

# Kim Chunsoo's "Choyongdanjang"

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**Abstract** Kim Chunsoo was one of the best poets in Modernist Korea. And "Choyongdanjang" is his masterpiece. This poem is, however, problematic, because it does not open up if the readers approach it in a traditional way. So, I suggest we see each poem as a tableau, with beautiful images. That is, it is a picture-poem, which is symbolic, allegorical, psychological, biographical, as well as Modernistic and Postmodernistic in form. I analyze it beginning with Kim Hyun's reading, and suggest how to better read it.

**Key words** Kim Chunsoo; Choyongdanjang; Kim Hyun; Tongyoung; dream; Stein; Yeats

## I

In this essay I would like to read Kim Chunsoo's "Choyongdanjang Part I" — "The Songs of Choyong"<sup>1</sup> — and understand what it is, because when you read this poem for the first time, it is not easy to understand what the poet intends to say. An eminent critic Kim Hyun succeeds in reading much of the poem. In fact, he is one of the first and best critics who have attempted to deal with it fully. Kim Hyun was well versed in Freud's theory. Much of the reading of this poem Kim Hyun did is insightful. But the fact that Kim is in the main looking for meaning in the poem must have been a little problematic. No matter how hard he has worked on it, some essential part of the poem always remains closed. The poem is more than he thinks it pure: it is *purier* than he has thought and analyzed.

Thus, the significance of the poem lies not only in the poetic diction. It is in something else. I offer a suggestion of how to read it, in my conclusion, because, for better or worse, we, compared with Kim Hyun, live in a new age, with newer arts and theories. I think the theory and practice of a new art trend, nonfigurative painting, is applicable to reading Kim Chunsoo's "Choyongdanjang Part I."

## II

To give you a whole picture of the poem, I translate it — two prelude pieces and 13 poem sequences — into English, and give it to you. The poem, "Choyongdanjang," consists of two prelude pieces and 13 poem sequences titled 1/1 to 1/13:

**Two Prelude Pieces:****“Two Dogs”**

One dog barks. The other barks in another place. The two bark, clash, bleed, beneath the low night sky. One dies; the other barely survives. The survivor’s sudden cry from his vocal cord leaves a long, sad trace behind, and helplessly follows the one he’s killed.

**“Tears”**

The lower part  
of a man and of a woman  
wet. An *Aralia elata*,  
the lower part of an *Aralia elata*,  
wets nightly.  
The man, who walked on the sea barefoot,  
is a bird.  
Only his feet were wet, they say.

**Choyongdanjang Part I<sup>2</sup>****13 Poem Sequences:****“1/1”**

All day  
the sea  
kept its eyes open, like a mouse.  
From time to time  
winds blew from *Hanryosudo* – the Water Way amid Leisurely Islands -  
and the young leaves of an *Aralia elata*  
thinly shook bodies.

As the sun set  
I heard a leech cry making burrows  
between my ribs.  
The red, red begonia  
was shedding its petals.

But then the morning came,  
the sea  
reopening its eyes, like a mouse.  
Fall, fall, fall - a thousand apples

were falling deep into the sky.

Autumn gone, night come,  
 The year's new snow came,  
 sitting on my sleepy shoulder.  
 With part of the dark kept open ajar,  
 Fruits of red camellias ripened.  
 I saw the  
 white  
 snow fall asleep.

“1/2”

I saw snow, falling in March,  
 wet new lilac buds  
 and the flowering camellias on the mountain.  
 The southern sea awakened early  
 in the furry winter coat I could not take off.  
 Before I fell asleep that night  
 I heard a male seal cry out.  
 March come,  
 big snow flakes  
 wet the white neck of a flowering camellia  
 in a deep furrow.

“1/3”

The wall walked to me.  
 The old Pagoda Tree walked toward me.  
 In the middle of night  
 I awakened to see the bronze corridor clock, in a long black mantle,  
 walk toward me.  
 Beside me  
 the sea was asleep.  
 And I saw the sleeping sea, with  
 a fry of a grey mullet sleeping in her arm.

To go back to sleep, I would enter  
 the mantle of night, long and dark.  
 With the sea in my arm,

I would fall asleep again, with  
the fry of a grey mullet.

\*

They also had the sun and the wind brought from Australia,  
at the missionary's.

Through the fence of trifoliate orange shrubs

I saw Japanese yellow roses in winter.

On the night Christ was born  
snow fell;

In the invisible sky between my eyebrows  
flew one butterfly; or two,

**“1/4”**

In advance of the snow  
a winter rain was falling.

The sea had sunk:  
where there had been the sea,  
a warship was letting go of an anchor;  
the sea bird I had seen  
lay dead.

The bird was singing after he died.  
He was singing in a bit older voice.

In advance of the snow  
the winter rain was falling.

The sea had sunk:  
a man was coming  
along the coastline without the sea,  
with the dead sea in one hand.

**“1/5”**

The snow fell this morning  
for a child's happiness and for a child's longevity:

It became two golden calves  
and went up to heavens;  
at dusk they came home on Father's cart  
with a single wheel,  
which makes sound as from a broken bell.

The snow fell again at midnight

for a child's happiness and for a child's longevity,  
 sprinkling warm water on my sleepy eyelids;  
 before sunrise  
 they went back on Father's cart,  
 which makes sound as from a broken bell.

\*

The snow was falling.  
 The snow calmed the morning  
 and the sea.  
 A camellia flower, which had blossomed,  
 withered.  
 The snow was falling.  
 A few kids made a fire  
 in a circle.  
 The snow was falling  
 into the fire,  
 onto the necks of the kids.

**"1/6"**

The shadow of a Chinese quince  
 thickened in the dusk.  
 On a little slope  
 lighted by twilight  
 some boxthorn fruits were burning in olive green.  
 The immense sea  
 sojourned in the fish basin, in which  
 the fins of a gold fish resting.  
 "Vou!" whistled a ship twice.  
 The shadow of a Chinese quince  
 thickened in the dusk.  
 A jet of water  
 from a toy fountain shot up  
 and fell broken white.

**"1/7"**

In a cage  
 the birds' droppings smelled rather fragrant at dusk,

The eyes of a bird caught from the mountain  
 were dreaming.  
 The winter fruits in snow  
 ripened tasting snow,  
 turning red;  
 Spring cherry blossom petals fell one after another.  
 One boy was running through the water front  
 holding a toy vane in his mouth;  
 One girl was fading in the dusk  
 spread in the barley field beyond the copse,  
 singing "Hare! Hare! Where are you going?"  
 She was fading, like a lie.

**"1/8"**

The sea caught in my palm,  
 it was night, and the sea was very, very young.  
 the chicks of an adjutant bird flapped their feathers.  
 Spring had receded, and summer was coming:  
 The sea grew up to my wait and  
 breast, washing off the thick motley on my flesh.  
 When I was running along  
 the white sand bar washed by the sea,  
 I was singing  
 a happy, sad, brilliant song alone.  
 On a day after summer  
 I saw, at the thickest edge of the full grown sea,  
 a big sunflower cover up the sea bit by bit.

**"1/9"**

A crab, most of its legs pulled off,  
 shuffled sluggish along a long furrow.  
 In the shaded long furrow under the forsythia flowers  
 the crab moved its body grotesquely:  
 the two eyes, which looked as if on its back,  
 were too heavy to carry.

**"1/10"**

The silver paper angel

was crying.  
 because some attached a mustache on her face.  
 By the weight of her tears  
 one shoulder was tipped a bit.  
 Over the angel's tipped shoulder  
 a cow with spots were giving birth to a calf.  
 While giving birth to a calf, she cried till dawn.  
 That winter  
 snow fell at the edge of the ground.

**"1/11"**

We shouldn't have cried  
 though a camellia petal was falling to the sea from the cliff.  
 The sea was covered with that petal. Then finally,  
 the sea revealed its flesh as on a sunny day.  
 Looking down upon the naked sea -  
 it was neither winter nor spring;  
 it was a snow-white sky –  
 we shouldn't have cried  
 though a camellia petal was falling to the sea from the cliff.

**"1/12"**

All winter long at the corner of the playground  
 the short sturdy legs of a long chair had been rocking.  
 All winter long all the necks of children  
 were steep slopes covered with snow.  
 Idiot! You were singing "Hare! Hare! Where are you going?"  
 You died, like a lie,  
 with a streak of blood on your knee.  
 Spring came round; winds were blowing again;  
 The sea washed the blood of the knee shed last year.  
 Idiot! You died to go see the sea and became brilliant sunlight,  
 and became the little wrinkles around my smiling eyes.

**"1/13"**

Spring passed;  
 Summer on a completely vacant garden,  
 four-leaf clover filled the sea of oak leaves,

bit by bit.  
 As usual, from there  
 the slow sun began to set.  
 There used to be a fence of trifoliate orange shrubs;  
 The bleeding western sky pricked by the thorns of the shrubs  
 left a bird's claw scratch on my side, sore and painful.

### III

What is the poem about, though it may look illogical and surreal because of the characteristics of the poem itself? It is not possible to make a story out of it, as the sequences unfurl, like a dream, "like a lie." But it is possible to construct a story based on the glimpses of images: as Kim Hyun does, in his essay "Kim Chunsoo's Poetic Transformation." It is a fairly long essay discussing not only this poem but also the whole of Kim Chunsoo's poetry.<sup>3</sup> According to Kim Hyun, the poet has been interested in Choyong, an ancient personality, for almost seven years, since he published a novel *Choyong* in 1963. After the novel, the poet published "Sleeping Choyong" in 1965, "Choyong" and "Choyongsamjang" in 1966. And the poet ran a series of the poem sequences "Choyongdanjang" in the literary magazine *Hyundaisihak (Modernist Poetics)* for one and a half years (Kim Chunsoo, 308-400). About the poem, Kim Hyun says "Choyongdanjang" is a different poem from "Choyongsamjang." In the latter poem there appear the lines that resemble Paul Valery's lines "Le vent se leve. . . . Il faut tenter de vivre! (The wind blows; We must live.)"<sup>4</sup> However, "Choyongdanjang" is stripped of any of Valery's influence.

Kim Hyun points out two things: Kim Chunsoo's poem is a pure poem, which makes the outer landscapes represent the poet's inner feelings. In addition, it is more than that: the poem has in it something that can't be replaced by the depiction of outer landscapes; it has something absolute and pure. The latter observation is of great importance, but instead of elaborating it, Kim Hyun has spent most of his space applying only the former observation to reading the poem.

### IV

The title of the poem is Choyong, but nowhere in the poem is the character Choyong found. In the prelude we see two titles, "Two Dogs" and "Tears." In "Two Dogs" we see two dogs fight: they "bark, clash, bleed." As a result, one dies but the other one also dies leaving "a long, sad trace behind." In the second poem "Tears" we can guess a third man, "who walked on the sea barefoot," must be Choyong. If we combine the two poems into one, the two dogs may represent two men who struggle to gain supremacy; in this case to win the love of a woman. In the second poem, it is clear that the third man is sad, because the lower parts of the other man

and the woman wet. Why did the third man walk "on the sea barefoot," like a bird? Choyong came by sea from another country, according to a legend of Silla Kingdom. He was one of the merchants from Arabia, who settled down; one day when he came home, he found four legs under the quilt in his bed. He sings "The Song of Choyong" to drive him away. The man who is with his wife is said to be the god of diseases. Choyong is to disappear suddenly, like a bird, one day.

After the prelude pieces, we have 13 poem sequences. The poet has spent one and a half years to keep writing the sequences. It is not a straightforward story, easy to understand, nor is it a narrative poem nor a traditional poem that is unfolded logically. It's like the state of mind of a person who has just had 13 dreams last night, which do not hold together. They don't tell a story or one story after another in a logical way. Still, there is some explanation as offered by Kim Hyun, who focuses on four images, of the missionary from Australia, of the crab, of the warship, and of the dying boy shedding blood on his knee (Kim 402). Kim Hyun reads this poem as the poet's biography. That is, the poem looks back to the poet's past, which makes sense. Notice the tense of the poem: all the verbs are in the past tense, except in the first two prelude poems; in fact the two are not included in "Choyongdanjang Part I." The missionary is from Australia and his teacher's husband, and all the images are recollected from what he saw, felt, and experienced: the clock, a long chair, a fence of trifoliolate orange shrubs, the Japanese yellow roses. These originate from his vast poetic reservoir of images, which he uses all through the poem. In the sequence "1/3," for instance:

The wall walked to me.  
 The old Pagoda Tree walked toward me.  
 In the middle of night  
 I awakened to see the bronze corridor clock, in a long black mantle,  
 walk toward me.

They also had the sun and the wind brought from Australia,  
 at the missionary's.  
 Through the fence of trifoliolate orange shrubs  
 I saw Japanese yellow roses in winter. ("1/3")

Not only that, but the crab, the warship, and the boy killed are from his poetic reservoir of images. He spent his childhood in Tongyoung, which is a beautiful port in southern Korea. It is surrounded by mountains, and in the sea outside the port, there are many islands scattered. In winter and early spring camellia flowers are in bloom. Two of his friends appear in the poem. One is a girl who killed a crab by pulling its legs, though she is not mentioned in the poem; the other is a boy who will play a game: he runs into the street where cars are running,

and when a car screeches to a stop just before him, he sticks his tongue out and runs away. But finally a truck runs him over, killing him with his knee shedding a streak of blood. First, there is an image of a crab crawling in the shadow of the forsythia flowers. It is the crab that his friend had killed by pulling its legs in his childhood. According to Kim Hyun, who makes a comparison between this poem and the poet's novel *Choyong*, the incidence has remained in his subconscious, which finds an expression of his castration anxiety in the poem:

A crab, most of its legs pulled off,  
 shuffled sluggish along a long furrow.  
 In the shaded long furrow under the forsythia flowers  
 the crab moved its body grotesquely:  
 the two eyes, which looked as if on its back,  
 were too heavy to carry. ("1/9")

The other incident, in which his friend was run over by a truck, is also described in the novel; and in the poem, the image of the boy is fleeting but strong:

Idiot! You were singing "Hare! Hare! Where are you going?"  
 You died, like a lie,  
 with a streak of blood on your knee. ("1/12")

## V

Kim Chunsoo wanted to write pure poetry by saying that he sought for "a state beyond being human," or "a state of being in a dream." That is to say, he wants his poetry to be stripped of things human; to be free of ethics; to make outer scenes represent inner feelings. But the poet cannot define his poetry as pure, because there is a continuous struggle in his mind between an effort to overcome his inner complexes and another effort to free those complexes.

As Kim Hyun points it out, the poet depicts what lies between the conscious and the subconscious, as in Marcel Proust's beginning in his novel *A la recherche du temps perdu* (*In Search of Lost Time*): the young leaves of an *Aralia elata*/ thinly shook bodies ("1/1"); The red, red begonia/ was shedding its petals ("1/1"); Fall, fall, fall - a thousand apples/ were falling deep into the sky ("1/1"); With part of the dark kept open ajar/ Fruits of red camellias ripened ("1/1"). This is the key images of the plants in the poem, and with these central images, the poet externalizes all kinds of his childhood's memories: the sun and the wind brought from Australia ("1/3"); where there had been the sea,/ a warship was letting go of an anchor. ("1/4"); A jet of water/ from a toy fountain shot up/ and fell broken white. ("1/6"); One boy was running through the water front/ holding a toy vane in his mouth ("1/7"); One girl was fading

in the dusk/ spread in the barley field beyond the copse,/ singing "Hare! Hare! Where are you going?"/ She was fading, like a lie. ("1/7"); A crab, most of its legs pulled off,/ ("1/9"); a cow with spots were giving birth to a calf. ("1/10"); You died, like a lie,/ with a streak of blood on your knee ("1/12").

The concluding poem sequence "1/13" is synoptic, a summation of all in the subconscious externalized in this poem and of his poetics as well:

Spring passed;  
 Summer on a completely vacant garden,  
 four-leaf clover filled the sea of oak leaves,  
 bit by bit.  
 As usual, from there  
 the slow sun began to set.  
 There used to be a fence of trifoliate orange shrubs;  
 The bleeding western sky pricked by the thorns of the shrubs  
 left a bird's claw scratch on my side, sore and painful.

Another important image is that of sea, the south sea off the port Tongyoung, his hometown. It is connotative. It is symbolic ("1/4") and allegorical, which represents Mother. Kim Hyun comments on the different images of sea as follows:

First, look at "1/1":

All day  
 the sea  
 kept its eyes open, like a mouse.

The sea here is compared with a mouse, revealing his unconscious expression of his attitude toward life. It is an object of contemplation as in the poetry of Valery, Rimbaud, and Marlariné. So, the sea represents sweet traces of life, instead of hard life on the sea.

The sea also represents the poet's consciousness. It is symbolic of what's on his mind:

The sea had sunk:  
 a man was coming  
 along the coastline without the sea,  
 with the dead sea in one hand. ("1/4")

Third, the sea is an entity and Mother is also a being. The sea has many attributes of Mother;

the sea, like Mother, feels like fine things to the poet, which find subtle variations as in the following stanzas:

With the sea in my arm,  
I would fall asleep again, with  
the fry of a grey mullet. (“1/3”)

The sea caught in my palm,  
it was night, and the sea was very, very young.  
the chicks of an adjutant bird flapped their feathers.  
Spring had receded, and summer was coming:  
The sea grew up to my wait and  
breast, washing off the thick motley on my flesh. (“1/8”)

The sea was covered with that petal. Then finally,  
the sea revealed its flesh as on a sunny day. (“1/11”)

## VI

Now let me focus on some of the most beautiful poems – I call the poem sequences poems now. Instead of interpreting them, I will just look at each poem as a tableau. A dream is a dream whether it makes sense or not. Each imitates a state of mind being in flux, with the interplay of the subconscious and conscious, just as, for instance, water flows and mixes, or the wind blows and circles and dances like dead leaves on the ground. Each poem is independent from or loosely dependent on what follows. There is a conclusion, as there is an end to a dream.

I see poem “1/2” as one of the most beautiful and most important poems as well:

I saw snow, falling in March,  
wet new lilac buds  
and the flowering camellias on the mountain.  
The southern sea awakened early  
in the furry winter coat I could not take off.  
Before I fell asleep that night  
I heard a male seal cry out.  
March come,  
big snow flakes  
wet the white neck of a flowering camellia  
in a deep furrow.

The key image is to "wet," which has been repeated in the prelude poem, "Tears." The snow in this poem feels refreshing, giving life to lilacs and camellias, making them flower. When it falls on the "white neck of a flowering camellia" it even feels sensual or at least lovely; the image reappears in poem "1/6": "The snow was falling/ into the fire,/ onto the necks of the kids." and in poem "1/12": "All winter long all the necks of children/ were steep slopes covered with snow." Maybe, Kim Chunsoo is a Freudian, who thinks that to *wet* is a basic condition for both man and nature. He often gives the image of sea as well in the same vein. The poet seems to be involved in the human affairs in the prelude poem, "Tears," but the next 13 poems he is neither involved nor so sad; he is a step away from the world, and observes it and smiles, though life gives him pain, as in the concluding poem:

You died, like a lie,  
 with a streak of blood on your knee.  
 Spring came round; winds were blowing again;  
 The sea washed the blood of the knee shed last year.  
 Idiot! You died to go see the sea and became brilliant sunlight,  
 and became the little wrinkles around my smiling eyes. ("1/12")

Or

As usual, from there  
 the slow sun began to set.  
 There used to be a fence of trifoliate orange shrubs;  
 The bleeding western sky pricked by the thorns of the shrubs  
 left a bird's claw scratch on my side, sore and painful. ("1/13")

Another poem is a tableau that is a strikingly beautiful dreaming in a state of flux. Look at poem "1/3." It is the dreamiest of the poems. He is dreaming back of his kindergarten days: the old Pagoda Tree, the bronze corridor clock, the fence of trifoliate orange shrubs, Japanese yellow roses, butterflies.

In the midst of all those recollected, the sea is a central image: the sea is near him near the coastline, sleeping there, with "a fry of a grey mullet sleeping in her arm," but then the sea is in his arm, when he falls asleep again, with "the fry of a grey mullet." The dreaming process is thus described:

Beside me  
 the sea was asleep.

And I saw the sleeping sea, with  
a fry of a grey mullet sleeping in her arm.

To go back to sleep, I would enter  
the mantle of night, long and dark.  
With the sea in my arm,  
I would fall asleep again, with  
the fry of a grey mullet.

In the middle of “Choyongdanjang” poem “1/17” has all the major images that appear neatly but not very coherently; yet it is a very beautiful surreal tableau: a bird in a cage is dreaming; it’s snowing on fruits; cherry blossoms are in bloom; one boy is running with a vane in his mouth along the waterfront; one girl is fading in the dusk, like a lie:

In a cage  
the birds’ droppings smelled rather fragrant at dusk,  
The eyes of a bird caught from the mountain  
were dreaming.  
The winter fruits in snow  
ripened tasting snow,  
turning red;  
Spring cherry blossom petals fell one after another.  
One boy was running through the water front  
holding a toy vane in his mouth;  
One girl was fading in the dusk  
spread in the barley field beyond the copse,  
singing “Hare! Hare! Where are you going?”  
She was fading, like a lie.

The poet keeps dreaming, and in one moment, he feels as if he were a crab (“1/9”). Despite this, the whole poem is not that sad, for the poet is an objective observer and speaker. He remembers and externalizes in this poem many things he had experienced in his childhood. The poem has not cheapened all his childhood experiences, by not making it sentimental; he just keeps collecting key images and put them in tableaux in such a way that all of them sound and look surreal and vivid. If he tried to tell us about his story in a logical way, it would become a very boring narrative. This had been a necessary practice for Kim Chunsoo to develop a new kind of poetry; as a result, as we know from literary history of Korea, he could create better poetry in his later poetic career.

## VII

Despite the above analysis, how can we read "Choyongdanjang" the Poem? The moment we begin an analysis, the individual poem sequences – I call them poems now - of the Poem disappear: we can't see the beauty of each poem.

I think we should see each poem as a tableau, with beautiful images. It is a picture-poem, which is symbolic, allegorical, psychological, biological, cultural, ecological, as well as Modernistic and Postmodernistic in form. Unlike painting, a poem's medium is words; each word has a meaning. So, eventually, a sentence must have a meaning, but each poem here makes something we can't make sense of. It is like an abstract painting: a painting that uses the medium of colors that do not make a form. So, the analogy of "Choyongdanjang" and an abstract picture is established.

Should we focus on the signifier and significant in the poem to form an image, tasting and feeling the texture of each sentence-image in each poem, we could be one with the poem, as if in a dream. It is a poem that is pure and absolute. This kind of poetry is rare, as Shakespeare's "Phoenix and the Turtle" is one of the rare poems that are pure. In the last century, Gertrude Stein has begun to do it again by writing a long poem "Tender Buttons," which revolutionizes American poetry. In Korea Kim Chunsoo is one of the poets who have done it, along with Lee Sang.

Kim Chunsoo is seen as one of the best poets in Modernist poetry of Korea, and could compare well with W. B. Yeats in English poetry.<sup>5</sup> Kim has experimented in *nonsense* poetry for almost 30 years, as seen above, while Yeats has experimented in automatic writing for almost 40 years, resulting in *A Vision*. It is a remarkable corollary that both represent the best of Korean and English poetry of the last century.

## Notes

1. The poem's title is taken from legend: Choyong was a figure who lived in the Silla Kingdom (BC 57-AD 935) in the Korean peninsula. One day he returns home after work to find the four legs under the sheet in his bed; his wife is in bed with a stranger — a god of diseases —, about which he is singing. It is believed that Choyong was one of the merchants or nobles from the West who settled in Silla, which was engaged with trading with Arabians. Despite the poem's title, the poem's content has nothing to do with Choyong, the man in the legend. The poem is about the poet himself.
2. This is the first part of the poem, and it took the poet about 30 years to finish the whole poem that has four parts. This is the first English translation of the whole poem, "Choyongdanjang Part I."
3. See Kim Hyun, "Kim Chunsoo's Poetic Transformation," *The Complete Poems of Kim Chunsoo* (Seoul: Somundang, 1986) 373-422. And using most of his space, in pages 399-422, in his essay, the critic discusses "Choyongdanjoong Part I" under a subtitle, "The Poetic Transformation of Kim

Chunsoo's 'Choyongdanjang.'" *The Complete Poems* was the latest in 1986, which collected all the books up to the 14<sup>th</sup> book, and the poem "Choyongdanjang Part I" was the ninth book; before this, the poem had been run as a series in a literary magazine *Hyundaisihak* for one and a half years. In fact, Kim Chunsoo was to work on the poem from 1966 on, and added three more parts until 1999; before this poem he had written on a novel *Choyong* in 1963. That is to say, the poet spent more than 30 years on this single topic.

4. See Paul Valery's closing lines in *Le Cimetiere Marin*. trans. Kim Hyun(Seoul: Mineumsa, 1991, 4<sup>th</sup> Printing) 104.

5. See my essay: Rhee, Young Suck. "Korean Poetry Through W. B. Yeats: Kim Chunsoo and Kim Jonggil." *The Yeats Journal of Korea* 30(2008):245-265.

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