

# 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

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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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