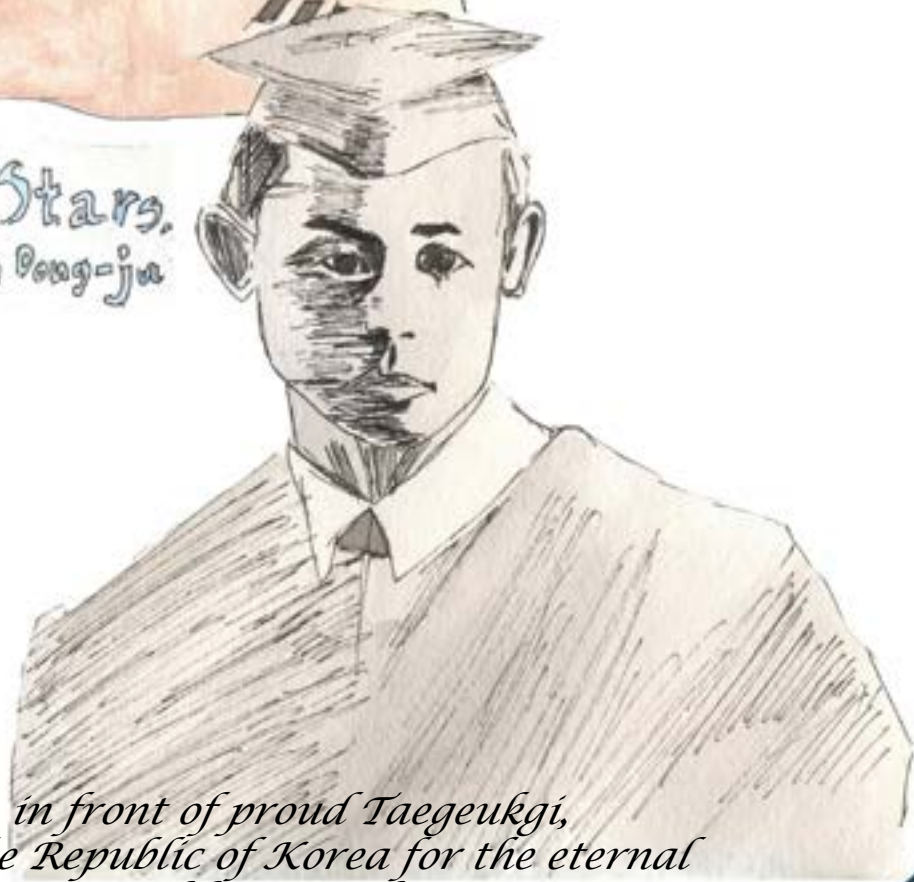


Sky, Wind and Stars,
By Yun Dong-ju



*I pledge, in front of proud Taegeukgi,
allegiance to the Republic of Korea for the eternal
glory of the country, liberty and justice.*

Illustrated by Angela Jaehyeon Kim



Foreword

Wishing not to have
so much as a speck of shame
toward heaven until the day I die,
I suffered, even when the wind stirred the leaves.
With my heart singing to the stars,
I shall love all things that are dying.
And I must walk the road
that has been given to me.

Tonight, again, the stars are
brushed by the wind.

November 20, 1941

A Single Candle

I smell the fragrance
of a single candle permeating my room.

Before the altar of light collapsed,
I saw the immaculate sacrifice.

The body, like the rib of a goat;
even the wick, his very life-
the candle burns them all,
shedding tears and blood of pure white jade.

Even so, the candlelight dances fairylike, enchanting, upon my desk.
Like a pheasant fleeing a falcon,
the darkness has escaped through my window,
and I savor the magnificent fragrance of the sacrifice,
which fills my room.

December 24, 1934



Heart, 2

Deep is the winter night
as I move about, hugging the fire-crock,
from which the fire has long since gone out.

My heart, reduced to ashes, trembles at the quivering of
the papered door.

July 24, 1936



Rain in the Sun

It comes down like a maiden,
softly, ever so softly-the rain in the sun!
Let's welcome it all together!

Let's hope the rain will grow five or six feet tall,
as tall as corn stalks.

The sun is smiling-
smiling at me!

There is a bridge across the sky,
a shimmering rainbow!

Let's sing out with joy!

Come on, friends!

Let's dance together!

The sun is smiling,
because it is happy.

September 9, 1936





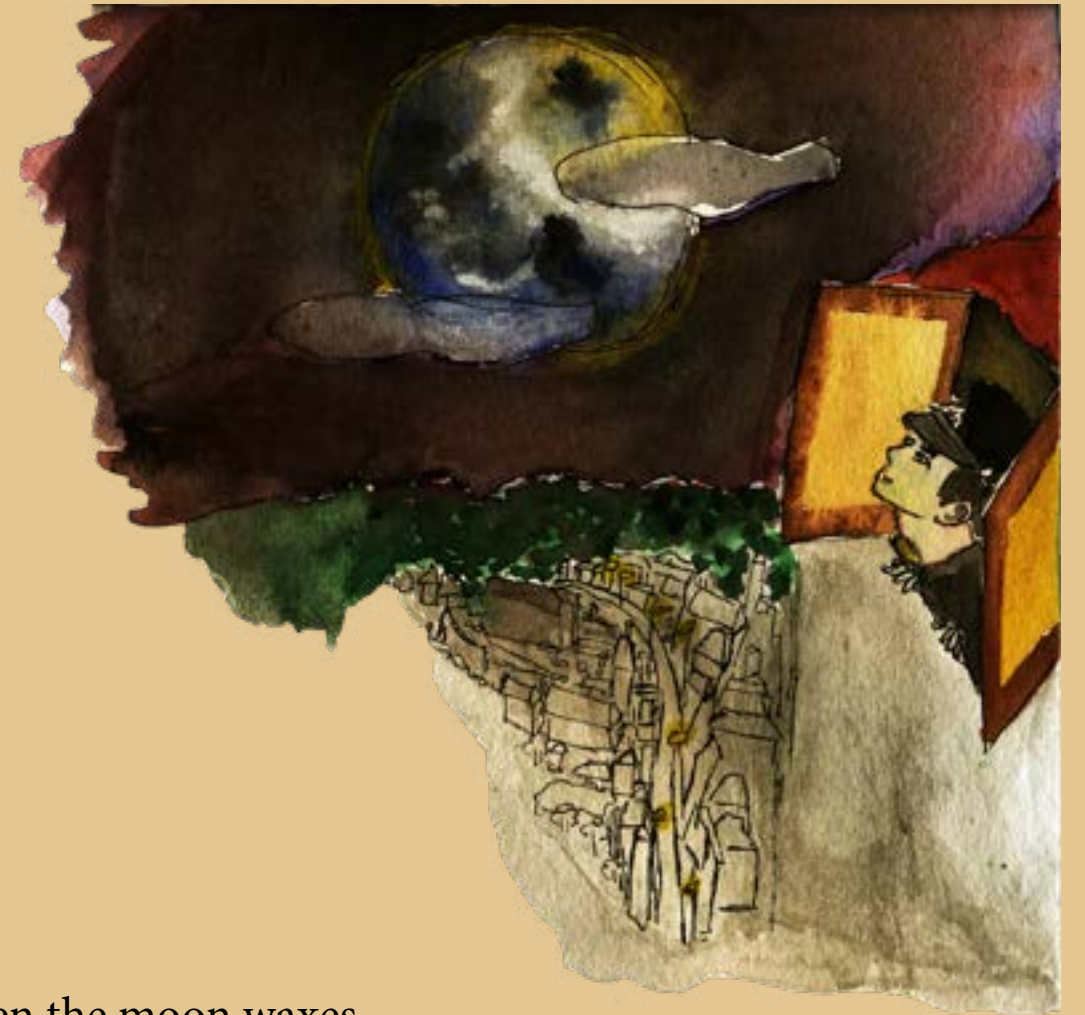
Fireflies

Let's go! Let's go!
Let's go into the woods!
To gather pieces of the moon,
let's fo into the woods!

Firflies, on the last night of the month,
become pieces of the shattered moon.

Let's go! Let's go!
Let's go into the woods!
To gather pieces of the moon,
let's go into the woods!

1937



Like the Moon

On a still night, when the moon waxes
like the rings of a growing tree,
love, alone like the moon,
grows like such aging rings,
filling my heart to aching.

September 1939