



**Cloud's Nostalgia (2006)**  
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**Translated by Don Mee Choi**

Rabbit's ear entered as the white wall laughed  
I pulled that smelly thing  
Rabbit-cloud mushroomed-mushroomed

Buttocks-cloud came down from the ceiling  
Those buttocks belong to the wrestler at our neighbourhood gym

A rope for strangling came down, but it dispersed as soon as it hanged a neck  
The walls floated in air and barked  
The door to the room opened, where the angels were tortured and had cried  
My screams poured out like shit, so I opened an umbrella to receive them

A thousand nipples protruded from my body  
Every nipple needed to be milked white milk  
My body overflowing with milk was swollen like a jar  
The jar smelled of white rabbit

Those plastic things, paper, cloths  
I sang about the memories of my attachment to those things in my room

When I sang, all the sweat pores on my body salivated  
my black fur got wet

I pulled the mask tightly like a shoestring  
and waddled-waddled out like a wrestler

Now it's time to confess, my lover is that cloud  
Water falls from its face every time its expression changes hundreds of times  
a day

Shall I call it The morning nap of someone who has left?  
(I almost said A dirty sight, for I'm unable to forget it)  
Shall I say It's a flustered rabbit because its hutch has vanished?  
Shall I say My melancholy's nostalgia?  
or Your facial expressions fall off every second and get buried in the ground?

Green-strawberry-summit-cloud  
White-hair-cloud encircles god's neck  
Hook-cloud hooks my neck's artery onto a cloud  
Lens-cloud opens the lid of my house and peers into it

Over there, the boys from martial arts gym run into the sunset with red-red  
briefs  
over their heads and

I pull threads from the crimson cloud and weave my undergarments and  
twist my fat fattened body