

THE SPOON RIVER Poetry Review

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A Tiresome Dialog

“Mother, do you remember the orange tree fence?”

“Now your son will get to play around the fence, you need to change your ways.”

Something bright, it was sky that came down to the sill. I mumble...

“Money and the easy life can’t satisfy everyone. Mother, you should give up on me.”

“I suffered from hives all over after I gave birth to you.”

“I know, you suffered.”

Mother puts down her sewing, her sigh cold and sad.

I look at the clock. “I don’t know why things are so complicated, please leave me alone.”

“Are you saying you want to abandon your family?”

“The family doesn’t need me. This is an old story.”

“That’s because you’ve been deluding yourself. If you change your ways, you can be happy.”

Happy? All right, happy...

I leave the house. Why is the sky always like that? The wind comes up and pushes me aside then blows into the alley and disappears.

The trees that expose their bruises—with what strength do they endure the winter?

“Mother, look at my fingernails. The scars from the thorns are still blue.”