view of "heavenly Plain" from the Mutle Peak)  
"Heavenly Plain" before me lies  
Stretching wide as wide can be.  
Nay, I can hardly believe my eyes;  
The cradle of my race I see!  
E'en ere the thrill dies in my heart  
Big tear-drops to my eyes fast start.  
Count'ess ages must have passed  
Since our Great Patriarch went to God!  
No trace is left, no stone does last  
Of his sacred town but trees and sed.  
Thought rushed back through dim, dim time  
To hear the unseen city's chime.



## Love's Lament Y. R. Pyon

Sudden thought of you sets my heart aflutter.  
My yearning heart is so proud! Tonight the  
is burning brightly but my soul is wandering  
in the dark, seeking after its mate. Deeming our  
romancings are irrevocably over, my heart is breaking  
with poignant sorrow.  
When in blissful days of yore, you and I played  
in the same garden together, then the flowers  
bloomed in richer or deeper hue.  
And when we were once trysting on seashore,  
white were the flying birds, but the shadows on the  
sand were red. What an illusion !  
Then an unknown wind blew out of the clouds  
and made our young eyes dim and our groping  
hands clasped each other haphazard. Alas! the  
black fiend in the wind were jealous of us!  
Although the wind blew to the same direction but  
we were separated like a torn garment!  
Even yet, when your memory makes my eyes  
blur, I often meet in the street a person who  
resembles you in mien and carriage; but I know it  
is but an illusion closing my eyes and take another road.

### **Our Baby's first Birthday (Young-ro Pyun)**

Already it's first birthday,  
Our poor, poor baby's!  
Walk? Can't even waddle!  
Stand? Can't even sit up !  
Sit? Can't even crawl!  
Crawl? Can't even turn!  
What babe's so slow in growth?  
Whose fault, pa's or ma's?  
No, not theirs. Then, ah,  
It may be the midwives !  
For such a poor family,  
Why two free midwives,  
Vying in washing and swathing?  
Anyhow the baby's so queer;  
No turn, no crawl, no sit.  
E'en eyes shut. e'en ears deaf,  
Though its first birthday's come.  
Our baby's a bit queer.

8. 15 1946

**Cosmos (Y.R. Pyun)**

I strew the seed on a windy day in March  
Cosmos  
When violets full bloomed prettily,  
Cosmos  
It begins to bud and grows through sunny April's day  
While blue-bells toll and dog-roses are day,  
Cosmos  
It merely grows, grows expecting late glory  
Cosmos?  
Under summer's hot noon I cultivate  
Cosmos  
While other trees sicken for their burden fruits,  
Cosmos  
When summer roses lament their fate,  
It grows taller and higher, bright and stately  
Cosmos  
"Flowerless weed," cried a hasty brute.  
Cosmos!  
At last, here comes the season of Cosmos.  
Cosmos  
While other flowers droop, ferns die.  
Cosmos  
Through cool Autumn days when white clouds flee  
Through the pellucid frosty night when the cricket  
chirps,  
Cosmos  
The eight petals bloom and smile in the musical  
breeze.  
Cosmos  
It hears the lark's allegro-carol, a fine tune,  
Cosmos  
And gazes on the golden field that lies under the  
harvest-moon,  
Cosmos  
Dainty stately cosmos with her silvery crown,  
Smilingly invites the booming bees into our garden.  
Cosmos  
Can earthly prince array beauty with cosmos mine?  
Oh! stately Cosmos!

(1941-when the author was 17)