



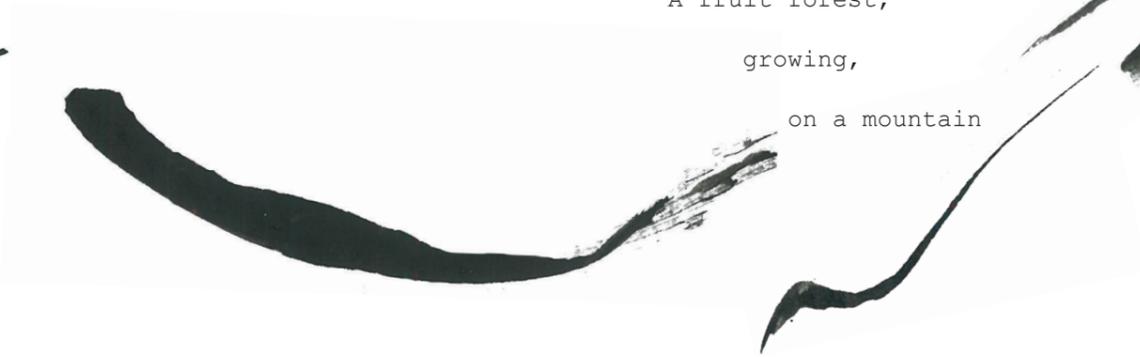


My name,
from my grandma.

KA-RI-N
かりん



A fruit forest,
growing,
on a mountain





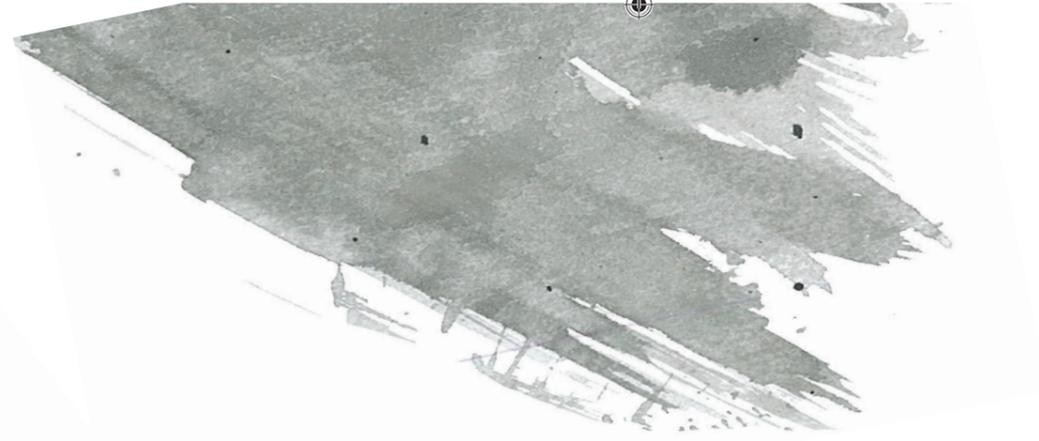
Writing my name,
a foreign terrain

KI-RIN
きりん

For a white man's tongue.



Writing my name,
no longer has meaning,
they are just lines.





No English word can translate the taste of persimmons.

In movement between

places of reflections
that echo songs in a language
I dont understand,

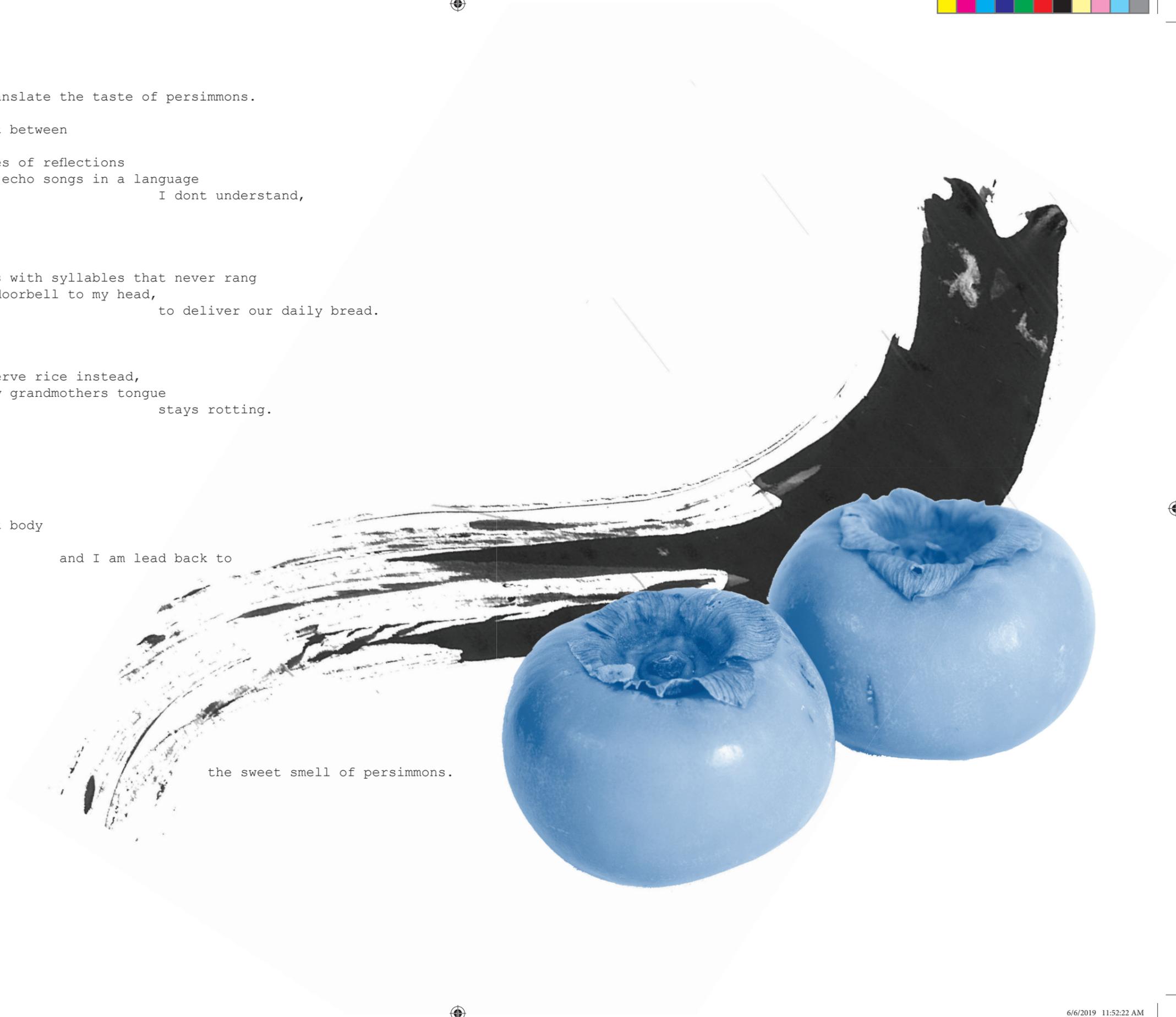
words with syllables that never rang
the doorbell to my head,
to deliver our daily bread.

We serve rice instead,
as my grandmothers tongue
stays rotting.

Again, I gather my soft body

and I am lead back to

the sweet smell of persimmons.







My name chosen
for a view in Japan,
a fruit forest on a mountin.

A place I have never been,
a place I have never seen.



I don't feel a connection,
a real seperation from a place
I should call home.



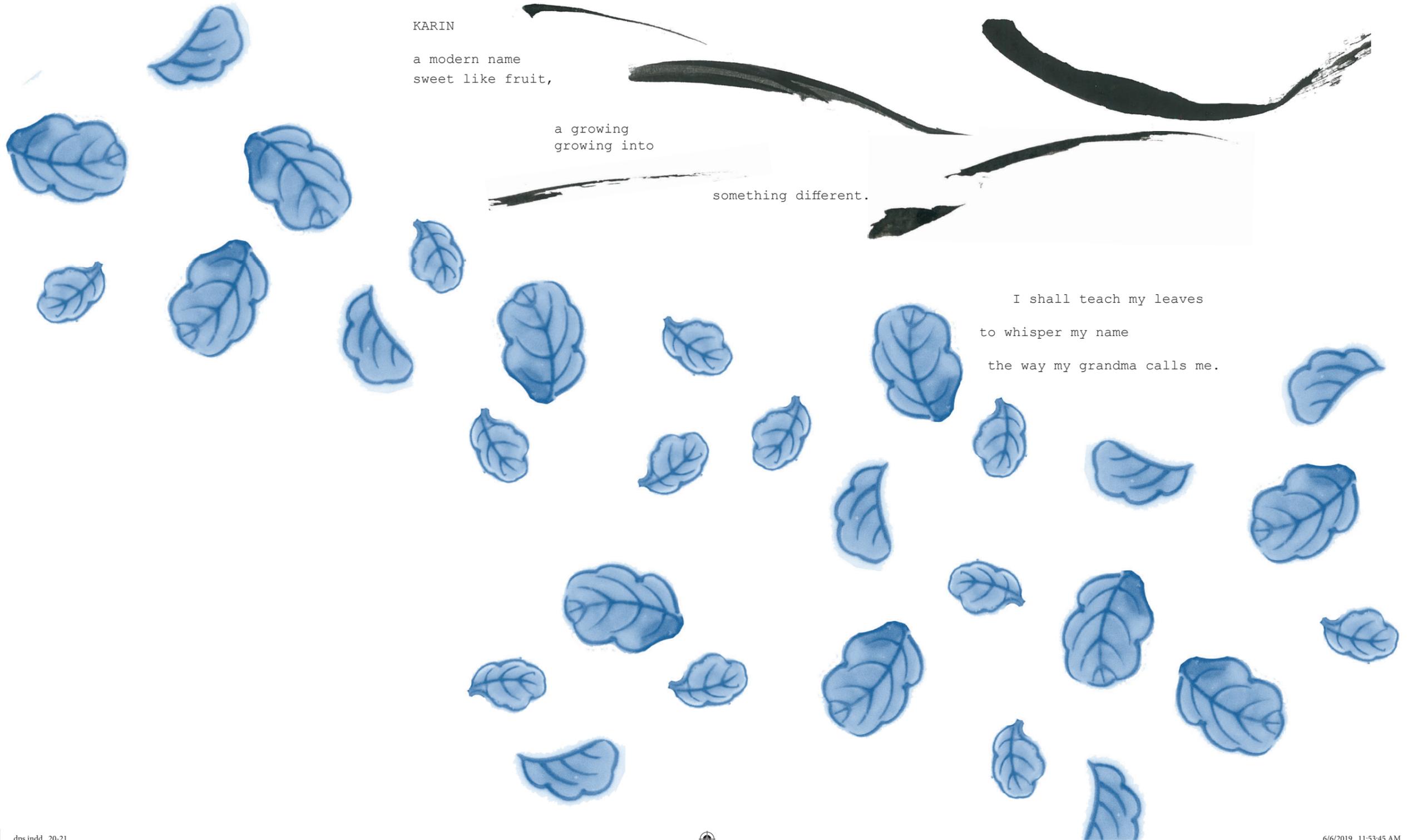
KARIN

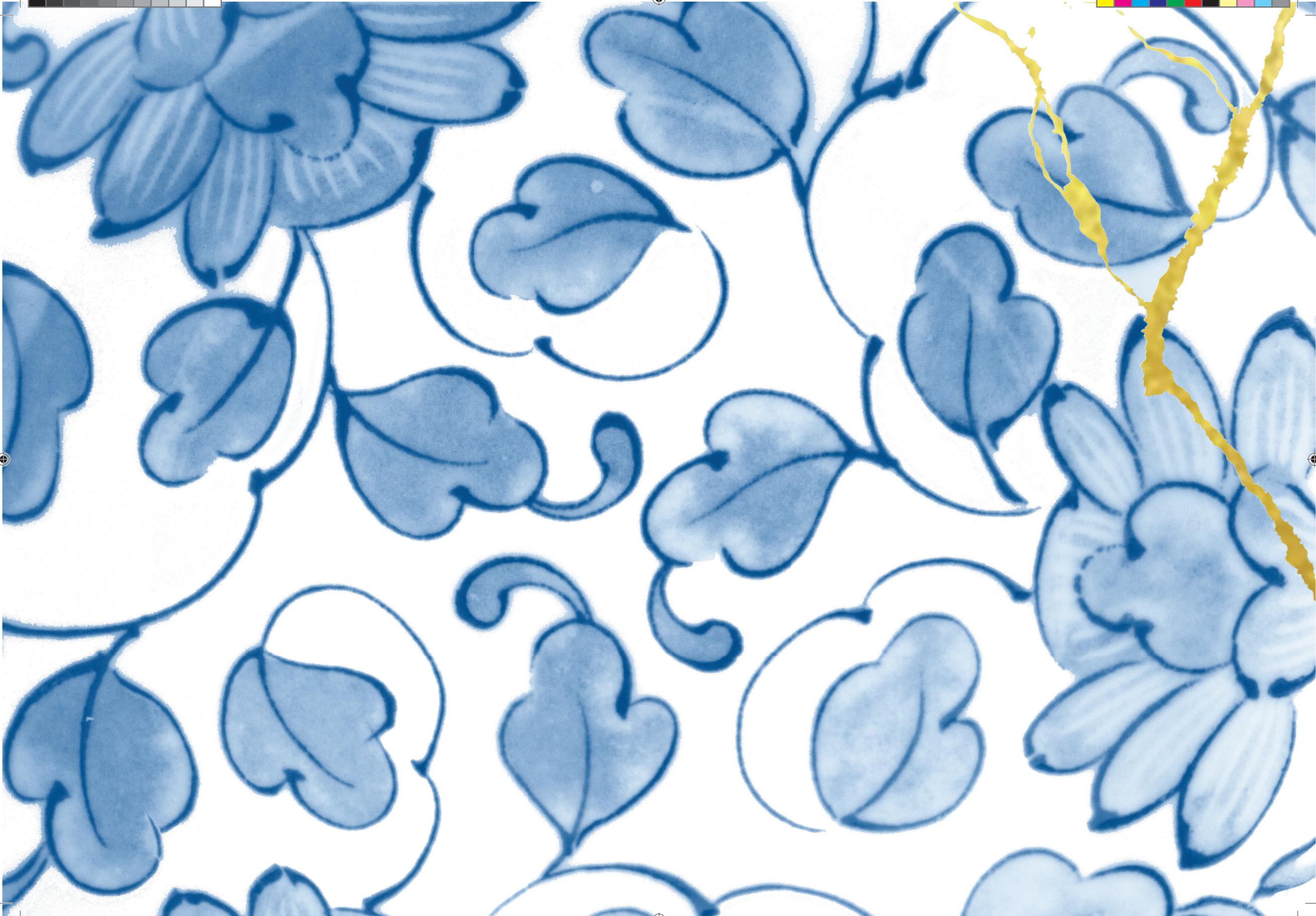
a modern name
sweet like fruit,

a growing
growing into

something different.

I shall teach my leaves
to whisper my name
the way my grandma calls me.







A quiet isolation,

but one familiar sound,

the smell,

the taste,

of food cooking,

a boiling pot,
full of rice.





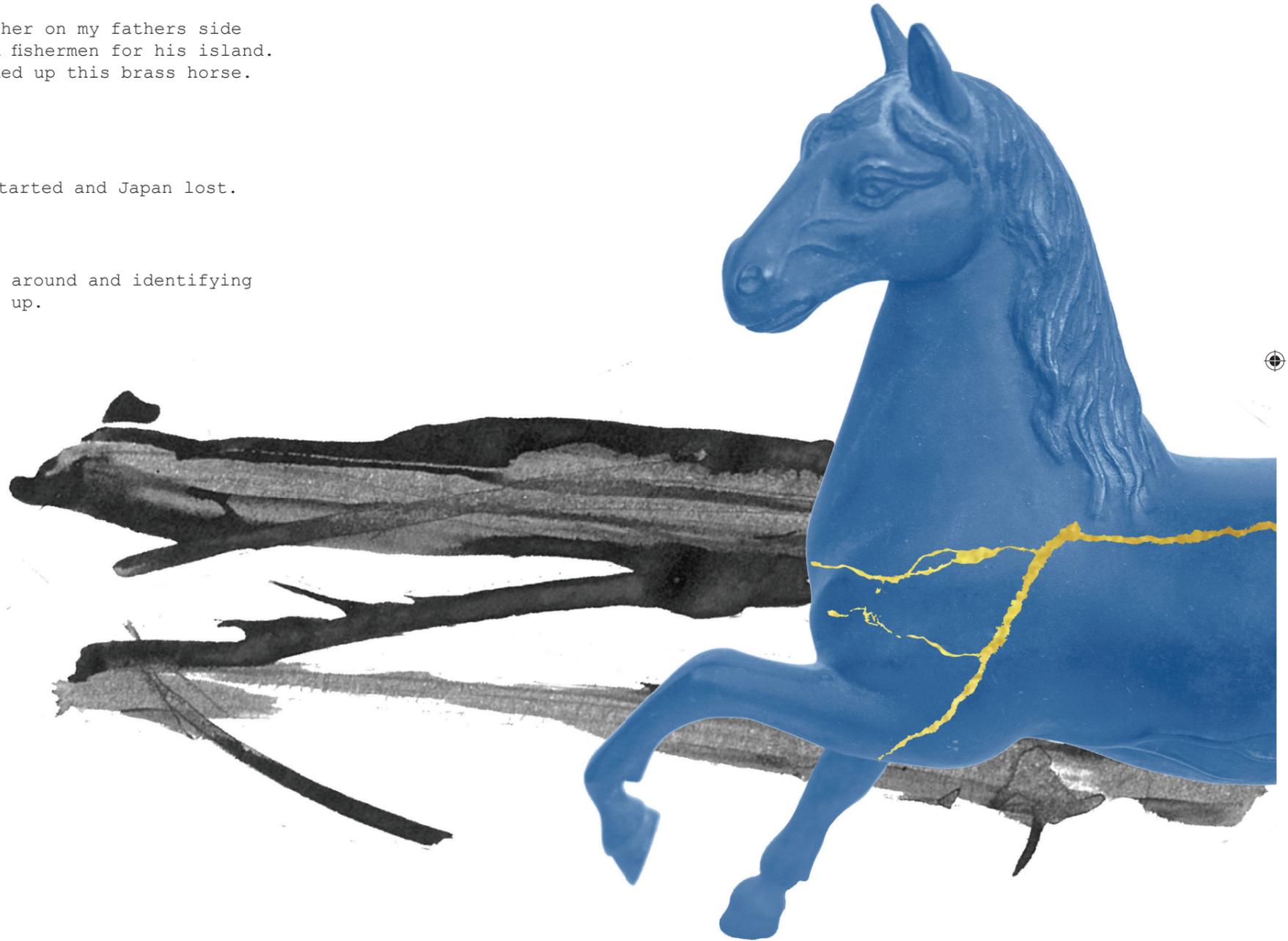
My family holds a lot of pride in this brass horse that sits in a glass cabinet in our living room. I always looked at its dark stare.

The story goes, that my grandfather on my fathers side used to visit Korea often to find fishermen for his island. During one of his trips, he picked up this brass horse.

The war started and Japan lost.

The Japanese officials were going around and identifying the foreigners in Japan to lock up.

My great grandfather burned all the documents that identified these Koreans as foreigners and gave them his last name so they could claim to be Japanese and continue to live on his island.



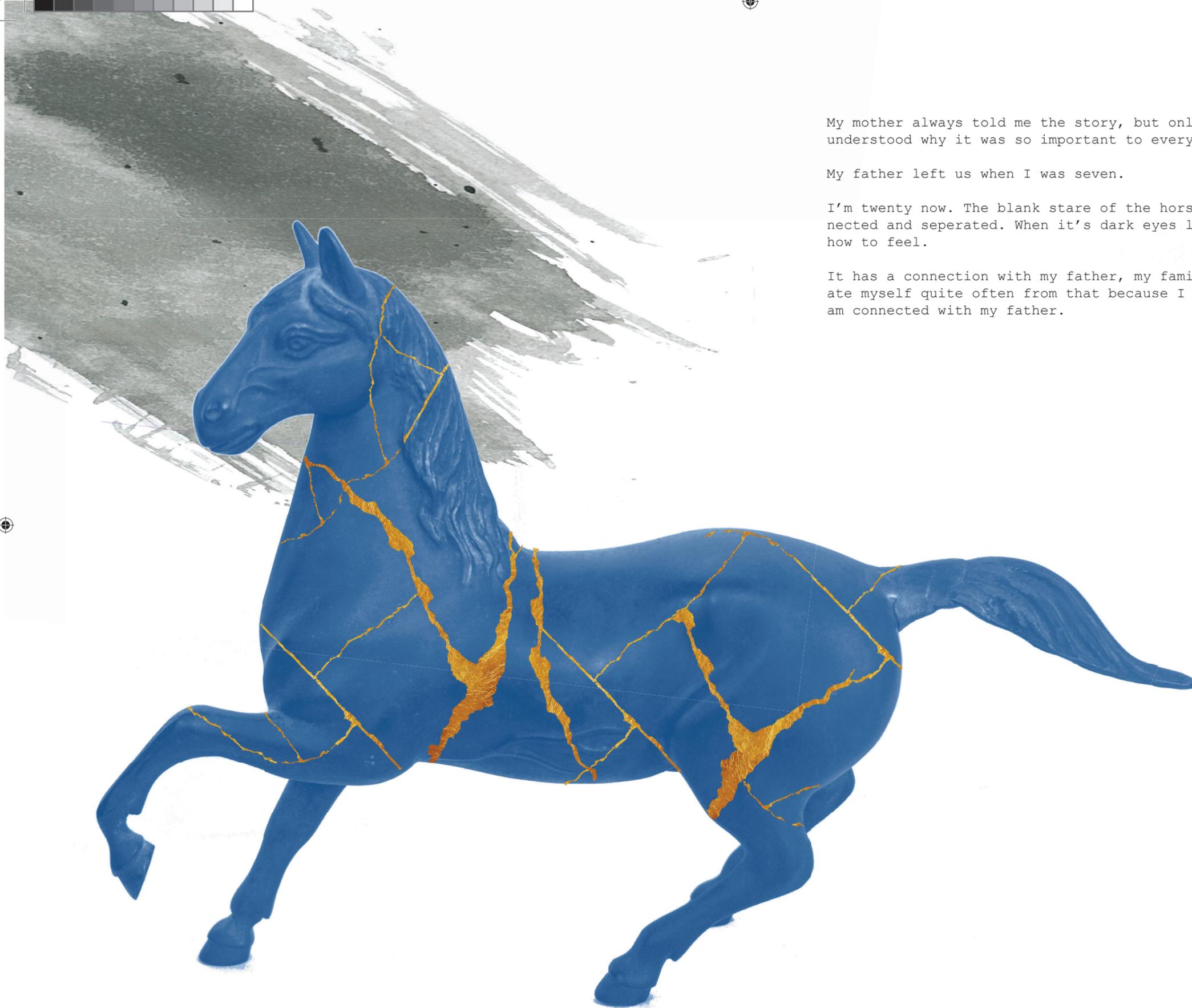


My mother always told me the story, but only in brief parts. I never understood why it was so important to everyone.

My father left us when I was seven.

I'm twenty now. The blank stare of the horse is how I feel, disconnected and seperated. When it's dark eyes look at me, I don't know how to feel.

It has a connection with my father, my family, my heritage. I seperate myself quite often from that because I don't want to feel like I am connected with my father.





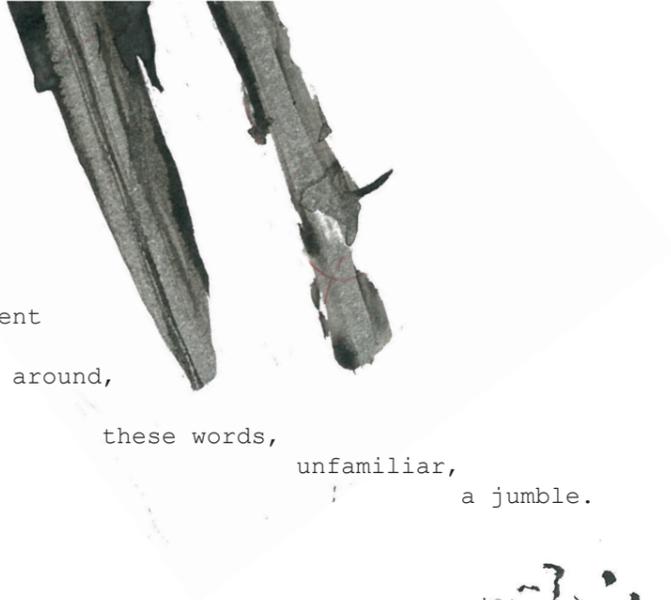


There is an old Japanese legend that promises one wish to the one who can fold 1000 paper cranes by hand.

I can hardly speak Japanese. I can only sit and listen to the sounds of my grandma's voice, her in the kitchen cooking for a family of six. Her paintbrush dancing on a canvas. Her hands folding paper.

Maybe my one wish will be to finally speak back to her in Japanese.





I'll never win an argument
because my tounge curls around,

these words,
unfamiliar,
a jumble.



It makes no sense in this sleep,
I leap into the darkness,



holding my breath,

like she held hers,
flying like a crane,



a reminder of change,
boarding a plane



overseas.





