

## For a Heart

For a heart that was torn by bullets in the battlefield,  
And slimy like a bloody mop or a blind crawl,  
And again cured as if nothing had happened,  
But now has grown purple instead of rosy crimson.  
For that heart, O, testify and sing.

For a heart that was once immaculate, and at the blue sky  
Was a floating cloud, and was a reed pipe  
Sobbing to the faintest wind, and in the dream swam innocently  
Like a feather or Chuang-Tzu's\* butterfly,  
For that heart, O, weep and sing.

For a heart that is still pounding like this,  
For a heart that in sleep or wake, or in a fast swoon  
Never rests—a phoenix fluttering its wings  
On self-burnt ashes, a heart with the sun's fire,  
For that heart, O, rejoice and sing.

For a heart that, serving a life sentence  
Imprisoned in the walls of the chest as dark as our age,  
Flickeringly has survived, for a heart  
That shall last like our history or our lofty love,  
For that heart, O, praise and sing.

*Translated by Sung Chankyung*

\*Chuang-Tzu, an ancient Chinese sage, who wrote an allegory about Chuang Chou who dreamed that he was a butterfly. When he woke up, he did not know whether it was the butterfly who dreamed of Chuang Chou or whether he, Chuang Chou, dreamed of the butterfly.