
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

JK Kim: Three Poems

JK Kim · Friday, March 29th, 2024

Amusement Park

From the dark room

Red

roller

coaster

middle of the dark tunnel,

Black, rusted seat belts locked,

Side rocks dented

The leg and roller

Iron down

My strong deep black belt

I hollow

Rusty tickets

*

Heming way

We dream when they rise,
how she wanted to follow the dreams.

The thoughts of her rejecting them with other problems,
with the rise of psychology, the mythological disturbances awoke.

Just a dream,
Our thoughts thrust forward.

*

Dancing Winds

In the amber glow of fall's descent,

The breeze storms with the red and orange leaves,
As they twirl and spin in the crisp embrace of the autumn air,

Beneath the golden shade,
Burnt Sienna whispers in the maze,
Of orange hues that gently sails,

In the rusting pile, memories bloom,
A symphony of scent, autumn's aroma,
They rustle beneath the golden moon,

In the night, a cold breeze weaves,
Flickering flames succumb to the autumn frost,
Whispers of endings on the autumn wind...

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