

Portrait of My Grandfather in the Korean War (1952)

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It is a shriveled photo, muffling in
black and white. A man stands in the
trenches, his face unlit and sleeves
rolled up to reveal the arms covered
in dark blood. Beneath his feet lays two
in massive black, their eyes closed and
mouths shut with arms folded across their
belts. The rifles, tainted with blood,
gleam in white. A boy runs across
the man in oversized boots, looking
down at overlaying heaps of black. A
woman lifted her skirt and stumbled
over rubbles as she held the child's
hand. The explosion in a distance
sprinkles grey and white in black smoke.
Everything else is heaving away from the
noise of the silence of the photograph in the way
the blinds grasp light; *the shrouded sky gifted
death to whom fired when the light shone
upon them, leaving the survivors in dark
of guilt.*