

KimchiPoetryProject

SF Zine Fest, Saturday, September 1st 2012

Collaged by Keely Hyslop and Margaret Rhee

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I saw the best minds of my generation buy a lot of coffee
I'm so tired of not being special that I'm too tired to be special
There were coffee stains on her poodle skirt
Sweet honeysuckle sunlight
And the night was dark
My mom grew up in Garden Grove
Kites across bright skies
Are there such things as broccoli trees?
I can pinch my pinky toe in my little fist.
I will live, I survived

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In collaboration/We make/ Breed/We eve and bleed/Together and in pieces
/Truth
Clay hearts break
Constant stop
And then its party-ceady
Straight jacket escape pod
No airplane can fly there

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Today, we listen

Oppa Gangnam style

It's cause for concern, but not for worry

Squeezie
Is my sweetie!
이 종 의

I saw something yellow. I looked. It turned [out] to be gold.

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When I put it on my left foot

Darling clementine

사랑 하는 partner. 너 는 너머 이뻐...and your soul too....

In that moment

I sweat

Iced cold, to quench a yearning for sweet tea

Happy sea

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Seahorse up in the air.

The sad, sad sea lay down to rest

I'm a dragon that looks like a caterpillar

Dinosaur is a dog.

Sometimes I just hold my chicken

Everyday a little death in the heart and in the head

Do Koalas take showers?

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Kimchi is delicious and green but smells mean

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Izzy sez...oooah! Yeah!

Your dick is like a magic unicorn horn

Born alone, live alone, die alone, only to realize was never alone...stars!

Twinklewinkles & fluffery pops. That's what kerfuffles are made of

Ode to an

Wide eyes then tight thighs surprise

Oh! So that's what you learn at school!

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<3 makes things grow!

No one knows about my secret butt hole

Pink. That's what she thought of. Pink

And then I came...

An explosion of butterflies from the top of my skull

Camel reds from the corner store

Here's to those that wish us well...because those that don't can go to hell <3

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Whatever you want

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Where were you born?

Upon the concrete steps I sat in a wintry San Francisco morning pondering whilst shrouded in the mist

How lucky am I? To live in this place. With these people. and these things.

Sometimes I sneak outside at night when it rains and pretend everyone in the world has died

Our sun has black hole envy

Hills, those hills bring pain and pleasure, pressure, press your pedals and fly

Plant your watermelon seeds easily for best results

Where nothing is your own, except the few cubic centimeters inside your skull

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She walked to the end of the pier

Make and take the last ache

I see different loving and amazing people

Cut off jeans, asymmetrical haircuts, and jackets in that one particular shade of royal blue

No end of the world!

I love you

*

Finally she had a way, a way into the open

First, there was our hair. I miss those days now. I can't remember #2 or #5 but I remember when it started breathing of its own accord.

Secret ink drops we couldn't bleach out

Rags make paper

Never was there so many _____ (noun) secreting _____ (adj) _____ (nouns) in the wide world!

All the words are no use

Somewhere deep in the darkness there is a love of <3

Which hand erases the last line?

