



## WHEN YOU CALL ME

When you call me  
I will come to you  
like yellowed ginkgo leaves  
float in the autumn wind.

When you call me  
I will come to you  
like the new moon silently sinks away  
at night, when the mist descends above the lake.

When you call me  
I will come to you  
like the sun of an early spring penetrates the grass  
when white herons sing in the azure sky.

**SIN SÔK-CHÔNG** (Korea, 1907-1974)

*Translation: Germain Droogenbroodt*

\*\*\*

*You miss the former Poems of the Week?  
See them in English, Spanish and Dutch at the website of POINT Editions:*

[www.point-editions.com](http://www.point-editions.com)