

In Praise of Cry Breaks

울음휴식예찬
哭泣休息禮讚

Joeun Kim Aatchim

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Yet! I can only speak behind your voice.

Oh, damn. I am already bursting into tears again.

Oh, this isn't mature at all, at all for sure!

Let's **Try!** not to... **Cry!**

Let's **Cry!** not to... **Try!**

Shall feign yawning!, if your eyes redden and water up, my dear.

Here, I confess! I can only write when I am in bed.

The bright phone screen illuminates my face, the one and only face,

Here and now.

Oh, as if I am on a *stage!*

Now, the spotlight only illuminates my *visage*, the one and only me!

It's my idea that a medicine that *fights back* one's tears
shall need to be developed.

Because sadness cannot *be fought to win*.

Though I am very fine with it, I am also afraid of people looking at me crying.
I am indeed too often bursting into tears.

Oh, don't take it wrong, though. It is not because I am too often sad.

It is more like... How should I say... something similar to...

What smoking meant to...

A chain smoker!

Don't you think this is little unfair, my friends, you,
my poor little listeners of my story?

The ones who smoke always gather together with the excuse of
a casual smoke break. Also called social smoking.
What a relaxation during work hours!

I've never had *casual cry breaks* with others.

I swear, I have never.

By the way, I honestly hate smoking.

You, my thoughtful friend!

I see so often you trying to awkwardly pretend you haven't seen my reddened eyes bursting into tears and kindly walk away with your poor acting skill.

Of course, I know how sweet you are to not shame me for the sake of my — privacy.

But . . . hey, my sweetheart, listen to me.

Look at my blissful eyes bursting into the special tears of today.

It seems every day's "*Soup of The day*" is always the ~~fucking~~ lentil soup.

But please note that today's and every day's *soup of mine*

— *my soup from the eyes!*—

— *my tears from the kitchen!*

— *are made of very different*

— *Organic! fresh!*

The new ingredients everyday, served all day.

I wish we could have *cry breaks* together instead of the awkwardly conventional avoidance of a cry.

"Hey, can I borrow a light? I mean, a "tissue?"

The tears of today feel especially smooth running through my nostrils to the thirsty throats.

Yes, this is what is only tasty to swallow from my days and days.

Wailfully!

Draw deeply on your tears and breathe out.

Everyone says crying is bad for your health, especially for your throat,
but I can't find anything else more healing than
the genuine tears that you freshly roll against one's two melancholic cheeks.
I've tried to abstain, but soon again I find myself looking for tears.
One can't quit at once! It takes an enormous effort.

I am an addict.

Ah, on New Year's Day, I made a resolution to quit crying,
and bragged about it and felt so firm!
But you know, ***shamefully*** enough I found myself *crying* again even within
the first three days of the resolution.

Within three ~~fucking~~ days!
Of course, now I puff at my tears on the sly due to ***shame.***

I am a mere addict.

I am an addict.

But I am so alive when I come out to have *cry breaks*.

I often come outside to puff at a sip of tears in the middle of the night as well.

When my lover's asleep, I quietly walk out to cry.

My poor lover doesn't know started crying again.

I can't confess; I really don't want to disappoint my lover.

It is a *shame*.

Oh, indeed *humiliating*.

My lover must have believed me that I no longer cry.

We've talked about how bad it is for our health.

I've talked to my lover—I'd never want to kiss someone who is a habitual crier,
whose mouth is dry and tastes like tears.

I feel like I am a liar.

I feel I am a weak willed being.

And it makes me sad.

So I cry covertly again.

I wail while silent!

These days I've seen people switching to the electronic tear.

But how can that *e-thing* be better than the burning, bitter genuine tears
that you *freshly rolled against one's two melancholic cheeks?*

I have never seen anything “*e*” be better than the real one.

They're not the real thing. Am I too old fashioned? I don't believe so.
Even if I am, I state, that's for cowards.

It is perhaps a worldwide epidemic that everyone says,
"Quit crying; reduce crying for one's own health; consider the secondhand crying sufferers; and tears are hazardous . . ." And tut-tutting whenever they see criers and wailers in public, pointing them out and shaming them aloud, all that stuff...

But you know, again, do those *anticriers* or *noncriers* know the bittersweet taste of the genuine tears of life?
They are missing out. ***That's the real thing.***

Crying doesn't make you ill; the sadness does.

It was an absolute pleasure of my life when everyone could cry on the street or anywhere in public when I was young.
Criers, wailers, sobbing men were everywhere and so free!

It was truly blissful.
I wailed in the subway, I wept on the sidewalk, I blubbered, I sobbed...

Ah, talking about these *goodies* makes me *crave* tears again.
Let me ***drag*** a tear one more time before I go back to work.
But now I am not sure if this is because the world changed or if it is because

I am an old person that I am not allowed to cry aloud outside, in public.

While I see kids still doing it. (People hate 'em.)

It doesn't change for them eternally.

When we were born, we were doomed to cry.

Ah! I didn't realize *time* was up already! I've talked too much again.

Well, let's *snuff* the tears out and go back to work.

Hey, friends! If you throw out your tears on the street,
you will be fined and *blamed*.

Please don't make the criers be *ashamed* anymore!

As we already have *enough* haters.

Let's hasten to throw your tears into the trash,
.... so that nobody knows we've ever cried.

Thank you,

Very much.

Joeun kim Aatchim

2016

물음표 시 제 7호

하지만 나는 네 목소리를 땀
말을 할 수 밖에 없는 걸.

오, 이런! 또 노름이 놀 것 같아.
슬픔을 드러내는 것은 어른스럽지 않아.

울지말자 울지 말자
눈이 땀에 젖거든 자발히 파랗게
적록 하렴

나는 두꺼비 발치 위로 뿔이
향한 소리가 어두운 창문 속 내 맘으로 나뉜다.
나는 마치 무대위에서 노래한 것 같다.
지금, 조명은 오직 나에게로만.

물음을 작은 양이 개발되어야 해.
물음은 작은 수 많잖아.

나는 누가 내 모든 마음을 훔쳐 갔는지
나는 정말 사도 파는 것이 물음은 물려.
수확자에게 보답을, 그새, 마치 애연가가
당배를 갖듯, 나는 흡수물을 퍼서.

아는 줄도 모르잖아? 왜 저들은
당배육성을 핑계로 하나 둘씩 모여
채워지잖아. 나는 단 한번도 함께
계속하면 물음육성을 가져오는 적이 없었어
만이지. 나는 작고 당배는 살아야.

너는 어색히 돌아서며 내 목숨을 못 본걸,
개발시켜 하지만, 저기, 나는 알아, 우리가 물음육성은
같이 해주는 좋잖아.

또 숨 뱉어주네 - 하웃 어쨌든 좀.
조금은 눈물이 무릎에 흐르네.
표지명은 다른 육아법을 들으 있어라네.

개미개미 크게 으르렁댄다 네발로 번지네.
아름다운 것이 나뉘는데, 이만큼에 없네.
몸으로 주는 자파 갖게 된다.

아, 정말 물레는 안락기로 잠정하고 다 -
여민정호네, 살인은 자 안지,
빈서 숨겨 온갖 무늬가. 하!
물음 물레요. 중독인가 아닌.
괴상도 언제 발치 내로 뒷길에다 모든 파문때
나는 제을 살 것 같아네.
아래로 자라온 물레새는 물론 파문네.
아주 소리 없이 펄펄 퍼들나.

물음은 전라도음은 좀 잘 나뉘는데
그래도 이 소리도 눈코를만 하잖아네.

왜 아름, 물음 물레, 물음 물레,
물은 사탕만 보면 감촉 가려져 손가락질 하지만
괴물도 이 물음 맛을 아냐 - 이 말이지,
물레새는 물론 파문한 것이 내 잠은 안지
숙기하네, 세워서 지나서 안지, 새가이 바빠서 안지
아름 물레새 내가 물레새 안지, 아제 물레새는
단독 못 죽게 하잖아네.

아, 바빠 시간이 이렇게 짧네. 자, 물음 포 물레새를 찾는다.
거, 바빠서 물레새만 물레새고 물레새.
자, 더 안서서 싸게싸게 물레새 바나네.