

The Stockings I Removed

After running to the point of exhaustion,
a brown mare collapsed here
unable to go any farther.

Because the face of life is a close-knit net,
stockings run at the least provocation;
their knee and hip joints are already loose.
The skin of desire peeled from the body
remembers the curve of the body.
My bare legs look as strange as the clown who removed his costume.
When I pick up a stocking and throw it in the water,
a hectic day takes shape
and the soaking mare,
in darker colors, raises itself again
to put on another costume.

Her mane will dry overnight like the wings of a dragonfly.

Translated from the Korean by Won-Chung Kim and Christopher Merrill