Beautiful Country (미국:\(\text{고}^1\))

{o beautiful for spacious skies—

she kneels on old newspapers, staring

at fragments of her unfulfilled 동심\(^2\), torn
to pieces like the persimmon peels parting
from her knifing hands.

a flock of sparrows, spilling

for amber waves of grain,

for one more sunrise in her

provincial life. the radio, buzzing

with Mother of Mine, the song she sings

with a tongue too stiff for smooth th’s and m’s,

for purple mountain majesties—

the fall breeze tickles her hair, a silver
diadem fit for the crescent moon
as she peels a pile of persimmons,

drawing a lifeless mist

above the fruited plain!

she blames her

mother, 마더\(^3\), martyr,

for shredding the newsprint dreams

of peace—she’s yearned for

America! America!

but every day she, 원정\(^4\), endured a journey
only to wake the next morning to a grey film
of dreams ghosting her fingertips,

the thorny persimmon tree outside

mourning the fall of its suns.

God shed His grace on thee.