

SPRINGTIME SEA

The village head's wife
had a big behind,
as big as a tub,
as big as a tub.

The village head's wife
was big-bosomed, too,
the front of her worn vest
as big as a grave-mound.
as big as a grave-mound.

How I longed to lie like rose-moss
beside her as she dozed.
How I longed to sink
into her faint snoring.

How I longed to be reborn
as her third son,
sleek and good-looking,
to go to Seoul and set up with some wealthy widow.