

Korean Zen

Even if I don't blink
my eyelashes write on my face
(but I don't have any eyelashes)

I tolerate time
as I lift up strands of hair from the crown of my head
to write on empty space
(but my head's shaved)

For how long can humans endure silence?

But I'm listening to the typewriter
of the girl above my pelvis who is typing

(For how long can humans stay inside a poem?)

Bird floats me high up then
takes off alone

I can't tolerate the sky
like the way I can't tolerate poetry

I think of a plump girl called Ego
Tonight I need to starve her to death

Maybe I'm killing the future before the past
by killing the girl in order to attain nirvana

But who's breaking the swishing windshield
wipers of my heart?

I pick up the receiver of a red phone
that's been ringing nonstop
inside a pocket made of bone

It's that girl