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What was forgotten became a rock-under-water. Submerged in the waves of oblivion, it rises from the water. And because people can’t call it an island, they call it a yeo. Crying yeo, Bird yeo, Daecheon’s mom yeo, Chilling yeo, Black yeo . . .

Around these names something hovers, like the cry of a wave that whirled around for a long time and then passed them by. While some hang their memories out to dry in the sun, which might have sunk under the wave forever, others try to give a name to their faces only to disappear in a flash; they might have called the rock that never returned, even at ebb tide, yeo. It’s not because the tide was ebbing that the yeo revealed itself, but because the birds circled low over the submerged rock and fluttered their wings for a few days. From their wet wings came the sound of yeo.