

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.

*

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