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A Serious Discussion with Ed Shim

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A Serious Discussion with Ed Shim

Ripping into a turkey-bacon club,
he launched into an exchange
about how he met his future wife
behind a rose bush in a public park
in the southeast part of Seoul, Korea:

"It was crazy August sunshine blistering
the smog. Bob kept asking me about the bars
when all I wanted was an American cigarette.
Working in the *wakjan*, trying to teach
those unruly little Asian bastards English
nearly destroyed me. But it wasn't the job
that killed me, it was education."

"What do you mean, 'education?'" By the way,
you gonna eat the rest of those fries?"

"Take the fuckin' fries. Anyway I'm no
educator. I'd rather provoke — sympathy,
rage, resentment, hate, whatever their parents
won't agree with. No money anyhow."

"So that's why you kicked in that metal desk?"
And what about that pickle, you want it?"

"Hey, the desk wasn't my fault. I slipped
tryin' to slap that little kid, and my knee
slammed into the desk. Damn thing's still
swollen up. Anyway, if that administrator
hadn't told me to take a walk, I never
would've taken a walk. Never would've met her."

Carl Boon '96