

# *Kim Hye-sun*

## FATHER IS HEAVY, WHAT DO I DO?

Child,  
a hundred-year-old fox devours one hundred humans  
and becomes a woman.  
I, a woman poet, devour one hundred fathers  
and become a father.  
(How repulsive! Now I will have a five o'clock shadow)  
I devour one hundred fathers,  
and as I look around,  
lifting high the knife of a narrative  
sharpened by the teeth of fibs about the fathers.  
Look at you, entering in between the sentences, riding a donkey.  
Eli, Eli!

Father returns from a field, where you are planted, after treating  
it with pesticide.

Father chops off your arm and makes a wooden platform.

Father chops off your lower trunk and sends it to a lumber yard.

Father's hands are vicious blades.

Father has acres to pace, wearing his big leather shoes.

Father gets startled when I ask him, "Father, play with me!"

I say loudly, "I don't want to become a father!"

But Father became a father because he'd killed father, his father's

father.

© Steel-curtain-father, black-ink-father, machine-heart-father.

Father has to bring his hands together sharpened like blades  
in order to pierce my heart—that kind of father.

Child, I've become such repulsive father.

*Translated by Don Mee Choi*

## A DREAM THE MOON IS DREAMING

Moon-mother is serving soup,  
a moon in each rising ladle.  
At night after the rainstorm has ended,  
moon-babies are seated around a dinner table.

That house is a house that spreads  
the smell of moon faraway even though its door is shut,  
a woman's house that reeks of dreams.  
People urinate on moon-mother who appears in a dream,  
they rip her clothes off, slap her face  
and herd her into a corner as if she were a pig  
and spank her  
and moon-babies cry outside the door,

but nobody knows  
it's a dream inside the dream the moon is dreaming.

(The inside of your dream is the day inside of my night  
my body gleams from your dream.)

The day moon-mother cuts her umbilical cord  
and floats away like the ebb-tide,

a night owl  
sits on a dark branch outside the window  
and stares into the dark inside my body,

and I wait like an empty house  
for moon-mother to pour me a bowl of soup,  
and nobody knows  
where moon-mother has been with her hair down.

*Translated by Don Mee Choi*