

In Praise of Cry Breaks

울음휴식예찬 · 哭泣休息禮讚

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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.

Joeun kim Aatchim

2016

일흔일곱 번째 편지

하지만 나는 네 목소리를 빌려
말을 할 수 밖에 없는 걸.
오, 이런! 연 노물이 놀 것 같아.
슬픔을 드러내는 것은 어딘스런지 안아.

울지말자 울지 말자
눈이 빨개져가는 지내며 하품하는
침묵 하렘

나는 누워야 밤이 깊을 땀 흘려
한참 쓰러져 어두운 침실 속 내 맘으로 바쳐.
나는 머리 무대위에서 노래한 것 같아.
지금, 조명은 아직 내게로만.

울음을 참는 양이 깨달아야 해.
눈물은 참을 수 없잖아.

나는 누가 내 울음 많음 보며 무대위
나는 정말 사들 피한 양이 눈물을 흘려.
수피사라기 보다는, 근세, 머리 이영가
상대는 거짓, 나는 슬픔으로 피워.

아는 줄은 아시잖아? 왜 자들은
안배 취성을 핑계로 하나 눈씩 모여
진해지잖아. 나는 단 한번도 핑계 없이
계속하면 울음 취성을 가져오는 것이 없잖아
안이지. 나는 작고 상대는 싫어.

너는 어색히 돌아서며 내 울음을 못 보겠
해주려 하지만, 자기, 나는 알아, 우리가 울음 취성은
같이 하는 줄이야.

복숭 바깥에서 - 하듯 어둠 중.
오늘은 눈물이 무릎에 흐르네.
초거멍은 타고 목거멍은 슬수 벗어리네.

개이끼이 크게 울어주었다 내발의 반사.
아름다운 것이 나보다도, 이안한게 없네.
꿈의 그늘 아래 가지 가지 땀.

아, 정말 노래할 안을 가진 작정하고 나 -
여번갈래, 삼인 개 안치,
반사 슬퍼 울려 무대가. 하!
물론 몰래요. 중독 안아 나.
그래도 안배 밤이 내린 뒷방에서 슬픔 때문에
나는 제인 살 것 같아.
아제는 자라야도 몰래서도 슬픔 피우네.
아직 소리 없이 험형 피우네.

오늘은 전사들은 내 살 내다보게
그래도 이 쓰디쓴 눈물로만 하겠습니까.

뒤 아픈, 눈물 흘려, 슬픔 흘려,
후를 사담안 보면 감동 가려 손가락질 하지만
그래도 이 눈물 앓을 안아 - 이 알이지,
끝에서는 슬픔 피우면 것이 내 잠은 안의
속이겠네, 세워서 지내 안치, 세상이 바뀌어라 먼저
아직 슬퍼서 내가 울어 안치, 아제 길에서는
눈물 못 흘리게 하려네.

아, 반사 사람이 이렇게 됐네. 자, 눈물 피고 울러가 일곱자.
가, 바깥에 눈물 바깥에 목을 찌고 반사 흘려.
자, 더 안치에 사귀게 눈물 바치네.