

# Through Window Cracks

by [Grace Lee](#) (April 2025)



A Royal Naval Dockyard On The Thames (Louis Dodd)

## Through Window Cracks

Like an ocean tide erasing footprints  
in the sand, darkness engulfed her entirely.  
Waves crashed wildly against the ship's  
exterior, booming like grand drumbeats.  
The sunlight was a dying ember,  
peeking only faintly through window cracks.

Her goodbye seemed to have been mere  
moments ago, yet the distance between herself  
and the land now stretched faster and further

than the sea's horizon. The memory of the hasty farewell painted across her mind like a blurry photograph as regret clung like rainwater onto her unsettled thoughts.

Now, her homeland drifted, shriveled, and faded, slowly disappearing from her blurry view.

### **a divine dinner tune**

when we gathered around the kitchen table, holding hands as my mother said grace, the clatter of plates rang like beating drums while the dumplings cracked like fireworks on the frying pan. our voices were keys of a piano. every conversation played in my ears as a melodic tune. blinded by rising steam and golden, glimmering sunlight peeking through the windows, all i sensed was laughter. chuckles were strings on a violin as we sang the same song. i realized i no longer feared forever, rather, the end. i yearned for time to slow as the voices of my siblings rang like church bells through my ears. i muttered a "thank you" to whoever watched over us, as this joy could be the work of no less than divine powers.

## **Glimmering Light**

The table is painted with colors,  
from maroon-red strawberries  
to potatoes as soft and golden  
as the sunrays beaming through  
the tall windows. Glimmering  
light bathes the family in warmth.

Father's voice booms across  
the table, as deep as the chimes  
of our centuries-old grandfather  
clock. Mother chuckles at his  
remarks. Her laugh rings like  
a hummingbird's soft chirp.

My younger brother speaks  
in bursts, his voice resembling  
the jovial pops of confetti cannons.  
His words fade behind the sharp  
tone of his older brother, whose  
serious words bring teasing smiles.

As the sunlight bounces from  
soul to soul, so do my eyes,  
watching the symphony of chuckles  
and remarks harmonize like an  
orchestra. The sound wraps around  
the room as comfort envelops us all.

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**Grace Lee**, a high school student in Seoul, South Korea, is passionate about words. Whether crafting stories or poems, she

blends her unique perspective with the vibrant culture of Seoul. Excited to contribute to the literary landscape, Grace's writing reflects the universal themes of adolescence in a big city.

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