

Poems and dialogues (printed on the wall and from recorded voice sound piece) (translation from French)

I

Memory plays tricks on me.

I realize that I am no longer in Seoul. This long day of walking, the dust, children I carry one after the other, this endless road where people just keep walking, where fatigue no longer means much.

Rumors reach us that last night the Hangang Bridge was destroyed. In my dreams or in real, I heard a terrible explosion. That got me out of sleep, but was I sleeping?

The children, exhausted fell asleep on the ground on the straw.

For the first time of the day I may sit down. The sky is filled with stars. A gentle breeze caresses my hanbok.

An entire day to reach our pear farm.

Fortunately, Oesamchon is with us.

II

- Take out the small empty jars (great grand mother)

- But why ? (grand mother)

- Get them out, you have to be quick (great grand mother)

- Now, transfer all the kimchi into the small jars, do it fast oknyu (great grand mother)

III

- All adults get out, you kids, stay in place

- Mother, grandmother

- It's gonna be fine, we will be back right away

IV

- Daddy daddy, Oesamchon was captured! I heard screaming, he yelled, the soldiers took him to a cabin, and he screamed, did he die Daddy?

- Yon-jae, calm down. How's your mother? Grand-ma? your brothers

- all right

V

It has been few days now that my elder son feels something different. He is only 7 years old but he feels it.

Before it was the son of the big house in front of the primary school that was the head of the neighborhood children's play gang (group).

Since few days, it is a boy they have never seen who is now the leader. He is taller and must be at least in 4th year. They said he is from the North.

They played soldiers as usual.

But this time it felt different.

VI

Summer morning moist - city annexed with sirens - all the men are gone

People around run - we are told they are so close - the fear invades me

Hurry, Hurry up - Take only what is crucial- "Mother, come with us"

If the children cry - I lie to them, that the bombs – must be very far

My shaking writing – brush never ceases engraving - these mourned haikus

VII

I leave behind all tears.

Turn my back to this peninsula. The one which could not be a mother.

The unknown is waiting for me.

But certainly so familiar

My future, I already see the archipelago