



Sky Caught in Filter Paper

Seohae's Poetry Collections

CGTAE

Preface

In these difficult times, I wanted to offer comfort to wounded hearts So I made this humble e-book. This poetry collection is a preview only for acquaintances before publication. If you'd like to keep the book permanently, please let me know.

January 2021, Poet Seohae

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be the name 'Seohae' written in a cursive, flowing style.

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Example of Natural Law

If I could lay in the field

And place my heart in that wind...

The newly risen sunlight

Looks at me through the field's height.

The field grass moved by wind

Greets in various directions,

Perhaps happy to see the sunlight.

Grasses that always welcome

Sunlight and wind,

Even snow and rain...

Today too, if I could lay in the field

And entrust my heart to that wind...



Sky Caught in Filter Paper

Evening, when maple leaves

Turn to drawing paper color

Looking up at the sky

The Big Dipper of those with their own dreams

Blocks the sky's whispers

In a small square space, many dreams exist

But they don't share dreams with each other

Meanwhile, among many events

The round freckles are always speaking

Evening, when drawing paper

Gets painted in white

Can we see the sky caught in filter paper?



Lighthouse

Suddenly, on a late autumn rainy day,
I think of wanting someone to guide me
Like, my lighthouse,

Suddenly, one passing thought
If there could be someone
Who could help those in poor places
Like, their lighthouse,

Suddenly, I have delusions that
I am their lighthouse keeper and
The lighthouse inside me illuminates me
Like, I am everyone's lighthouse.





Mother

Mother, who made possible

All my endeavors,

Mother's teachings

That overflow with

My respect.

Though I criticized

Mother who spoke words

Different from my thoughts,

That too was

A teaching of humanity

I did not know.

Mother, who shows

Her life and sacrifices

For her children,

Mother



Morning

When night brings rain
And morning brings dew
Clear as a child's eyes
It's that kind of morning

When wind blows
And empties even
Everyone's hearts
It's that kind of morning

When clouds bunch up
Fluffily like a baby
In mother's embrace
Giving coziness
It's that kind of morning

When snow falls
In the morning



Like a smiling snowman

Everyone becomes happy

It's that kind of morning



Faucet Tears

Right now in heaven and earth

Hot water flows from the faucets.

That faucet water is the extract

Of those who live receiving earth's energy.

Though they could turn the cold water

Like they turn the hot water,

They don't turn the knob.

Right now in heaven and earth

Hot water flows forcefully

From the faucets.



Rice Straw

One who can become

A winter blanket for someone.

One who can give

A deep embrace to someone.

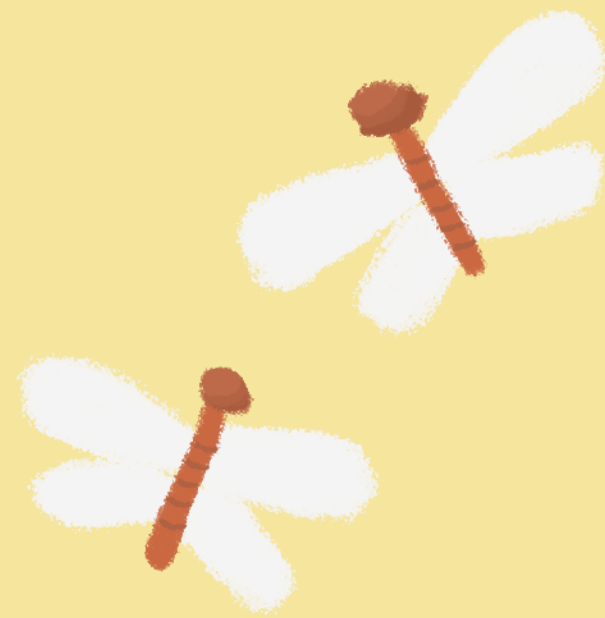
One who can create

A place of rest for someone.

Will I too become one

Who can give such love

To someone



Taking Flight

The day after appropriate snowfall,
I was surprised

In my and many people's thoughts
Snow falls from above.

But today I saw snow
Falling upward from below

That snow too can rise
By the wind,
Why didn't I think of that?

Blaming myself, I hold
The snow in my heart,
And dream a small dream of flying
With the wind.

Snow in Summer

They say the sky is high,

My sky is low.

They say the earth is deep,

My earth is low.



When Blood Flows Back for the 18th Time

A boy meditates on scripture

When blood flows back

For the eighteenth time at dawn.

"Thank you Father God,

Despite so many

Difficult things,

You have protected me.

What can I

Give back to God?"

Until blood flows back

For the nineteenth time,

Dreaming of giving compensation,

A boy with a boiling kettle

In his heart reads

The last chapter of Proverbs.



Moon

Before sleeping from a tired day

The day after the full moon of January,

Bright light greets

Through the window.

That light greets

Everyone.

While nature welcomes

That light,

The aching back uses

Square darkness

To block that light.

That light continues

To greet.

Due to the request

Leaking through the square darkness,

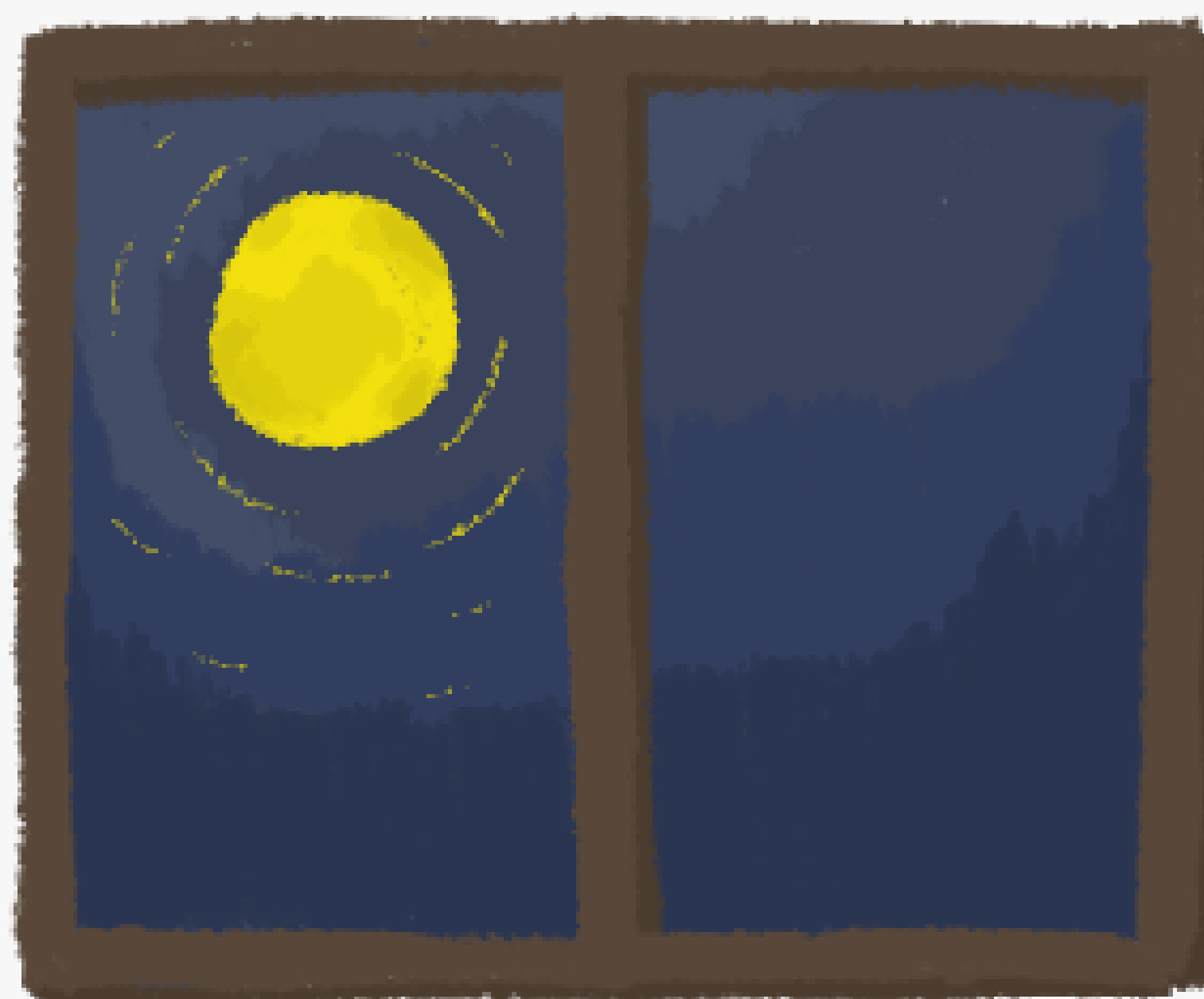
When I remove the darkness,

There is bright light.

I leave the door open,

Praying that light

Will enter.



Crescent Moon

Hey there, disheveled moon

What worries do you have

That your heart is so worn?

The moon says.

It's just what happens with time.





Inside Iron Bars

Inside iron bars, I exhale my breath.

Outside iron bars, I hear birds singing
And trees sobbing.

Inside iron bars, I inhale the breath I exhaled.

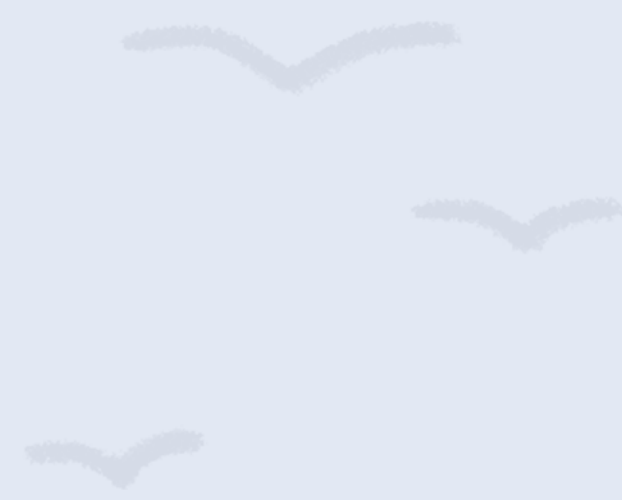


Sound

As one who listens to human sounds,
I should listen to bird sounds too.

As one swayed by atmosphere,
I should mind the energy of wind riding clouds too.

As one who finds happiness in conversation,
I should share stories with gratitude for visible things.



Psalm 24 (Subtitle: Heaven's Gate)

Lord!

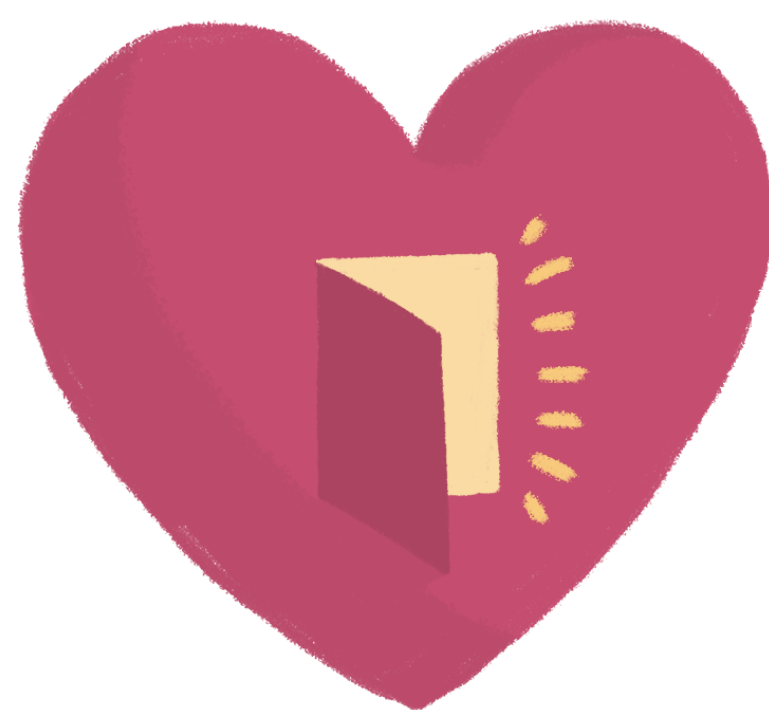
Use me as a door,

And if it be Your will

Not as a door with locks that discriminates,

But always

As an open door that anyone can enter.





Humility

As cherry blossoms fall in spring,

As sweat falls in summer,

As maple leaves fall in autumn,

As snow falls in winter,

So let the heart fall in life.



Afterwards

As days pass

About my life getting beaten

I often see tears

In distant pain.

As months pass

About my life growing sad

I often see tears

In distant wounds.

As years pass

About my life growing empty

When I gradually disappear

I often see tears in distant hope.

Flowers bloom

And wither.

My Poetry

Today too I move my hands
To find my poetry.

he reason I haven't found my poetry yet
Is that my poetry is written with
Beautification and metaphor.

My true poetry

Doesn't exist

In the past, present, or future.

After time disappears

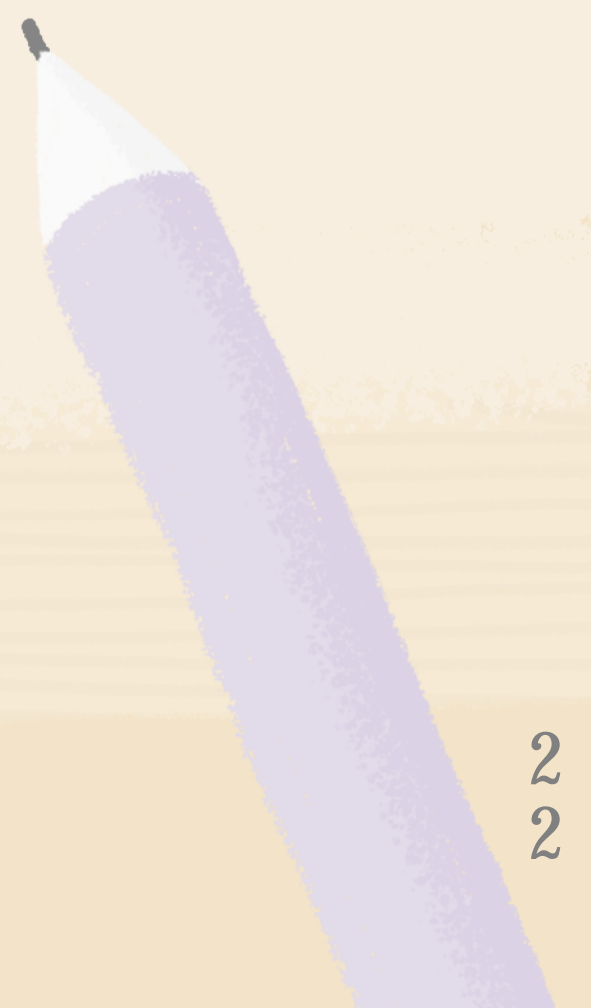
If David's God

Calls me to His kingdom,

Then within that love and forgiveness

While living with joy and gratitude

My poetry will be written in my heart.



Frog



On a day when spring rain

Falls stealthily,

A frog cries.

The reason the frog cries is

Perhaps fear that

The pure heart while singing

Will disappear

Before being touched by spring rain.

After the spring rain

Stops softly,

The frog is gone.



Through Me to You

Through me to you

The reason I can think

Through your actions is

Because I am reflected

In your pupils.

The reason I can understand

Through your thoughts is

Because the sun is reflected

In your sea.

Through you to me.

The Story of Poet Seohae

Due to the COVID-19 pandemic, more waste (disposable masks, delivery packaging, etc.) is being generated. Plastic, which takes 450 years to decompose, accounts for over 90% of marine pollution. The Executive Director of UN Environment Programme predicts that waste flowing into the ocean will triple in size by 2040 compared to current levels. For South Korea, surrounded by ocean on three sides, proper coastal management has become increasingly important as our shores fall ill. The Yellow Sea in particular, which is shared with China and North Korea, is especially vulnerable to pollution as a semi-enclosed sea (半閉鎖海), and marine pollution is worsening due to rapid industrial development by both Korea and China.

To raise awareness about the ailing Yellow Sea, I chose 'Seohae' [Yellow Sea] as my pen name. Then I realized that the sea and people are alike. Our emotions surge like waves, and sometimes we're as peaceful as a calm sea. We receive love like the incoming tide and give it like the outgoing tide. While reading these poems that seem written by both the sea and the poet, I hope readers will recognize that nature and humans transcend the relationship of 'you' and 'I' to become 'we.' The poet hopes that the incoming tide of new emotions felt while reading the first page will spread out like an outgoing tide of love at the last page, contributing to saving the Yellow Sea.

Sky Caught in Filter Paper

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