

When My Winds Comes in Here

Witten by Jade Sujin LEE

The voice, ever-flowing yet nowhere present,
shall help us gaze a quivering time
where we meet an isle of weather
past the light and fog.

Across the sun, in the time of the western rainbow,
past an unknown line
comes a sound that lifts its eyes toward the light.

The lonesome tree of life
is a mystical being
that stretches its roots and branches
below and above ground
forms eerie fruits and aberrations
entangles itself
and pulsates.

Its each piece
rides gusts
forming echoes
and appears in the shape of spinning rings.

This is a surreal clash
that emerges in a common problem,
a more productive future
and vines of life.

On a new planet born when hearts of the Earth and the sun met
we listen to the sound of shadows.
We listen to the mystical well.
We listen to the swelling ring-shape.
We listen to a temperature hot and cold.
We listen to the rising fog.
We listen to the sound of hope calling for rare creatures.

In this metaphor of ecosystem sustaining all life
does the sound of everything
truly grows afar,
or disappears,
and from where does it come?

The water-dwellers, neither this or that,
or the first to be forged,
some live in puddles,
some in tree holes,
some in lakes,
some float on sea,
and through the flow of endless energy
they produce, mend,
and keep being born.

This is a giant heartbeat
that penetrates into fear lurking in underworld,
where it meets an eerily dancing forest
that navigates by itself
gleams on its own
and trembles in darkness.

A time of light flowing in darkness
a mystical cacophony,
dissolution of borders
transition of time.

Created by conflict, trembling, and illusion,
an unknown time
stumbles upon the wind that came back from the other side of the real world
vibrantly
lights up
and puts the time down there.

Puts the time down there.
Puts the time down there.
And the time brews sound with light.

Close your eyes, lay your hand on the feelers of light and listen.
Listen as the fully void ones go round and round, hand in hand,
hear the sound of an instant that flows between cracks,
sound of slow speed slowly flowing,
sound of a second wave reaching the first one as always,
sound of difference from contact between heart of the Sun and heart of the Earth,
sound of memories seeped in the center and the surface.

Frequency, telepathy, the ring-shaped light that describes
the whale's signal
become a round of song
that awakens objects without words
and everything asleep
and show their sloshing, shining other worlds.

A birth and death that do not end in death,
creation and extinction,
in the midst of lively repetition
we begin the tale of wind.
We begin the tale of anxiety.
We begin the tale of trembling.

Even without communication with human tongue
intersect the clash and exclamation that swell
between the moon of yesterday and today.