

RA HEEDUK

The Word for “Yeo”

What was forgotten became a rock-under-water.
Submerged in the waves of oblivion,
it rises from the water. And because people
can't call it an island, they call it a *yeo*.
Crying *yeo*, Bird *yeo*, Daechon's mom *yeo*, Chilling *yeo*, Black *yeo* . . .
Around these names something hovers, like the cry of a wave
that whirled around for a long time and then passed them by.
While some hang their memories out to dry in the sun,
which might have sunk under the wave forever,
others try to give a name to their faces
only to disappear in a flash;
they might have called the rock
that never returned, even at ebb tide, *yeo*.
It's not because the tide was ebbing
that the *yeo* revealed itself,
but because the birds circled low over the submerged rock
and fluttered their wings for a few days.
From their wet wings came the sound of *yeo*.