

Sunset at the lake

At the waterfront of Tapjeon Lake where August sits alone

The water glows red glittering with the setting sun

In front of the splendid atmosphere of green in the field

Time for the sun to untie the red skirt

Soil, Water, Fire, Wind

Efficiency is lost in the air

The wind turns to be an void and flutters.

Unload

If I carry a lot on my head

my neck hurts

If there is a lot to see

my eyes hurt

If I have a lot of things, my arms hurt

Hear only what I hear

Look only what I see

Unload

if it is heavy

Unload

everything my thoughts have created.

Poem

Not creating it

It just reaping what is scattered in nature

Poetry is the essence of things

A creative act that spews sensibility and wiggle room into the air.