

An uncontacted tribe

by Hanna Noh

Are you a blessed one?
I am an unblessed one.
Why do you hold my leg?
I kick you away. You fall down.
Don't kick me. I stand up on my feet again.
Sensing wings, skin, and head.
Ascending to the sky in nine steps.

Before you were born,
We were between heaven and earth.
Before you were born,
Nobody owned the strip of land.

What is the pure signifier between imagination and reality?
What becomes by transforming itself?
Where is paradise?
What is behind the ridge?

Creating a reality that we want to reproduce.
Hiding how things are in themselves.
Limited in how we speak.
Limited by our outward appearance.

In the place where you are caged in and released.
A ring of ice traps one leg
Snowfall on the crest, veins exposed.
To reach nirvana, we rest our legs on a silver tray.
Our wings have no assertive mind.

When the bleeding on the leg rubbed with pine resin stops,
it tells you where not to go.
Silence exposes those who abandon their hideout.
The fog shakes the forest and swallows the traps.

Unfold a small blanket in the wetlands.
Pick up a small stone from the water.
Dirt and moss cry.
Dirt and moss cry.

Now, we are landing where we were.
You are gliding low along the coastline.
Watch out in the foggy valley.
We no longer resonate with each other.
The pure signifier fastens the belt again.
One breath in paradise.
Another breath toward the inner mountain.