

물과 소금의 이야기, **story of water and salt**

바다는 그녀를 삼키지 못했다. *the ocean could not swallow her*, she who did not belong in the sea. its surging waves sought to submerge her under the crushing weight of its waters, to envelop her in the white of its rage. but it could not foresee that the air in her fragile bones would always draw her back to the surface, like that of a ghost who knows only how to return. 그래서 그녀는 밀려오는 하얀 파도에 잠기지 않고 바다의 맛을 배웠다. *and so she did not drown in those crashing, white waves but instead learned the taste of the sea.* the hem of her ruffled dress softly collecting sand, she sets foot upon the shore and exhales, her lungs now filled with invigorating 소금 and *salt*.

ode to the oyster dress

her flesh of gossamer organza
ripples out in echoes of fabric
those billowing folds of silk
unfurling downwards
like a feathery nude carnation

curled strips of beige-colored kelp
trail down her shoulder and chest
a delicately woven bone bodice
beneath layers beneath
layers beneath layers

nestled within it all is 그녀라는 시
made alive with the breath of 언어
fluttering with the 따스함 of words

her poetry is etched along the inner linings of fabric
the curve of each letter imbued with 의미
just as each stitching is a soft beat within the rhythm of her stories

the 바다의 우유 is a beauty (un)bound by a poetry unlike any other in the sea

not i - r - e - n - e as in “peace”
but i - r - e - r - e as in “transformation”

by Grace Kim