

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Jiyun Woo: Two Poems

Jiyun Woo · Monday, August 26th, 2024

### Joy in the Dark

Squish the dough, and add five scoops of powdery sugar  
The crisp strawberries on the soft whipped cream and creamy bread

47

and big blueberries that pop juice in your mouth  
and the three thick layers of bread melts in my mouth  
The tiny silver fork carefully poke away at its cute crumbs

167

You drink a iced cold latte with syrup to wash it down  
and your throat sings with its clear layer of sugar coated liquid

763

I hope you do not know what I am talking about

I am so so sorry

And be careful,

hide the water peeking shyly through your eyes,

891

The pink and rainbow marshmallows in the lucky charm cereal  
But my ribcage would steal everything, even the drop of water I drank  
and hide it from me so I could never find it

1079

The surgery sweat drips down across my body  
like niagara falls flooding down my back and  
running my eyeliner across my cheeks that turned into an embarrassing beat red  
and finally,

Minus 1079

I really hope you do not know what I talked about  
And please close your eyes.

\*

### My Ink Will Never Go Dry

Please don't say anything.;

---

It'd lure me into sleep,  
but you don't have any choice.  
You peel my hands off my ears  
so I would hear the impending doom—  
Don't you wish for a little more?  
I only wish you'd shut up.

I don't want to go to sleep.  
All I ever did would fall like ashes between my hands,  
and I would feel my fingers,  
the dread and nervousness  
that my time is finally ending.

The sound of lullabies scares me,  
because it's so beautiful that  
it'd be the last thing I hear,  
one thing, the only thing given to me  
as a gift,

As a women, I could only smile  
when bastards make money off my lover's tragedy  
but so many people liked Titanic,  
and my sacrifice turns into air bubbles  
like the mermaid did in the Grimm Brothers'  
story, and the truth will  
be always uncovered when it's too late.  
still, my ink could never go dry.

\*

*(Featured image is from [Pexels](#), used under CC0 license)*

This entry was posted on Monday, August 26th, 2024 at 6:40 pm and is filed under [Tomorrow's Voices Today](#), [Prose](#)

You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.