
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

David Kim: Two Poems

David Kim · Sunday, June 9th, 2024

Ship has Sailed

The ship crackles in the torrid waves of night
The sails flutter in the pitch-gray sky
The foam of the waves lick the edges of the hull
While I steer, blinded by the seeping, aching water

I follow the star
The star that seems most vibrant to me
Even if it wanes in the cloudy, rainy night
The rudder is set to its light

Never knowing the depth of the seas
Or the whispers of the wind
I ignore all and follow my hopeful star of the night

All my life
Getting closer to its smile
I wonder where my crooked boat will sink upon

The bow shoots upwards with the waves
As the boat slides to its starboard side
The waters drag on the boat
As it slowly jerks to a slow death

I stare at the night's star
Flickering with every passing cloud
Listening to the wind cackle in my pain

With every smashing of the wave,
The ship crumbles into the grey sea
I let go and fall

Into the cold waters
I accept my life, following my guides
Becoming my best illusion

After all, it was my destiny to sink with the star

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Meaning of Duty

As for all in this world,
I was born, oblivious to the journey ahead

The early days are congested with faded memories
With few shining moments, resonating within
My now solemn mind

Seeing myself in the peak of dawn
My drool stamping the textbook, slowly bleeding aside
My notes blurred by the fog of the eye

I yield myself to my mind
Recollecting the path of my life,
Which left me desecrated on the ice-cold surface of gloom

My past, tinted with the rosy lens of nostalgia
Seemed like a paradise lost

I yearn for this childhood innocence, yet consolidate
With my mature self

What happened in this journey of life?
For me to end in this perpetual haze
Years of paper and pencil, with seeds of joy
Plucked from within

I watch the horizon shimmer
And hear the day-to-wake
Just to realize that moments like these
Even under the most macabre of storms
That I, in the future

Will yearn
For the past
As Nostalgia always perseveres

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