

## **Euljiro 3-ga**

**There are 10 tigers. There are 1,500 red-crowned cranes. There are 1,170 vascular plants. It's four o'clock in the afternoon and we're sitting on the subway train heading west. A train passes going in the opposite direction. We were born in the mid-6th century and died sometime after 618, although the exact date is unknown. Here is where we were born and here is where we might die. That's how we know it works.**

**There are many birds in the station. Their long necks pass as storms of ships. The walls crowned with varieties of marshes and grasses. We lift their strands slowly so that we can look at the tunnels underneath.**

**We walked along the perimeter of the apartment complex. We found many small explosions. Faces that match photos matching our insistence. They didn't look, but they looked like us. The black plastic bags that shuffle along the walls of palaces – tramped down dirty snow, and stilted houses on lakes. We walked in a circle for several hours, maybe months. The tunnel walls lined with the yellow flowers of sophora. They signal each other with those clicking electrical impulses.**

**Long legs bend backward through knees, forward inclined, animal body in restitution. A slightly turned head reaching down into flat and still waters. We can imagine flight, the return, paths crisscrossing, crisscrossing, shape systems formed by air and sun and water. We can see images embroidered in years and natural mysteries. The crane's throat coils down into their hollow rib cages, unison calling, ours and theirs displays of liveness. This was**

**how we determined our  
passage through the salt  
marshes and vegetable street  
vendors. We become rested,  
we move forward together  
into what is rare and unusual.  
I am awake and tired.**

**At the store that sells polyester socks and floppy discs, I asked the sales clerk about it. How well made are these hard drives and nylons? We don't spend as much time talking to each other as we used to and things are consistently lost, the letters at the end of words, tamped down tobacco. We sat together and told as many stories as possible. An arch in the ceiling, a thatched bowl of tea, small-heeled shoes, riboflavins.**

**We sorted these by weight  
and by size. What they  
wanted to be called and what  
they called for.**

**When I opened my mouth all these artifacts were waiting to happen. When we met at the corner near the noodle shop, I stepped closer to you to look at your hands and your arms. Palettes stacked at the rear of the factory with boxes of microwaves and hair dryers. These shipping lanes. The clerk nods and passes our bills across the counter.**