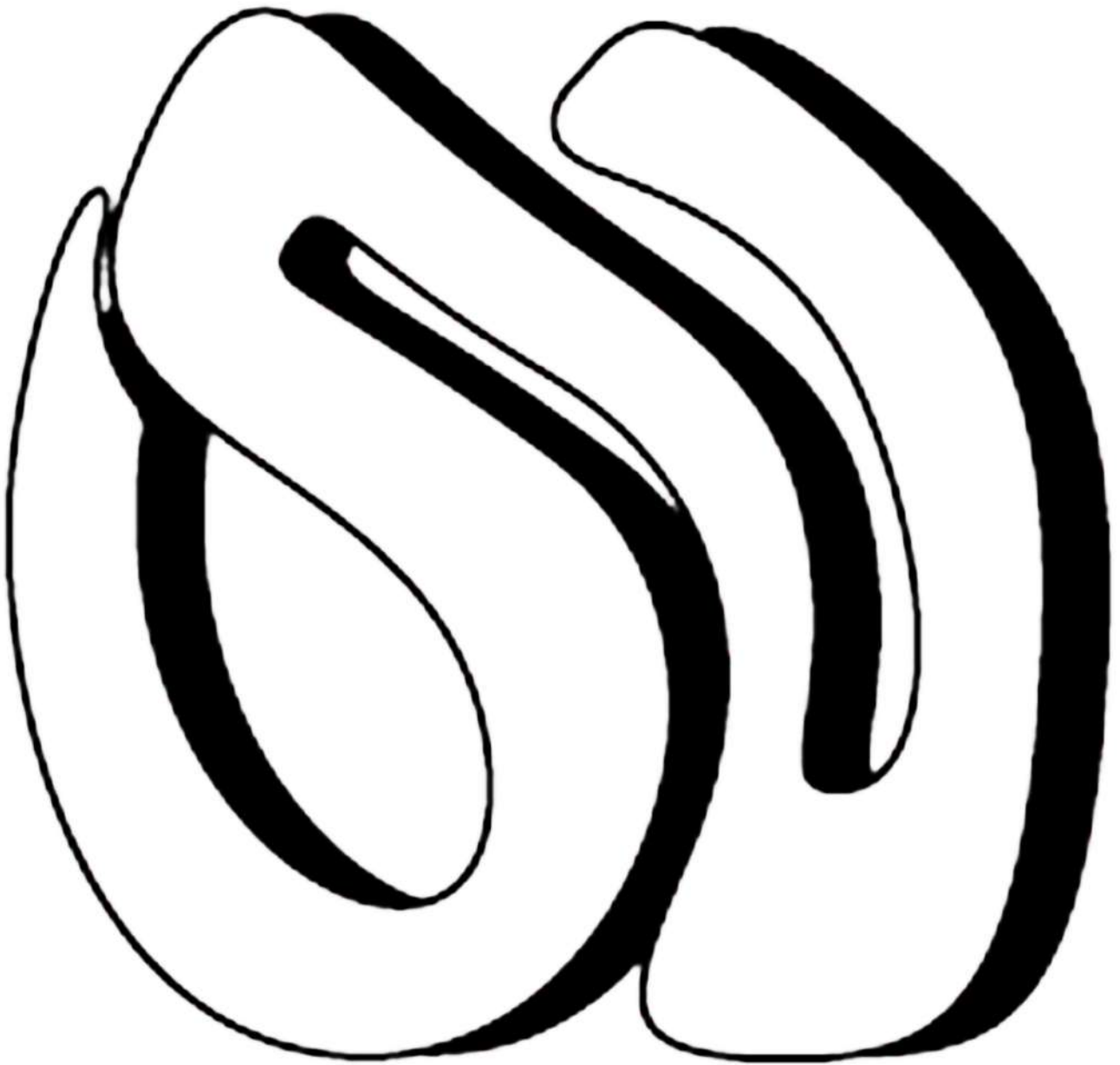


# **The Suoo**



**Issue 2 : October 2018**

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# Christina Wang

## She

Still, in that moment, suspended  
Such that the sunshine filters so,  
The virescent leaves sway;  
The scent of suspicion, strong,  
Scatters and fireflies rise,  
susurrating soon sundown.

We surry, rosy, swinging and  
Sharing in these deserved blessings.  
I swear to her with crossed pinkies  
To rest my focus solely on her.  
No swifter than said, hear shouts  
And send my sight astray.

Struggling and seared souls,  
Shrieking, stuck under spears,  
Seep viscous sap, sink into soil graves.  
Others, scared, slice stolen drupes,  
Sipping from sour palms of risk,  
To pass to spent orphans' hands.

I, now wise to surrounding sin,  
Step back from laced fingers and bliss,  
And consider sifting through the strife,  
stripping away the suffering.  
Her soft-spun scene dissolves  
As my decision resounds with certainty.

Her eyes steep in honest tears,  
Trust torn asunder, paradise stolen.  
Swallowing down sTsudden guilt,  
I leave, saving words for someday,  
Once petals eclipse bloodshed  
In importance.

# Hyojeong Lee

## Airport

“All the stars we see...”

Perfect. The music has gone back to the top of the playlist. Stepping out the angled grey-felted cave, the beautiful guards share their plastic smiles. Responding with a twitch in the corners of my lip, I turn away glancing at the ceaseless path of white. Over the glistening barrier is still a scene seen 2 hours ago and will be seen in 2 weeks time. One lingers, in between the walls of dressed packages, fallen into a huge dilemma whether to have honey butter chip or onion flavoured chips for one's most elegant dessert. A few rushes through the labyrinth with their bags rhythmically pounding their backs, to the Gate at the utmost distance. The rest, blankly swipes the shiny black rectangular surfaces with their ear holes blocked with two small mushrooms.

Exploring over the glass, I soon reach the tip of the sliding black sawtooth. It transfers me through the moment of black to another vacant valley of white reflective tiles. Like a campaigner in a march, the tail of my precedent is where my feet trail towards.

Black rubber flaps stroll uniformly ahead. Here they come, the carriers of all colour, all types of pattern and one shape. I spot my lost kid the pale blue fabric covered piece of jelly bean, treading. The feeling of desperation and pleasure that I once had is displaced.

Tossing the suitcase on the bright surface, picking up the handle, I push the resume button of my journey. It fast forwards as I left my feet to operate.

Hogun Lee



Artificial Nature

# Jaehyeon Park



Out of the blue  
-5-

Julia Seo



The Island

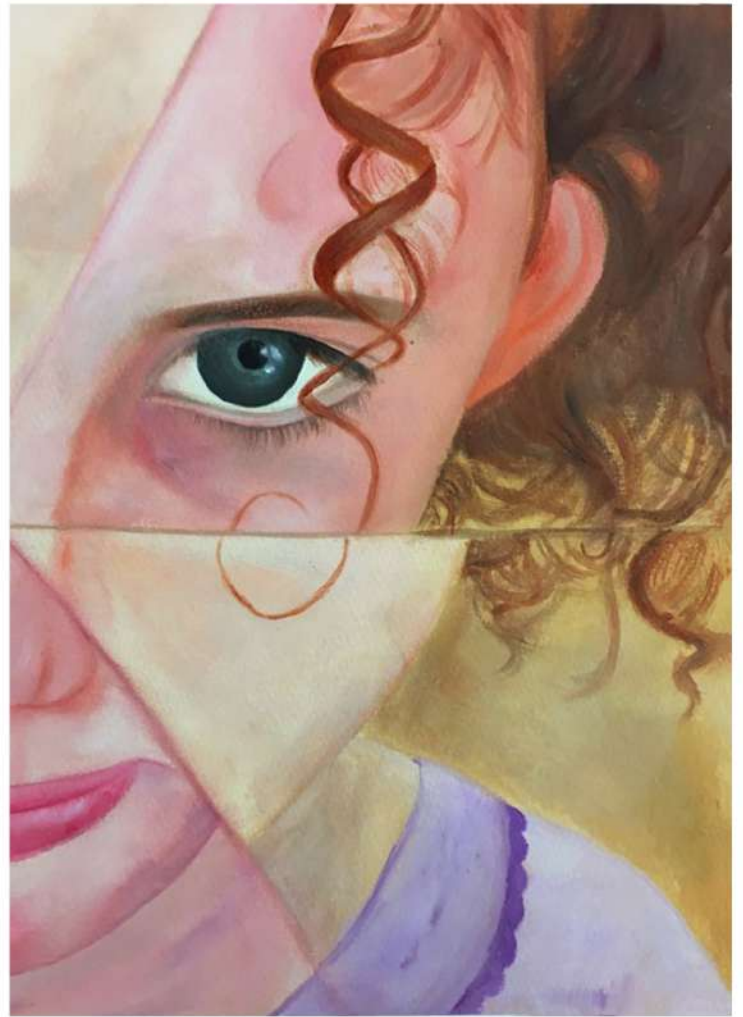
Minji Rachel Kim



Sense and Sensibility  
-7-



# Min Suh Song



## Crossing Over