

Hwang JiWoo

GREAT GATE FACING WESTWARD

Wide inside the gate;
Narrow outside. Everything
Inside the gate looks sacred.
A blade of grass becomes the yard.
You cross dozens of kilometers
Running in place, toward the wall.
At every meal I give a third of my rice
To the pigeons and, locked up as I am,
Because I seem to be locked up,
My body's growing more and more invisible.
The birds poke their beaks into my chest. I hear
The sudden flapping of their wings
Inside the wall. If only I
Could swoop down on the grass
Ground up like glass.