**A Night of Counting the Stars**

Poem by Yun Dong-ju (윤동주), 1946.

Poetry collection: Sky, Wind, Stars, and Poetry (하늘과 바람과 별과 시), 1948.

Translated by Tony Kim. (http://m.tonysweb.biz/song\_poem/work/a-night-of-counting-the-stars.html)

The sky is full to the brim with autumn

as the season makes its way across it.

It is as if I had no worries at all

so I could count all the stars nestled in autumn.

Yet I cannot quite finish counting all those stars

that are settling in my heart one by one,

because mornings have a way of coming swiftly,

because tomorrow's night is still to come,

and because the fire of my youth hasn't burnt out yet.

I see memories in one star

and love in another

and loneliness in another

my longings in another

and poetry in each

and Mother in another, Mother.

Mother, I am trying to call out a beautiful word for each star.

Names of the kids I shared desk with in grade school, such foreign

girls' names as Pae, Kyeong, Ok, and the girls who have become

mothers already, my poor neighbors, the doves, puppies, rabbits,

mules, roe deer, Francis Jammes and Rheiner Maria Rilke - I call

such names of poets.

They are all so far away from me.

Just as the stars are ever distant.

And Mother,

you are in North Gando which is so far away.

Longing for something I couldn't name,

I wrote my own name on this hill

which is bright with all the starlight landing,

but then I covered it up again with dirt.

True, some insects chirp through the night

because they lament their shameful names.

Yet when spring comes around to my star after winter,

even on this hill where my name is buried,

shrubs will grow thick as if boasting

like the green grass that sprouts on a grave.