

The Love, Life and Nature/ Kinsley Lee

Kinsley Lee



Presented by

My poetic Side 

About the author

- * Name : Kinsley Lee(Calling name is Sang-Gog, of which meaning is the mulberry tree in vale)
- * Born in Seoul
- * Graduate from Sogang University
- * Graduate from Korea Air & Open University
- * Studied at KAIST.
- * Had been worked at OPC.
- * Had been worked at Samsung Electronics Co.
- * Had been worked as an Adjunct Professor at EEC of the Sogang University.
- * Had been worked as an Visiting Professor at Keon-Yang University.
- * Working at CapusPartners Co.
- * A member of the Han-Gang Literature Association.
- * Writing the Korean Shi or Shijo, English Poem, Traditional Chinese Poem titled the Hanshi and a literary critic.

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The Name's Still Charlie

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To Recollect the Battle of Gloster Hill(Solma-ri , Imjin River)

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To Write A Poem For Praising The Triumph Of Baekdusan Battles

To Write a Poem for the Painting Titled as the Snowy Mountain Village

To Write A Poem Looking Around The Osaka Castle

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To Write A Poem To Congratulate On The 80th Birthday For CSM Lee

To Write after Visiting the Exhibition by Choi Woo-seon, a Painter

To Write at a Damwon's Art Exhibition

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To Write On A Professor's Honorable Retirement

To Write On Seol-Pa's Peony Painting

To Write on the Painting for the Rattan Flowers

To Write on the Painting titled, The Rattan Blooms Blossom

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To Write On The Seol-Pa's Painting

Turn Toward Busan Day, Nov.11th

Twisted Doughnut Shop

Visiting A Courtyard Full Of Shiitake Mushrooms And Writing

Wáng Zh?oj?n And Anna Von Kleve

Welcoming Night At Traditional House

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What Is the Sijo?

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Wistful Thoughts, Which Floats Within My Heart

Write at the Righteous Patriot's Big Grave

Write on a Painting Titled the Mountain Temple in Snowy Landscape

Writing A Poem For Congratulating On Ban-San's Birthday

Writing A Poem For Solacing Antigone

Writing A Poem On Passing By Chang Hee-Bin's Tomb

Writing A Poem On Visiting A Pottery

Writing A Poem To Celebrate The First Birthday Of My Grandson

Writing A Poem When I Gaze Minatomirai

Writing A Poem When Looking At Mangwoo-Dang

Writing After Listening The Song that Tombe La Neige.

Writing on the Way to Yongmiri

Written on the Choyeondang's Private Exhibition

Wrote In Uji Tea History Park

Year-End Landscape

Young-Jong Yong-Gung-Sa

In Memory Of The Freedom Fighters At Bulamsan Poem

Gathered as one mind, those who lagged behind, soldiers and cadets,
Emerging from the shadows of Bulamsan, sudden guerrilla attacking, they launched.
With invincible and agile raids, they've achieved the war results and been the threats
To the enemy. Alas, the last battle, they rescued civilians and all were perished.
(6th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kug-Je-Si-Jang

The name of Kugje Sijang, it widely introduced us to the people as a movie,
But November, on early evening, the breeze blow with dusts and I'm chilly.
The stores that once appeared have changed, only the name remains,
Due to misguided politics, merchants' foreheads burdened with pains.
(11th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Makgeolli Brewed In Your Township

In Your Township, makgeolli was brewed in a modest home,
As the lid is lifted, and in the room, the deep aroma roam.
Because the sweetness and sourness, which blended harmoniously
Hoping for the continued prosperity of Changnyeong's specialty...
(29th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Passing By Late General Cho Minsu's Tomb

The tomb rests on a lonely hill, a desolate mound,
As the sun sets where dreams vanished long time to be downed
Dust. Comrades who vowed to share life, now scattered afar,
To conflict for achieving fame and prestige respectively, the oath be the char.
Bamboo leaves on the hill are wailing to follow the breeze,
While the grass on the path are blocking the visitors, so paces freeze.
Indifferent to wealth and fame, the stone statue stands tall,
The shoulders covered in moss, it has faithfully watched over all.
(29th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Ryugu Folk Village Performance

A lady sings a song
But audience cannot understand,
But tourists hear the long
Of story, sit or stand.
From all the place, they throng,
On afternoon, at this southern land.
They even not knowing the story
But simple and mournful sound,
Maybe it's the old dynasty
Which disappeared, the mother ground
Which fostered the human on the country
Or the waiting and love story on this mound.
The next is cheerful dance
Of group. The beats are strong,
And fantastic rhythm of dance.
And the warriors wield the long
Sticks and tourists glance.
And the performance is over with dong.
And the performances and tourists throng
The ground and dancing with cantily.
The Ryugu'll last for long,
Even disappeared the old dynasty.
And it'll live in mind for long,
So long as it's liberal democracy.
(Jan.,3rd,2024, Kinsley Lee)

Summer, Friday Night Scene At Gyeongui Line Park

It's Friday and always bustling with nightlife
Beside the forest of the park.
Laughter spills over, beyond the open
Windows of the taverns in dark.
During walking on the forest road, you can hear
The insects' crying in dark,
People're crowding on the small road, birds
Are awake leaning on the bark.
(12th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Stay Over Night At A Youth Hostel Which For Ecological Experience Vill In Upo Wetland

Beyond the open window of a straw-roofed cottage which is old,
At dawn, I can hear the sound of raindrops, gentle and bold.
A lullaby from the cradle on a sudden occur the days to my mind,
And tossing and turning, seeking sleep, in hopes to unwind.
(25th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

28th., Sep., The Day

In the darkness, for a hundred days for long time,
And barely they held their breath,
The eternal reign of foes, finally
Withered and met its death.
Even in despair, and risked their lives,
The heroes didn't lose their way,
Dedicated, they triumphed in battle, and hoisted
The Taegeug-gi again the day.
(26th., Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Taegeug-gi : The national flag of Korea

Climbing to the Gungsan which Old Ruins of Castle

Far away, the fortress sits perched on the hill,
On the water, the fishing boat is floating, still.
The mission to defend the western Seoul is over
The walls crumble, now it already turned to the hill.
(Apr. 11th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

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A Certain Sorrowful War-Hero

After war, for sixty long years, held captive in enemy lands,
As a prisoner of war, forgotten for so long, he escaped in empty hands,
To hometown, returning with snowy hair, without a welcome. But no wife,
His solitary burial ceremony reveals his distorted and unhappy life.
(18th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

A Dedicatorial Poem to the Veterans of the Korean War

The hottest summer and the coldest winter,
You're with the people who did not know by the order,
You'd fought with the soldiers who were from all lands
And offered your hand to the poor and shook hands.
The friends, in the smoke of the powder, you'd supported,
The freedom, in windy and iced ground, you'd guarded.

You'd fought against the invaders to support
The free people, and guarded the democracy fort
In this country. You came back after ceasefire,
Life and death, with a heart in a worn-tire.
You'd left but planted the freedom as a hero,
But in a short time, the world forgot the hero.

The battle were ceased but your battle commenced
Every day you'd lived always tensed,
And every night you'd dreamed the nightmare.
And you'd fought against the darkness in a dark lair.
The hero's buried in oblivion at forgotten war,
But should not forgotten but be recalled successf'l war.

The every night the lights on the land
Are bright, the freedom is blooming this land.
Yesterday you had marched the muddy road,
Where the lots of cars're running on the road.
Owing to your Tears, fifty million,
You'd rescued them and to live as free civilian.
(Feb., 16th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

A Doleful Ditty Of Ok-Bong

The talent of writing poems for Korean woman
Became an obstacle to living a plain life.
Expelled her for writing words, the beloved man.
Have he already forgotten his wife?
In solitude, battling every night,
She penned poems filled with yearning.
The beautiful honor of the poet, to the light,
Is sadly revealed in the ocean's waving.
(Dec.,16th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

A Good Night

It's freezing, the cold wind's blowing
But in the pub, a lord greets warmly
The sizzle of pork piles up
On the griddle, the atmosphere is cozy
On flushed cheeks, and good drink,
It continuously runs to the deep night,
Embracing laughter and friendship,
People are sent off by the door light.
(Dec.21,2023, Kinsley Lee)

A Guardian Dragon For Nation Of The Chon-Ji

On the day when heavy rain falls from dark clouds and lightning,
People are worrying and hiding in fear.
The frustrated people boil by the anger within, because
The moral collapse and economy's in blear.
But at last, the dragon cleaves and leaping over
The waters of Chon-Ji, and soaring with the outroar.
Soon, the fortune of the nation will rise again,
And the Hope will take the flight once more.
(Dec.,23rd,2023, Kinsley Lee)

A Kite Stares on the Winding Pine Tree

A thousand year old winding pine tree
On the cliff, which is a thousand fathoms high.
For a moment, the kite's folding his wings
And sitting on the dragon-like pine
Tree. Even if he is remoted from the world
Far away on the woods of the Bushy tine.
In the sounds of blowing winds
And he dreams to take a flying leap on the sky.

A Poem At Dawn With No Titled

As the waking at dawn quickens its pace, the oldness is nigh without understand.
In the chime of a Kakao message yet, heart emotions remain,
Oh, alas! The days of verdant youth, never to regain!
Looking the face, captured by a phone-lens, the wrinkles are deeply engrained.
(14th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

A Poem Dedicated To The Student Soldiers Of Taebaek High School

When the Red Chinese invaded the Korea, the Taebaek young students,
And teachers and their students applied to be warriors for dangerous country to fight,
Made the contributions, and they meet again at their home town, many students
Yet, their precious names engraved in the mountains under the light.

(2nd, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

A Sad Song Of A Certain Poetess

Even she achieved success in verse,
But living this land is truly tough.
She exposed the hypocritical face that preached
About equality, fairness and bluff.
Changing the world, she tries to lead
But the sun sets so the path is long!
The shameless faces, craftily words,
They gracefully trying to deceive the throng.
(Nov.,15th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

A Traditional Tea House

At Insa-dong, there's a house frequently sought by people,
The scent of ssanghwa-cha can be felt, even from afar,
The guests sit and pass the time, mostly are middle-
Aged. But can meet their friends, like the time of the parr.
(29th, May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

A White Tiger in the Midst of Snow

He is standing on the hill alone
All the peaks are white in still
The striped tiger with his strong muscles, alone,
Are growling and roaming at his will.

Abebe Bikila And Abebe Bakery In Korea

He was a soldier at the royal guard,
And joined the war for this country,
Which unknown and be a freedom guard
At the Kagnew unit as an infantry.
He won the new record in Rome
With bare-foot, and Tokyo again.
To him the road was at home,
In Seoul we met him again.
As a soldier, he visited Korea
And as a famous athlete again,
For unknown competition in Korea.
No guarantee but visited fain.
Alas, a Korean friend couldn't revisit
And no trace of him in this country
But many Koreans, visit,
Not knowing the name, but the Bakery.
(23rd, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

After Seeing the Ace Art Fair Seoul 2023

In Seoul, here and there the flowers
Are blooming, the green buds're shining on the trees
The afternoon, sunny all the hours.
The petals are dancing according to the breeze.

The basement hall of the gallery, there
Are four seasons, various flowers and the fresh life,
And some paintings remind me the old days, and the air,
And the grassland, I can feel the Savan's wildlife.

The big and the small, the old and the new,
The late time and future, long I stood,
And gazed the picture, to look for the clue
Which a painter concealed. As far as I could.

Back home, I sit on the armchair and be lost
In thought to solve the riddle from a painter.
My heart will be full of joy, on the frost
Like to meet the sunlight, when I be a gainer.
My heart was full of joy whenever
I found the message from the painter
(27th, Apr., 2023)

An Ode To Archie And Joseph Hearsey

The Young and chivalrous Archie applied the Korean War,
And Joseph applied for his brother without the notice,
To family. But they did not know Korea and war.
But they irrigated freedom to the barren lake for the lotus.

Archie met his brother at the field hospital,
And rite-less Joseph hold his last breadth on his brother,
Archie and Joseph departed again in the hospital.
And for long and long-time, Archie'd been sought his brother

He did not know where his brother's resting place.
He'd the sense of guilty for his brother's passing away,
And Archie's been rested beside his brother's place,
At last, long he's turned round and round the way.

We must not forget these brothers lying in this land.
They fought for the people unknown for all their life
And 'cause we're owing to them all we have in this land.
We'll must reward the world instead of their strife.

(At 10 o'clock, 27th, Jul., 2023. The 70th ceasefire day of the Korean War. Kinsley Lee)

An Osprey Is Flying

He's flying and viewing on the surface of the lake,
His kingdom and his domain, he's firmly guarding.
Turning round and round he's searching,
In a moment, like wind he's swooping to the lake.

At Summer Dawn

At dawn, through the open window embrace,
Whispers of weeping voices reach to my bed.
But down the park, to the grove I tread, where
The chorus of insects' hushes, silence spread.
In the heart of the forest, all I see is the night
Mist amidst the deep and serene hushes.
Returning to my high-rise home and lie in bed,
Once again, I can hear the sounds from the bushes.
(20th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

At the Garden of the Cho-Dae

The garden of the restaurant is beautiful, located at the side of the Han-river,
The full of the water flows silently without the babbles.
The breeze blowing through the shade of the trees, the coolness, they deliver,
As the moon rises amidst the conversation, the shadows sway in the ripples.
(1st, Jul., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

At The Garden Of The Cho-Dae

The garden of the restaurant is beautiful, located at the side of the Han-river,
The full of the water flows silently without the babbles.
The breeze blowing through the shade of the trees, the coolness, they deliver,
As the moon rises amidst the conversation, the shadows sway in the ripples.
(1st, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

At the Latin American Cultural Center Museum

On the halfway of the hill, by the Goyang Hyanggyo,
We can hear the music of Latin and Tango.
Early spring, so the temperature is chilly,
In the grove café, it smells the chilli.

Dust-free weather, the sun is bright,
And the many statues located on the site.
Tiled fresco try to talk the Inca
But to me, the hieroglyphs on the wall're the esoterica.

Without the aid of regime, by herself,
This great grandma have collected like an elf,
And filled the all the shelves in museum
So soon it'll be the center of lyceum.

She's been a chairman of boards and gardener,
For long time, being an usher and a constructor.
She's made the great achievements at culture,
So we can contact with ease the Latin culture.
(Mar. 9th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

Goyang(Goyang-Si) The province which linked and located in west-north of the Seoul.
Hanggyo: Local Confucian School where not like the Confucius Institute, the young studied the manners, Confucius' philosophy, culture, poetry.

At the Nam-San

There's a small mountain in the center of the street, the tower
Is stand up. To the southward, the river is flowing.
And people ascend the mountain at noon-hour.
The trees in the side the roads, they're flowering

The foot of the mountain in a southwards direction,
There're many alleys and beautiful houses
On the area, and the young had gathered for ejection
Of the passion, with the masks instead of the blouses.

The accident! The disaster was occurred at the place.
The broadcasts had been encouraging the festival.
But Blaming! But they hid their former face
And shifting their position easily like an Evil.

The broadcasts blamed the government every
Days, and the politicians asserted the punishment
To the persons in charge as their benefit, and the plot-theory
Was brought and spread by someone, to the government.

The investigation for the cause of the accident, and the supplement
The system for preventing recurrence is not their interest.
The labor unions were congregated but the treatment
For the injured isn't their aim. They flocked as the interest.

The autopsies were not executed by the medical authorities
The dead were sent for burning out
With all of the proofs for social securities.
And it only left the social groups' shout.

But the people're not fool to be deceived again,
They're enough to clever to know the truth,
And they'll improve the system and never again

For occurring the accident, it's the commitment with the youth.

The river is flowing far away

It's delivering the joyous and sorrowful stories.

In the twilight sky the sun fades away

And tomorrow we'll make the other stories.

At the National Cemetery

Early spring day the sun is going
To set at the western mountain ridges
And the tombstones are lining up and greyly shining
On the sky a bird is whirling with his remiges.

Far away, beside the entrance
Gate, the many flags are waving
On the flagpoles and the statues are erected for remembrance.
A short day, slowly the darkness is drawing.

On the big tree, a crow make sounds, caw and caw
As if he try to appeal to the live.
On the shaking bough, he's grasping tightly by his paw.
And the otherworld not long, he warns to the live.

The artificial flowers are picked by the tombstones,
On the yellow lawn, the more they're splendid
The more they're looked lonely, on this divine zones,
But the Congress's strife for the profit is not ended.

At the Sacred Site of Jeoldusan

As people gather and hear the drum-beats, swimming
Fishes startle to sigh,
Legal executors hurriedly go
And ravens roam and cry.
The river, once stained with red blood, now
Returns to its verdant hue,
From afar, it welcomes the weary souls
That Jamdu peak church's pew.
(Apr. 9th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

At the Seashore of the Bomog-Dong

The sea is flowing,
From the sky no clouds to the sea, with a stream of the wind,
The sea is flowing.

When the winds are blowing
The palm trees're waving their green hands
To the sea, they're waving.

Whene'er they're waving
The palm trees' green hands to the sun, it's
Responding and shining.

The sea is flowing,
And the surface's glittering in silver
And the sea is flowing.
(Mar., 2023. At the Jeju island, Kinsley Lee)

At The Tamakite-, In Uji

In Uji, on the outskirts of Kyoto, a quiet and serene street,
Even in the morning, the bakery is bustling to greet the groups of customers.
From afar, easily finding, 'cause of the aroma of greasy and sweet.
They go embracing joy and not a bundle of breads but laughters.
(29th, May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

At The Thatched Cottage On Hot Summer Night Near The Upo Swamp

Near the Upo swamp, hot summer night,
The left heat make the hill forget the breeze.
The sky without clouds, the stars share their light
Is downing and twinkling on the needle of the pine, the tree's..

It hears the frogs croaking from the far away.
The pond at the cottage, the lotus are secretly blooming.
The mother stars whisper across the Milky Way
And on the cottage windows, star-lights're stealthy knocking.

The small winged insects're buzzing and flying to the light,
Having sit on the small veranda, crickets are chirping
And I standing on the ground, the stars are sending the light.
The sky without the moon, the dark clouds're floating.

Hot night and late night, to man or animal, it's hard time,
The center veranda under the grass thatched roof,
I'm lying sprawled out on the porch for a long time,
And the buzzing and the chirping of the world, as if I'm aloof.
(27th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

At The UN Cemetery Park

Afternoon of the fall, it's sunny day.
The flags on the poles are waving of the breeze.
The ko'i're playing in the Daunt water way,
And the leaves are beckoning the visitors on the trees.
And the Sharon's Roses in the garden are beautiful.
The early fall, the park is peaceful.
A wheelchair visitor's guided by young men.
This tidy cemetery is hallowed ground,
And devoted ground for resting the young men
And now the statues guard them on the mound.
A crow is cawing for something to say
On the tree, to the visitors walking on the way.
What're the stories that he try to say?
The heroic stories for triumph on the fort,
Or the stories of the powder smoking day?
Or the words their departing the mother port?
The people who're walking this way. Hark!
Whate'er he say on the tree in the park.
To the visitor's ear, his croak is the blow.
'The young men who bled their blood for the country
And people, before they did not know.
And now they are resting this ground'. The story
He try to say, 'Freedom's not free.'
He caws, all the day on the tree.

At The Yokoska Port

Yokoska is a big memorial city,
Now, it's disappeared the name of navy,
Here and there, the monuments're located
And people recall the old ships which disappeared.

At night, the yachts are anchoring on the port,
And the moon is floating on the surface which's swart.
The road-lights gradually lighten in the park.
And the decoration lights are shining in dark.

On the battle ship of the Self-Defense Forces,
The bulbs twinkle but they look like the helmet's torsos.
No the Army, but the liberal democratic nation,
So they've long time pursued the general nation.

The old who experienced the War, almost
Passed away, but the young, in this old coast,
What'll they figure out? Peace?
Or Sorrow? When they recall the disappeared showpiece.
(Jan.,5th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

Autumn at Yongmiri

As autumn has already approached to Yongmiri
Like a horse which loosened halters.
By the autumn light, the wrapped chrysanthemums're
Withered and dried on the altars,
And dragonflies dance between the trees,
Following the wind, and beetles drone,
Once departed, traces remain,
And bird lament alone.
(Mar. 19th, 2024. Kinsley Lee)

Be Deadly Drunken By The Full Of The Flowers

Along the side of the ten Lis' park, it's lined the pub houses, and bars
For thousand years at the Tusita-deva, it's beautiful the flowers. The petals
Are flying and forming a whole, the world and I, I'm drunken and lying
On the long bench, I can't discern if I'm heaven or the world of human being.

Blue Light Yokohama

Beautiful landscape awakes at night
A year is setting in city's light.
Yokohama! Where had gone the blue light?
The old days'd flowed according to the moon light.
Like dream the blue light disappeared the old day,
And can't returning there, we've a ticket for one way.
After disappearing the popular song
On the chart, but it's lingering in deep for long.
On the quay road, it's seen the yellow lights
And only they're left in heart the hazy lights.
Yokohama, the old sea and scenery disappeared
And longtime my memory itself had bleared.
Twenty years has passed away
And it left me sweet dream and deprived me of day.
Winter, the sea wind blows in the park,
And far on the highway, road lights glitter in dark.
On the bridge the cars are running fast
With headlights and it makes my memory be passed.
The warehouse near the old quay were changed
To the malls, so the scene renovated by aged.
With lighting, the rotating observatory is rolling
And according to the time, our life is rolling.
With the passage of time the blue lights're yellow
A man of headstrong become to be mellow.
(Jan.,20th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

Bookstore Street In Gyeongui Line Forest Park

They're huddled, here and there, spread in dark.
There are bookstores in the forest path of the park.
Yellow and red, maple leaves fall by the road like the rind,
And like paper, the leaves hesitate and pile up in the autumn wind.
(14th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Burning Love of a Thousand Nights

Love aflame for a thousand nights, a farewell without a vow of next bond
For lover's sake, for man's sake, in a deep one night, she stealthy did abscond.
Even departed, the geese may find their mates beneath the same sky,
The pitiful maiden, in a different realm, to him, she cannot draw to nigh.
When autumn arrives, she seeks news from migratory wild ducks and geese,
As spring departs, she weaved the poems by tears and loaded the floral breeze.
With lavish generosity, all of her wealth she bestows upon society,
Then abruptly departs to meet a man, running to a secluded place, lonely.
(17th, Jul., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

Calling Again The Forgotten Names

Now, seventy years have passed
Since it ceased the echoes of the cannons,
But the many soldiers're living with the blast
In mine, left in the red land and canyons.
No soldiers could know when the war was ceased
Ev'ry-day, they're held in the mine at least.
At twenty one century, they're abandoned,
And long time, they've lived with numbers no names.
When young, by the nation, at emergency they're summoned.
And fought for nation and with nation's names.
At the national cemetery, they're registered as the missing,
Or the war dead, so far they're regarded as no living.
For long time, they've longed for home but couldn't mouth,
But once departing no visiting to their town.
In fall, the wild geese fly to the south,
The crossed entanglements, the winds can go down,
But all time, they're held the forcible grinds
And even to the birds, they couldn't talk their minds.
Now we all must call their old names
Again. Let's call their names, aloud,
The names're remained the death land, and the forgotten names,
Until the sounds reach to the heaven, in loud,
Until the shouts hit the freedom bells,
Until the calling make them go out in dells.
(30th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Camellia Island (Dongbaek Island)

At the end of Haneundae, there's a small and greenish hill.
Here and there, the traces of old person are left in the island.
The old paths vanished, 'cause the paved road circles around.
And the camellia and pine trees stand together well in still.
(10th, Apr., 2023)

Camellias in the Snowy Landscape

In the southern land, remoted mountains,
Camellias bloomed abundantly,
The white flowers were added to the scene, because
Of the late season's snowing suddenly.
A bunting perches on a branch, singing
Alone in snowy day,
While the gentle wind avoids brushing
Directly and detours far away.
(Feb., 7th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

Chewy Cow Skin Lining And Boiled Rice Soup(Sugurae Gugbap)

At Changnyeong, the Chewy Cow Skin Lining Soup in the Market,
These days, it's rare to find a place that serves or sells it,
But in the old days, during times of poverty, it was sold everywhere,
It named as a local product, and worth for cultivating once more.

(29th., Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Cho-Ryong-Dae(The Rock Where Soh Hooked The Dragon)

By the cliffs of the Baekma River, the shadows
Cast and darkly sway,
A vibrant splendor fades into the realm
Of dreams, far away.
With embracing the secret, the rock beneath
The water hold his stance,
Who's the Baekjeian? who revealed the guardian
Dragon's secret by chance.
(Mar.,1st, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

Choi Seung-Hee, The Supreme Dancer

In Eastern Asia, she soared to the pinnacle at the field
Of the modern dance and succeeded an ace,
Yet, faced the heavy criticism in Seoul,
For her deeds which tied to a pro-Japanese trace.
Following her husband, she went to the North Korea,
But the art was the implement, so she resisted their sway,
Branded with false accusations, finally punished,
She lived her old days in the thorny way.

(Dec.,18th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Choong-Bi

She waked up to find herself to be
A servant of the enemy's house,
And clinging to a tainted life with difficulty,
Bitterly lost her spouse.
She remarried a servant who's an ex-servant of her house,
As her suitable new position,
But alas, a stubborn scholar's impeachment
Led to her sorrowful execution.
(Feb., 14th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

Choryang Cafe 1941

Amidst the mount ridge the ancient house has stood firm for the long ages
It's lonely enduring the sorrows of history, all on one's hard time.
The ships continue to come and go, just like the past ages
Please, remain and gaze upon Busan harbor for a long time...
(11th, Jun., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

Chungju Lake

In spring mount, after the rain, mountain birds cry out searching for his mate,
On the lake the blossoms fall, like cherry blossoms float on the plate.
They called that "Central Hill" in ancient times because earth's heart.
Hoping to flow with petals, carrying the people's heart to heart...
(Mar. 2024. Kinsley Lee)

Chungseob And Masako (Namdeok)

When they young, they met by chance, and gazing
Into each other's eyes with love's glow,
And she left her father behind, crossing
The Hyunhaetan-Strait with the man in tow.
His family separated from him, so happiness fleeting
And the war prolonged and so blocked their way,
Battled loneliness, drawing, yearning
For the wife, he finally passed his way.
(Dec.,2nd,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Climbing on Ban-gu Pavilion

Where deep autumn trees are tinged, I climb to the pavilion atop the knoll.
In the distance, seagulls cry, and egrets descend on the sandy shoal.
Sitting, leaning like a premier, the calm are the winds, and warm are the rays,
The wild geese pass by the sky and they're graceful and thankful like bygone days.
(Mar. 20th, 2024. Kinsley Lee)

Congratulate On Your Being Commissioned

Congratulate on your being commissioned as an officer.
Your insignia means the sweat and honor,
For long time you've sweated and endeavored the insignia.
From now on, you must keep your honor for your insignia.
You'll be deployed the front unit as a leader,
For country, you'll carry out the task as a guarder.
Please not forget your hometown and family,
And always keep in mind the enemy.
Not only a guarder for freedom of people
But also you'll be a member of disciple
For country's tomorrow. It depends on your shoulders,
That the responsibility for country and the leadership to the soldiers.
Please, fly to the sky like an eagle!
Now for your country and your honor. Struggle!
Impatient and endure for "You" and "Your country",
And be a hero to write a new history!
(Dec.13th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Daeseong-ri Dawn Landscape

In autumn, with no moon, silently the river
Lies at four o'clock at dawn,
He's coming back with his tiny boat
Was overflowing, already the nets'd been drawn.
Suddenly, even if the angry mist
Is blocking and screening the path ahead,
But relying on the distant sounds,
Skillfully he rows and come back instead.

(Apr. 8th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

?

Deep Tears Of Cheongdo Province

Deep Tears Of Cheongdo Province

?

The Theater shaped with the Chinese restaurant's

Delivery-box stand still

Many places lie abandoned,

Crumbling and desolate on the hill.

Because the people disregarded Jeon's talents,

Ideas and outputs, so fly-

Flies buzz and disappear relentlessly, leaving

Only the powerless to sigh.

(29th. Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Doo-Hyang

Time follows as the seasons change,
The district magistrate comes and goes,
Departed love, sending
Water jar than words, he chose.
Praying for his well-being at dawn,
But in vain, someday the colors turned red
From a distant place, she mourned
And left to be a tomb to being dead.
(Feb., 13th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

Early Morning Landscape Of Gumi City

In the early dawn, the city keeps on withering gray.
And long time ago, to the past, Gumi's glory has faded away.
Because of the narrow-minded politics, it pushes the country
To ruin. The desolate autumn wind's weeping in the void city.
(12th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Enoshima Lighthouse

Passing by the side-road of the Shinto Shrine stairs, and climb up
On the mountain top. I find a towering lighthouse standing up.
Far away, I can see the blue waves of the Pacific Ocean are dancing
And falcons following the wind, ascend and descend, each other, they're calling.
(Jan.,3rd,2024, Kinsley Lee)

Eohudong

How can she restrain the surge of poetic
Words, prose, and artistic sentiments?
Following innate fervor, breaking
To be free from confining normative elements,
Like flames of love affairs, departing
At will, she's true to the original self,
To mock the false conventions, fallen
Like petals, finally liberated, herself.
(Nov.22nd,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Family

To somewhere weary souls are going,
Endlessly going or maybe coming,
A husband stares and a wife's burdening,
As their footsteps move, a family's hurrying.
(21st, May, 2023. Kinsley Lee)

Family(To Write on a In-Gang's Painting)

To somewhere weary souls are going,
Endlessly going or maybe coming,
A husband stares and a wife's burdening
As their footsteps move, a family's hurrying.
(21st, May, 2023. Kinsley Lee)

Foreigners' Cemetery in Yanghwajin

At the eastern edge of the continent, by mist,
Korea had been shrouded and bored.
Lifetime they'd devoted to missionary work,
Following the light of the Lord.
White seagulls still circle over Yanghwajin
As they did in days of old,
The great contribution which they did, on gravestones
Silently reveal and unfold.
(Apr., 9th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

General Gang Gam-chan

Rushed to the border to engage in battle,
The valiant old general, at the age of seventy,
In Ryo's third invasion, protecting the nation
With unwavering valor, he's leading the troops to victory.
Amidst the winds of Kui-Ju, in the final battle,
The great triumph at the crisis, his army achieved.
All the people won the last operation
And overcame the cataclysm, the flags of peace were waved
(19th, Jul., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

Going Up The Old Royal Family's Hill

In the ancient royal family's hills,
Where traces of tombs have faded away,
On an autumn afternoon, the sound of the wind
Is lonesome, amidst the hot sun's ray,
To indicate the place where the old tombs were located,
The short and ornamental trees.
Were planted in lines. A wildcat sitting
Upon a broken dolmen, in breeze.
(27th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Hae-Dong Yong-Gung-Sa

On the beachside hill, it gracefully stands, the Yong-gung-sa Temple's,
As white waves crash on the rocks, bouncing to be the bobbles.
Paper-prayers hang on lines, swaying in the breeze,
Sailors yearn for journeys where their worries find release.
(10th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Haeundae Elegy

Along with a crane, where does he play, an old foregoer.
The traces of the past have already vanished, and seagulls roam over
The sea. When the ashes of the queen were scattered, the Reformation turned
To ashes also. The imposing skyscrapers shed tears rather.
(10th, Apr.,2023)

Haeundae Traditional Market

As night deepens, people scatter and gradually the beach turns calm.
From the middle of the sky, the moon's shadow draws over the water
The lights illuminate the back alleys brightly, and looks sitcom
Film site. In front of the stores, many travelers line up and gather.
(10th, Apr., 2023)

Harris The Father And The Son

The father's name was Field and son's William,
They left the merits, Koreans would call'em
As the War-Heroes fought for freedom, against
The Communists and evil-ists. In extremely tensed
Warfare, they did their best for Korea,
And people of World and people of Korea.

Father was a veteran at the first and the second
World war, Korea called him to reckon
That he rushed to fight against the devils.
And his son bravely returned from the camp of devil's
Hands. But he rushed for battle field for freedom,
With world soldiers he wanted to sing "Te Deum".

Father was a commanding general of 1st
Marine, the triumph for freedom, his thirst
Was endless. But his son, battalion commander,
To protect retreating forces, he cover'
The rear. But sadly he's missed at the action,
And even today, there's no return to his position.

Even they passed the world, but their merits
Will be left eternally, not ceased but it inherits
Today, in freedom, it be the great tower,
Now for Korea, it be the Great power.
On today's our freedom and democracy, we're owing to'em.
We all appreciate them and we must not forget'em.

Have Written A Poem For Seeing The Royal Tombs And Mausoleums Of The Late Fall

On the Five Royal Tombs, the clear and vigorous fall-winds're blowing.
In the fallen leaves, the boughs are stretching to the sky in skinny,
For the power during their living, secretly they'd been fighting,
Even in the tombs, it is entangled that their anger in unceasingly.

In Jeju Island, When The Wind Passes By

In Jeju Island, the wind speaks.
In Jeju Island, the wind speaks.
When it brushes against the Flame Grasses, the wind speaks.
When it passes through the bamboo forest, the wind speaks.
In Jeju Island, the wind speaks.
When it brushes against the red camellia forest, the wind speaks,
When it brushes against the tall pine branches, the wind speaks,
In Jeju Island, the wind speaks.
When the wind speaks
The Oreum aches.
When the wind speaks
The sea aches.
Have you heard the words of the winds?
Do you know how the waves ache?
Do you know how the black rocks ache?
Have you heard the words of the waves?
In Jeju Island, the wind speaks,
When, the Halla Mountain, it crosses over,
When, the Namhae, it crosses over,
Over the wide sea, the wind speaks.
The wind speaks
Only the truth the wind speaks
The wind never be the black liars
The wind never makes excuses for others.
The wind only blows in the direction it chooses,
The mountain only remembers the past and it aches,
It doesn't create new memories,
On the past facts, it never add new memories.
People and things can only hear the sounds of the winds,
Black rocks can only be hit by that the wave speaks,
At their will, no one can change the sounds of the winds.
In Jeju Island, the wind speaks.
(Kinsley, 16th, Mar., 2023)

*Oreum: small volcanic cones

*Namhae: South Sea

In Memory Of General Ralph Montclair

For a distant nation far away, an old hero of the world war,
Transcending the age and rank, voluntarily rushed to the battle fields to fight,
With a great victory in the Battle of Jiphyeong-li, and his army altered the course of war.
He saved friends from the hell pit, and forever his name would be remembered as a freedom light.
(18th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

In Memory Of Late 2nd Lt. Lee Kyung-Bog And Paek Seong-Heum

The soldiers're flying low on Seoul with driving a training
Plane. By hand-throwing cannonballs, they flew to attack the enemy,
And struck in mid-air, so wrapped around their plane by flaming,
They spewed a final flame, colliding to the tanks of enemy.

(9th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

In Memory Of Late Cap. William Hamilton Shaw

He's an American, born in Korea who also loved, Korea as his mother-land,

The end of World War II, he'd trained the naval officers at southern land.

When war broke out, from Harvard to War, he made great contributions, but fell at Nokbeon in Seoul.

His legacy of service lives on through his descendants, while he rests eternally in Seoul.

(19th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

In Memory Of Late Captain Robert Lee Timmons

Smoke, gunfire, cannon're thundering,
To the front fortress, wave attacking!
The assailants, The People's Army, the strongest enemy,
They're former Red Chinese Eight Route-Army,
The One hundred sixty sixth division,
Was changing uniform to sixth division.

They thrusted the Masan for gaining road
To Busan. The mountain's an important node.
The division risked their life for defending,
Losing the fortress and again occupying,
The possessor of the fortress was changed, in short time,
Several times, on the hill not ceasing the smoke climb.

Timmons' company encamped the mountain
They risked their lives, at the Seo-bug mountain,
For guarding the Masan, but he's wounded sadly,
But during transferring, being raided by enemy.
His body was found a year later. Far
Away, he left this land, be a star.

Even young Robert passed for Korea
And his son was appointed a commander at Korea
And his grandson's appointed a company commander
In Korea, his family is with Korea not bystander
For long time. And we must not forget him and family
Owing to them, from the disaster, we won a victory.
(Nov.21st,2023. Kinsley Lee)

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Late Captain Robert Lee Timmons passed by war during Masan battle, for defending action at Seo-bug Mountain. And most of his company solders were passed during the battle. We should not forget them forever. And we always should thank you for their sacrifice.

In Memory Of Late Captain Taek-Soon Lim

At the liberated country, he's a first alumnus of Air Force Academy,
Riding a Mustang, attacking enemy, did his best for his devoir.
Before the last night, final sortie, he wrote and left his diary,
Being struck down in Goseong area, he'd departing to become a star.
(7th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

In Memory Of Late Gen. Richard S. Witcomb

As a general, did his best, and made a contribution for supplying during the war,
Stepping out of the military, he exerted himself for the needy after the war,
And living Korea, to orphans and the injured, he lived as both a parent and a friend.
He's born in the United States, but living for Korea, he's resting in Korea as a friend.
(20th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

In Memory Of Late Gen. Yu And His Son

Throughout General Yu's short life, he remained under the embrace of the nation's sky. Only
The unwavering loyalty, for destructing the challenging objectives, he'd flown out to the full of sortie.
He's a model of the scarlet muffler, while he still young, but ascended to be a star.
Forever the twin stars'll shine, sadly, later his son chased him to become a star.
(8th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

In Memory Of Late General Lee, Keun-Seog Poem

The boy dreamed of flying in the sky,
As a youth, he made that dream come true.
Returning to Korea, he joined the military,
Raising soldiers of the sky, he flew.

By hands-throwing, later riding the mustan',
In the heavens, he soared and shined bright.
When been shot down in action, colliding foe-tan',
He turned to stardust, a star in the night.

(7th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

In Memory Of Late General Walker

With a small army, he waged delaying battles and made an opportunity success'ly,
For counter-attack. His men valiantly fought on the battlefield and protected with all their heart.
To dark Korea, leaving the light of miracle, the victory, though he sadly
Passed away before his parade, his great merits'll live in Korean's heart!
(4th, Jul,2023, Kinsley Lee)

In Memory Of Late K. J. & Nancy Humerston

In their youth, amidst war, they loved each other and married in Japan near the base.
But the honey happiness was ended, by calling his departure to a stationed base.
Longing did not cease, and her beloved, never came again.
They're laid to rest in God's garden, when, at last, she met her lover, to regain
(21st, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

In Memory Of The Fallen Cadets

Raising rifles, the military cadets rushed to the battlefield, With bare fists, they blocked the invaded enemy, flaming loyalty. Did not blooming, young men for nation, they've fallen on the hot field. The deaths of young age, the lonesome tower mourns silently. (6th, Aug.,2023 Kinsley Lee)

In Memory Of The Student Soldiers Who Participated The Chang-Sah Landing Operation

To deceive the foe, they launched a simultaneous attack, for concealing the grand activity.
Student soldiers took part in landing the Chang-Sah shore as the diversionary activity,
With limited forces and scarce resources, they braved the challenging to the jaw of death,
In the triumph of Incheon operation success, it's the foundation of victory, and never be the lethe.
(7th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

In the Friday Evening at Kyung-Eui Line Park

In the park, the sun declined in the west
And the warm winds are blowing on the empty boughs
And the public houses, the people are rest
On the chairs, drinking, they smooth out their brows.

After working, they are walking the parkway
Stores are welcoming the guests opening
The windows, and stores are along the long way.
On the faces, they the lighthearted are feeling.

The young lads and lasses are folding their arms
And it looks that their faces are brighter than the road lights.
And the sounds of the laughter are heard like the firearms.
The tables are waiting for them brightening the table lights.

The winds blow on the parting lads and lasses
And somewhere it smells the spring perfume.
In the dark, it flows the tree over the grasses
In the park, the ume flowers are beginning to bloom.

Inspired by Seeing In-Kang's Exhibition

Even though the brushstrokes may seem simple and few,
But the impressions of the painting linger long, surprising me anew.
Within each canvas, including the world's agony and life's anguish in a painting,
The artist poured her soul, and expressing the philosophic thesis by drawing.
(19th, May, 2023. Kinsley Lee)

It Will Be Snowy At Kil-Sang Temple And A Poet

Thinking a man for ten thousand days,
Embracing a poem before, once he'd penned
For her, she'd recited a verse in her heart, in lifetime days.

On days when the white snows gently fall to descend,
When the day, deeply and deeply, that snow and spread
The mount, from there, a whity donkey, which descend.

She followed the path the whity donkey led,
No bell, no bridle, just left the footsteps to climb,
The donkey, fading out to the snowstorm like a sled.

From the heavens, suddenly heard the whispers of rhyme,
The wealth which she earned, gave to the other people
Mounted on the donkey, she started to other time.

But now, when the snow'll fall down on the Kil-Sang Temple
Then a poet'll recite a poem without the purple.?

(13th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee Terza Rima)

It's Raining On The Changpo Garden

As spring departs, the rain falls on the Changpo Garden.
The withered irises're the fresh and recovered dancers
And various colored flowers fill the garden,
And welcoming the summer, droplets're shining on the flowers.
(30th, May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

Japanese Rice Cake Cafe

On a spring afternoon, the old capital, it's raining and keeps on falling
But many people form a line outside the shop, and waiting.
Through the windows, it's heard the brook is quietly murmuring.
The bracken cakes and warm tea, to weary customers, they're welcoming.
(24th, May, 2023. Kinsley Lee)

Kam-Hong-Ro

It's time that ginkgo leaves are dyeing
And Kam-Hong-Ro're growing ripe
The perfume of the spirituous liquors are spreading,
And the winds blow the maple leaves to sipe.

In the field, the fallen leaves are rolling
And in the open bar, the people touch their glasses.
And the western sky is redly glowing,
And the crimson lights shine, over the glasses.

For a thousand years they'd distilled the liquors,
There'd been many songs along the rivers.
And there're various gins among the rivers
And hills, and there were many gin-makers

Luckily the traditional gin's been reborn,
The people could not but cheer with the gin,
When walking in the autumn leaves in Morn
Lights, and felt the scent of the djinn.

Kangleung

Windy forest, walking slowly
And reciting thro the pine trees, and I gaze the sea
Which is vast and cozy, soon, on the hilltop
I absorb myself, forgetting me.
Looking out at Gyeongpo lagoon,
And the sky, the sun is already tilting
And golden fishes leep with the splashes
In the water, so the golden waves're rising.
(Mar. 19th, 2024. Kinsley Lee)

Kim Myeong-Soon, Intellectual Of The Enlightenment Era

She's born of a concubine, as a daughter in home of property, being fed,
With literary prowess, widely won her renown, she led.
The oppressive and unfair systems, against it, she made the haroosh,
Yet, by the scars of youth, she's fallen in the thorny bush.
(Dec.,9th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kimhae Darye-One

Along the shopping district beside
The Wangneung Road, it's silent
From the southern land, came the Kimhae
Tea, it's not simple and not opulent.
A chance to taste a new flavor, it's good,
And that opens my eyes so wide,
Over a millennium, the ancient culture
Of Ga-ya approaches with pride.
(12th, Oct., Kinsley Lee)

Kimhae Yeon-Hwa Temple

Though the traces of the Yeonja-ru, Hamhur-jeong have already faded away,
In the corners, on the remaining cornerstones, still lonely birds cry,
In the temple, on the pond, where the red rails shine and lay,
And autumn winds rustle the leaves, the old trees stand tall and high!
(1st, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kwan-Chon Jae

In the valley under the pier, the flowing
Water makes a lively sound,
By the old house which located beside the path,
The crepe myrtle blossoms reddish abound.
A righteous soul, amidst a nation's
Strife, met a valiant end,
The family is a symbol of loyalty and fidelity,
Their memory will be noticed forever extend.
(10th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kyewolhyang

How could she forget the country? In Pyongyang
Castle where's being brimmed with invading troops.
For her country, watching for opportunity she's feigning
The loyalty for deceiving the enemy troops.
Meeting Eung-seo at the fortress walls,
By deceiving to Japanese and leading him to headquarter.
The enemies were messed, amidst the loss
Of commander, for victory, she's a leading contributor.
(Dec.,4th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kyomizutera(Sesui-Ji, Cheongsu-Sa)

On the hill, the crimson-painted main hall stands tall in sole,
As the sun set upon the spring mountain, it looked, silently
Many people scattered, it faded into the darkness, and felt lonely,
Behind the pagoda, a boat sails, serving it as a punting pole.
(25th, May,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Late Autumn At Geumsu Temple

The late fall day, from the hilltop of Choryang-dong, the scent of chrysanthemums wafts,
The shadows of the autumn colored mountain gracefully embrace the temple.
In the distant harbor, ships are coming and going, along their paths
Yearning for their return, the soundless the wind chime bids farewell on the eaves of temple.
(11th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Late Winter Scene of Yonggang

By the winds the branches rustle with sound
And the late winter air is chilly,
The car is quiet, and thick clouds catch
The falling moon, silently.
The streetlights on Wonhyo Bridge cast
The dim light to darkness on the road,
And at Noryang Market, the shop owners chatter
And work from night on the road.
Before sunset, returning and in the morning mist,
Yet the birds're their nests,
And neon-signs gleam, as the sun rises and people're already
Out in the shops no rests.
No matter how dark, the river fog
Obscure the world's eyes and tow.
But when morning comes, the spring sun
Will rise soon with morning glow.
(Mar. 19th, 2024 Kinsley Lee)

Looking Back The History Of Anne Boleyn

Under the Milky Way, the words
Of love are cozy and beautiful like a dream,
Once heart departed, the long-standing affection,
In a thousand days, vanished like steam.
Refusing to admit the infidelity, so labeled
A traitor, to next world, her name was rostered,
But at last, a left daughter ascended the throne,
And during her period, England prospered.
(Nov.,18th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Mang-won Pavilion

On the pavilion, the surged water's filling
Gently between the bridges all days.
The path across the river is serene,
During the Lunar New Year holidays.
Thick clouds float low, winter winds
Blow chilly, the ducks are swimming on the lake,
Yet, x?sh?, on this holiday season,
Elegantly not put on make-up for her sake.

(Apr. 9th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

Masugataya, The Udon Restaurant

As walking past the market street, I noticed a udon restaurant,
Silently waiting their turn and they stood in line, the road jaunt.
And nicely and neatly the mackerel sushi and udon were served by
Old lady. When I coming out, the old chef said, good-bye.
(24th, May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

Mata Hari

The pain of bygone youth transformed into lotuses within the mist,
Emerging in social circles as a flower, and she should have waiting list.
Sometimes giving information to officials of various country as friends
But as public sentiment soured, departed with a dance, to mountain bends.
(Nov.29th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Mountain Temple in the Snow

On the remoted rocky cliff, a Buddhist
Hermitage stands, lonesomely
Amidst the silence, devoid of people,
The wind-sound shatters the tranquility.
Where has Buddhist head-monk gone?
The door was closed, still.
Unswep, the snow on the high steps linger
Pure and undisturbed not trill.
(Feb., 5th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

Mt. Hwawang

As the name of Mt. Hwawang, is the guardian mountain, is known to us,
Eloquently, the history of three kingdoms flows, now, and thus
In the future like long ago, it'll share us the joys and sorrows,
And revealing countless faces in spring afternoons and fall morrows.
(27th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Nak-Hwa-Ahm The 1st Poem

Even the glorious dynasty crumbled in a moment
By misstep the nation's crumbled in a moment,
Even it's the glorious powerful dynasty
The Patron Saint was caught at Joryeongdae,
It's ended a thousand years of history.,
Because the princes occupied all,
Who did truly cooperate willingly?
Legends linger at Nakhwah-am, and silently
They're watching the waves wind the valley.
(Mar. 18th, 2024)

Nak-Hwa-Ahm The 2nd Poem

The blue water flows with a rush toward the West Sea for its way,
The wheel of history turns and rolls, passed down to this day.
The lonely rock, silently gazes for a thousand years,
Fallen flowers not return, ripples arise by tears.
(Mar.18th.2024 Kinsley Lee)

No Pets Allowed

(Revelation 22:15 NIV)

Outside are the dogs, those who practice magic arts, the sexually immoral, the murderers, the idolaters and everyone who loves and practices falsehood.

These days, many of the people think that the dog is the family,
Like other the dirty, You made the dogs be outside
My Lord! I cannot admit Your Words, easily
'Cause they are the faithful animal and always they abide
By their owners, and rush to welcome tails wagging and yelling.
You treated their doing like the rotten eggs' doing?

It's the reason that there's the sign board written in "No Pets Allowed"
In the front gate of the catholic-church at the Han-river side.
I thought that the priest afraid their barking loud,
But in Bible it's written that the dogs can't go inside.
What the reason? Or the priest can't understand the dogs' Confessions?
Or You want to lead the animals to the temples? That's my questions.

In the world, there're many people who're worse than the dog,
For the Faithful Animal, why did not sent a hogg?

Okinawa The 1st Poem

When the winter rain stops, the flowers in the garden are lovely coming out.
And on the leaves of the palm trees along the road, the freshness's seeping out.
The southern sea is calm, and as I gaze on it, tranquility fills the air,
Yet silently conveying their pains, the injury still is lingering there.
(Jan.,7th 2024, Kinsley Lee) .

Okinawa The 2nd Poem

In south, the islands prettily drooped like connected beads in braids
When the north wind blows, the surrounding seas shine with the light of jades
What is visible now is peaceful, and the land is full of beauty in gloam.
But since the days of old wars, how many soldiers have returned their home?
(Jan.,7th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

Okinawa The 3rd Poem

The sea in midday, the deep-blue currents
Which calls the eternal warm spring,
And the streets are brimmed with diverse souls from the world
On varied journeys in the evening.
Ryugu's ancient history intertwines
With the underwater of dragon-king's palace
And the traces of remaining soldiers of Sambyulcho'd
Reached far this fortalice.

(Jan.,10th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

On The Daunt Water-Way At The UNMCK

Not knowing the people in Korea or not knowing Korea,
But they enlisted the army or landed the port in Korea.
In the Memorial Cemetery Park, on the pavement way,
There's a stream, named as Daunt Water Way
In honor of the name, James, Patrick Daunt
Late afternoon the sun is west sky and looks gaunt.
That time, He's a private and only seventeen years old
Too young to die, but the November at the northern wold...
He maybe the age of high school student,
3rd Battalion, the Royal Australian Regiment,
He died for freedom and life, the people in Korea,
Till now he's rested in this hallowed land in Korea.
Fancy carp are swimming at the cold, fall water,
As the sounding of steps at the way, following in water.
And they're opening the mouth to talk something 'It's freedom',
Somewhere heard to my ears on the breeze, the 'Te Deum'.
(18th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

On The Hacksaw Ridge

The ridge is high and steep
By the movie, and now, they clepe
It as the Hacksaw Ridge. The traces
Were left in many places.
Here and there, the old corries
Try to talk the old stories.
The fiercest battle was there.
The young from all of sphere,
By the orders they must kill the opponents,
Not met as the match opponents.
Not war, shaking hands
They'd watching Olympic on their lands.
The Okinawans civil're dead
At that battle, where their fathers' dead
Place didn't know the reason.
To people, it's painful season.
It blows, the winter breeze,
The cenotaphs are under the trees.
The falcon is flying in free
And the memory is dim to tree.
The sea which's far away
Is glittering in the lights of day.
A crow caws the old story
In woods but it runs off a lory.
(Jan.,5th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

On the Street at Night

February night, Nine o'clock. The lights
Lose their brightness on the street. The winds
Brushed against the cheeks. The bytes
Of a smart phone bigger and bigger and it reminds
And controls me. I feel my brain is empty
Because of the alcohol like the late street is empty.

Sometime, street became the less bright
Than before, but I couldn't know the reason.
Because of the electric charge or my eyesight,
Was weakened by the ages. The silly season,
Always to me, because of my weakened ears
Or other reason. Because of my mind
Or not, the thoughts occurred on in twined.

On The Streets Of Osaka During The Long Holiday

They're filling the street, as the golden days of May is commencing,
Along the Dotonbori's riverside, and under the sign-
Board of a triumphant man who're passing the finishing line,
The young guys are, hear and there, conversing in Korean and traveling.
(4th, Jun., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

On thirty miles long, when cherry blossoms bloom

On thirty miles long, when cherry blossoms bloom,
And as pale pink, they flutter like rain in brume.
Briefly blooming, then quickly they wither away,
And onlookers lament that spring passes far away.
(Apr. 7th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

Overlook the Ban-gu Pavillion

On an autumn morning, with tinted foliage, the leaves're welcoming
In the tranquil forest, it's heard the sound of branches rustling.
The river's calm, and spread wings the pairs of white seagulls'r descending,
In the clear sky, flocks of geese are flying together, and bowling.
On the battlefield, the legends of generals' merits are told to hear.
When the nation is in turmoil, we yearn for the wise names of wise premier.
He'd lived together with people the joy and sorrow and for people,
The old memory of Bangchon, now, I request the lesson like a candle.
(Mar. 20th, 2019. Kinsley Lee)

Passing by General Nam Yi's Shrine

At General Nam Yi's shrine, violet flowers bloom on the bough,
But it cannot work for long, even deceiving may work, temporarily.
As truth unfolded, the meritorious vassal's showy tombs faded now,
Who's a Jin-Hoi? Who's an Ahg-Bi? That's known to people and history.
(13th, Jul., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

Passing By The General Cho Min-Su(The Chang-Seong Marquis) 's Grave

As the late summer sun sinks low and can hear lonely sounds,
At the front grave, bamboo clashing, hills echo with chirping sounds.
The wild grasses grow unchecked, blocking for guest's feet,
And moss on stone-statue talks the latter years' hardness complete.
(23rd, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Passing By The Maechang Park

The apricot flower, on the window, that lasts
A millennium which emits the abundant fragrance,
Even she's humble but a noted name
Which surpasses the bigshots and conveys with no utterance.
The sounds of her playing a Korean harp may not
Be heard, but her poems transcend the long time,
Who has come? The white chrysanthemums
On the tombstone shows the love which is all-time.
(Feb., 13th, 2024, Translated by Kinsley Lee)

Passing The Hwangok, Heo's Mausoleum

Queen Heo, secluded and alone at tomb,
Waited her wishes couldn't attained,
After two millennia, she remains to be buried
Alone, her hope restrained.
The love which traversed the vast ocean and long space,
A bond didn't easily gained,
Yet, the pagoda stands to be weathered,
In the pavilion, aged and waned.
(10th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Please Tell! Mt. Bulam!

On the peak of mountain the Taeguk flag hangs and flutters on the pole.
And on the blue sky, clouds are tranquil and the lined geese fly and howl.
Mt. Bulam silently stand, observing the city below,
And Chungryang Stream meanders the city and vainly flow.
Even the traces of ancient heroes've faded away,
But now at night, the streetlights're shining brightly on the way.
Mt. Bulam! Please tell the bloodshedding story of warriors.
So leaping beyond the painful history, and we make them indicators.
(Jan., 26th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

Rainy Day at Tangumdai

Ureug'd played the gayageum, whether spring'd arrived or autumn'd departed, .
Sorrowful destiny, he never visited his hometown where once departed.
The sorrowful songs of a lost country, he'd played and carried it on the river's flow,
Even now, when it rains, the old songs seems to be heard with woe.
(Mar. 21st, 2024. Kinsley Lee)

Rainy Night at Kimhae

The rain falls, the wind blows and the wind-bell sings in according to the wind.
On the thin window, the silhouette looms and longtime'll take to be bright
In the back yard, the bamboos are swaying in the dark and deepening night,
It's barely four o'clock, when I woke up by been hitting the door by wind.
(29th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Rainy Scene At Gyeongui Line Park

In the afternoon, the rain falls upon the park, on everything, the verdant lay.
It's heard the sound of forming beads on leaves, and the droplet dances.
Whene'er it's swaying by breeze, a refreshing essence is released from the branches,
The greenish shadows're in tranquility of the long, serene summer day.
(28th, May,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Reckless, Us Marine Horse

Alone, without fright, she took the active roles in the midst of combat field,
From beginning to end of war, galloping the battle field where full of the gunpowder mist.
At last this US mariner from Korea retired the field and honorably be dismissed,
A marine horse left the great contributions on the history and left the field.
(3rd, Aug.,2023 Kinsley Lee)

Reflecting On The Ancient Geumgwan Gaya

By the Haebancheon, please not drink three cups of wine, now I say!
The full moon over the river, is calling the wine and fading away,
The once, thriving port has vanished, only stories remain,
The traces of ships that passed in bygone, are covered in soil's grain.
The hermitage's located on Imho Mountain's no longer as it used to be,
And the old palace site at Bonghwangdae hides in a pond, now when you see.
Who will join to drink with, sending off the midnights in company
With? No words, helplessly flowing water shows ripples in its journey.

(13th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Geumgwan Gaya: the ancient dynasty which was located in Kimhae area.

Haebancheon: the river which flows the Kimhae, there was the ports on that river, but now it looks like a stream.

Imho Mountain: which was located in Kimhae, one of the oldest hermitage is located on the ridge of that mountain

Bonghwangdae: the place which was located in Kimhae, where the ancient palace and castle was located there.

Reflecting Queen Jin-Seong

When Silla tilted, its finances in ruin, she's chosen as king to succeed,
The roots of the country's crisis ran deep, conflicts're lasted indeed.
Day and night, for reforming the royal court, she's striving to rebuild,
And tirelessly efforts, she try to pour in to ensure the people's welfare instilled.
She drew on the counsel of Ui-Hong, made the power-families be restrained,
And embracing talented individuals through open gates, potential unrestrained,
But met with resistance, she's confined in North Palace sadly fallen to disuse,
And her merits and legacy was vanished but left a label of unjust abuse.
(Nov.23rd,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Reflecting The Kilsang-Sa, The Buddhist Temple

In the family's trees're intricate like the web of fate, entangled and complex,
Possessions come and go at will and the joy and sorrow is subjects
To the ebb and flow of wealth, the god of mount remains indifferently
And fall-trees dedicated to Buddha quietly welcome winter currently.
(Nov.26th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Returning Home After Seventy Years

They drew in foreign power and invaded
The other brothers in the name of liberation.
With the army who changed uniform, they raided
At dawn, suddenly. With difficulty, nation
Defended against an enemy desperately.
The young soldiers're at the age of twenty.

Elder brother was dead at the battle
Of Youndug, Pohang at the Walker line.
After In-Cheon Operation, they retreated to scuttle.
They kicked off the enemy like to chase the swine
To north at last. He served at KATUSA,
But sadly he dead in the shield of MED-USA.

At Chosin Reservoir, he was too young to die
At high-teen. With other soldiers he was covered
By the white snow, waiting the evacuation to lie.
But too long the evacuation, 'cause not discovered.
At last, Choi Im-rak, he had a trip to Hawaii
And waited the physical examination at the Hawaii.

With his nephew, he took aboard a plane.
And coming back to his hometown, the journey'll end
And he's passing the soldiers to Hollowed Plain
Where his brother is waiting at the other end.
Beside the Choi, Sang-Rag. Choi, Im-Rag will rest
Forever. Never forget, owing to them we can rest!
(30th, Jul., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

Riverside Scenery

Early winter weekend, yet it's warm like spring,
Far away, the cars're humming and running in a line like the string.
Over the river, thick mist intertwines the afternoon and evening.,
Fine dust covers the earth by the waterside, it's difficult for inhaling.
(Dec., 9th, 2023, Kinsley Lee)

Sailing a Boat in Mapo

? Write a poem which adapting the rhyme from the poem "Sailing a Boat in Mapo" by Seo Geujeong
?

Cloudy winter day, the fog envelopes
The West Lake, like Seo-Shi get angry,
Seawater rises against by the wind,
Forming gentle ripples, spangly.

Boats on the river cruise leisurely, lanterns
Swaying like lotus flower,
Cars rush on the bank road, and the exhaust fumes are shaking
And shivering the branches to embower.

Sharp winds brush against the peaks
Of Jamdu amidst the mist,
Through the clouds, the obscured moonlight illuminates the chestnut
Islet, we can see subsist.

Because the fine dust from the continent, long
The crane has dissipated in din,
In every morn, the gray seagulls arrive,
Scavenging through the litter bin.

(Apr. 10th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

Scenery of the Mapo River

After Lunar New Year passes,
The river is filled with the colors of spring,
The dried-grass thicket by the bank, we can hear
The sound of sprouting grass to sing
Geese are busy moving up
And down, preparing for migration to unwind.
Motorboats make froths and foams
When they cut across along with the wind.
(Apr. 10th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

Sea Battle Of Arginusa

During the Peloponnesian War, it's long and long,
Athens is weak and weak, not as strong.
And she's in disaster after Sicilly expedition
Generals disappeared on the miserable mission
Civils cannot maintain their power,
But they must confront the Spartan power.
In trouble, they rebuilt the fleet again
But no single system of command, thane
Of eight commanders be the consultive admiral.
The divided the fleet and led as an admiral.
They embarked with unskilled and insufficient sailors
Because they can't pay enough to the sailors.
Callicratidas was the admiral of the Spartan fleet
By the term limits, Lysander yielded him the fleet.
8 admiral defeated the spartan fleet
But many sailors're wreckage of the fleet.
By the rainstorm, they cannot rescue the survivors,
They came back to the port with triumph no survivors.
They won the sea battle, but were impeached by Athens,
The crime of not returning with the survivors to Athens.
So the six of them were executed by the civils,
Oh, stupid democracy and civils!
Aristocrates, Aristogenes, Diomedon, Erasinides,
Lysias, Protomachus, Thrasyllus, Pericles.
(Jan.,6th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

Seeing The Mountain At Enoshita

The bluish colors deepen
Within the undulating waves,
The falcons' high-pitched chirps
Are heard in the wind by close shaves.
Through the mist, crossing the sea,
The cities vaguely appear,
But within the clouds, Mountain
Fuji is revealed in blear.

(Jan.,3rd,2024, Kinsley Lee)

Sochang Castle(Kokura Castle)

The flowing river wraps around Kokura Castle like'n oldén days,
And ownerless place, the croaking crow welcomes when th'guest're approaching.
Cheonsugak(Tenshugaku) has lost it's grandeur, and it's faded away the splendid days,
Yet, it's become a rest-place where cicadas' crying and dragonflies' dancing.
(13th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Sochunpoong Who's A Kisaeng From Youngheung

In castle of Seoul, all
The men lamented their inability
To forge cozy bonds,
By singing poems, she made
The officials from getting angry
To laugh with playful responds.
Because was bound by duties,
By even the love, struck king
Couldn't follow his heart's decree,
Abandoning decorum, crossing
The walls at night, finding
Joy unconstrained and free.
(Dec., 1st, 2023, Kinsley Lee)

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Sochunpoong: The name of Kisaeng, which means to laugh at spring wind)

Kisaeng: a girl who was an total entertainer in old Korea, who can dance, sing songs, play the musical instruments and read and write poems, draw pictures, etc

YoungHeung: the old province which was located in north-east of the Korea.

Squid Grilled Pa-Bo In Osaka

In a small shop, there's an old owner, only.
Being not more than ten chairs, and there aren't many
Customers. But locals and visitors easily become friends
To the world, really something, the bustling tavern wends.
(26th May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

Su-Reung Garden

Even the old trees've been disappeared,
But the relations left in twined,
And memories fill the garden, the story
Carried by the sounds of the wind,
These days, the king and queen, walking
Together as to be the spirit,
Two thousand years, out of the royal
Tomb, they've met at night.

(29th, . Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Summer Night Scene in Gyeongui Line Park

After the rain, in the summer park, a cool breeze blows,
A hopping puppy hurry its owner to follow close.
In the open-air café, laughter and chatter, lamps shining late,
Crickets, forgetting their cries, and eavesdrop in darkness and wait.
(Mar. 2024. Kinsley Lee)

Tangeumdae

On a spring day, the river flows blue, and the cliff is high. Like passed dates,
On the Tangeumdae, as if the sound of the gayageum playing resonates.
The eight thousand rancored souls. Now, where they're resting.
As if knowing the ancient history. A bird is wandering and weeping.
(10th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Testing Hinemos In Akarenga(Red Bricks)

The crimson bricks of the old day's warehouse
Enhance the charm of bygone beauty,
A shopping mall was renewed of the old house,
Which's guiding tourists or wanderers who're off-duty
By the glasses of traditional liquors, the twelve bottles,
I've tested the Hinemos, one by one,
On the sea, the moon rests within the ripples,
When I'm going out as my test was done.
(Jan.,16th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

The Ae-Wol Beach

Far away, the fishing boats are gradually floating
And the palm trees on the beach are swaying and lingering wind
On early spring the afternoon, the sun is scorching
And through the window, the wind-sound deeply piercing the elder's mind.
(23th, Mar., 2023)

The Afternoon At Late Fall

The rain stops, where'er breeze whispers, they drip beneath the leaves.
Autumn sun gently spills where the leaves're sparsely stuck on branches.
Though the foliage may've fallen, the beauty lingers on colorful leaves,
And elders're savoring leisurely moments, sitting on benches,
(Nov.,11th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Afternoon at Late Spring

To my sorrow, the splendid cherry blossoms, and the traces are vanishing.
On the edge of the bank, as the successor, the royal azaleas are blooming
The nature knows when it goes and retreats, so, gives way by oneself
On the bench the old man who picked the willow twigs and is snoring

The Apricot Flowers and the Sparrows Welcome New Spring

The old tree blooms and the red apricot flowers fill in garden.
The sparrows by themselves come to play and chirping and singing.
The cold winter goes far away when the south winds blow in garden.
Opening the windows and dusting on the books, I welcome spring.

The Autumn Colors of Jeju

In Jeju's October, branches are filled with yellow,
On mountain paths and low walls of vill's hill and furrow.
The wind blowing from afar, carries the scent of the sea,
The flowing clouds vary, and the blue sky team on the lea.
(Mar. 2024. Kinsley Lee)

The Autumn Colors of the Tangerine Grove

The ancient tower stands covered in thick moss, guarding the temple's grounds,
As the golden waves of autumn overflow on the fields and mounds,
The rainfall on Hallasan fattens the cattle and they're winding in a row.
And the wind from the South-sea helps the fruit on the branches grow.
Underneath the trees, busily farmers're working and harvesting,
While dreams of birds in the wood-side are quietly soaring and moving.
The path beside the stone wall is filled with sweet aroma,
And in the silent houses, child's reciting poems are echoing the loma.
(Mar., 20th, 2024. Kinsley Lee)

The Autumn Day At Chon-Gog Port

On an autumn afternoon, with smell and the sea breeze
Is cool and noisily blows,
On the port of the sea, the yachts were tied
On the pole of the seashore and repose.
Suddenly the dark shadows descend upon
The sea, all around,
As the sun sets, the deep clouds are dyed
And turned red, and it looks profound.
(12th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Autumn Fields

In the valley, where the flowers flourish in deep,
The butterflies gather in abundance, and heap.
In rice paddy when the rice bow down,
And the sparrows flock together, aroun'.
As autumn arrives, in every fiel's,
Golden waves that spread the hills and fiel's.
The scarecrow dances in the wind, so carefree,
As the puppet's heart follows, busy as can be.

The Autumn Lake

The tip of the trees at the late autumn lake, are tinged redly.
The black swans quietly floating, silently the bubbles which're arising,
And rustling leaves, wind making sounds, they're playing mutually,
And people have left, even as the sun sets, their nests, the birds are forgetting.
(2nd, Apr.,2023 Kinsley)

The Autumn Night Of Gyeong-Ui Line Park

The sun's on the verge of setting, the light
Run into to window panes and bright.
Open café, the smells of the coffee,
To beneath the trees, it spreads luridly.
The warm steam of a cup is instantly disappeared
And the fall-blows make the wood-air be cleared.
Some leaves're tinted lightly on the trees
And others still dark green and the breeze
Is blowing in the wood. On the Stones of brooks,
The sphagnum waves and it greenly looks.
On the surface the ripples arise and flowing
And on the bench, an old man looks down, the flowing.
After the office, many people
Are gamming, and turning on the electric-candle,
One by one in the stores. The sparrows
Aren't seen, and a day's time passed like arrows.
In wood now, the grass-bugs are forgetting
To chirp and the dragon-flies aren't flying.
Under the trees, there's a way
And on a bench, people look around a day,
The young with short shirts are jogging
And the old are slowly talking and walking.
The young cheer their cups of beer, in the pubs
The darkness fall and dark are the shrubs.
(18th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Autumn River

The winds blow on the greenish field, so the blue river is crystal clear.
The stars set on the azure sky the white clouds rise higher, higher.
A fisherman feels the heavy hands because the fishes get fat.
At daybreak, the lights are reflected by the scales, and the waters glare.

The Autumn Temple

In the deep and thick green mountains where I cannot
Find the mystical fishes really.
Amidst the autumn threshold, the valleys
Shed their tears to the raining softly,
Instead of the Buddhist monk, the guest
Were welcomed by the red-spider lilies firstly.
At the Milky Way Temple, the old fragrances filled
The Temple, which are always tranquil and leisurely.
(9th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Bank In Heaven

In heaven, storing up the treasures for ourselves
Where moths and vermin cannot destroy,
And we never worry about if thieves
Break in. We can live the life in full of joy.

In short span when living on the earth with bear hands
By the sunlight, God's feeding us in every morn.
And He's sending timely rains on this lands,
And it's full, the grains of rice and corn.

Never worry about tomorrow, prithee,
Smooth out the creases on thy middle of the forehead,
God'll prepare morrow's manna for thee,
Sing and not grumble today, thy cheap bread.

No pockets on the clothes thou wearing when leaving
Off and no two way ATM between the heaven
And earth, but in land unidirectionally storing
And thou canst only withdraw the bank in heaven.
(Matthew 6: 19)

The Biography Of Bae, Jeong-Ja

The household's crumbled, the father's executed,
So she'd wandering as a servant, and a Buddhist nun.
Escaped but returning for revenging, with leveraging
Her beauty and mocking this land, she begun.
As a society queen, and a spy in diplomacy,
For aiding the invader, she did for Japan.
She made a wicked contribution for grudge
And pain at young age, fulfilling her plan.
(Dec.,20th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Biography Of Jeon Hye-Rin

In the days of my youth, I often encountered
Her name in many books,
Life was bustling, yet she's on the boundary
Like to be the waterside of the brooks.
In the realms of art and scholarship in both side,
She erected landmark achievements,
Amidst abundance, the only flaw
Was a poverty in love, no reliefment.
(Dec.6th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Biography of Yoon Sim-deok

Studied vocal music, widely she achieved renown.

In the midst of recording, she met a friend and been lovers that town.

Embarked and set out the liner, yet not touched the shore,

Only the record remain, revealing a woman's lore.

(Dec., 8th, 2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Brilliant Transformer Mun Ye-Bong

Born into an artistic lineage, God-given
Beauty graced in her birth,
A gifted actor, received the rousing
Cheers on country's earth.
Once accused of collaboration for Japan,
But she transformed and led ideology,
Punished but was reinstated, and resting now
In the patriotic martyr 's cemetery
(Dec.,11th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Buddhist Nun At Sudeoksa

She's born and raised as a daughter of minister,
But received maternal grandma's care.
The literature, women's movement and parting
For studying abroad, she did to bear.
But living together by fiery love,
But it kept on stacking the agony and strife,
So breaking free from the vain world, and turned
To Buddha and lived the medicant life.

(Dec.,11th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Camellia and Plum Blossom

Where the snow aren't melting on yet, it blooms beneath the mountain's slope,
The apricot flowers behind the camellia, blooms and urging the coming
Of spring. News of flowers from the southern province, which are constantly ascending.
It conveys in advance by picture, I am grazing far in the distant scope.
(31th, Mar., 2023)

The Castle Of Osaka

Far away the head of the castle is seen, in the deep woods,
With high walls and deep moats, even the strongest enemy couldn't conquer.
How did Hideyori foolishly trust the enemy's words?
A bird is crying in the splendid pavilion where no the old owner.
(25th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Castle Of Osaka The 2nd Poem

It gloriously in golden splendor, the Cheonsugak* augustly stands,
By Hideyoshi's greedy ambition, it crumbled the merits to the sands.
In the lake, according to the wind, the pretty, slanted shadow sways,
Beneath the lake's surface, the sighs of souls rise with the waves, on the ways.
(25th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Cherry's Blooming Day at The Kyung-Eui Line Park

In the park the cherry blossoms bloom,
And the petals're flying according to the breeze,
Because of cold, spring is in loom,
But the pink petals are dancing on the trees

The fragrance aboard the tender breeze,
It permeates the windows and notices me spring.
The young are walking on the lane under the trees,
And making pictures, and cherries are blooming.

The trees stand tall, and the branches wear,
The pink and white flowers, wait the leaves.
The park-road, ten lis, they boast for their share,
They fade away when meet the leaves.

The blossoms are beautiful, not blooming but will fade
Away. Petals glimmer in the light.
Enjoy your days till the old pervade
Your life. Sooner the dawn dusk on the light.

The Dadaepo

The Nakdong River is running a thousand miles, reaching the sea,
From far away the sea, the waves of Dadaepo return serenely.
The autumn wind in the afternoon at the seashore is blowing warmly and gently,
The breeze briskly brushes the green hills, and blowing from the distant sea
(10th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Damwon's Painting On 4 Hermits

The moon gazes from the mountain's peak, on the ground,
The water's been boiling
By a little boy. 'Cause it run short of a person.
Then when will complete the painting?
In the thatched house, and the branch is filled
With vibrant red-plum blossoms,
I wish to run into the painting and briefly
Complete the vacancy with bossams.
(Mar.,8th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

bossam(=bossam kimchi)

The Dark Morning

Yesterday, winter, it'd rainy all day,
It ceased, but very dark this morn,
On the plaza, the pigeons are hopping like the ballet
And chipping away at something like the corn.

The thick fogs are twisting the trees,
Under the trees it's mistily drizzling,
The lane of park, the twenty lis
Are shrouded in mystery, there's the misting fogging.

Early morn, the city is clean,
But one place is exceptional in this country,
People live an atomic in their heads, but they keen
As mustards for concealing their criminal history.

Like other dimension, to the mist, it's sorrow,
The People are fading away in the park
And in spite of the splendidness, the nation's morrow
And the achievements are going to disappear in dark.

The Day Lily

When the rain stops, raindrops hang, and the leaves more clearly deepen
Even the day-lily fall, then your worries. Please, not have forgotten!
The traces remain on empty stalks, and dancing when the wind blows,
How can they didn't feel the melancholy? 'Cause, strangely as time flows
(Nov.,14th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Deep Scent of Hydrangeas

When hydrangeas bloom in the garden, butterflies come for taking flight,
The fragrance is so rich that they do not think of returning but look forever remain,
But if the flower's honey were to run out, the butterflies would depart to bright.
When men step down, how can they expect the dependable friends to remain?
(4th, Jul, 2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Devoted Poem for the Soldiers Without Identities

They returned to the hometown after defeat
At the War, but no rank, they were called again,
By the chaotic times. Being selected, to beat
The Communist, They helped to sweep the bane.

For freedom for the Asia, but having no identities,
As not soldiers with rank, but the name of civvies,
They joined the dangerous works but no lenities
Of the bullets, so many no returns to be the casualties.

The mine disposal at the port before
Landing and they guided the road for attacking
Unit, but even their merits at the war
Were been kept the secret and so the sacrificial working.

Therefore, the official notice of the falling
In battle were not delivered to their families,
Seventy years has passed, when ceasing
Fire, but we should praise their honors and sacrifices.

The Dining Table Like Silk Texture

In the ground of general Kwon's house, now
An ancient gingkgo-tree proudly stands,
As the sun sets, in the western sky,
The clouds turn red when looking up in this lands.
Gleaming-lights spread like the silk, here
And there, steadily lighting the night,
And thoughts of our hometown, and the food which reminds
Us mother's love, it induce us tight.

(1st., Nov.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Kwon: the family name of the general who defeated Japanese troops at Haeng-Ju(Northwest area of Seoul) During Japanese Choseon War(Mar.,1593)

Gingkgo Tree: maidenhair tree, Ginkgo biloba

The Dream Of Kimhae

The Haeban-cheon, the water that encircle the capital and flow,
Amidst the prosperity and a bustling port, ships come and go,
Far and wide, Gaya's ironworks were sent to fain.
The ancient land, someday, shall draw the dream again.
(28th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Dream Of Kimhae, The 2nd Poem

When the sun rises over Bunsung Mountain, they begin the new days,
As it sets in Mt. Imho, then people return, ending a day's matter,
In Kimhae, through two millennia, they maintain their lives like old days.
To the southward direction, Haebancheon, still the stream flows to enter
Though Bonghwang-dae, it left the old traces of the Gaya's palace,
But the old dreams reside in Gimhae Library and Arts and Sports Center.
In this two millennia, logistics thrive, the mark is not traceless
At Haebincheon. KTX, highways and light rails pave the way,
In the sky, all the time they never have the days with flightless
In two millennia's, an old dream reborn on present day,
Hur Hwangok's descendants, toward, they are drawn to Hogye-cheon,
Kimhae, reaching out to the world once more, on its way.
(30th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee, Terza Rima)

The Elegy For Marie Antoinette

In her young days, she went to France to be a queen upon the throne,
People incited that she's lustful, luxurious and even scorned the people do moan
With hunger. Baseless words, distorted lies, fueled the people's ire,
The hapless queen, never to return, to see the palace spire.
(Nov.22nd,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Eunha Temple

The small temple's in Sin-Eo Mountain, rainy, so it chillers.

Upon the steps, the bell tower welcome the visitors

On the temple buildings, the Zen Poetry was written on every pillars.

(30th, Sep.,2023, KinsleyLee)

The Fall Day At UN Cemetery Park Poem

The sun shines on a fall afternoon the grasses sparkle brightly,
No return, the young guys from the world are lying eternally.
The period which they're lodging there outdid their life-span, it's passed,
While a bird on the tower building hovers and flies at last.
(12th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Fallen Flowers

Today, in the wood, we have the strong winds and spring-rain all the day!
Fallen on the ground, the petals're dreaming, the time on the bough.
The flowers, always wished to be on the branch for a long time.
They're exposed to rain, waiting the new month which named, May!
The flowers' days hadn't been lasted long and fallen, now.
But not knowing the rule, only men dreamed as a hero for a long mime.
(Org., Apr.,2019, Rev. Oct.,2023 Kinsley)

The Fallen Leaves

The yesterday-night, it's late fall,
I got drunk at the pretty colored leaves.
But the morning of today.
I can see that rolling are the fallen leaves.

The life easily withers away,
Why are you boasting your achievements? Intentionally.
When it snows on the yard, all
The world will be covered with white. Equally.

The Fallen Leaves The 2nd Poem

The last night, late fall, I's intoxicated by the pretty colored leaves.
But the today-morn. I can see again that the fallen leaves're rolling.
In the mist, on the tree at the park, a dove chirps and grieves
The last night, late fall, I's intoxicated by the pretty colored leaves.
Easily the life wilts. Then your achievements! Why are you so boasting?
The world'll be covered equally white, when it'll be snowing.
The last night, late fall, I's intoxicated by the pretty colored leaves.
But the today-morn. I can see again that the fallen leaves're rolling.
(Triolet. Nov.,10th 2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Glorious Pizza Shop

The delicious pizza in the oven wafts
A delightful scent as it bakes,
Its crust crisping up, and from the dough,
Warmth steam gently emanates.
The toppings represent the finest flavors,
When it flows together the heart,
Joyful laughter echoes, in the shop,
Happiness is a work of art.
(Jan.,31st,2024, Kinsley Lee)

The Golden Temple(Kinkaku-Ji, Keumgag-Sa) In Kyoto

A majestic structure adorned with glistening gold, it boasts and splendor in knoll.
In the toilfully nurtured garden, so the sweat were lingered in garden beautiful gracefully.
Now, serving as a temple which dedicated to the Buddha, it has fulfilled and play the role.
Like shifting sands, they recognizing the nature of power and wealth, which disperse transiently.
(26th, May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

The Great Admiral Jang Bo-Goh

He was born not noble but humble at Silla,
But a boy had the dream the great dream for country.
When blindly he left his desolate and old Zillah,
He would be the great man on the naval history,
Young and small boy went to Tang
And grew to go around the fields with his mustang.

Through the many battle fields, he mastered
The long spear on the horse, and famous as an archer.
He promoted the general at the army, but the bastard
Pirates robed the Silla and be the catcher,
To the boys, and the kidnapped were sold as slaves,
To sweep the pirates, he pledged the waves.

He resigned and returned to the mother country,
And be the fleet commander and guarded the coast.
His fleet flied liked the winds, to the history
And the legend, the many stories, as a host
Of the Asian Sea, he left. The poet
Praised him, and the many merits that show' it.

He is composed of the glorious naval pedigree,
Jang Bo-Goh, Wang Geon, Yi Sun-Shin and the other
Admirals, they not passed away, the memory
Of him, the Navy's eternal father.
The old days, Du-Mu praised him his merits,
Today a bard praise the navy who inherits.

The Great Teacher, Homer Hulbert in Yanghwanjin

King Sejong invented the Hangeul letters,
But for a long time those was not widely used
Even between the people, the transmitters
Were the traditional letters, so it couldn't be fused.
The great King invented the letters for the people
But the missionaries diffused the Hangeul to the people.

Most of the plain people were illiterate.
The missionaries translated the English Bible
To Hangeul, and taught it, at last they be literate.
He researched the letters and taught the people.
The Great King invented the Hangeul, so he's the father.
Hulbert fostered the letters, he's the mother.

The old Korea was called as the Morning Calm
And the most people were poor and lived with no hope,
Due to the Hulbert, full of balm
Are the letters, and people have the right and hope,
For a long time, Korea had received the American assistance.
To the other country, Korea can give the assistance.

He'd fought with Korean for many years
Against for the old thought, freedom and independence.
For Korea, he shouted to the stuffy ears,
For assisting Korean to regain the independence.
Though, he didn't witness the success of Korea,
But the Great Teacher's resting in Yanghwajin in Korea.

The Han River at Midnight

I go up slowly the hills at nights.
Hitting the cheeks, the mild wind blows.
Along the hillside, turn off the lights.
Under the far away, the river flows.

Along the river, the road-lights twinkle,
And look like the endless milky way.
On the bank, a car is rushing in a twinkle
And fade out to the darkness along the way.

In the sky, the pinwheel-like stars round the pole.
In dark, the river flows the time.
In the morn, the sun rises for doin' his role,
Again, people'll wake up and go as the chime.

Twenty thousand years the river
Flows with the people who live in by,
Henceforth, for long, it'll be together
With the sons who are and to be, nearby.

The Han River in Early Spring

In spring the river is flowing like the old days
The surface is glittering cherry red
In twilight, and it passed by the many days
The waves had washed the blood of the dead
Beside of the river the hallowed ground,
They rest in the cells in the plain porcelain
The statues are laid in the central mound
And they show the victory, faith in certain.
The tides flow down along the river
And wind the island and the green and big dome.
There're the evils which couldn't washed by the river
Flood. No ceasing it makes the red foam.
Our fathers have guarded this land by their bloods,
Fighting against the external enemies.
Now, it couldn't washed the river floods,
The sun's fading cause of the internal enemies.

The Han-River

A young guy's sitting on the bench
And holding a smartphone, and twittering.
On the surface of the river, a tench
Is rising from the bottom and puffing.

A sea bird is swooping and scooping
Up, with her bill, a minnow
For feeding to her fledglings, and flying
With brushing against the willow.

'Cause of the flood the wreckages
Are floating on the surface of the river.
And yet, it gives us the messages
The blood from the soldier' liver

Colored the water to red.
And the North bank was full
Of the attacking arms. And the dead
Scattered on the riverside. And full

Of the enmity, the soldiers' in trenches
Were staring and watching the North banks
Now the riverside, there're the benches
And cars are running the both banks.

And the rotten congress is located
In the island and the parties are full
Of the rotten smells. And an aide
Is in it and be the push-pull.

And the freedom is not for free,
It request for the blood to guard.
For a long time, forgotten have we,

But lonely, exclaims a bard.

The forefathers've lived for a long time,
And the descendants will live with the river,
Which beautifully and peacefully pass time,
And the river'll flow forever.

The Heroes at Hooks Hill of the 2nd Battle

The many young who did not hesitate
In response to the country's call,
And they encamped to heights of country which located
In the far-east Asia. With all,
Risking their lives, facing the Red
Chinese Army, they achieved the great victory,
Live on not, we must call them heroes
And praise their merits eternally.
(Jan., 26th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

The heroes of the Chosin-Reservoir-Battle

They joined the battles for the freedom of the people,
And almost doing the calling from God,
Dreaming to return, so waiting for the whistle
Of the end-war, but in plateaus, they were in quad.
They did not know this land before
But for world, joining the battles which they abhor.

Winter season, it's very cold,
They must fight against the cold in the field.
But never they knew, the enemies to hold
Their rifles and ambushed plateau field.
Millions of solders crossed the river
In every night, the thick-iced river.

Ten times enemies suddenly
Attacked them by besieging from high plateaus.
They withheld the enemy at the place absolutely
And fought against the cold as the foes.
At Hungnam, due to their heroic battle
Safely, they could evacuate the armies and people

Many heroes were dead at the battle
But they gave ten times casualties to enemy.
Their victory is not only the battle
But for the people of liberal democracy.
The heroes'll be recalled by the new generation
And they're forever attacking in new direction!

The Hills And The Rivers Where The Sharon's Roses Bloom

In summer, when the river is about to dawn
In the morning mist, then it gleams again.
To the shallow side, the carps gather to spawn
And the leaves drop the dews on the side of the lane.

When the roses wither away on the yard
The Sharon's roses are here and there.
When they're waving with the wind, an alfresco bard
Cannot but recite the poems to the air.

They bloom on dike along the riverside,
And dancing and singing with the birds in the woods.
When the sun rising, they stretch on the boughs at hillside
The early bird only knows the moods.

They 've been bloomed for a long time this land,
On where our fathers had been lived with this river,
And in the Sharon's roses, our sons will stand
Up in the morn and graze the flowing of this river.

The History

We were taught the history, for a long time
Our forefathers were always peaceful people,
So had loved the dancing, singing and rhyme
And never invaded the other people.

So the students know the openers of the dynasties
Founded the nation on the purchased lands,
And the Great Gwang-Gae-To had expanded the territories
By trading with Khitan for buying the lands.

The many expeditions at the history was the business
Trips for buying the lands for their people.
And the battles were cause of the broken business,
And partners didn't notice the business to their people.

The young know the importance of the real estate business
And know the reason that the China prohibits
The foreigners from buying the territory for business.
And they're thirsty at the international real estate snippets.

The Ho-Gye Road

In days of old, by the Ho-gye Stream, they gathered for doing
Laundry. But now on that street, endlessly foreign shops were low.
People from the southern land, who followed their princess were gathering
For soothing the homesick. Now, gathering for eating their gateau.
Though time has flowed for long, people's hearts remain and unchanged,
The lonely tower, worn by years, bears the pain.
By two thousand years, even the old traces're estranged
And vanished. Feeling nostalgia now, still people pain.
(27th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Hongdae Street at The Year-End

The Hongdae street the brisk wind's blowing at the end of the year,
Neon signs remain lit all night, beautiful in the darkness of blear.
Youngsters and visitors mingle, go with each other laughing together,
The tall zelkova's standing and looking down the park in cold weather.
(Mar. 19th, 2024. Kinsley Lee)

The Hongju Gazebo

In center of the castle, I step the stairs of the gazebo and ascending.
The early summer breeze whispers through the forest with clarity,
There's no signboard inscribed with poems, even the good scenery,
The dull mind, I lay out the letters and write, with th'feel of wanting.
(12th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Hwatus and The Cho Young-Nam Exhibition

Having introduced from Japan, in the middle of Joseon dynasty,
Now, blooming and boasting of its popularity throughout the country.
Mocking the fool who only consider the art as the vanity,
The genius playfully toyed and ridiculed their foolish luxury.
(5th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Immortal Admiral Yeon Su-Young

Leaving a great legacy in Goguryeo's sea
And across the Asia's shore,
Her navy defeated Tang's navy on the sea,
Victorious forevermore.
Even in pregnancy, at Tanghangseong battle,
She commanded to take by assault,
Today in women's blood, still,
Her spirit flows without halt.
(Dec.,11th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Immortal Heroine, the Admiral Yeon Su-Yeong, No.1

» Prologue: Admiral Yeon Su-yeong

For the new government, she erected the great merits at the coup d'etat,
Leaving the world of politics, she stood as a guardian of the coast to build
The navy. Even during the pregnancy, flawlessly facing the enemy at combat.
Yet, the dream of living an ordinary life as a woman remained unfulfilled.

(16th, Jun., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Journey of Thomas to Far Eastern Land

He landed the river port with the porters,
Alone, coming here not helpers.
Taking a sailing ship at Indus,
For seeking the land for another limbus
In the eastern place of the far away.
He walked and walked the forest way.

For long time with a few porters, he climbed the mountain
They wiped the sweat and drank the fountain,
He looked down the landscape far away
And he sat and prayed under sunny ray,
For a while, he stood and downed the hill
With the porters and stayed when he found the vill.

Every day he met the farmers
Every night he talked with the villagers.
He held the rosary and hung the cross necklace
And talked the God and a lamb which's fleckless.
People called him a man of folding his hands
And he'd obeyed the order to the far eastern lands.

He returned but the traces're left on the petroglyphs,
The neckless statue and letters on stone cliffs.
The letters "Thomas who's prayer" to God,
And the Gotaya means the old cell of God.
Owing to his effort, we can meet his trace
And it'll be the Eastern Jerusalem, this place.
(Feb., 10th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

The Joy of Aging at the Spring River

Near the Han-River, I've been lived for twenty years.
In spring, the fishing floats are beautiful in the dark fogs.

Not knowing why the Izaak Walton's rushing to the fishing place.
Then how can I remember the reason Dong-Bong been a recluse.

The big and Green building in Yeouido, it stinks polluted lousy,
My maisonette in Yong-San, always the river winds blows clear.

Now, it become diminished my ambitions in young days.
Often, the old friend invites me to the saloon these days.

The Ki-Saeng Seol Joongmae-A Ume Flower In Snowing

They called Seol Joongmae at high officials' party
And suddenly high-ranking official mocked her the infidelity
She retorted'im, "High officials're serving two dynasty".
Ancient people knew shame, but today they know wealth, only.
(Dec.,19th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Kimhae Lotus Park

The side of Haebanchon, and the garden is located in beside of the wide roads
Fall breeze refreshing, trees chatter each other waving cladodes,
The lotus blossoms bloom, the ducks swim, the reeds sing in windy,
In these high buildings, as if I've already forgotten that I'm in the city
(26th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Kun-San High School Renowned For Patriotism

By the enemy's invasion, the mother land's on the stake and going to burn.
They applied to be the student soldiers and ventured vales and hills to face
The enemy. After war, to the campus, many student couldn't return.
The lonely tower honors their youthful sacrifice even as time pass.
(1st, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Kyeong-Eui Rail Road Park

It's the many faces along the way
From Yong-san to Yon-nam, brooks and grasses
Between the woods, not ending way
Linked to the buildings and stores, the masses
Of the people pour out of the office at lunchtime,
And afternoon the old are sunbathing the daytime.

The holiday morning the young girls running
With sweating and wagging their pony- tails.
After closing time, they are waiting
On the seats at the outdoor cafes for the ales.
Summer, sky turns reddish at the twilight,
And between the woodland, the roads lighten the park light.

Like snowy, under the cherry trees,
And autumn there is filled the burning leaves.
The petals are falling by the springtime breeze,
And the aromatic winds pass through their sleeves.
As the season's going, the park's many faces
And the people walk the way, as their age's paces.

The young and old, in rail-road Park
Are writing in everyday life for their themes.
Some people begin their work at dark
In early for seeking their hopes and dreams,
The parkway is not only for the present Seoul,
But the railroad's bounding for tomorrow's goal.

The Lady General Of Guwol-Mount

The country liberated, burdening with loss of family she grasped the nettles.
A woman, escaped from the prison, and joined the freedom fighter far
Away. On Mount-Guwol, she fought valiantly and made contribution in guerrilla battles,
But even the seasoned soldier could not overcome the pain of scar.
(2nd, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Landscape At Night Of The Year End

The year-end day, at night
The passing people were rare
And lonely the streetlight's bright
And the cold winds split the air.

In the pub at the side of the park,
The laughter crossed the window,
And the sounds resounded in dark,
And shook the twine of ginko.

They try to forget the last
Sorrow and many disasters.
Each other laughing, they cast
And release the dark registers.

Suddenly they're silent, it's near
The twelve o'clock and ring,
'Happy Newoo Year! '
Like choir, the unison, they sing.

The Landscape at Suwon Castle in Summer Day

It's the rainy season, it's stopping for a while.
The summer winds touch the branches softly,
The air is sweet, and the flowers smile.
The auto-wheels' sounds are heard with humidity

The old days' palace is under the reconstruction,
And the new stores are queued in both sides of the streets.
Like the old days, the pharos looks down in the position,
And the color of the clouds turns to the scribbled sheets.

It's working hours, the young guys are seldom pass
With umbrella in their hands, but streams the city
With energy. The schoolchildren are going after class,
They prepare the persons in restaurant with vitality.

It grows weak the corona virus, and no curfew,
And again, people begin to bustle,
Even with the thin purse, they expect the new
Government. The renewal, it was the Suwon castle.

The Landscape Of Choryang-Dong

Across from the Busan Station, in Choryang-dong, at the city of core.
Rare are the people passing by at 8 o'clock on an early night,
It looks dark bars, here and there, extinguished their light.
Late fall-wind knocks on the door, be a customer of the dark store.
(10th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Landscape Of The Kyung-Eui Line Park At Midnight

It's passed the initial day of autumn,
And it's cool and the leaves're wobbled by the breeze.
Being heard the sounds of grass-bugs on bottom.
And a few cicadas're chirping on the trees.
A few people are walking at dark night and mid night,
And side of the park, there're few people in the stores,
And gradually became the brighter the road light
Many of the lords were cleaning the floors.
In the park when the sun set in the west,
Many persons are walking and jogging.
After the office, they're seek to rest
And filling the pubs, benches for talking.
Already the birds flew to their nest,
The winds're cooling the left heat in the Park.
The street stalls were lost the guest,
But they're preparing morrow in dark.
(17th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Landscape of the National Cemetery at Dead Winter

Kinsley Lee

The late day of the dead winter, the river flows blue
And from the peak of the hill the cold winds blow this land.
The rain drops on the hills and it be the river and come through,
And it looks as if it surrounds and guards this hollowed land.

The fields and mountains lost it's desolate shape
And when look up the eyes, the tall tower approaches
And far away the buildings the mountains drape
The mists and surround the various city's torches.

The whitish tombstones form the divided queue
Like the honor guards, and like white cap the unmelted snows
Cover the top of the tombstones, at the military review.
And the spectators're no named blue birds and crows.

Always, the tombstones wake up by the morning bugle
And go to bed according to the sounds of the last post.
At midday's calm, they idle away the new with Purple
Heart, at night dreaming the old days' guard post.

Why they are lying? In this calm and hollowed land,
Left from their lovely family and home town at their young
Days. They must be the bastions for heart of the people in the land,
And always they should be the immortal flares to the young.

But now they are forgotten, in still the river is flowing
Like the old days, but the surroundings are changed, lights are glow.
On the both sides of the bridges, and many cars are running
Along the roads, the old form, never people know.

What had done in this area? The battles and the blooding,

But they won't recollect and regard it as the passed, in the history,
But the war's not the passed by affairs without returning,
If we are forgetting, it can write the horrible new story.

Now the winds blow from the river, very cold
As if it awoken the people don't recollect the old lesson.
On the returning way, the tombstones whisper the old
Stories. "Never forget the history and old lesson!"

The Last Night In October

The night, the dark clouds're floating in the sky,
And the breeze says that winter was drawing nigh.
The last night in October. Silently. Hark,
On the ground. The whispers of the leaves in the park.
The leaves on the twigs are leading song
And repeating on the ground but it's going not long.
Whene'er the gust's blowing the boughs, the leaves
Are falling, on the tree, a bird weeps and grieves.
The sounds of the bugs disappeared already,
By blowing on the grass, the fallen leaves eddy.
On the boughs, the colored leaves cease
To boast and wait the fate at ease.
They knew that their time already passed
In nature, not long they'd be withered fast.
Gradually the night runs, deep and deep,
And one by one they fall in sleep.
(31st, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Last Parade Of The Poor Soldier

He'd captured during Korean War, the battle-field,
And the enemy sent him to the remoted coal mine.
Last fifty years, the friends've died at the red field,
Barely, he had escaped the cold and frozen mine.
He escaped the land of cold place by himself,
The presidents'd gave the money to the North,
And visiting but the prisoners' name're on the shelf,
Returning the spies, but they're forgotten thenceforth.
He deeply and deeply longed for his home town,
The earth was changed, and he's not accustomed to,
His old families had passed away at the old town,
He's lived as the other stranger, too.
To the crematory, he made his last parade,
While turning to the ashes, no requiem, no glory.
But with sentence of the poem, he'd rested on the glade.
'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.'
(30th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Late Fall Night And Gin

Late fall, the leaves are falling by the winds
The early sun sets and it's beautiful evening.
The winds are blowing from the city wynds
In the night on the road, the leaves are groaning.

Here and there, the people are gathering
In the pub, they are talking until the late night.
For a long time they couldn't be blathering
'Cause of the Corona. The streetlamps are bright.

The neon signs make the leaves on the trees
Be redder, and the fall foliage are waving
To the passers-by. And they gaze at ease.
The fall is too short even the men's craving.

I pulled out the brandy and made on the rocks
Drinking, so the leaves come on the cheek.
And wall clock hit the twelve but their talks
Are not finish, the left leaves are sleek.

The Legend Of The Zelkova Tree

There's a big zelkova tree on the hill,
Long ago, in my child days at home town.
Under it my grandmother waited me on the hill
Whenever I visited her house in home town.

The old men played the chess, in summer,
On the low wooden bench, under the tree.
The children made the snow men, in winter
And a shaman'd performed the rite at the tree.

One day the tree was fallen for construction,
And we heard the story of the workers death.
But new houses're stood without the ruction,
On the hill, soon the villagers're on the lethe.

The village lost the old traces, now,
Tightly the houses're on the vale and hill
But sometimes, the legends of the tree, sough
In me and villagers' mind from the hill.

Wherever they live, whenever they live,
The whole villager've a zelkova tree in mind.
The legend of the tree won't disappear and live,
It is handed down from mind to mind.

Unconsciously my mother had waited the granddaughter
On the hill, where a tree had been in old days,
And on the hill, sometimes I'll wait my granddaughter,
And my daughter'll wait her grandson in some days.

The Letter Of A Student Soldier

In the darkness, the boy wrote upon the paper, letter by letter,
He hid even the tears and captured them within, thinking of his mother.
Unable to send it, his heart is filled with blooming crimson longing,
In the smoke of gunpowder, the shouting of the boy, it still like lingering.
(26th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Lihwa-Ju

The Lihwa-Ju, the grey color, it's sweet and soft like ice cream
Opened the bottle cap, and I spooned it yesterday night,
One spoon, two spoon, involuntarily eating the ice cream
Drunken and I went to sleep with turning on the light.

The love at Deoksu-Palace

At Deoksu-Palace,
Under the ginkgo street road,
'Twas the smelly Love.

The Monument Of The Baekgol Troops On The Han River Defense Line

Autumn, on the riverside, the symbol
And the flag, with the skull and bones,
On the pole, it waves, the Baekgol
Silhouette clearly shines.
Achieving legendary story
Through the great victory in battle.
But the juniors hunger for victory
Now and future in battle.

(27th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

*Baekgol: Korean word, which means the white skeleton. The symbol of that division was the skull and bones.

The Morning Of Upo-Swamp

In the early morning, distant water, it rises the fogs,
The sun casts light through thick trees in bogs,
In the eastern sky and the day begins
At Upo. When the surface of the lake is tinged with gold, the day grins.
When Upo awakens, the pheasants in the grassy copse
Are frighten to dart away, making noise with stops,
In the marsh, ducks flap their wings suddenly,
While herons walk exquisitely and slowly.
The cool, morning breeze cuts through the trees,
And with every stepping, the sounds of the grass suddenly cease.
In the distance, I can hear the sound of a tractor from the vill,
And the air slowly rises above the fields on the hill.
On the village hall's flagpole, the Taegeug-flag's fluttering
And by the sun, it's shinning even brighter in the morning,
A morning in the time of eternity, like some of day.
Upo awakens again today.
(27th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Mythology on This Age

The young and blushful boy received an apple
And it made him as a tragic hero without his will.
The history is flowing, from yesterday to today, not simple,
And the haves of power try to divert as their will.

The gods and goddess divided and supported on Olympus,
Many of the sons and off-springs of them joined the battle.
And the bards've been reciting the inherited Magnum Opus,
For long time the story were forged by the concerned in subtle

With bare hands, the heroes stood up and made the enemies
Fallen in the field, in spite of their newest arms.
Yesterday the gods, today the media produce the histories,
In everyday, newly they are making the heroes for their aims.

The god led the hero to attack the Medusa in stealthy,
The armed with flintlock, the heroes won the machine gun.
Fighting against the haves, they are making history,
The knights with the acute sword start to kill the fat dragon.

The Name's Still Charlie

-To dedicate Late Charlie and Olwyn Green
He graduated from the high school and enlisted the Army,
And was a youngest battalion commander in Australia.
The Youn-Chon, Park-Chon, Jeong-ju, consistently
His name of triumph, but fallen like a Dahlia
In late fall, sadly. And Olwyn received
A notice, but then, too harsh to have believed.
With her baby, a war-widower had lived
The long years with the beautiful memory of her honey.
But, not static but actively she'd been lived
Her life. Not always, her days are sunny.
She had tried to study Korea for long time,
And she tried to make the bridge for her time.
The couple were born in Australia and now
They've rested and will have rested Korea.
When he passed to the long way, she didn't say, 'ciao',
But her one hundred birthday, she visited Korea.
For a long time, she'd loved Korea and environments.
Koreans will love them forever for commitments.
The old days she wore a wedding veil
But now in the white urn instead of carriage,
At last, it ended her poignant tale.
In sunny place in Busan, their marriage
Life has continued again, and would forever.
And also the friendship of the left will forever.
(Dec.22,2023, Kinsley Lee)

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(Dec.22,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The New Keumleung Road

On the tree before the East window of the traditional house, a bird sings its song,
By the royal tomb, beside the stone-wall, the side road is the foreign migrant's avenue.
The friendship blooms again once more for a thousand years, long,
Transcending time, this pan-Asian ancient love beautifully grew.
(27th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Night Crying Cicada

As rain subsides for a while in the park at night, the cicada cries,
In ancient times, it sang clearly in early morning summer skies.
Aware of the dangers that fill the world, even insignificant one strives
For love. How do they're chirping loudly until the dawn arrives?
(23rd, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Night in Seoul

At sunset, darkness descends on the streets of Seoul quietly
Lotte Tower hold in mouth the twilight rifely.
In the sky though hidden by smoke, it's not come in sight the Galaxy
But in clouds on the ground, streetlights already shine brightly.
(Mar. 20th, 2024. Kinsley Lee)

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The Night Scene at Jongno

The shops in Jongno are dark and quiet the air.
Hastening their steps and people are passing by rare.
Is the past splendor a dream? Even the owners kowtow,
Old days, bustling with customers, but it's empty now.
(Mar. 20th, 2024. Kinsley Lee)

The Night View Of Yongsan

The Yongridan Street is the street which coming up in hotly,
And the shapes of new shops shine beautifully.
The youth show their vitality on every street, with laughter,
And it's different on the main road, in contrast with the dark road's lighter.
(28th, Oct.,2023 Kinsley Lee)

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Yongsan: the district which is located in central Seoul, Korea.
Yongridan: the street name which is in Yongsan.

The Nursed Grandson

As the infant grandson draws near his first, the birthday of baby,
Following grandparents' acts, now he imitates with gladly.
Not speaking words, through eyes, he sees in every detail.
Remembering and trying, we'll left him the beautiful steps he'll trail.
(23rd , Jul., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Ode for the Eternal Love

(In Memory of Late Captain Kenneth & Nancy Hummerston)

When young, they met at foreign land,
And soon being the lover and happiness's at hand.
They married and spent their honey moon
But he left her with a word, "I'll come back, soon"
They only knew the Korea and diarrhea,
But by the order, he departed for the people in Korea.

She'd floated the longing on the Ota-river,
And he'd fought for defending the Nakdong-river.
She'd been daily waited for honey's returning,
But sad to say, no worth of waiting,
She received a notice and be a war widow,
But she stood up and won the dark shadow.

Even alone, she returned to her country,
With the injured veterans, she'd written a new story.
Their honey moon lasted twenty days
But the waiting was twenty thousand days.
After long waiting she came here,
And met her honey passing the year.

They met again this hallowed ground,
To rest together, at last, they found.
Sorrowfully they did not left their children
But they welcome the men, women and children.
They fought for freedom of the people in this land,

And they'll rest for ever, as the parents for this land.

(Mar. 10th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

The Ode for The Meat

The breeder sold the cows to the broker.
At dawn, he loaded them on the truck,
They were departed to the world as the first and last traveler,
And be bound the ropes so they did be stuck.

At last, they arrived at the slaughter house,
And were sent to jail for staying overnight.
No feeding the grasses, they stayed the house,
And never, again they could see the sunlight.

At dawn, they're conveyed on the auction by the broker,
The men only are talking the Ei-Ple, Two-ple,
The ratio of the profit's counted on by the seller.
Nobody think that they're once the live cattle.

The Ode for Twin Star

-In Memory of the Air-Force Pilot, the Father Myung-Ryul Park, and his Son In-Chul Park...

The hillside is dusky when the sun set in the west,
The riverbank the road lights flash on the dandy creased
Roads. In the small cell, they prepare for their rest.
And on the sky, the stars appear their faces in the east.
But the outside of the land the day's affair's not finished,
Under the starlight their busyness are not diminished.

One day the gravestone was erected in this hallowed ground,
And with greeting, a new star appeared in the sky at night,
And the four-year son's waiting his sire to the airplane's sound,
And longing for father but only the star's beaming the light
When he grown up, been an air-force pilot to fly
But one day, sadly he chased his father in the sky.

Yon, the twin tombstones on this land. Hark!
The twin stars on the sky, on this hill and river, they shine.
Without the resting the gray tombstones gleam in dark,
The last post blows the calmly sounds in this shrine.
For their living days for their country they did their best,
And the small cells under the ground the all souls rest.

Owing to the sacrifice of the stars the road-lights shine
And the Pleasure boat progress upstream on the river
And hot summer on the farm the grapes are maturing on the vine
For wine. We must not forget their sacrifice forever.
For this country, he left this land for being a star,
And even his son chased him for being another star.

(10th, Jul., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Ode To Changnyeong

The clear water of Nagdong River flows for ten thousand years,
The clouds that cover Hwawang Mountain rain evenly down in time.
The Japanese invaders're defeated by the people who rose up as volunteers,
The barbarians from the north were chased away by defending like the hardened lime.
On the fertile paddies by the river, the ears of rice are bending and swaying.
On the abundant fields below the mountain, the fruits are politely drooping,
In every school, and every classroom, the children's voices'll be filling,
I wish, for the country's development, at the head, always, Changnyeong'll be leading...
(26th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Ode To Heroes Of The Us 2th Infantry Division

- To write a poem to praise the US 2th Infantry Division's Victory at Changnyung Battle

In late summer days, Nang-dong River was flowing
As usual. And thousand Lis the blue river's winding
The mountains and fields. The enemies' full-scale, two weeks,
Offensive, and the heroes defended the rivers and peaks

The enemy's launched series of attack to surround
The Dae-gu and their desperate action to defend them all-round
Operation. The bluish river had turned to be red,
And the invaders were fallen their dream on the riverside and bled.

The enemy couldn't break through and ran about in confusion,
Occupation the Busan, the dream turned out the illusion.
The Long experienced enemy soldiers were vanished
And lack of the arms, ammunition, and supply so they famished.

This successful operation was based on the counter-attack
And by Inchon operation, the enemies were pierced their back.
Changnyung-Bagjin was the name as a triumphant victory
And eternally we'd talk about the heroes and the story.

(22nd, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Ode To Russell L. Blaisdell And Mike Strang

In Korean War, after Incheon operation
In Seoul, he founded the shelter for the orphan
And cared for them at during retrograde operation,

A thousand orphans were up to the burthen
Of him. It's known to us the Kiddy Car Airlift
To transport by boating, but gradually worsen.

It's urgent but received short shrift
So Blaisdell made the fake order for requisition
Which for the trucks to support the orphans to shift

To Je-Ju island. And due to the operation,
He was summoned to the military law commission,
But happily, in the army, he can keep his position

The orphans could be rescued by his action,
And he left Korea, but Koreans were in his debt,
As an army chaplain, he had various position.

No more, we cannot meet them, yet,
Blaisdell and Mike Strang, we must not forget.
(15th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Ode To The Ceremony For Constructing The Monument Of Student Soldiers At Sunchon

That summer, when the red colored banners're fluttering in this land,
Emergency, the students rallied for their nation, in this hot field.
They gathered in Sun-Chun square, they took a stand,
For leaving family, off home, to join the battle field.

A week of training, they're sent to the frontline Army
And facing the foe, the Crack People's Army the sixth Division,
Which composed of the veterans at Chinese War at the Eight Route Army
And many young lives fell to be crimson petal on mission.

Their sacrifice ensured the stalling tactics' success,
And make time to rebuild the defense line when were to crack.
Their deaths provided the chance for victory to progress,
And planting the seeds of freedom in this nation's track.

Though victory in war was finally won, and they've been hard time
Because the survivors missed their study to run,
And seven decades've passed, though we remember late time,
They're nineties, and our living is debt of their merits in large ton.
(30th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Ode To The French Legionnaires At Jipyung-Ri

As freedom fighters, they were all the volunteers
The heroes of war, experienced, the legionnaires
Disembarking battlefield, they encamped the Jipyung-ri,
Like a flood rushed the Chinese, red Army.

Immediately below the front line, stealthily
In the dark, approached near, but the enemy
Were exposed by the experienced veteran and they left
The corpses, the action of French was deft.

Again and Again Red Army attacked
In waves, hand-to-hand, the cracked
Legionnaires defended the fortress, the binded
Enemies all were absentminded.

The triumph of the Gapyeong was wrought from Jipyung-ri
Owing to Gapyeong's triumph, Seoul
Was Safe. And the triumph recorded on war-history,
Forever will remember the invincible soul.

The Ode To The Greatest Batter And Pilot Ted Williams

At major league, he's a batter of the Boston Red Sox.
During the world war second, he put down a bat
For a while, he took a control handle of Fight-Hawks
And after war again he returned to at bat.
When it broke out Korean War, again stopping batting
And he made many hits, by high speed ball.
But he'd been hit by pitch, during air-attacking
But he returned on base from anti-aircrafter's ball.
At war he took part in many sorties to strafe
And always scoring runs he touched the airbase,
At all events at battle, he's not out but safe,
And in front of the crowd, again he returned to the home-base.
He's a hero not only war but also baseball,
And by record, being inducted into the Hall of Fame,
And retired a legend hitter and veteran on Gun-ball,
Even passed away, we forever remember his name.
(7th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Ode To The Pilipino Army's Monument For Korean War

The Pilipino battalion faced the division of enemy soldiers,
Even been encircled but desperately and staunchly resisted in the battlefield.
In the morning, the enemy fled and left the countless corpse-field,
And engraved the tale of the miraculous victory of heroic soldiers.
(21st, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Ode To The Unknown Patriotic Martyrs' Grave At Hongju

The unknown warriors stood in righteousness and fought at their best,
Though buried together in the one grove, for eternal rest.
But their birthplaces and times may never been the same,
With one heart and fidelity, they served their nation's aim.
(5th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Ode To The Us 24th Infantry Division

The history, of the twenty-fourth division in Korea
Is, for freedom, written by blood and hands in blistering
They infused the breath for country, lapsed into dyspnea,
They're all the brave warriors and left the glorious history
Osan, Dajeon, they gained time instead of their lives,
And on the battle fields only left the summer breeze.
The young soldiers fallen on earth to be floral leaves,
But, in Korea, the leaves brought up the freedom trees.
Collapsed the front line and one after another commitment,
But under handicap, they succeeded the stalling operation.
The time for other units, it's essential for refitment,
As a result, it's the base for victory for other operation.
Now, owing to the blood of heroic division,
Korea could defend the freedom, it's not only the victory
Of Korea but world. They planted the freedom as vision
And it'll be recalled eternally by free people as the victorious history.
(28th, Aug.,2003, Kinsley Lee)

The Ode To Us 213th, Field Artillery Battalion's Triumph At The 2nd Gapyeong-Battle

Suddenly outer cover unit disappeared,
So they're in sticky situation but never bewildered.
The assailants were seven times, as enemy
And the defender were without the cover of infantry,
Frank ordered, "Nobody sleeps tonight".
It's spring and they're waking at starry night.
Like ants Chinese assaulted in dark night
They defended by shelling and hand and hand fight
The enemies withdrew hills and vales,
Here and there, on the corpses, there're gales.
All of the battalion fought with one
Mind, at last many of the captives, they won.
The battalion, there're no war dead
At the battle. Real story! It's a miracle! It's said
That under a year, Frank Rally, the Commander,
Whose blonde, but returned home only white hair.
(6th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Okura Museum Of Gekkeikan(Wolgye-Gwan)

In the millennium-old, the ancient capital streets,
No smoking the tall chimney're imposing like sophora trees.
Countless people continue their stepping beats,
The old water, once brewed rice-wine is delightful in breeze.
(31st, May,2023. Kinsley Lee)

The Old Man, Who Once, Soared On A Crane

The old man, who once, soared on a crane,
Long ago, his presence wane'.
Only the drooping willow trees sway,
Whispering by the river every day.
The traces of merit have faded away,
Replaced by memorial stone on the way.
The public officials lost in fight,
They're self-centered for only their light.

The Old Pine-Tree

The old pine is bending like a dragon's spine,
And the dark barks show it's sturdy sign,
A young hawk looks around on the bough,
And the winter airs brush against and whine.

The One Way Journey

To the finish line, we walk the lonely way,
Even we are in crowds, but must go alone,
Without the pause, we're plodding all of the day.

We can't start again or return to the start-point in this way,
So like or not, we must go not to despair or bemoan.
To the finish line, we walk the lonely way.

When walking rugged road, no short cut we must obey.
We walk alone respectively but will meet at one zone.
Without the pause, we're plodding all of the day.

When we stop to relax we realize that we're walking the way.
During walking we have many things but we cannot own.
To the finish line, we walk the lonely way.

Sometimes, boulder plateau or homely bay,
We can laugh or tear with others, but parting alone,
Without the pause, we're plodding all of the day.

The journey is long or short, flatland or brae,
We can only bring the memory of the golden stone.
To the finish line, we walk the lonely way.
Without the pause, we're plodding all of the day.
(Feb., 9th, 2024, Translated by Kinsley Lee)

The Painting for a Hen and a Rooster

The more day's warm and the birds are chirping in the morning, the sun is the early riser.
By lusting, a hen and a rooster get along with well each other.
As the worms begin to work, the grasses are growing and a hen is pecking.
Before long, filling the ground, the chickens are walking hurried steps and chirping.

The Painting For The Blue Dragon

The thick clouds are full of the sky, so it's suffocating.

Gradually a portent of darkness is increasing.

But penetrating the hardships, the blue dragon is appearing.

Surely, by the fortune, the nation will be prospering.

(25th, Feb.,2023)

The Painting for the Peony Blossom

The twigs are thick and they blow themselves so the leaves're brought to
The wobble. It blooms and without calling but butterfly is flying.
The peony blossoms smile quietly, the people smile, too.
'Cause the home is full of the smile then the fortunes are flowing.

The Painting for the Pine Trees and the Roses of Sharon

The pines're always blue, when it's snowy
And even the winter's winds blow
The pink shades, in the hard rain and the hot summer's
Heat, the roses of Sharon are smiling.
When the all the leaves are fallen, then the reality
Of consistency, at last the people know.
When it's frosty and fade out the flowers,
And the delicate fragrance, people're missing.

The Painting for the Red Pomegranate

The pomegranate ripen and they, themselves, crack
Even without calling, the brown bird come back.
They play well on the boughs, between the bird and fruits,
Where's a jade cup for drinking, with nature to be in cahoots

The Painting for the Wisteria and the Roses of Sharon

The vines of the wisteria is greenish hanging down and shaking.
Silently resting, the Roses of Sharon are pinkly blooming.
The wisteria bloom in purple and by perfume competitively inducing.
Without talking, the Roses of Sharon always are welcoming.

The Painting of the Envoi De Fleurs

The waving twigs, the bud is being inflated slowly,
And the wild geese try to move away on the busy
Field, In the South, it's envoi de fleurs already.
In spring sentiment, the ten mile lanes are ruddy.

The Park Landscape in the Rainy Season

The rain has stopped for 'while and the park is dark at night,
The thick clouds fill the sky and the insects are quiet on the grass.
Young people run and old people walk in the wood-road light,
It's fresh when, on the leaves, the water droplets fall and the winds pass.
(12th, Jul., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Park Of The Nodeul River Dock

The breeze blows, blueish river
Flows proudly and fluently, like old days,
The old trace's all erased, the bridge
Stretches the hills on both ways.
In the park, the righteous names of fallen troops
Are etched in the memorial stone,
In the shade of the trees, not saying a bird
Is pecking and resting alone.
(24th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Patriotism Prestigious School Of Suncheon Mae-San High School

Closing twice and opening thrice, for justice it had denied for shushing
For the sake of the nation, they raced ahead as student soldiers, and rushing
In battles against invaders and resisting to worship at Japanese shrines
For the future eternally, the righteous torch of Mae-san illuminates and shines.
(14th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Peregrines

Still in winter, on a tree branch two peregrines sit on and stand up.
And folding their wings and facing the clear wind to come,
Dreaming of spring, their uncontrollable youthful passion which bubbles up
Rubbing their beaks and whispering to each other, preparing for the day to come.
(1st, Apr.,2023)

The Poem on the Trumpet Creeper's Painting

The trumpet creepers hang on the fence in early day.
At dawn whenever the wind blows, they're sprinkling dew and singing.
Keeping lights their mouths so brighter, in clear summer day.
Without being called, the butterflies themselves are flying and dancing.
(21st, Apr., 2023)

The Poetess Hong-Rang

Even when a man departed and a new one came,
There's no affection only unilateral service.
Kyungchang admired the kisaeng's skill in poetry
And song, even she's owned by government office.
When parting, they responded to each other in verse, and she walked
Five hundred miles to visit and nursed when he's ill,
But after his death, she even disfigured her face
Herself and everyday cared for his tomb in chill.
(Dec.,17th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Princess Nagrang

Even if it strategically arranged between the nations,
How can one calculate love's chain?
Departed Father, teared the self-sounding
Drum, following the lover's rein.
Through foolish betrayal called the Goguryeo's invasion,
And her body and nation vanished in flare,
Not burying with lover-the poignant wishes scattered,
Even the tomb, she unable to share.
(Nov.25th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Red Ume Flowers

At prevernal out of the window, it's not melted all the snow.
The cold winds are blowing in the park as it left the snow.
Full of the room, the red ume flowers are blooming.
The scent of spring, already I met the gorgeous spring.

The River of Seoul

With the people who're coming and passing,
The river of Seoul flows endlessly,
For a thousand years, it's witnessed
The failing or thriving history
Cruise ships replace the Hwang-Po
Sailboats, cut through in glee,
Lanterns on bridges, the river
Moves forward the sea.

(Apr. 8th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

The Rose Of Sharon

In summer, on the greenish bank of the river,
At the undergrowth, under the side of the hills,
Always visiting me as fair face, like the lover,
And skylarks flying and making trills.

At dawn, the Sun begins to send his rays,
On the twigs, the sparrows start their wingbeating,
To school, the schoolchildren are laughing on the ways,
And with the smile, the Roses of Sharon are appearing.

They never stop to visit after raining.
They always fade in, after raining,
And never fail to smile on the wind-blast.
The lads come to see the flowers are blooming,
And lovely faces again, the lasses cast.

Till all of the waters in the East-Sea'll go dry,
And until the Baekdoo peaks'll melt down,
The roses of the Sharon shall write the new story.
Always, the mugunghwas shall smile at the town.

The Rose Of Sharon(Mugunghwa)

It rained hard and windy night,
I heard the shouting of the wind.
In the morn, it's full of the light.
The petals were scatted by the wind.

The roses of Sharon were torn.
The twigs were broken to litters.
Some flowers left, were worn
Out and were dangling like tatters.

Afraid if the tree were dead,
And can't see again the flowers,
Only, I did to spread
And sweep the twigs for viewers.

Morrow, the sun rises again
With joy, the buds are blooming.
Never I forget, they'll remain
In my heart ever-blooming.

The Sea At The Sup-Islet

Kinsley Lee

The sea is flowing.

The sea is flowing.

Running down from the blue sky, and the sea is flowing.

The tides with a wind-stream, which and the seas is flowing.

Around the Sup-Islet, by the sunny light, the surface of the sea is been glittering.

The sea is flowing.

Far away, the sea is glittering

As to be the silver light, it's glittering.

In the sea mouth, keeping the sunny light, it's flowing to be the silver-lit.

The sea is flowing,

Around the islet when the blue sky turns to twilit

Without the rest, it's flowing.

The direction, it be never knowing,

From the somewhere and to the somewhere, it's flowing.

Without the rest, the sea is flowing

Likewise our life is flowing.

(16th, Mar.,2023)

The Sea of Ae-Wol

Far-away the sea of Ae-Wol,
The white boats are floating
On the black rocks at the seashore
The white sprays are raising
Who did love
The moon on the sea?
And called the name as Ae-Wol?

The white sprays're raising
As the bubbles on the sea.
They are passing by hitting
The black rocks on the seashore.
Whenever
The winds're passing by,
We can hear the sounds which the sea sings.

The Seoul Chinese Regional Unit

When the war began, even the Chinese in Korea who joined voluntarily,
Infiltrating the enemy's rear to disrupt and gather intelligence which needs,
They're rewarded medals, burying national cemetery their noble deeds,
But 'cause of the other nationality, leaving tales of heroism only.
(8th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Sharon's Roses At The Gyeong-Ui Line Park

In rows along the path, several mugunghwa trees sway in the wind,
Blossoming their flowers in sync with the summer days, calling the people.
For ten thousand years, they've taken the roots in this land and people's mind,
For generations to come, may they continue to spread far and wide and ample!
(12th Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Short Thoughts at Dawn

It's dawn of the summer, rainy days.
But in the park, the winds're chilly.
The thing which opens the dusky days
Are the delivery vehicles of the Coupang, M'Curly.

In the sky, it's full of the shadowy clouds,
And in the grass, it's full of the daybreak's dews.
The sleepless night, the road-lamp stands
With tiredness, vaguely shines on the dews.

In the old streets of Seoul and Tokyo, Dong-Ju,
Why did he sleepless, and be lost in thought?
It's coming, today, 'cause of the yahoo,
The young guys were buried. What did wrought?

But still, the falsehood are prevailing,
The foolish guys are fanatical and thoughtless.
On the bench the used cans are whirly rolling
And several raindrops fall with noiseless.
(25th June, 2022. at dawn)

The Song Of Kimhae

In the ancient land of Gaya, a thousand years past,
Whispers of ancient souls still linger, steadfast.
The South Ocean linked the sea road for convenient trade,
The fertile Naktong River's soils've been laid.
The pure water, the gentle mounts' always sing and share,
And the lands're nurturing the people with loving care.
Till now, the center spirit of the old capital is bestowing,
For the nation which toward the future, it'll be pushing and guiding.
(5th, Oct., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Spring Day at Ahn-San Trekking Ways

On entering the shade of Ahn-san, a familiar fragrance lingers heavily.
In every valley, the white acacia flowers stretch out delicately.
On the paths of the trekking ways, people enjoy the spring for six miles.
On every places, around Seoul, the peaks on the weekends, overflows the smiles.

The Spring Days At Kyung-Eui Line Park

When winter is over and the east winds blow to the city,
The woods awake from the sleep on a sunny day.
The flocks of doves skip with coo-coo, and the sparrows chitty.
The buds try to sprout from the branches on the way.

It comes March on the city the forsythias start to bloom,
And the brooks start to flow with babbling along the way.
At the Kyung-Eui Line Park, the people stretch at the morning brume,
And the colored stars are walking on the Milky Way.

From March to May, the forsythias, the magnolias, and the cherry
Blossoms, and windy day, it rains the light pink.
When it blows the willows, it becomes more and more glary,
The sun beams, then the short spring goes with eyes blink.

When the pretty spring is over, we dream the next spring
And praying that we can enjoy the spring for long time with the offspring.

The Student Volunteer Soldier

They succeeded to the spirit of the old days' army who raised for the justice, ne'er
Despairing. Instead of books, the student voluntarily took up guns in the students' army.
Even no rank, nor military service number, but they have the patriotism, only.
Young boys rising in the face of crisis, they're shining the ever-lasting flare.
(27th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Tears Of The Suri-Castle

For many times, 'cause the civil war of the Kingdom it'd burned.
During the World War, it's underground where many young soldiers turned
To ashes. Though barely restored, the calamity of flames struck, once more,
And hoping to break the karma and to see the palace's tragedy, never more.
(Jan.,13th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

The Tiger

He's the forelegs with tough muscle and pointed canines,
And running fast but he knows to wait.
He ambushes and glares behind the white pines,
But, to the prey, running in his wind-like rate.

The Traditional Tea House The Ssanghwa In Insadong, The 2nd Poem

As late autumn, after sun set, the wind's song echoes through the trees,
The warmth of a traditional tearoom beckons people at ease.
Departed guests remember the rich taste of herbal tonic tea,
The owner's warm smile welcomes new visitors in glee.
(Nov.28th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Trumpet Creepers

At the height of June, early summer.
Here and there, it occurs the orchestra.
The trumpet creepers hold a walker,
At the height of June, early summer.
The winds are touching the chitter-chatter,
To the trumpet, a walker hold the camera,
At the height of June, early summer.
Here and there, it occurs the orchestra.

The Trumpet Flowers

Blooming in the morning, blowing the horns, man awakening with its sound,
They're drooping in the hot afternoon sun, and falling with conceding its place.
Tomorrow, at dawn, the flower will bloom anew, from the ground
But greedy souls know not when to depart or remain, sticking on the place.
(27th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The View of Autumn On The Riverside

Autumn colors are sure
Of the riverside park on fall days,
The hues of the green leaves slowly
Changed colors on the park ways.
Beneath the blue sky and over
The blue water, with packed lunch, and people gather,
During lunchtime, the riverside
In Seoul is filled with laughter.
(29th., Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

The Way To Yong-Mi-Ri

It's full of autumn tints on the way
To the Yong-Mi-Ri, the leaves began to brown.
To the hills and vales it's not long, the way
Was off the city streets and town.

The ridges surrounded the open fields
In softly and the sunlight shined in warm.
Here and there, on the altars, the goldfields
Were put and withered but bleached form.

The dragonflies were flying as the autumn winds.
I was standing between the tombs, and was seeing
Their flying, and it filled me something, some kinds
Of Love to my left life, by the fluttering.

In my young days, I felt the fear on the way
To the Municipal Cemetery, in old days but not now.
To the cemetery, maybe it's not long the way,
On retuning the fruits were waving. Ciao!

The White Magnolia

The magnolia blooms fully, in spring,
And in the garden, a bluebird's singing
The southern wind keeps blowing in,
And naturally a poet murmurs in the painting.
(30th, Mar. 2023)

The Winter Flowers

In the early spring on the mountainside
The camellia flowers are falling
In the early spring on the hills in the seaside
The camellia flowers are falling
The last winter the abundant
Of the winter's flower.
Now one-by-one
On the ground it's falling in dour.
In the early spring on the mountainside
The camellia flowers are falling
Whenever the winds are blowing
One-by-one they are falling
The last winter the abundant
Of the winter's flowers.
Now with the winds
Now it's taken away with all the petals of the flowers.
If the flowers fall, then that's all.
The wound which left on the heart it's being,
The wounds which were not healed still.
What we are doing? What we are doing?
From the Jeju-Island to the southern coast
Now from the southern coast to Yang-san
The camellia flowers are falling
The wounds left on the heart, what we're doing?

The Winter Flowers are Falling

In the early spring on the mountainside
The camellia flowers are falling
In the early spring on the hills in the seaside
The camellia flowers are falling

The last winter the abundant
Of the winter's flower.
Now one-by-one
On the ground it's falling in dour.

In the early spring on the mountainside
The camellia flowers are falling
Whenever the winds are blowing
One-by-one they are falling

The last winter the abundant
Of the winter's flowers.
Now with the winds
Now it's taken away with all the petals of the flowers.

If the flowers fall, then that's all.
The wound which left on the heart it's being,
The wounds which were not healed still.
What we are doing? What we are doing?

From the Jeju-Island to the southern coast
Now from the southern coast to Yang-san
The camellia flowers are falling
The wounds left on the heart, what we're doing?

The Year End Day

The end-year, the long and narrow street to Shinto Shrine
Is full of the visitors from passim, they're walking with making the line.
The workers shouting with holding something to throng,
At some stores, the waiting lines are very long.
The sun is setting, under the eaves the lights
Are turnin' on, and the pilgrim're visiting the hallowed wights.
The snack carts are standing in row to the deity palace,
And a canteen is selling the offering, amulet and chalice.
The folded papers're waving on the string at backyard
The pilgrims're washing or buying the charms to guard
Their fortune for new year. They burn the incense and pray
With two hands together, at the new years' eve, the day.
The night is fast in winter so night's deep already
The street where the people're rare, only the winds eddy.
The persons're striving for luck, but on the trees, the crows
Look down them, 'Tomorrow's Luck, god only knows.'
(Jan.,3rd,2024, Kinsley Lee)

The Yokoska Port In Night Fog

It's the emblem of the imperial navy yesterdays.
The home port of the US 7th fleet in these days.
At winter night, the colored lights
Are glittering in the park and the moon dights
With yellow in the sea fog. The battle ship're appearing
It's outlined by lights, the submarine is buoying
The year-end days, they're greeting to visitors
And gladly to be the models to the photographers.
From the sea the winds are flowing to the park,
And it's freezing to the sleeves and they wince in dark.
Winter the cold wind blows to Asia
And the fog is screening the moon light in this Area.
Due to the Yokoska, we've enjoyed the peace
For long time but not eternal we've forgot to lease
It from God. Without our efforts it's brittle,
Accustomed the provocation we've regarded it to belittle.
Threatening of the channel, launching the missile,
Whenever they can ignite the arrow's whistle.
The buried thoughts again try
To sprout by greed and stretch to sky
In the fog. But the battle ships are wielding the dignity
In the sea. The Power of the liberal democracy,
It unites the will of the people in this port
And Yokoska remains the freedom fort.
(Jan.,14th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

The Yul-Shi for The Summer Park

And now late summer at dawn, the park is dark
The cool wind I sense the seasonal change, now
The cicadas start to chirp, sticking on the bark,
The doves, sniffling, talks their sleep on the bough.
For now, there'll be the various flowers'll bloom in the field,
In present, the ears of the reeds are full in my head.
It's short that the cicadas' life in the brilliant world.
The corpses are scattered on the road where I tread.

Think Of The Old History At The Tomb Of Cho Min-Su

Even when the revolution's banners fly high,
Wealth isn't allocated without the 'why? '
Yesterday, comrades argued for the share,
Distracted by greed, no sight of what's fair.
In the pages of history, a sad truth we find,
Friends' wielding knives, concealing the mind.
So why grieve for no visiting, left on the hill?
Satisfy with humble graves, the life is nil.

Thinking Of One-Jang, Ju Who Was A Founder Of Myung Dynasty

Born as a child of a concubine, unable to live on this land,
So he'd been wandering to Manchuria, roaming the continent, unveiling
His Grand aspirations to the world, and he became an Emperor in the land.
Though it's not written in history book, so we can't studying,
For long time but still, the story remains as a legend in this land, .
In our blood, the endless spirit of challenge is still lingering.
Because monopolizing the power of the privileged class in this land,
And fighting each other, for burying bones on the small peninsula
But he became a star, the young man who had nowhere to go in this land.
The Young in this land, not resent the 'Hell Choseon' formula,
Do not envy the chains that seeking only comforts,
Awaken the energy in the sleeping young blood and 'Go out Peninsula'.

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This poem I wrote on basis of the legend which is transmitted at Jin-hae area, in southern Korea. So it could not different as the historical events

(Nov.,14th,2023 Kinsley Lee)

Thinking On The Minatomieruoka Park Observation Platform

The park is near, the end of the Monomarch Street.
To the park, I passed the throngs between the street.
And between the tall trees, go up the park by stairs,
On the mound, the breeze load the sea smells on the airs
The traces of the French Troops' post and the remains
Of consulate, that shows the old injuries. The cranes
Which far away, that means the heal of the old
Abrasions. As the sun set the sea breeze is cold.
Long time ago, I'd gone up Freedom Park
The Port was viewed at a look on the top of park.
And the statue of the General McArthur looks down the port,
And the here and there, there're old traces of open port.
Over the old trace, there's Bay Bridge faraway
Over the seas, the lights are bright on the long bay,
On the way, splitting the darkness, the cars are running,
To the future, crashing the old traces, Yokohama is running.
(Jan. 15th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

Three-Story Stone Pagoda At Sooljeong-Li

Where has the grandeur of the glory, old times gone,
In the square, only a stone pagoda is forlorn,
No temple and the corner stones are scattered on the meadow.
As the sun tilts, the tip of branches, it's shaking, the shadow.
(7th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Apologize to Antigone

In a land of cursed, unable to live as a princess,
She departed with her father, wandering from farmland to fairyland.
Father's death, even returning to her homeland,
The hurt heart, it's not easy for her to express.

Her brothers fought for the throne, killing each other,
The corpse's dumped on the field, beasts mocked and ravens jeered.
Who could dare break the king's command? But she feared
Not the order, and flying the poor soul of brother.

Accused of crime for funeral and burying the dead brother
Leaving behind her lover, she took her own life.
That tale become a play and the performing are rife.
And it request the tear of world, sister and mother.

Unable to join the funeral rite of friend
Due to fear, and cutting off the relationship,
For the successful military career discarding the guilt-trip.
When will the grasses grow the grave of friend?
(6th, Jul., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Climb Up The Ancient Tombs In Kimhae Daeseong-Dong

The autumn rain, continued to pour the drops in windy this morning,
On the hill of the royal family, a lonely breeze blows on the brae.
Only the millennium tree, where ancient traces have faded away,
As if trying to convey, it scatters drops by waving boughs and greeting.
(28th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Dedicate a Poem to The Members Of Kangnew Battalion

They were the gallant Royal Guards soldiers in Ethiopia
But one days applied to participated the war broken at unknown
Country, far away. They descended the Olympia
To the port. And arrived the land the cannonballs flown.
The name "Kangnew", it means the invincible at the battle,
The heroes wrote the many legends and the core
Operations they carried out. With the sky-high mettle,
They planted the freedom on the land which torn by war.
They returned to their home with medals and honor of victory,
But after the revolution, they must bump into the new era.
The reason of fighting against the communist, astringent,
They were kicked off from their works, living with their life like para.
The almost of the veterans were nineties. They're living with the retrospect,
But now Korean and world's freedom is owing to their merits,
And their heroic story isn't passed, it progress for prospect.
For Freedom for Human. It always be remembered, their merits!
(1st, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Hear The Autumn Rain's Dropping

I'm sitting on the veranda and leaning against the pillar with ease,
When hearing the raindrops falling from roof tile on the edge of the eaves,
It's reaching somewhere, the sky-flute echoes softly in breeze.

Early autumn rain hastens the season's embrace,
When I open the door to hear the rain's dropping sound to release
In. Yet the cool fall breeze enter first in this place.

(27th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Look Back The Lake Named Paro-Ho

The morning breeze by the lake is refreshing
And cool. And like a folding screen,
It encircled. In the afternoon, the shadows of mountains,
It feels the deep scent of green.
In days of old, heroes fought
Against the invaded enemy,
And heroes beat invaders at hot spring
On this lake with immortal victory!
(24th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Make The Excuses for Queen Jin-Seong No. 3

» Ascending to the throne

Jinseong was born clever as a fox, and pretty as a flower.

So Former King entrusted her as a successor with his hazy will.

The nobles thought of her as a scarecrow to protect their power,

"The country's prosperity was top priority", she thought as her will.

(11th, Jul., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Make the Excuses for Queen Jin-Seong No. 4

» Reality

She ascended to the throne, but the esteemed position
Was merely the title is empty,
External forces invaded the borders,
And the nation'd tilted already.
In an attempt to induce the cooperation of the ruling
Power, she married to a noble family-
Her uncle, suppressing the spring sentiment
Passion of a woman for the dynasty.
(Mar. 6th, 2024 Kinsley Lee)

To Make the Excuses for Queen Jin-Seong No. 5

» The Compilation of the Articles of Three Generations

She ordered to compile the Silla's Ballads,
And to gather all of the cross country,
And Daegu venerable monk and Wihong
Traveled, over all the country.
Seeking and collecting Silla's essence,
Exploring every nook and cranny
Yet the completed book remains
Not, so vanished and undisclosed today, sadly,
(Mar., 6th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

To Make the Excuses for Queen Jin-Seong No. 6

» Tax Exemption to the People

Because of the bad harvest, the year,
The people suffered famine and wandered,
Ascending the throne, exempting them
From taxes, the ruler pondered.
Who before dared to forge
A new policy and give it a try?
The nobles criticized the decree and scoffed
The sovereign's dusky eye.
(Mar. 7th, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

To Make The Excuses For Queen Jin-Seong No.1

- Prelude

That she was licentious, the later generation of the historians condemned
Her. And blaming the responsibility for the nation's financial bankruptcy.
But for the people's sake, utilizing the Sir Goh-Eun's chart, she reformed,
But she's impeached by the kinsmen who indulged the bone-rank and luxury.

(11th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Make The Excuses For Queen Jin-Seong No.2

- The Decline of Silla

Since the union of the Three Kingdoms, a century has passed,
The nobles severe to people, and the youth lost the aspirations.
On his steed, Kim Yu-Shin's spirited soul lamented to cast.
Silla begins to waver and rebellions arise from all directions.
(11th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Make The Excuses For Queen Jin-Seong No.7

- Silla's Thieves

Forty years have passed since Jang Bogo's
Cheonghae marine fortnight fell,
And far and wide, the bandits roamed,
Pillaging, driving a nation to hell,
But declining country, and the regime's not ability
To handle them well and not strategy to quell,
The queen, in wisdom, fostered collaboration
And sprinkled to beehive box the mel.

(Mar.7th,2024, Kinsley Lee)

To My Grandson

There is a long way in front of thee,
And thou must go the way at alone.
Thy family can help but not with thee.
Thou must go the way with the legs by thy own.

The Woods, flowers, muds, deserts
Will be there, sometimes the Milky Way
Shines on thy head, when thou walk the outskirts,
And sometimes at the collapsed road, losing the way.

But thy dad or mom can't go on behalf
Of thee, even though thou stumble on the obstacle,
Thy family can't replace, so, laugh
That off and rise, not trusting the miracle.

Sometimes thou will stand on the two roads in the wood,
But thou must choose the one for thyself,
Fully request the opinions but thou should
Decide to choose the road for thyself.

At young, thou feel the front road too long
For thee, but not and look back, it requests me
Sequential decision, there are many prong
Of the roads and it'll too be true of thee.

And after long time has passed, at dawn,
On the desk, thou'll sit under the lamp,
In a certain autumn day, to yawn.
And to write the letters to thy lovely scamp.

To Recollect the Battle of Gloster Hill(Solma-ri , Imjin River)

The late spring in the field, the coquelicots are blooming
In this Imjin area, on the vale and hill.
Spring's coming, the red thieves were looming,
And human-wave attacking, to the Gloster hill.
Here and there, on the hero's blood,
The flowers're blooming as the hue of blood.
In this area, one thousand years ago,
The Tang Dynasty Army invaded
And the Silla soldiers blocked their blow.
During Korean War, Red thieves raided
And besieged to crush the royal heroes.
For three days, the enemies're blocked by the heroes.
Even a guidon had broken on the fortress,
And to the heroes, Grim Reaper came nigh.
But the invincible fought against them in support-less,
But many heroes, under the sky,
Sadly, couldn't see again, the Seoul,
Owing to them, we can see Taegeug-Gi in Seoul.
The Korean War'll be never forgotten,
And the Glosters' heroic story'll not end.
Only the freedom could've be boughten
By the blood. For freedom, to fight no bend!
In the field, the coquelicots'll bloom forever,
The Glosters' flag'll be waving forever.
(29th, Jul., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Wake Up At Dawn

I went to sleep last night with the window ajar,
But this dawn, I was woken up by the chill from star.
The bamboos in back garden, rustles in the autumn breeze,
And a bird which is sleepless cries in the dusky trees.
(28th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Write a Painting for Magnolia and Small Bird

Winter winds pervade the underwear, in morn and evening.
The magnolia buds bursts and they're going to blossom.
Whispering by spring sentiments, a small bird's chirping and playing.
Out of the picture, the day is alive with spring rays and awesome.

To Write A Poem For Praising The Triumph Of Baekdusan Battles

The citizens and soldiers, all the people in country, heart in heart with one unity,
In Battle they gathered their loyalty with common thoughts to overcome confusion,
They pursued the enemy within the darkness, achieving complete victory,
It's not just a triumph in first day, but also the base of guarding the nation.
(16th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Write a Poem for the Painting Titled as the Snowy Mountain Village

Snowing on the mountain village, it cease the men's trace,
Blowing on the thatched house, and it's smoking over the chimney.
It's calm and, to the old days, the times trace
Back. Even midday, 'tis falling to sleep that the deep valley.

To Write A Poem Looking Around The Osaka Castle

Hideyoshi's futile and greedy dreams, they slaughtered the people in Joseon
For five hundred years, till now his name was been cursing, Korean people drive on.
Tokugawa received Heaven's order and annihilated Toyotomi's family,
Yet deep resentment makes Korea and Japan can't be friends easily.
(26th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Write A Poem Looking Around The Osaka Castle The 2nd Poem

In Cheonsugak(Tenshukaku) , the crests of a Paulownia leave graceful on the roof's eave
But warehouse the salted noses and ears, the soul wandered can't leave.
Pu-Ha's righteous knife pierced a heart, the head of enemy,
And a foolish son was dead by Tokugawa's sword and left no posterity

(28th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Write A Poem To Congratulate On The 80th Birthday For CSM Lee

The old days before, we met him as a robust influential personnel.
In the blink of an eye, he meets the eightieth birthday. Well-
Evoking moments gone by, memories flicker before us,
Raising a glass, for his happiness and health, we offer prayers.
(Nov.,12th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Write after Visiting the Exhibition by Choi Woo-seon, a Painter

In nature landscapes, warm words are conveyed,
And in the bright light of still life paintings, love is laid
Deeply. Art, it seems, is but a different way of transferring
Thoughts, and lyric poems reside within Woo-seon's painting.
(20th, May, 2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Write at a Damwon's Art Exhibition

The light and unadorned figures, it feels devoid of excess,
They're naive within their unassuming laughter's whom impress
To people. Olden days' blissful, nostalgic memories revive,
Spectators bask in warmth and passion the paintings derive.

To Write At The House Of Manhae's Birthplace

At the backyard of house, when summer wind blows the bamboo grove is singing.
On behalf of a man, the thatched cottage stand alone and is greeting.
Though the former owner no return, his spirit's lingering on,
And I think again, the path he's lonely and painfully trodden on.
(6th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Write for the Rose Festival

They're blossoming in large and small along the Jungnangcheon River,
The roses sway and dance along with the wind, variously.
Although the late spring, hot day, people continue to gather
Between the city's building-forest, the flowers're shine beautifully.
(20th, May, 2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Write for the Wu-Jeon's the Peony-Painting

The woods of the pond-side, the willow branches're drooping flabbily.
The flowers smell sweet the butterflies're flying the miles.
The peony blossoms are calling the fortune for family,
And at home it's full of the singing a song and the smiles.

To Write On A Painting For 2 Pretty Birds At Early Year

In the spring that has arrived on the branches, Plum blossoms bloom calmly
And before you know it, camellias have already bloomed splendidly.
Birds in pairs are playing each other with overflowing affection mutually,
As the seasons' change, the hearts of farmers are on the hills already.
(1st, Apr.,2023 Kinsley)

To Write On A Painting For the Magnolia And the Small Bird

Winter winds pervade the underwear, in morn and evening,
The magnolia buds bursts and splendidly they're going to blossom
Whispering by spring sentiments, a small bird's chirping and playing
Out of the picture, the day is alive with spring-rays and awesome.
(Feb.,12th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Write On A Professor's Honorable Retirement

Having been the relation with Sogang for forty
Years. As a student and till now as a teacher,
The young lady became, old last forty
Years. The time fly, and white snow which left to her.
On the hill, and she looking down the campus,
The Nogo-San, always looks like the Olympus.
Most of her life, living in Sogang,
She's been lived for Sogang with the students,
And thinking only literature and Sogang,
And all her best, has done, her commitments.
When it rains the ginkgo trees on the ground,
The drooping boughs, the fruits only sound.
In a twinkling of an eye, the time has passed
By. And leaning and watching the light of the day,
During with the students, the time fled fast.
When she'll leave the campus, it's the near the day
In the nest on trees near the library,
The magpies croak to talk the last story.
Even she's leaving but she'll be the lamp us,
And the future, the planted seeds bloom and fruit.
And may her bless! Leaving the campus,
And evermore, only she has happiness in the flute!
For long time she've nourished Sogang ground,
Whenever spring, they'll bloom on this mound.
(14th, Jul.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Write On Seol-Pa's Peony Painting

Gorgeously and splendidly, in full the peonies are blooming
Even men don't call, but the butterflies are coming.
Hanging the picture, the full of the smiles are in home,
The family's harmonious, and naturally the Fortunes're filling.

To Write on the Painting for the Rattan Flowers

The blue shadow blocks the hot light, in early summer.
The swaying petals, purple flowers're the strong scents spreading
The two birds nestle in the leaves, when the wind is blowing,
They're singing throughout the long day, and to face each other.
(2nd, Apr., 2023, translated by Kinsley Lee)

To Write on the Painting titled, The Rattan Blooms Blossom

Increasingly warmer and warmer, it's late spring,
On the trees, the verdant hue is deepening.
With a tender touch of violet light,
Flowers abound and droop in bright.
The fragrance spreads in every direction,
The bees become guests, their own selection.
In the feast bestowed by the rattan tree,
They chase the sweetness of honey with glee.
(22nd, May, 2023. Kinsley Lee)

To Write On The Peony Blossom Painting

It says, 'The wealth and the honor is like the dew in the morning'
Through the right mind and action, so I can hear the grandson's crying
Keep my place and not obsessing the wealth, but naturally I can earn a crust.
Is it not the best life? That the picture of the full bloomed peony, I can be enjoying.

To Write on the Seol-Pa's Painting Titled Pear-Blossoms

The pear-blossoms dance along with the winds, under the moon is bright.
How did people of old who cry out their sadness in the misty night?
Here and there, it remains that the poems and paintings which sang of tears.
It's the reason farmers're filling the fruits with tears and sending the pears.
(3rd, Jul., 2023, Kinsley Lee)

To Write On The Seol-Pa's Painting

In the outdoor summer park where flowers have yet to bloom,
But the Roses of Sharon now return, in Seolpa's painting,
Though the buds haven't burst in the late monsoon, they not bloom,
Already, on the hill of the painting with balminess they're abundantly blooming.
(6th, Jul,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Turn Toward Busan Day, Nov.11th

The late fall the morning sun is bright,
The gathered people are waiting in quite,
For 11 o'clock, and even the breeze
Is stopping for a while under the trees.
The bells in temples are waiting to strike
The Bells. The fishes in Daunt Dike
Are swimming quietly. The nature and people
Are holding their breath, and so the birds in steeple
Black and white the young had joined
The hands, the freedom and slavery adjoined
In this front line, fought against the axis
Of Devil. And they restored the world from off-axis.
Fifty thousand of the young from the world,
During the mission, they passed to the other-world.
And therefore they are resting in this hollowed land
Or come back to their home and hometown land.
The Nov.11th is the dedicated day
To them. And we must recollect their way
Again.11 o'clock the bells are pinging
The artillery salute for dead is dinging.
When siren goes off, the cars are stopping
On the street all the workings are stopping.
People are paying a silent tribute.
With one mind, the thanks. They truly pay tribute
Owing to their sacrifice, that time, we could defend
Our freedom, human's right. And could wend
To proceed the steps for prosperous future.
With the world people, we could dream the glorious future.
Now we must not forget the young's bloods
Which permeated and which are feeding the liberty buds.
Their left words be the stars in dark!
Turn toward Busan! Hark!

(10th, Nov.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Twisted Doughnut Shop

The alley, with its oil-infused aroma,
When the scent of fried bread filled,
To the children in the neighbor, the browned and well-done
Color and sweet taste, it lured
Them. The small and old shop by the street, the memories
Of bygone days're been coming
Up. Today on sidewalk by shop, with my young grandson,
My old memories, we are sharing.
(Dec.,23rd,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Visiting A Courtyard Full Of Shiitake Mushrooms And Writing

On my first visit, I entered the courtyard after hard way for finding.
Before the lord, on the gate a dog greeted, with tail was wagging.
When my learning was done, the dog's running for goodbye when I turned to depart,
Watching me until my car was out of sight, with her truthful heart.
(26th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Wáng Zh?oj?n And Anna Von Kleve

Was painted ugly, Zh?oj?n's sent
To barbarian king to marry,
And pretty depicted Anna, was sent
To Henry VIII to marry.
A woman's fate is determined by the artist's
Heart, putting them handle.
Like today at their will, the media distort
The picture and deceive the people.
(Nov., 19th, 2023, Kinsley Lee)

Welcoming Night At Traditional House

I hear the cries of crows
Over the king's grave, in the early morning
And can hearing the musical sounds
Which are loaded on the forest winds, in late-evening.
Beneath the eaves, the stories
Of falling stars are never ceasing
And silently jujubes drop
In the backyard, welcoming the fall's arriving.
(27th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Welcoming Spring

The lingering chill of late winter
Seeps through to the sleeves in frore.
In the shade, snow lingers still,
Falling on the hills once more.
Yet, on the sunny side,
The apricot flowers're bloom fully,
On the bough, a wild bird flies in,
Rejoicing in delight, suddenly
(Jan., 24th, 2024, Kinsley lee)

Welcoming The Morning At Kimhae Traditional House

The wind-bell hangs from the eaves, singing in the morning,
The tiny Bamboos in the back garden rustle, like horning,
From the trees on the royal tomb, crows, cawing loudly
In the coolness of autumn, the east window lights continuously
(28th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

What Is the Sijo?

The old traditional poem,
Which are the uniquely closed form-

Poem by the Korean language,
The old days prevailed in this land.

But today
It's not written widely,
So we must revive as Han-Ryu.

While Gazing At The Castle Of Hongju

A few of the castle gate and the portion of walls, barley they're remained,
The shade of summer trees grows thicker, the traces of the moat, are drained
And vanished. The old vills and hills, even their old names're disappearing.
From afar, a bird flies and perches on branch, and it's deploring and chirping.
(5th, Jun.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Wistful Thoughts, Which Floats Within My Heart

In ancient, long ago, Gaya's Haebancheon river
Led the prosperity and flew the important place to downriver.
Now diminished, it's became a small stream on the edge,
With long time, its traces left the ponds, not to dredge.
(30th, Sep.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Write at the Righteous Patriot's Big Grave

Amidst the national crisis, Hongju
Resisted with arms for justice.
Tragic refugees, fought against
The enemy, Anger-full voice,
Their loyalty, brimming with bare-handed fury,
Vanished and turned to ashes,
The nameless great tomb sadly remains
On the hill, they're torches in no flashes.
(Mar. 18th, 2024. Kinsley Lee)

Write on a Painting Titled the Mountain Temple in Snowy Landscape

In the deep and remoted recesses of mountain
Shadows, the temple is engulfed in solitude,
Occasionally, snowflakes descend and dance,
And the forest leaves cold with absolute certitude.
On the painting. On the sunny place, Red apricot
Blossoms bloom in the white, and can hear
The sound of melting ice echoes through the valley,
And the awaited spring is drawing near!
(Feb. 2nd, 2024, Kinsley Lee)

Writing A Poem For Congratulating On Ban-San's Birthday

On the way back, the shining colored leaves
Are red, the autumn fully grows.
And glancing back the seventy-seven years,
It's adorned with beautiful poetry and prose.
The name is known as a poet for mountain
In Korea to the world, wherever widely.
Sir! May God give you the full blessin'
And good health be with you eternally.
(Nov.,20th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Writing A Poem For Solacing Antigone

The young princess had roamed to the end of the sky with her father,
Returning to her homeland, her brothers fought and killed each other.
Disobeying, she buried the body, and sadly she passed. But dear
Friend's death, now, but the hesitant scrambled-éggs couldn't condole by fear.
(Dec.1st 2023, Kinsley Lee)

Writing A Poem On Passing By Chang Hee-Bin's Tomb

In the heart of power, the lady's beauty became a flaw,
They exploited, mocked and discarded all of her honor to the shaw.
The period of enjoying sweetness was ended too short on the way
As the fall day, with its brief sun, is soon about to fade away.
(Nov.,16th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Writing A Poem On Visiting A Pottery

Succeeding the tradition of Bihwa-Gaya(the old country in this area)
The potter places his works into the furnace and put the fire.
In Changnyeong, in the world of ceramic fields, it's the center at old days.
The artist's heart is anxious until the end of last days.
(26th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Writing A Poem To Celebrate The First Birthday Of My Grandson

Before I know, my pretty grandson welcomes his first birthday.
It satisfies me to see him growing simple-, heartedly and brilliantly
And truly adorable, watching him imitate and strive on his own way,
And I hope he grows to be the heart of the world, truly.
(20th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Writing A Poem When I Gaze Minatomirai

When I glance from a distant mountain top,
The star-cluster shine bright,
Up close, it's seen that skyscrapers align
In a straight formation at the site.
But it turns to a pretty landscape painting,
When one gazing from a moderate distance.
One truly is grasped the right and wrong
When observing oneself from a distance.
(Jan.,21st,2024, Kinsley Lee)

Writing A Poem When Looking At Mangwoo-Dang

He raised a righteous army and achieved the great feats during the Imjin War,
But dreaming of a Taoist hermit's life, he declined high positions after the war.
Returning home, he played with seagulls and cranes, on the hill of the river-bank.
Abstained from hot food and grains, and followed the wild geese, left his boat on the bank.
(26th, Aug.,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Writing After Listening The Song that Tombe La Neige.

In the street-side, autumn leaves are rolling according to the wind's play,
In the place where snow falls, the crouching people hurry along their way.
To outside the café, the rich aroma which the coffee boast.
Upon entering, a familiar song does welcome in lieu of the host.
(Dec.15th,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Writing on the Way to Yongmiri

After summer has departed, during
Starting to Yongmiri on the way,
The tinged yellow, fruits of the ginkgo,
Trees beside the road sway,
The migratory locusts are whimpering incessantly,
Crying amidst the round graves,
And hovering above the trees, dragonflies
Lightly float on the breeze waves.
The scent of white chrysanthemums spreads
Ceremonial hall like the dart,
And the funeral procession in black attire
Dissolves the pain into the heart.
In childhood, when seeing a grave, it naturally
Evoked a little bit fear,
But not anymore, knowing the path
To heaven isn't far from here.
(Mar. 2024. Kinsley Lee)

Written on the Choyeondang's Private Exhibition

Still, mountains and fields there're red patches,
Because the cold is jealous the warm spring,
Plum blossoms, orchids, chrysanthemums, and bamboo
On the canvas, the friends're harmoniously dancing.
In the pine grove, birds are already making
A pair and teasing each other to sing.
Even in the chilly embrace of spring,
In the art-house, the flowers bloom and swing.
(Mar. 4th, 2024. Kinsley Lee)

Wrote In Uji Tea History Park

In Uji, I tasted the tea brewed,
The sencha, tencha, and gyokuro were brewed
Which nurtured by the Uji-farmers' sweating,
And with care in long rowed awning.
Farms were covered with the awning,
Near the park, I could be seeing,
The tea're grown by the detailed devotion,
Without the negligence of minute portion.
(25th, May,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Year-End Landscape

As the colored lamps are shining, the arrival
Of Christmas, they are heralding,
In the streets, where daylight is short, the crouching
People do to hurry their walking,
The year end, from the north, the Arctic cold waves
Are persisting and flooding spry.
And already casting a frosty light
The young moon's in the eastern sky.
(Dec.,23rd,2023, Kinsley Lee)

Young-Jong Yong-Gung-Sa

Yong-gung-sa, the Dragon's Palace Temple,
Not by the beach, where it situated.
The center forested hills of the island,
Amid the lush pines, where it's located.
The sutra chanting, the sonorous sound
Echoes through the hills on a long distance.
The Millennium-old trees likely whisper
The stories on the years of experience.
(11th, Oct.,2023, Kinsley Lee)