

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Dr. Yearn Hong Choi: Four Poems

Dr. Yearn Hong Choi · Wednesday, August 14th, 2019

MOON OVER NEW YORK

From the 86th floor of the Empire State Building
I view the great night scene of New York.
I see New York City from Hamilton Park,
New Jersey

The coyote howls in the Arizona desert.
The same moon I saw in the desert is

Now on the left corner of New York.
Reflecting on the Hudson River,
Moon-lit black and white waves move towards the Atlantic Ocean.

My daughter sleeps alone in her apartment.
It is Thanksgiving night.

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Black Korean

More than 1000 Korean people went to Mexico's Henequen field in 1905,
and realized that they were resigned into the slave trade.
150 of those men stole a boat and sailed to Cuba,
and settled into their new Cuban lives as sugar planters,

I met one of the Cuban immigrant's grandsons in the District of Columbia,
who only knew that his grandpa was a Korean man,
but did not know why how he landed in Cuba.
The old man was supposedly in the Hermit Kingdom.

The Korean man fell in love with a black woman in Cuba,
And had a son, who moved to Miami as a refugee,
then to the District of Columbia.

Jose Seo, I know, has an odd last name.
The Chosun's seed was not just planted in Cuba.

It was also planted in the Central Asia desert,
and the cold wind of Sakhalin
as well.

I see a Korean man's anger, frustration, love
and affection in the black of his grandson.
I see the demise of the Chosun kingdom in a Black-Korean-
American from Cuba,
and the Korean's odyssey.

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The Mailman

The war ceased in 1953 after three years.
Soldiers are still guarding the 155-mile demilitarized zone
along the barbed wire on both sides.

Deer and other wildlife are dying from stepping on the man-made mines.
Seasonal birds are resting and looking for food
in the no-man's land of 60 some years.

Those who were kidnapped and sent to the North have died there
without a postcard to their families in the South.
Any exchange or visitation is forbidden between the two Koreas since 1945.
The Cold War ended in 1990, but the war is still going on in this small peninsula.
Picasso's dove flies with one green leaf in its beak.

That dove flying over the sky of the demilitarized zone
is carrying one postcard from the North to the South
that was written by the dead man unknown for years.

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Flowers in the Borderland

Flowers in the borderland are as beautiful as

any flower in the center of the Continent,
but not many people see them.
That is sad.

The sailors returning from the other side of the ocean
know that the borderland flowers are equally beautiful or more beautiful than
any flowers on any port of call;
No flower is more beautiful than their wives or lovers at home.

The longer their separation is,
the more tearful their reunion will be.
The more tearful their reunion is,
the more beautiful love is blossomed in a flower.

Don't feel sad!
I am going to tell the world that
the flowers I saw on the cliffs in Portugal
are the most beautiful flowers, unforgettable.

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