

To You

by [Seungmin Kim](#) (April 2025)



Candle Illuminating an Etching (Carl Holsøe, 19th C)

To You

In another life, I might have recognized you
As you sat across from me in the train,

With your auburn hair pinned up with a cheap hair tie
That you'd bought long ago as a child

I might have walked over then, said my greetings,
Introduced myself, receiving one in turn
Stared into those eyes that looked so familiar
And remarked on how they looked so similar to mine

I'd have noticed the ring on your finger, and asked about
A boyfriend, fiancé, a husband,
Someone special in your life that you'd met, and wished
Wished to spend your life with your head on their shoulder

You'd have smiled at me, but then shook your head
You'd tell me that you have dreams to chase, and people to
meet
And things to do, and food to try, and sights to see
You'd tell me all about the things you'd want to do

You'd have a light in your eyes as you'd tell me
About the world that you so eagerly await
Like you're sitting on a windowsill and just waiting
To fall backward into a bed of flowers and a sea of grass

If I did speak to you then, I might have come back
Ten, twenty, thirty years later, to that same train
And seen you, older but still so beautiful
And asked about your dreams, and what you'd accomplished

Everything, you'd respond, with a smile that lit up the world
I did everything I wanted to do and more than I could think
And I'd have hugged you, so tightly, for I'd be so glad
That you set out to do everything you could never do with me

A Year's Beauty

How can I sleep tonight?
When my windows crack open silently
And my curtains reach out to me
With the soft breath of the wind here
Trailing across the folds of its fabric

How can I lie still tonight?
No, I shall light candles with a splintered match
The fifteenth one in a row of eighty seven
Watch as they flicker on wicks that bend to
Their left, and slowly break off into pools of wax

How can I stay hidden tonight?
I mustn't, for I should stand to observe my hourglass
What lies between the turning of my faces,
As I look from past wishes to future memories
And search for what might be worth a farewell

Instead I should cast aside these blinds
Grasp the windowsill the world propped open
Lift it to embrace the plains that grace my eyes
With the songs of silence that ring softly
And the dearth of the shawl of perfume on my shoulders

Instead I should swing my feet over the railing
To fall from a height to land on my feet
And feel the grass between my toes
And shout with all the life in my heart
To see yet another year in its beautiful ordinary

someday

someday
i hope to find
someday

someday i would like not to write
for writing is an act of illustration for the
words that must not be said,
truth that has been hidden away,

hatred that must be shared to all

someday i would love to instead create
create to give all the silence of peace, the
adoration one cannot put into words,
worlds crafted from the resurrection of death,

life that had been stolen from many

someday, that day may come
but for me to stop writing
of the sins of man, i must first
hear birds in the trees who sing songs too soft for my ears

but for me to hear these birds and how they speak to me

i must not hear the men and how they break against the ground
when their feet

and oh

when their boots

spray mud across the white lilies planted by children long
gone

i should wait for the day i see the music

and when the tanks cross shattered homes with the breath of
war i should wish to feel the north wind press it to the side
and whisper the love from a world yet found and hear of the
beauty from behind closed eyes and i should beg to live a
world of life and death and not the suffering we bring
between, and good and evil

but beyond all i hope that someday far into the future,
perhaps we can love

Someday

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