

## Yunbai Kim

### 1. Eye

Is not it reckless to put an eyelash on both sides?  
The one on one side, the black one,  
To make sure the eyes are not noticeable. But,  
The gazebo should be visible as it is gazebo.

Look, do you think I have two eyes now?  
Would you check it out? Looking out the lid?  
Well, beyond the lining  
Eye ... You may be looking at it. But,

Is not it reckless to put an eyelash on both sides?  
One thing I did on one side was that I had a black eye,  
I want to be my eyes,  
Or even an eyelash.

Is not it more reckless to have an eye on both sides?  
If there is any remaining eye, it will be more.

Eye,  
However,  
Than blind,  
I have something, at least something, I see one.

It is my fault that I picked my eyes.  
I thought it would be more like a tooth once more.

I do not know if I should put my eye on the road now. But,  
So where should I put my eyes?  
Look, this, a beautiful rug that reveals the fake honestly.  
Is not it just so honest and beautiful to see alone?

So if you ask me if I am blind,  
I would never want to have an eyelash on both sides.

Is not it reckless to put an eyelash on both sides?

## 2. Be watched

He is beyond the curtain.

He is beyond the curtain.

Last time I tried to avoid you,  
I followed you. Finally,

Do not wash your feet.

Out of the bend where you have to take off.

I have a knife in my hand,  
I have a hammer in my hand,

Whose blood flows down from the sword.

Whose blood flows down from the hammer.

Beyond the curtain, I feel my opponent.

Beyond the curtain, the other's breath is felt.

The inside of the tub is cramped. It is disadvantageous.

The outside of the tub is widened. It is advantageous.

But there is a chance.

However, it is not necessary to be careless.

Will we wait for the curtain to open?

Do you open the curtain first?

Grab the blade instead of the handle

Wrench the handle with the hammer

The blood springs upside down.

My heart starts to burst.

It will start when the curtain opens.

We poke flesh

It will break the bone.

We will shiver each other.

Who is looking at who?

Who will survive?

### 3. Life

Without scratches on the wood,  
Without a wormhole in it,  
If there is no trace of the petals falling,

that's  
Lifeless,  
Without time,  
Imitating,

A real fake.  
That's dead.

Life,  
It frowns.

### 4. Wild flower

Where is no handprint,  
Flowers as small as nails  
It is barely beautiful.

Not a song, but  
Here and there  
The appearance of a bruised hand  
I am rarely closing my ears.

The beautiful,  
Unknown name  
Flowers,  
What is life?  
Before asking,  
Answered.

##### 5. Babel's library should be horizontally infinite

I stand in front of the library, which is endlessly up.

I saw it, and the inner eyeball was itching. There is something inside the eyebrows. I threw it with my finger. The thread, like twine, came out in a spiral. The thread was tied to a celluloid film reel. When we turned the film reel, the thread was pulled and wound. The rooms were dancing on the wall of the library and the text was blown away. The foam of the image wrapped in the text spilled into the center of the endless library, endlessly poured out at the same time as spitting out like a needle, spitting out at the same time and spitting on the books of each floor. The spit closed the books as if the spider had stuck their food firmly. The books on the web of yarns will be safely preserved from the collapse of the library in the future. On the third day of spinning the thread, I became an organless body. As the days passed, he healed the threads of his wings, and tore the mouths of the prophets and groans. I stitched an everlasting hole that the voice of the first would leak, and stitched the cut ankles of the gypsies' idols. A tethered net tore 1 out of zero and rescued the jellyfish. Only those without a brain can reach infinitely high and deep libraries. I closed the library tightly with the strings that tied the heart of jellyfish that has no heart. When his heart is throbbing, the the wave of the thread will break down the library. The fact that this endless library is sensitive to human desire and free will can be seen as itchy inside of my human eye. We will collapse and rebuild. It should not be a vertical phase that stretches upwards, but a horizontal phase where a snail crawls all over and crawls infinitely. The library

can be rebuilt as a thread coming out of the eye. The design has already been prepared before the eyebrows are itchy. The Mandelbrot set is the model.

Babel's library should be horizontally infinite.

## 6. Deception of shell

"Man, would you listen to my story?"  
"I am a very earnest and earnest hope that there is no God."  
The complaint of the wrinkle bag which does not know from where to the  
wrinkle is started,  
"I mean, if I could tell you ..."  
"I was a lion, and I bit my life all my life."  
"It was not bad, it was not bad, but it was ..."  
The cross line is drawn by the index finger bone,  
"A soul ... a soul that was absent from me was suddenly conceived."  
"How terrifying and trembling, man."  
New wrinkles are drawn on the forehead which can no longer be wrinkled,  
"You do not believe in hell."  
"I desperately want to be like you, deeply in heart."  
Again, the bone that draws the cross line is thinner,  
"How good would it be if I died? But if there was a hell,  
What if my soul is in hell? "  
Have you ever seen one of his teeth in his mouth which was falsely excited?  
"To me, the Buddha's reincarnation was good, and Nietzsche's superhuman was  
good."  
"How good would it be if I had such a firm belief that can boldly ignore the  
unknown? "  
"Oh, gosh, I'm bothering you, or I'm embarrassing you.

Anyway, I just want you to know this. Now I must be honest. "  
"I just want my soul to go to a good place.  
If my soul goes to a bad place, I can not help it. "  
"I have no interest in the last stop of my soul, not at all."  
"It's long, man, take my soul only ..."  
Again the painful bones of the index finger,  
"Let me live just one more time, one more time."

## 8. Friend

Friend's house is an unauthorized shack  
A house that was like my home

Friend's room is attic  
The room where there was no gap

As you step on,  
A tidal flat

Glass is a luxury  
Vinyl window

Cheap wallpaper is also luxurious  
A newspaper wall

Anywhere, anywhere  
Rusty water smell  
A damp musty

Lie side by side  
Hot frozen dreams  
Pull out whisperlessly

The place where I spent the long winter night

Wait a minute,

What is it?  
Just a smiley friend

9. W's pantyhose

W's pantyhose in the sixth  
I could not draw her in pantyhose alone.  
I imagined the stockings as they got rid of her.  
  
I took a picture of the stockings I painted on the back wall

W's pantyhose, the head of the dollar, the girl who was the  
biggest in the sixth,  
Let's call it three,  
With arms folded around me  
I already knew what was wrong.  
I was expecting you before you brought my sketch.  
It was W's pantyhose nude.

Those children already grown up  
I do not want to see it.  
I deny that it is not my picture, and deny it.  
I'll deny it three times,

I gave them a half-crayon crayon,  
A cat that is good to play with.  
Go around

The six breasts of three warriors  
It seemed to suffocate me  
The phallus who stabs them  
I do not have him for me  
I was just slowly breathing away.

Perhaps,  
Did not they just want to know what I was drawing?  
They were enough to comfort their swollen chest,  
Would not it be that I wanted to be a man?  
Could it be that the saints wanted me to tell a story?

Everyone was obscene. But,  
They told me only those who get caught are obscene.

10. Crow's feet

Tortoise

At the same time,

My whole body seemed to be buggy.

Pulling the oral angle as far as possible

I had a nice smile on my face.

Toxic, do not miss a moment

A tortoise's persistent gaze

Speaking words,

'You did not want to come but forcibly came'

It was almost like breaking my fake smile.

Sit down like a wheelchair

The turtles waiting for the day to die.

I did not like I am an old man

A mirror is melting.

The ugly old corpse

I pushed it in the mirror

Beyond the mirror

It speak to me.

'It's me, you.'

I had a sigh that I did not know for a long time.