

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Seungmin Kim: Three Poems

Seungmin Kim · Wednesday, June 26th, 2024

The Wind

Because he still waits for you, there
Right over there, right beside you
He still waits for you, if you ever need him

Like the whispers you were
ever meant to hear, he tried
to bring it close to you

You surely haven't forgotten when he
braided your hair for that first date and
comforted you when they never showed up

Or how about those paper airplanes that
he'd always carry for you, just to make sure
that you'd never feel like it wasn't enough

All those times the sun was out in fury
and he came rushing in tides of breeze
just to make sure you wouldn't fall ill

The one who slips around your shoulders

and sings

and sings

*

Candy

Mother never buys candy
"Those are bad for the teeth"

She chides as she makes lunch

But they taste so much better
Than the things that she makes
So just hide them under the bed

Or at least that's the way it was
It's not affordable anymore
Get out of school first, then do that

But maybe Mother was correct
And maybe those things shouldn't be eaten
It's not so expensive anymore, give it a try

Actually, maybe a little later
The clients come first these days
They only listen to the sounds of money or wine

Could start soon but it's the right time
The kids, you see, they're leaving
Treat them well before they're gone, or so they say

Alone, perhaps it's the right time to start
No, not now, just a little too tired today
After all, waiting a little more couldn't hurt

Started recently, but perhaps it was too late
It doesn't seem to help with the pains
No, surely it'd help, it has to work soon

Should've started earlier
Mind is starting to slip, unable to
Remember what happened back when-

What was said? Ah, yes,
Mother never bought candy
But perhaps she will now

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Half Empty

Some say it's a cup half empty
While others see a cup half-full
Or maybe it's a cup half-poured
Or a bowl half broken into pieces

What about a stick half splintered
Or a window half-opened

A song started but only half sung
A letter started but only half written

A book flipped to half started
Maybe a pair of laces half-tied
How I hate dishes half half-finished
And paint strokes half-swept

My life is not yet half-empty
Neither am I half on my way to my grave
I refuse to be half-finished with
All these things I have left half-started

Instead I am halfway to half
Of what half may entail for this half
Of my small half of the pie
On this half of the Earth

Half of what you may think about me
May really be, halfway to the truth
Though half of you have never met half of me
Because really most truths are a half lie

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