

HYEJUNG KOOK
Invention No. 4 in D minor

With great fear, with great love,
Maybe what

I invited him to drink with me.
I want is the line

The small white cups, the green leaf tips
to drop endlessly. Maybe

opening in the water. Perhaps he too
what I want is to go

opened, the particles of ash carried away
sounding, to measure

by the current. Perhaps he did not come, and I
the fathomless. To fathom.

drank alone, his cup untouched,
Maybe the thing

reverence and fear my making.
that moves us can never

Unexpectedly, ungently, they come
be seen,

upon me. My mother's dreams. My own
must always be uncertain,

confusions in the dark. And to send him back,
the almost

to say goodbye, too awkward, too difficult.
but not quite grasped,

I should have broken the cup I offered,
weightless,

should have let my fingers loosen.
the fingers loosening.