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Comfort Women of WWII

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Pleiades: Literature in Context, Volume 40, Issue 2, Summer 2020, p. 85
(Article)

Published by University of Central Missouri, Department of English
and Philosophy

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1353/plc.2020.0102>



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O, freedom from teeth, from looking like a doll.
Hair? *Until it grows white like green onion roots*, sweethearts' vows
except Japanese "lovers" charged with swords, their war pants ballooned
at thighs, ripped our undies, black night or moon.

Hair? Crisp straw. Lips, moist at seventeen, now
leather strips, quinoa-grain voice, erased lyric.
Pants ballooned, "lovers" pistoned us, eclipse or moon.
Am I lying?

You

Leather lips, frog-voices, erased lyric.
The entrance to a grave welcomes me.
Did I get rich?
Kings took slave women to their graves; I shall shed my men.

lying

The entrance to my grave, grave.
Their boots stomped, swords clanged, seaweed dark or dawn.
O, freedom from teeth, coy lips.
Emperors took their women to eternity; I shall shed my men.

whore!¹

¹The voices of Japanese conservatives slung at Korean "comfort women" visiting Japan on their trips to present testimonies of their lives as "comfort women" of WWII.

