

Kahramanmaraş  
Metropolitan Municipality

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KAHRAMANMARAS  
METROPOLITAN  
MUNICIPALITY

CULTURAL  
PUBLICATIONS

**POEM**

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Duran Doğan

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**CHILDREN'S POETRY**  
**FROM THE POETS OF KAHRAMANMARAŞ**  
**-ANTHOLOGY-**

Editor

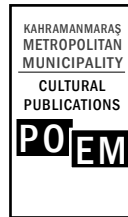
**DURAN BOZ**

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## Poems Dedicated to Children and Childhood

Childhood is one's homeland. One weaves his personality as he journeys towards his childhood. Thus, things gathered from the country of childhood and from every stage of a lifetime become the essential elements of one's identity. For this reason the childhood memories carry a great importance in the life of an individual. Because one is the product of lives he has got involved in. One gathers the things he keeps from what he has experienced and internalized of the universe of values he was born into at a place. He regards these and makes decisions based on them. This cycle goes on continuously.

Childhood is the period to search out the richness of human life. While it is realised that those having gone through a happy childhood are content with their lives, those who have lived their childhood in cycles of pain and distress are usually seen dissatisfied. Although this situation does not imply certainty, the general flow points to such a direction. This is what reality which gathers speed from the world of heartbreaking brokenness reveals.

Kahramanmaraş, as poet Alâeddin Özdenören puts it, is a "Land of Poetry" in every respect. Poets gather poems, "In the exuberant, fertile countryside and trees, fragrant brightly colored flowers, sun-fried fruits of the South." Poetry prepares this accumulation for those who know how to call for it when the time comes. "Inspiration does not come when it is expected", but rather when it is requested. In the poems of the poets of Kahramanmaraş, the city appears with every feature it carries. With a selection of poems, we sought to round off this situation, which is significant in terms of the creation of an accumulation and attention to poetry. Consequently the preparation of the book ***Children's Poetry From the Poets of Kahramanmaraş -Anthology-*** was very important to us. I congratulate poet/writer Duran Boz, who contributed to the preparation of the selection, as well as everyone who contributed to the creation of the book, from editing to technical preparation.

**HAYRETTİN GÜNGÖR**  
**Mayor of Metropolitan Municipality**

## **DURAN BOZ**

He was born in 01.01.1958, in the village of Hacıyüpoğlu in Kahramanmaraş. He completed his primary and secondary education in Kahramanmaraş. He graduated from Marmara University Faculty of Theology. He worked at Çamaş and Ağabeyli middle schools, Kahramanmaraş İmam Hatip High School, Mehmet Gümüşer Anadolu High School and Kahramanmaraş Social Sciences High School. Currently he works at Kahramanmaraş Anadolu High School. He started his writing journey with a group of friends at the newspaper Işık and Kelam magazine. His poems and writings were published in the magazines; Edebiyat, Yeni Sıla, İkinci Yazıları, Kayıtlar, Yedi İklim and Hece. He used the name Ömer Erinç as a pseudonym in his poems and writings. While he was a teacher at Kahramanmaraş İmam Hatip High School, he also worked as an editor in the magazine "Dost" published by the high school and the magazine "Dört Mevsim Düşünce" which was published by Kahramanmaraş Yıldırım Beyazıt Anadolu High School and Mehmet Gümüşer Anadolu High School. Nowadays he works as the editor-in-chief of the literature magazine "Yitiksöz". He continues his new works in the fields of poetry, essay, biography. He is married and is the father of six children.



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## NECİP FAZIL KISAKÜREK

(1904-1983)

### Children Weeping\*

In caged homes children weep  
While the sun is still sinking on the rooms  
Then is the time a face brightens in my sight  
A face wrinkled, weeping.

Starts the children's great grief  
Whenever darkness covers the ground  
Their eyes look around, full of fear:  
What if the morning does not appear?

Just when the sounds cease bit by bit  
At night, a black hand blindfolds my eyes  
I hear, taken shelter in me, cries  
A little orphan, a little child...

1924

---

\* Çile, Büyük Doğu Yay., İstanbul, 2004.

**Lullaby\***

Angels walk about in this desolate place,  
Sleep O child, beautiful as the day!  
You will recall this deep, sweet sleep  
With a longing heart, trembling

Sleep, that the days cease like water  
That eyebrows descend on your violet eyes  
That tomorrow, at dawn, you can be content  
Of the birds' tenor, waking upon the sun.

Sleep child, gives you sorrow the evening  
It is your eyes now sleep is batting  
In the lake of sleep your head is swimming  
Sleep before ruffling the calm waters.

1925

---

\* Çile, Büyük Doğu Yay., İstanbul, 2004.

## Child\*

A child whose mouth smells as roses if his mother smells a rose  
A child; a bud, raising a tree inside a tree...

In child resides an endeavour to raise up to the sky with a kite;  
Asks “why, how?” and wonders if he glances at an ant...

His face, a bright seal from the blessing of conqueror  
We are prisons of the mind, he is free who is child...

Allah says: “My mercy prevails over my wrath!”  
Statue of compassion, an orphan with mourning eyes...

Cry today child, tomorrow you will not be able to!  
What you understood now, later you won't be reaching to!

Eternity circle of the humanity chain;  
The pendulum ticks in the hearts of child...

1983

---

\* Çile, Büyük Doğu Yay., İstanbul, 2004.



# ŞEVKET YÜCEL

(1930-2001)

## Send Me\*

Send me the sunshine of love  
I am cold, let me warm up a little  
I turned pale, let me bush out  
And present a bunch to my hands from the flowers of hope

Send me a sentence  
Where beauties speak inside  
Let my heart overflow after reading it

Post me a longing  
With the longing birds  
Add your children laughs inside the letter too  
When I receive, one by one  
I will spread them to all the people  
Thus our world becomes livable

---

\* Güz Rengi Ayrılıklar, Özgün Yay., Adana, 2000.

**A Ballad All Children Are\***

Go on and forget  
The days spent with them, how can you  
Their eyes were made of love, how warm they were

Now it is pomegranate trees  
Now it is a stream  
Yellow stones touching the sky there now

Whenever I think of them  
An old song in my ears,  
Goats bleat in front of me

---

\* Sevgi Güneşi, Lazer Ofset Yay., Ankara, 1994.

Şevket Yücel / A Ballad All Children Are

They were in a mud roofed school  
How they would look into my eyes  
How deep, how sincere

Now it is all roosters there  
Their orange coloured crowings  
Whenever I see an orange  
The children of that day  
They come and pass before my eyes

**Say It Mum\***

Asked the child  
Is love a bird mum  
Which branches do they fly on  
Lean over my ear and say it

Mum answered  
It is a bird son, love is pleasant  
It takes in the world  
Fluttering whitely

Asked the child  
Is knowledge a sky mum  
Does it reach beyond the mountains  
Where does it go

---

\* Güz Rengi Ayrılıklar, Özgün Yay., Adana, 2000.



Mum answered  
Knowledge is a sky son  
It does not fit within the orbit  
It stretches forever

Asked the child  
Is world a flower mum  
Who makes it into a knife  
What are all these guns

Mum answered  
The world is a flower son, for those who know to love it  
Enmity makes a knife of whatever is beautiful  
For this reason the weapons increase



## BAHAETTİN KARAKOÇ

(1930-2018)

### A Couple of White Eagles\*

Which highland is green, where the partridge is plenty  
Let us be there with you child  
Rocks and pebbles... standing back to back;  
Some are new disciples, some are saints.  
Let the grass wave as we walk  
Let the waters quiet down when the snow melts  
Laugh for me in the colour blue in the afterglow of the sun  
Let us hop from peaks to peaks  
I have one hand on you, on the heavens my other hand lands  
Let our hearts beat as one,  
Let who sees us speak of us, making a mountain out of a molehill.

Which highland has snow, where the flower is plenty  
Let us be there with you child  
Clouds, clouds... they have intertwined  
Clouds, they cast a veil to the sky;  
Let us pick colchicum, harvest flowers  
Let us drink melodies when thirsty  
Do not let a rose thorn prick your hand,  
Always look after me, and I will always look after you.  
Let us go up high and throw rocks,  
Let us look at the sound blasting out, the dust raising,  
When the rabbits get a fright of this sound  
Whistle to the rabbits skipping out.

---

\* Bir Çift Beyaz Kartal - The Complete Works 3-, Nar Yay., Istanbul, 2016.

Bahaettin Karakoç / A Couple of White Eagles

Which highland is holy, where there is no fight  
Let us fly there with you child;  
Be it Maraş or Erzincan,  
Places are not borders for the dream of eternity.  
Your head on my shoulder, my shoulder on the sky  
Death becomes a white flower in this freedom,  
And living is a riot of lights,  
It is the fancy of love that is purling.  
You know, in that early time of the sky,  
The stars unite one by one;  
Wherever is the furthest, let us go there,  
Let us push past the clouds and go there.

Which highland is cool, where there is no slander,  
Let us fly with you there child.  
Oaks, junipers, pines side by side  
Let them pay obeisance to us when we flutter.  
Let all the shepherds be taken aback, saying;  
A couple of white eagles, hey, what is that?  
We see it for the first time, let those who see it say  
Let the news circulate in every tribe.  
Let Istanbul it be seen from, the Keşiş mountains,  
When every mountain lake radiates flaking.  
Beautiful friend, O, a heart acquainted with gloom,  
Let us go hopping, like partridges.

16.01.1985

### **The Moon and the Children \***

The moon is a grandfather with a face shining  
It sings to them at night  
So that the children do not get afraid  
Smiles and reads fairy tales

The moon is a silver chamber  
As the children look at it in the sky  
Slowly revolves the moon,  
Radiating around

The moon is a big wheel  
Made of copper or white oak  
Hops like partridges  
Between every cloud.

---

\* Bir Çift Beyaz Kartal - The Complete Works 3-, Nar Yay., Istanbul, 2016.

The moon is a snowwhite foal  
Its hooves sparking  
Stars stuck on its mane  
It keeps pulling off

The moon is a huge candy  
Children eat it with their eyes  
Lick it with their hearts  
The moon melts away

The moon is a red balloon  
It has its ribbon in children's hands  
Just then the kids sleep  
And the balloon slowly collapses

*04.08.1990*

## For You\*

I

-Aybike said: "Can you write a poem for me?" I can, I said. It happened all of a sudden. Like a lightning, Aybike had struck Karakoç, the one who does not obey any commandments or requests, And I sat and wrote; once more... I dedicate these poems, holding Aybike's hand, to all children of my heartland, having the dreams' invitations.-

Aybike Aksoy my little one  
You are the most secret flower  
In the poem gardens  
Lovelier than every flower

Suppose that like the snowdrops/Like the blue belly of deer/  
Like rose/Like centaurea/It is you who carries all colours of  
the rainbow/You are the first door of cleanliness/ You are the  
universal heart of the resurrection of love

What are all of these stars  
In the colours of your eyes  
Grudge, lust and blood are absent  
But there is the alif of Allah

---

\* Kar Sesi -The Complete Works 2-, Nar Yay., Istanbul, 2015.

You have a scent of pure milk/You have a theme of the  
eternal/A density filled with light/A felicity filled with home/  
Nobility from top to toe/The most beautiful mercy/Is you

Speaks the toys  
When your hand touches them  
Your fingers of polyphony  
Thinner than a string of tar

You have a voice of zamzam/You have a state of pleasantry/  
You are the most beautiful fate/You are the most beautiful  
poem/You are always rain as to my heart

Aybike my baby piece of the moon  
Stay always a heart as this  
I do not wish you to grieve  
This age is a rabid jackal

Open your way with sincere commitment/Be a face of yours  
your homeland/The other a veteran flag Be the one to pass  
the time/Spread your light yourself

My grandfather is not Korkut  
But Karakoç you will say  
He was playing for the poem  
The first time I saw him

O the snowwhite pigeon/If asks one day/One of the most  
halal children/If one of them seeks the pure truth/Be my  
witness and that is enough/This fellowship and this reliance/  
This hope is for you



**For You\***

II

Aybike a silk without battle  
A splendour is your pure fabric  
I wish you stand upright as a mountain  
May your face never have wrinkles

The things we have seen / Ah if the curtains ever rise/  
If breaks the magnifying class of edict / If unseals the  
friend tongues / No there's still time for that / Do not  
hear much for now / But

In the waters devoid of storm  
Your joy is in full sail  
A haunted country your voice becomes  
While the spicas spring

I have a tale for you / Listen to it and do not ask questions  
/ Koca Reis one morning / Sailed into the seas / The  
sun saluted the captain's vessel / Route / to the land of  
happiness / When the coasts were seen / All of a sudden  
the waters split / Enemies torpedoed the captain's vessel  
/ And the ones who knew the truth / said the fix is in  
/ They did

---

\* Kar Sesi -The Complete Works 2-, Nar Yay., Istanbul, 2015.

Look, my muse  
The sea is not a treacher  
It does not frighten any secret  
If the dirt does not drop from us

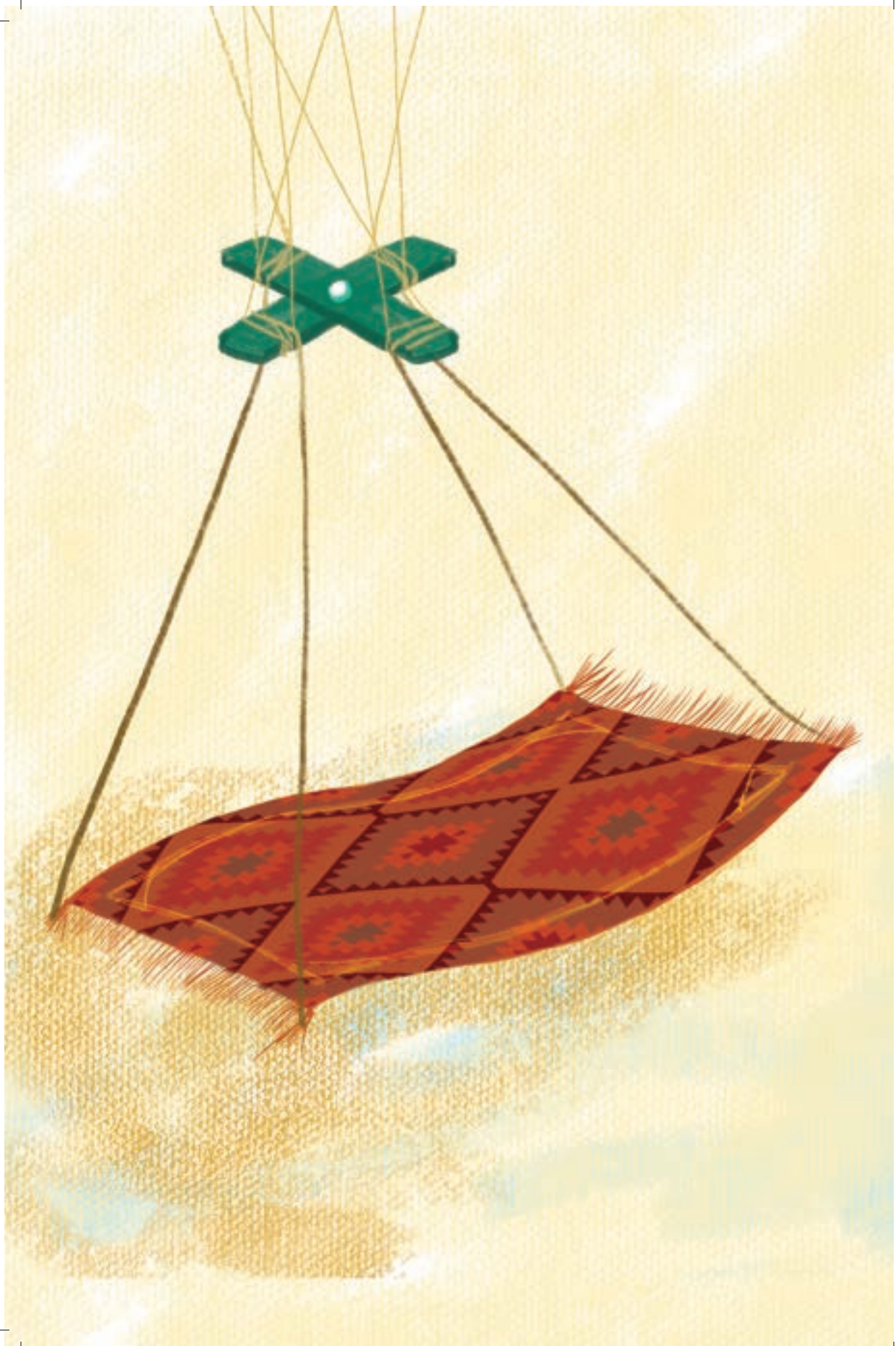
Another reality now / the most poisonous flower / Do  
you know / How is earned the keep / Do you know what  
unemployment means / Or firedamp explosion / A hell  
an oven is / The dead scattered / What does it mean  
that hearts are dark graves

White poplar wants to fly  
It is ignorant of its crash  
Bird is more free than the poplar  
I haven't seen it collapse

Under every burden / Comes a lost generation / If  
you deal with these / All museums smell / Turn your  
binoculars to the sky / Unload your burden high /  
Filter the essence of life / See neither unemployment,  
terror / Nor chicane and blood / Love solely for Allah  
/ Listen solely to the prophet / Let the identity of your  
every action be Qur'an / Apply the cream of your faith  
generously to your face / And always stay fresh / Let  
your heart be a home country to the most beautiful songs

Aybike light of dawn  
When the earth awakes  
You are a book beauty  
In the chest of time

What is not forgotten / What has not the open eye of  
history witnessed / Now let go of these / Fairy tale /  
There was a pirate cat / It constantly mewed Day and  
night / It chased its prey / It attacked the birds / Because  
of the pirate cat / The gardens turned into graveyards /  
To whom will the world be left / Will be left to this savage  
as well / One day a machete which fell / Cut up the cat's  
tail / Then ended the fairy tale / Put your dolls to sleep  
/ Come on / Have a rest darling / Lullaby to happy days



# ABDURRAHİM KARAKOÇ

(1932-2012)

## Advice To The Baby\*

Harvest time of loot in the past  
I called you to come fast  
Now things have changed, stop and listen to me  
    Wend a nine month way in sixty months  
    Do not be born baby, before five years have passed.

Your uncle, mother, father are timber  
The worker, officer, farmer, shepherd are timber  
The shops, bazaars, all around are timber  
    Either baulk or mainmast the people are  
    Do not be born baby, before five years have passed.

If you are born, you would not be able to find a three-day job  
You would get hungry, you would not find bread and food  
Cheap soil, free stone you would not find  
    To live means shame and disgrace  
    Do not be born baby, before five years have passed.

---

\* Beşinci Mevsim, Bizim Ocak Yay., Ankara, 1987.

There's poisonous honey in the bee comb  
And neither direction nor a way there is to escape  
Grit your teeth, beg your mum  
    Waiting there is easier than here  
    Do not be born baby, before five years have passed.

Wolves turned into leeches, they peeled off their fleece  
Who runs away, gets rid of his friends, fellows  
Changed the gardener, rotted the market garden,  
    The cucumbers are bitter, watermelons unripe  
    Do not be born baby, before five years have passed.

The situation has become desperate  
To live has become a suffering, torture  
Flattery has become a high virtue.  
    The artists are weasels, the genius monkey  
    Do not ever be born baby, if you listen to my word.

### The Wanted Childhood\*

The roads are in coma, streets drunk  
I lost it, nobody saw my childhood  
My essence is in flames, my hands empty  
I ask for it, nobody gives my childhood.

As snows falling the years have come and passed  
Wherever I look, as if there comprises homesickness  
As if a painting, as if a carpet, as if a spring.  
On my horizon nobody stretches my childhood

It used to run, unconcerned of the stream, the hills  
It saw happy dreams, lived happily  
From a single drop it would ripple and overflow  
Nobody cares about my childhood.

Where are the rocks, birds, flowers  
Where the fish, insects and butterflies  
Where did it go, where are all these truth  
Nobody unfurls my childhood.

---

\* Gökçekimi The Complete Poems 6-, Kadim Yay., Ankara, 2018.

### **Painful Feelings\***

Childhood, my child years  
Have gone and have not come back.  
My dear friends, kicking around  
Have gone and have not come back.

I grew up, I have become an adolescent  
For a gazelle I have fallen,  
By then the bird of my heart  
Have gone and have not come back.

The spring I leant and drank,  
The snow falling on me at night,  
The spring of thirty years ago  
Have gone and have not come back.

---

\* Beşinci Mevsim, Bizim Ocak Yay., Ankara, 1987.



The time pushes, the earth pulls  
The tree of life sheds its leaves  
My loved ones severally  
Have gone and have not come back.

My loves have turned into sufferings  
I overflowed with longings  
Even days, months and years  
Have gone and have not come back.



# NURİ PAKDİL

(1934-2019)

## Mothers and Jerusalems\*

I

The waters of fall flow in front of our town  
Winter defence  
Our town is base to the other towns  
Dhaka is a camera of the east now  
Shooting death

Your fingers showed the future one by one  
A green mantle stopping on your knees  
Fade the sea from the scene  
Place monuments instead  
At the top of ancient stones  
At the top of new age weapons

In the afternoon of the protest  
We strung the old roses together  
We hewed  
The right of the age which smeared on our bread  
By opening the book

---

\* Anneler ve Kudüsler, Edebiyat Dergisi Yay., Ankara, 2018.

The scent of rose in your breath  
Pulls me to an attempt  
Just as  
An unending page being read

More vigorous beyond  
Brighter than as in reality  
Glamorous  
Just as a thirty-three story building  
Just as blood flowing in our veins  
The line of Hamid

II

The horse jumped the rope  
Horses breathing books  
Child called the horse  
The horse recognized the child

Pull the sea with my mother's head scarf O beloved  
Then the horse will pass the sea

An infinite horse comes with the forests you know  
It comes in the dreams of children too perhaps you  
have seen it  
Rides it  
The circumciser

People would go to Algeria by horses  
My father would come to the vineyard with horse  
The new Ali  
Will tour Paris on horseback

The one who rides horse good  
Passes Hazar all in one breath  
The English slowly  
Falls into the trap of valiant men riding horse

III

Experience Mountain Tûr  
So you know where Jerusalem is  
I carry Jerusalem like a wrist watch

Without being set for Jerusalem  
The time you spend is in vain  
It will frost  
Your eyes will turn blind

Come  
Be a mother  
Because a mother  
Makes a Jerusalem out of a child

When a man becomes a father  
A Jerusalem revives in him

Walk my brother  
Let a strength of Jerusalem rouse in your feet

*January 1972*

IV

A delicate grape is a mother's heart  
the crying of the child  
the desert on a muslin  
wraps the mother's heart with it

The child is a map  
mother looks with the eyes of the child  
sleeps the child  
mother is the timeless watcher

If the streets are narrow  
the mother gets suffocated  
these horses  
require wide space

The child runs  
K too behindhand  
there is a piece of Jerusalem in the hearts everyone which is K  
now mother leaves the heart she held in its place

Riverbeds  
are children's pockets  
all rivers are in the pockets of children day  
and night we do not know

When reaches the lord of word  
to the flesh of the child  
the mountain becomes smooth as cotton  
mothers seek for that mountain

Nuri Pakdil / Mothers and Jerusalem

Tries the child  
the child neck in front is machine gun  
when the dust raises from feet  
Including the child below both of them are horses

From the east or the west  
we will see a child walking to Jerusalem  
I took out long time ago from the east  
mothers seek for me everywhere

The child has seen the mediterranean  
what exists in every country  
is a  
K

A bomb grows in his hand  
the bomb verily is a closed child hand  
but the child  
seems contradictory to death

Death is a law as well  
increases K  
a presentation to mothers good morning  
child leader

*November 1973*



V

Blue beam wanders in a mother's shirt  
honey bee sea water  
the phantom of children  
looks after Jerusalems

It does not snow the mother flies through her eyes  
mother's hand is a meadow  
when the child plays  
it widens further

Mother's shirt sewing is a poem to Jerusalem  
location of thread stemming from the needle shows our way  
square or rectangle  
is the scar on the mother's child cheek

When the mother contemplates  
jerusalems come closer  
and in the hands of a godless  
looks at a jerusalem map with an approach of jerusalem

Word mother's teeth  
thirty-two words in some, thirty-three in others  
learning these words,  
thereby the child grows

The most vivid relation between the temple and the heart  
when our hearts stuck  
we understood  
a stone has been reduced from al-aqsa

Human  
heredity  
his hopes reflect to the sky  
as he looks in the mirror

And when the child smiles  
gleams al-aqsa  
al-aqsa knows  
the child will place that stone

Which is something of cherry which something of weapon  
children's  
eyes  
fingers

When the father brings  
the bread which has assimilated Jerusalem  
the mother renews her oath  
on cherry and weapon

Nuri Pakdil / Mothers and Jerusalems

All in one happens the mother oath and the child breath  
along the high tide  
the father knows  
that the machine plowing soil says of jerusalem with melancholy

Mourning is unbecoming  
of poetry and children's faces  
which the child faces bring us  
the requirement of independence

Passes the time  
in the run of jerusalem  
but it understands  
that children are ahead all the time

*February, 1974*



# ŞEREF TURHAN

(1934-1999)

## Yearning\*

O Allah why did you raise me up  
To my childhood I want to return

*1957, Report*

---

\* The Complete Poems of Şeref Turhan, Prepared By: Serdar Yakar,  
Ukde Kitaplığı, Kahramanmaraş, 2012.



## ERTUĞRUL KARAKOÇ

(1936-2015)

### The Child and The Crane\*

Children are like cranes-a bit like children cranes are,  
Sparkling blue in their palms.  
They're just as a little poetry, a little dream,  
Like baby seagulls in white foamy waters.

Cranes are like children-a bit like cranes the children are,  
Songs of morning in their eyes.  
In Ceyhan surroundings-or at showcases  
Children wait for the evening, cranes wait,  
So as to listen to the most mournful tales.

I like the cranes-a thousand greetings to the children...  
I like the children-a thousand greetings to the cranes...  
I like the children and the cranes,  
A thousand greetings to the blue;  
A thousand greetings to the roses blooming in their eyes.

Cranes and children fly about at dawn,  
At dawn they glance at each other with our dreams.  
Become the most meaningful sculpture,  
Cranes and children at dawn.

Cranes don't visit lands any more,  
Nobody left speaking sweetly, suavely...  
All is poisonous, all is hurtful.  
And the children are lamenting,  
The best part of the kite broke off.

---

\* Turnama Ađıt Yakamam, Dolunay Yay., Kahramanmaraş, 1988.

### **It Flew, My Dreams Flew\***

Not only the birds children,  
Everything beautiful flew you have not seen  
Your glances flew, your hands,  
The streets you played hula hoop flew...  
The rivers flowed dirty, faucets dry,  
My dreams flew children, you have not heard.

Not only the birds flew children,  
The clouds did not fly about,  
The colour blue in your eyes, books in the bag flew  
Mountain peaks became a lament-windless, cloudless,  
Stones with purple violets flew;  
Children, my dreams flew.

This land would bloom early on,  
Fish would dally in these waters,  
Children would run horses from a cane  
Under the drooping willows.  
There are not any children now, no drooping willow,  
No fish playing in the blue waters;  
All flew away children, you have not seen.

Bees do not return to the hive children,  
Flowers are dry...  
Waters do not flow from the fountains any more,  
The sorrow of clouds in your eyes.  
It does not give your kite, no matter what I do.

---

\* Turnama Ağıt Yakamam, Dolunay Yay., Kahramanmaraş, 1988.



**This Is a Lament to the Children\***

Get your hands off my dreams child,  
Look, I am cold...  
A mountain loneliness in rose longing eyes,  
Turtle doves may fly, wait a little more,  
Wait a little more you may walk,  
Your eyes may smile to the light.

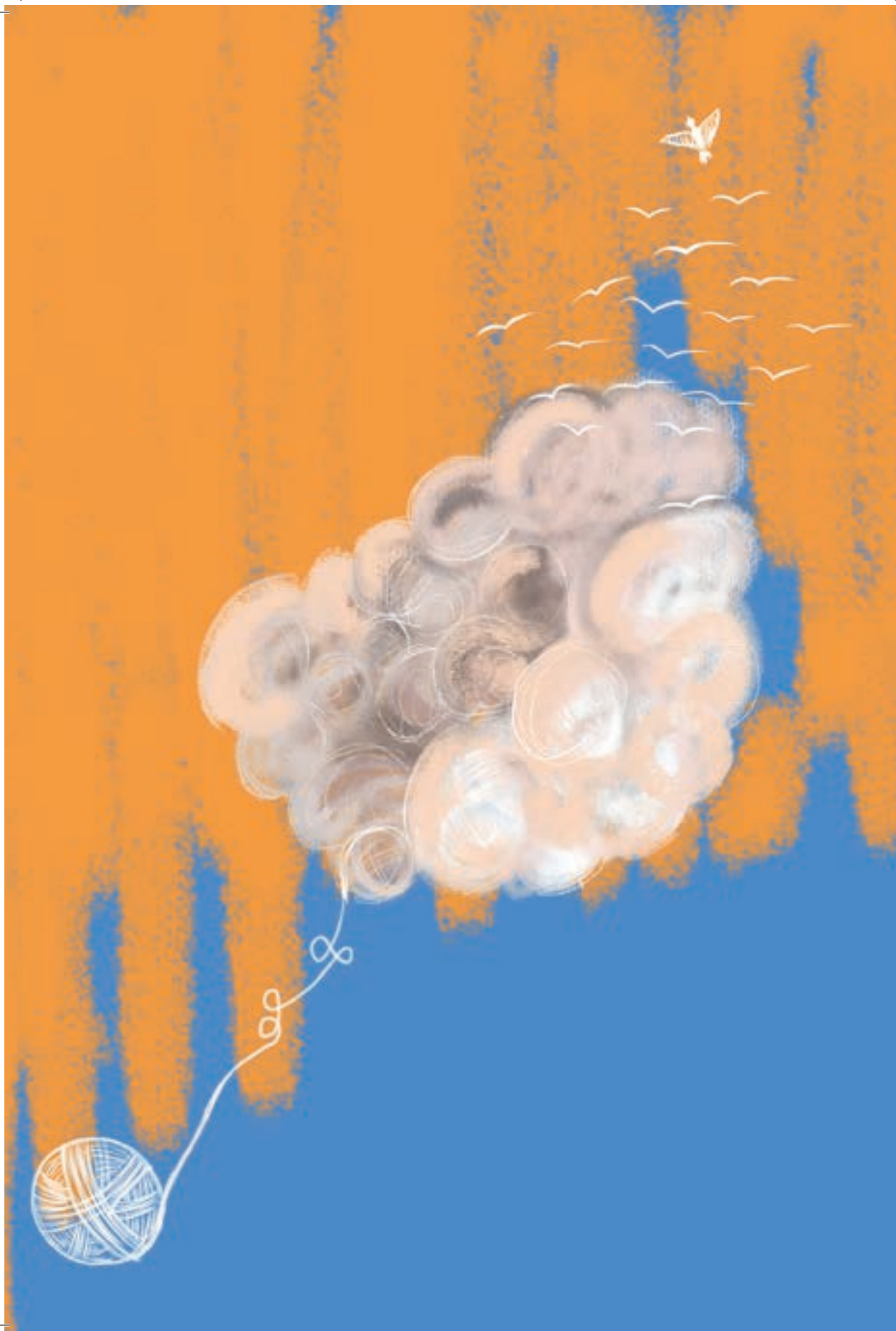
You are a child-or a lament, the rest is a lie from now on,  
A poetry dilemma is your most beautiful cry.  
Do not believe it even if your bridges call you  
You are not on those white foamed waves.  
Wait a little more you may smile,  
Your tales may fly into the light.

You are a child-or a lament, the rest is a lie from now on...  
You are an irreversible kite in the blue skies.  
Beyond a silenced time child  
You are rose, lament and bread.  
Wait a little more  
Into your hands your eyelashes may fly.

Soon the evening will begin and you will sleep,  
I will write an elegy to you, do not cry...  
Give your eyes to me, I am cold,  
You no longer exist in the memories...  
It's okay if you do not wait any longer,  
The most beautiful one is dying towards the lightness.

---

\* Turnama Ağıt Yakamam, Dolunay Yay., Kahramanmaraş, 1988.



## ERDEM BAYAZIT

(1939-2008)

### Of Child Nature\*

/Free/

The rope is in the child's hand balloon is at the end of the rope  
For a long time now the child fills the sky  
The land patiently keeps waiting in case  
Who knows maybe one day it will become snow and fall

---

\* Poems – Sebeb Ey, Risaleler, Gelecek Zaman Risalesi-, İz, Istanbul, 2013.



## ARIF EREN

(1939)

### Happiness of World\*

Good news hang on the tip of the tongue  
Lips cannot bear this delight  
The pomegranate sample is divided into two

The house turns into a happiness scene  
A speech made as Dede Korkut  
Is the best of the wishes

In company of the crib the lullaby is sung  
The baby sleeps by listening  
To the mother's voice in a Yunus hymn

A Çanakkale and a Tuna melody  
Is meticulously processed in a sound frame  
Love of the ancestors to the fresh heart

Passing from the solid bridges  
The baby will walk by himself  
Choosing god's path as a guide

---

\* Şiir Burcunda Çocuk, Prepared By: Hüseyin Özbay, Bahattin Karakoç, Mustafa Tatçı, Ministry of Education, Istanbul, 1993.



## AKIF İNAN

(1940-2000)

### Turn Your Face to Me\*

Come walk child to faith and love  
let the clouds adorn from our contract

Every wing that opens carries your name  
pours it to the gardens of hope

Your shadow surrounds my dream long since  
Pecks my mind the blood of resistance

Exhibition of tyrants under the sledgehammers  
Is broken into pieces by men of light

Your hands loaded with the consciousness of Ibrahim  
The world's love magazine is your heart

The seeds carry the tree on the head  
The vein pieces the soil with basmala

O you with your blessing, mind and thought  
presented to you towards the eternity

And one day the times will come in front of you  
having worn the clothes of existence

Straighten up, face to me give me your hand  
Greetings to you from the dungeons of war

---

\* Poems – Hicret & Tenha Sözlür-, İz, İstanbul, 2014.





## ALAEDDİN ÖZDENÖREN

(1940-2003)

### Unaware\*

The child smiles in his sleep  
Unaware of the bitter scream of the years  
The dark plays with his hands  
Silently.

Oh my baby  
My wind haired baby  
If you only knew the situation people are in  
At this gloomy loneliness the blunting  
Light is mine.

On this road stretching away  
By crying again and again,  
I have got my mind in this whirlpool of  
Life.

The child smiles in his sleep  
Unaware of the bitter scream of the years  
The dark plays with his hands  
Silently.

---

\* The Complete Poems, İz, Istanbul, 2017.

**An Elegy to Kerem\***

Streams of nothingness behind me  
Roses of existence in front of me  
My hands are the hands of Kerem  
News of children from afar  
They said Kerem died  
The one who gathers beauties died

The bond of my life my son  
The net of my heart my son  
The mountain of pain my son  
The marquee of suffering my son  
Wind blows poison my son  
The plain in front of me  
Is a bloodshot my son  
The sky overall  
Is a sorrow river my son  
The grounds must cry  
From your beauty my son

---

\* The Complete Poems, İz, Istanbul, 2017.

Alaeddin Özdenören / An Elegy to Kerem

Your longing is as water flowing thinly  
As it fills me and bursts me  
As a trap set in every corner  
As the moss of the bottom of the sea

The streams, the hills are gurgling my son.

There is our secret between us my God  
There is our dowry in a chest  
There is our passage stretching until the judgement day  
There is our fall flowing in sunken days  
The trees are bending their branches my son

Alaeddin Özdenören / An Elegy to Kerem

The beautiful child of the paradise  
His eyes of rose buds  
My little kiddy  
Do not forget this daddy  
This daddy is scorching his heart my son

A wreck at heart I am  
An unhealing wound I am  
The cure to myself I am  
My Kerem, mad I am

**The Bag of Kerem\***

In an eye of your bag my son  
There were the laughs of you  
You used to stick them on the cheeks of crying children  
There was a notebook in an eye  
That in every sheet of it  
As a star your heart would flutter.  
In an eye there were the woes of you  
You would keep them.  
The birds had nested in another eye.  
And from the handle little Kerem  
Small sorrows would leak.  
What a heavy bag was your bag.

---

\* The Complete Poems, İz, Istanbul, 2017.



## CAHİT ZARİFOĞLU

(1940-1987)

### **I Am Heading to the Wilderness\***

I am heading to the wilderness  
A kite in my hand  
In the sky the birds are flying  
For there are bird pictures  
On my kite  
They will come to life  
When I fly

I am heading to the wilderness  
Bread in my pouch  
The birds  
Spy on me  
When I open the pouch

I am heading to the wilderness  
Joy in my heart  
Rabbits  
Insects  
Waters live by my side  
When I look through my heart

In the evening  
I am returning from the wilderness  
My kite is on the tree  
Stuck in the branches  
The bread is on the bird's peak  
My heart is in my hands

---

\* Çocuklarımızla Atlara Biniyorduk, Beyan Yay., İstanbul, 2017.

**Be Like This Say Like This\***

Children are being born  
In Turkey  
Algeria  
Kenya  
In the land of the Eskimos

How long is the world  
How short

Billions and billions of children  
Came to the earth  
A couple of eyes in every one of them  
They looked at the earth-sky universe

Now the eyes  
Linger on the ware  
With billions of eyes they looked  
Twice at the rivers  
Flowing side by side  
Yet immiscible  
At the sweet waters salty waters  
At the birds  
At the eagle wandering about in mountains

There is a war there blood is flowing  
There. A blood twice Muslim

---

\* Poems, Beyan Yay., Istanbul, 2014.



And billions of children  
Throughout the history  
It grew and  
Grasped the world

While going  
They left it every time

Children are being born  
In China  
Afghanistan  
Turkey

Lightning in the morning star at night  
Neither midwives  
Nor mothers interfere the births anymore

What about this fall  
What is the world's population  
Where have gone  
The ones born, raised and who yelled

They have neither voices  
Nor bodies left

Ah children children  
Do not ever become gloomy  
When you open  
And read this poem

Now with a little  
Attention let your eyes look at me  
Let us learn this prayer  
Along the way  
Starting from the crib  
Until the graves  
Basmala first  
The most beautiful word

O Allah  
Do not let go of my hand  
Along the way  
I will fall otherwise

O Allah  
What for you have called me into being  
Say it to my heart thoroughly  
Free my way from obstacles

O Allah  
What good  
The most beautiful wished from you  
I wish such from you

O Allah  
From which evil  
Our prophet sought refuge in you  
Keep off such evil from me

O Allah  
Along the way  
Along the history  
Do not leave us adrift

**Father\***

You were the one  
Who said the adhan  
In my ear

Your height is giant  
Your arms strong  
In one move you carry  
The three of us

Every morning you go  
For our bread  
Every evening  
A feast is your return  
Tired  
But with a face smiling

If I grow up a little  
I will say  
Noo father  
It is my turn this morning  
Sit at home  
With mother  
Have a rest

---

\* Çocuklarımızla Atlara Biniyorduk, Beyan Yay., İstanbul, 2017.

Cahit Zarifođlu / Father

I will  
Run the streets  
For our livelihood

In the evening  
A huge loaf  
In my hand  
Who knows how  
Happy you will be

Noo  
Do not thank me  
I told you  
It is my turn now



ALİ AKBAŞ

(1942)

### **The Table of the Birds\***

A drop of rain water  
And a piece of full moon  
Our table is the table of birds  
Let the tea sing lullabies  
Our table is the table of birds

Above us is an upland sky  
Under us is homeland  
Grow up my baby grow up  
Your bread is the petal of roses  
Our table is the table of birds

The elixir we drink  
Is distilled from the sun  
We invited Yunus  
So that he brings luck  
Our table is the table of birds

The colour blue from the sky  
Milk from the clouds we emulge  
Come orphans come  
All forty of us can fit in  
We get satisfied without eating  
Our table is the table of birds

---

\* The Complete Poems, Bengü Yay., Ankara, 2018.

### **The Song of Babies\***

We flew from the crib  
Our wings are of light  
We became birds jokingly  
Jokingly we became birds  
    The star is beautiful, moon is beautiful  
    Elif and Umay are beautiful

The sky is a tent above us  
The earth is asleep  
Shadows of the sky  
Are in water  
    The star is beautiful, moon is beautiful  
    The brook flowing in the prairie is beautiful

Of dream, of fantasy  
The clouds are of silver  
The moon sings us a lullaby  
The lullabies are of kisses  
    The star is beautiful, moon is beautiful  
    The wheat in the field is beautiful

Moon in the sky is an orange  
It has a taste of honey, eat and you'll see  
Stars in the sky are our marbles  
Do not say no it is a fairytale  
    The star is beautiful, moon is beautiful  
    The folk dances, the halay is beautiful

---

\* The Complete Poems, Bengü Yay., Ankara, 2018.



**For the Baby\***

Your mother gave you to me  
You are as the apple I kiss and touch baby  
My God has brightened our home  
May He not leave us bereft of it baby

Let us attach a sky of blue beads to avoid the evil eye  
Let us attach an amulet burn an incense  
I am the great plane you are my arm and branch  
May the boras, blizzards not take you away

Let your mother swaddle you in blue atlases  
Let your mother tell you stories and and amuse you  
Let your mother tell the most beautiful lullaby  
May the clouds not steal your sleep baby

My dear, a lamb with henna is the oblation made for you  
As you laugh your lip opens as a rose  
I do not know what says your lips of nightingale  
But may it not wither as a rose baby

May you grow up and be the pole of flag  
May you be a leader to the soldier  
May you be a ranker worthy to the Turks  
May we die contented baby

---

\* The Complete Poems, Bengü Yay., Ankara, 2018.



## ÂŞIK MAHZUNİ ŞERİF

(1940-2002)

### Have Pity Doctor\*

I came on foot from Berçenek  
Have mercy doctor cure the baby  
I borrowed the crib from a stranger  
I am in for it doctor cure the baby

My wrecked home is in mourning  
The acquaintances I am pleading  
The mother is sicker than him  
Have mercy doctor cure the baby

Some onions and lean eatings  
My collar torn, head uncovered  
I am nothing but a fellow citizen  
Have mercy doctor cure the baby

For God's sake give me salve  
This liability kills me  
I have no money take my coat  
Have mercy doctor cure the baby

Mahzuni Şerif is a shepherd  
My home is the smoky mountains  
He is a baby yet he is human  
Have mercy doctor cure the baby

---

\* Mahzuni Şerif Yaşamı-Dünya Görüşü-Şiirleri, Süleyman Zaman, Yeniden Doğuş, Ankara, 1997.

**All Joking Aside\***

The rabbit passed to the hillside  
When saying all joking aside  
The cat drank the vinegar  
When there were not any jokes  
It missed what was required

The dry lakes got filled up with water  
Karaman was left at the mountain  
Karga became the sultan  
When there were not any jokes  
My life passed while it lasted

I was born and made from clay  
Once I lived and once I died  
Thus Mahzuni Şerif I became  
When there were not any jokes  
When I was herding sheep

---

\* Mahzuni Şerif Yaşamı-Dünya Görüşü-Şiirleri, Süleyman Zaman,  
Yeniden Doğuş Matbaası, Ankara, 1997.

### Sleep Little One Sleep\*

The winter of life I have suffered  
We have bread of poison this year too, sleep  
Little one come do not cry and upset me  
This crying is a fire to my heart sleep

I have not even a penny to buy a shroud  
Let me send news to my uncles  
I have not a single land to find a grave  
Are there graves even in the afterlife sleep

What is the use of this world for the lover  
For he says he is ill-fated forever  
The pure one goes to Kerbela  
Leastways send my greetings to my brothers sleep

I am Mahzuni Şerif my age is not flowing  
It fows and flows but my voice is not coming  
In this world for me my shah is not caring  
Leastways let our helper be Pir sleep  
I have not any presents apart from my instrument  
Leastways take and play its strings sleep

---

\* Mahzuni Şerif Yaşamı-Dünya Görüşü-Şiirleri, Süleyman Zaman, Yeniden Doğuş Matbaası, Ankara, 1997.



## OSMAN SARI

(1946)

### Child\*

Oh the child waving to us  
On the grasses  
The child hardly standing

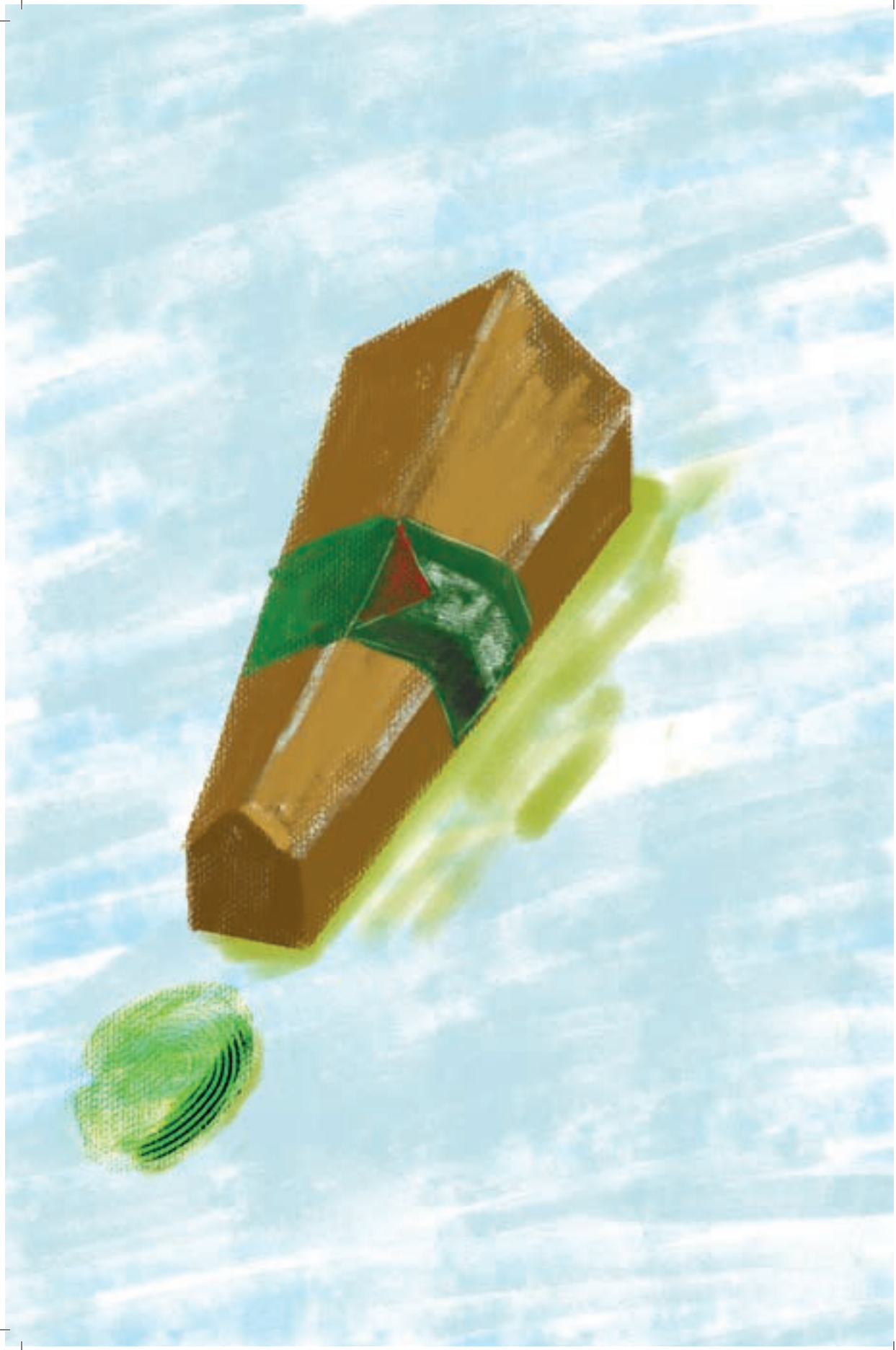
There you suddenly fell  
As though one more flower  
Has fallen over the flowers

While passing from here today  
From the window of a train  
I abruptly saw you  
O the child waving to us  
Among the flowers  
The child hardly standing

Who knows how fresh is now  
The grass you step on  
The grass kissing your heel  
Your hands waving  
The child waving to us  
The child hardly standing

---

\* Poems -Önden Giden Atlılar/Bir Savaşçıdır Kalbim, İz Yay., İstanbul, 1995.





## AVNİ DOĞAN

(1951)

### **The Children Sleep\***

The children sleep  
In the milk-white land of our dreams  
Wrapping  
Our pains  
To our cold subconscious

The children sleep  
When our Muhammadi weapons  
Adorn a green vigilance  
Every spring

The children sleep  
Desperate griefs  
Withdraw like clouds from the corridor of mirrors  
And we  
Awake

---

\* The Complete Poems, Gün Yay., Ankara, 2003.

**O Child\***

The springs should have dried our house is weary  
Your eyes carry the entity of a noble brightness  
O the child fed by the love of a thousand-year fight

Do your affections grow up or you do first  
The universe has started to rebel is it you  
Who is walking up from a dolphin night to the city

There are flowers in my heart which ignite  
In great parks they grow as fearless mountains  
Blending in the betrayal of the siren sounds  
In the dark shadows of  
The night killing sounds of the street cats

I, on the other hand always miss the laments of the fire age  
Like the soldiers recalling their homeland  
Setting your heart on fire from an attention blare  
Sober up... If you would only sober up  
from this sleep of Ashab al-Kahf

To the pitch-dark nights of the town  
O the forerunner child of love and victory

---

\* The Complete Poems, Gün Yay., Ankara, 2003.

**Children in the the Middle East\***

I

A withered day puts an (end) to  
Several nights spent with grief  
It is the whispers of a hidden melancholy  
Which arouses in children

Having tied firmly to  
The undigested betrayals  
Mothers send them to school

Like an  
Insecure homeland they are  
They leave  
For the land of painters  
Where the blood flows in the freezing point  
So as to be the unconditional friend of a painting

---

\* The Complete Poems, Gn Yay., Ankara, 2003.

II

Birds flying a poisonous pudency  
In the utter darkness of loneliness  
As a ravaged home town  
As Kabul as Beirut  
Burst out a barren scream  
With their rhyming  
Songs

It is children who understand  
From the unrecognized songs of pain

And my brothers  
Outfacing the ice hearted  
Warriors of war  
Five times a day

Their voices are an exclamation point  
Finding its meaning  
In the scolded flow of the Euphrates River  
In the sorrowful gush of petrol

It is the poor youthfulness  
Welcoming the children  
In Middle East  
With the mirror of death

III

It is proclaimed  
A piece of bread  
Is a piece of motherland  
And death  
Is preferred if not through starvation  
Signature  
Children and Palestine



## ARIF BİLGİN

(1951)

### My Child\*

Everything is a game to you and everything is number  
Your laugh is disregardful of the world  
In your laugh you hold the sun the moon  
    Have you taken the smell of the paradise my child?  
    Have you sent all the worry to me my child?

Come, play, you cannot possess today  
All you have seen is mean for you  
Even fighting is a wedding to you...  
    Don't look at your bleeding knee my child  
    I cannot bear it, don't hurt me my child

The sleeps are raising you; game is a lifeblood  
What is destroyed is an excitement to you  
If you ask of tomorrow to me  
    Do not place the wild into your heart my child  
    Be true and you will be full of love my child.

---

\* Üç Gül Düştü Gönlümüzden, Prepared By: Arif Bilgin  
Celalettin Kurt-Mustafa Türk, Şardağı, Elbistan, 1997.

**Nominal / Flag of Mine\***

One flag of mine

Two flags of mine

Three flags of mine

Hauling you down is hard the flag of mine

Four flags of mine

Five flags of mine

You are unprecedented the flag of mine

Six flags of mine

Seven flags of mine

“I am struck on the flagpole” said the flag of mine

Eight flags of mine

Nine flags of mine

Ten flags of mine

Come settle in my heart the flag of mine

There is not an end for you the flag of mine

---

\* Üç Gül Düştü Gönlümüzden, Prepared By: Arif Bilgin  
Celalettin Kurt-Mustafa Türk, Şardağı, Elbistan, 1997.



### **The Requiem of an Orphan\***

I am left an orphan overnight  
My lips are empty from the side of the FATHER  
Saying MOTHER, in its every syllable  
I hide the word FATHER as well.

In the markets, in the streets  
When my mother holds my hand all of a sudden  
Search my fingers for another warmth  
In my other hand.

---

\* Üç Gül Düştü Gönlümüzden, Prepared By: Arif Bilgin  
Celalettin Kurt-Mustafa Türk, Şardağı, Elbistan, 1997.

Arif Bilgin / The Requiem of an Orphan

If I only  
If I once more could see the face of my father  
If I could hear his voice,  
Then let all friends be yours  
Let my toys be yours...

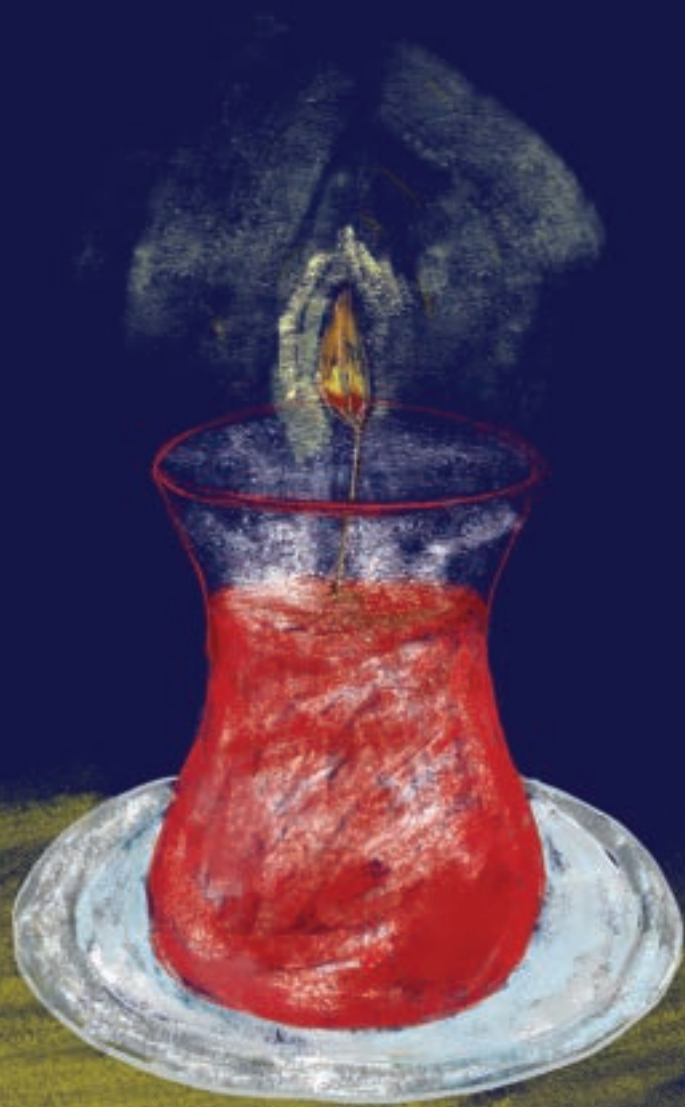
Our house is  
Half empty now,  
My bed  
The prairie  
My games  
Half empty are my streets.

When hearing/the voice of  
A father saying  
“My little one” to his son  
How my feet take me  
How to that  
Side

Arif Bilgin / The Requiem of an Orphan

Now,  
Taking my mother for my mother  
Once more taking my mother for my father  
I embrace her tightly  
Very tightly

A thousand praises be to God  
If nothing else You  
Granted my mother to me;  
Let it be  
That my bed sucks in  
My tears every night...



## YALÇIN YÜCEL

(1953)

### Our Neighbourhood\*

Tell me of our neighbourhood go on  
I have lost my sleep already  
For all the memories will be with me,  
To meet with my childhood, I'm waiting yearningly

Who knows how much change our neighbourhood has undergone  
I seem to hear its sounds  
I seem to touch it nearly  
If I get childish simply watch me, do not separate me from them

Bring all obsolescence  
Right beside me again  
The patched days of mine will come too  
Let them come, we will sit and have some tea

Do you remember, our house had a door with copper coating  
A door handle on, with a rose figure  
A great key its lock had  
For this reason the knob has always been my choice

---

\* Al Fistanlı Gelincikler, Parıltı Yay., İstanbul, 2018.

Yalçın Yücel / Our Neighbourhood

While you tell  
How touching our neighbourhood becomes  
Much more I interiorize there as my homeland believe me  
Much more they grow inside me

While telling of our neighbourhood  
You hesitate when coming to some part  
Then I understand  
The memories of our mothers are starting again

Nothing can be done, we cannot help it  
Is it possible to resist the sea of emotions  
This time the past begins to sweat abundantly as it waves  
And the book of time closes itself once more

### **My Chest Pocket\***

My childhood grew in my chest pocket  
How fast the years have passed  
If haven't fallen from my torn pocket  
The memories are left here and there

Now I am thinking  
As the clocks, owner of the fictions about to die down  
Many poor pavements, my tired feet walking  
And my life with callous pains of it

My childhood grew, in this small breast pocket of mine  
How great were the hopes I had by then  
All of them were as good as a warm bread  
I could not slice off even a piece

My childhood, which I rolled, bended and kept in my breast pocket  
They are coming out along with geranium scents now  
Which one shall I welcome, what shall I say  
Whereas my door is wide open

There grew my childhood I am saying  
Here, in that somber breast pocket of mine  
Whenever my fingers get cold and cold  
My pocket comes, sticks in the corner of my thought

---

\* Döş Cebim, Can Offset, Kahramanmaraş, 2015.

**Strangers to My Hands My Pockets Are\***

I was born in a small village  
In a cold morning of the November days  
Swaddled into salt as soon as I was born  
Longly I cried the first of pain

When the dark hands of the evening  
Grasped the houses  
Oil lamps would show up  
And I would gaze at the fire on the wick

Therefore  
From those days comes my love for light  
Now, as if I am rising with the sun while waiting for it  
When it is setting, like clothes I curl up in a corner

---

\* Çocuklar Bir Başka Güzel, Can Ofset, Kahramanmaraş, 2015.



Just a small village it is  
Your memories shrink too when you dream  
My clothes often come and stick to my sense  
Although they get old and unfit, they're always as festive attire

Because I do not have pockets  
My hands would get cold in white of the snow  
I would make pockets of my armpits mostly  
What a clever kid I was

What is it that you call a year, they blew away in the blizzard of life  
Where could my childhood be  
Have I ever lived, that I do not know that either  
What I know is, my hands unable to get used to my pockets right now



## MUSTAFA KURT

(1954)

### Game\*

Mummy do not call me  
When I am playing games  
Let me chase butterflies  
Among  
The pink, red flowers

While my kite is competing  
With the clouds  
I also take wing  
Into the infinite blueness  
Good news reach  
From the land of beauty to  
The laughters

Mummy do not get mad at me  
When I am playing  
Saying my face is covered with mud  
And my dress wet  
How do I grow  
If there is no game  
How do I knit with happiness  
My own world

Mummy do not get mad at me  
When I am playing  
My heart broadens such  
Such it broadens  
That it becomes a curtain for the evil  
Nothing but happiness remains in my world.

---

\* Kelebekler Özgür Kalsın, Ministry Of Education, Istanbul, 1999.

**The Butterflies Are Not Free\***

If I think of you acids spill on my face  
Flowers get withered in the gardens all of a sudden  
A mother apart from a loved one/falls into the mountains  
Children get killed someplace heartlessly  
Fires get bulleted into my heart treacherously  
If I only think of you...

If I look for you, ask for you to the centuries  
To the turtle doves, to orphans  
To the forbidden loves, to the loves expelled  
To the Laylas, to the Majnuns  
If I only ask of you...

If I only see you, a rose blooms in taksim  
A black person gains freedom in africa  
All the weapons aiming children quiet down  
All the executioners repent  
Blue flowers bloom on greasy tethers  
If I only see you...

---

\* Kelebekler Özgür Kalsın, Ministry Of Education, Istanbul, 1999.

### The Elderly\*

you a child  
me a child  
how nice we would play  
the blindman's buff  
in the mosque's courtyard

the elderly would come  
their feet anointed/walking sticks in their hands  
the only base they had  
was the water washing their faces in mosque fountains  
longing for humble old men  
we would hide amid the roses

how nice we would play  
with the old men  
we would find and give  
their childhood  
starting 'my late father one day'  
they would tell each other

you a child  
me a child  
how nice we would play  
the blindman's buff  
in the mosque courtyard  
we would assume there  
only ours.

---

\* Kelebekler Özgür Kalsın, Ministry Of Education, Istanbul, 1999.



## KÂMİL AYDOĞAN

(1956-2018)

### **The Shadows\***

It will snow tomorrow  
my hands and my freedom will get cold only  
in the mornings opening to daylight  
memories leave their marks on mirrors  
my heart keeps a promise made  
my hands grow as an immortal rose

In the evening  
it will start to snow suddenly  
the songs of childhood will fall on my hair  
mum, widen the time for me

For the stars is  
this light hour heart of mine  
the foreign land thrown into waters  
moonlight bleeds into my shoulders

As if lightning is stretched on the streets  
a bullet wears out the passions, a poetry  
from the skies comes the brightness of my heart

---

\* Yök, Esra Sanat Yay., Konya, 1996.

**Hurt\***

you are beautiful children  
a wisp of roses is left  
let them be yours,  
the things you discuss  
after the morning tea

this is a red day  
it was a lie, it passed  
its blood  
is on the horses

shadows of loneliness  
which come and go  
the scent of old rugs, the birds  
on my forehead marks of the years  
increasing prohibitions

---

\* Edebiyat Dergisi, Eleventh Year, 5th Term, Issue: 38 + 69, October 1980.



### Shepherd Times\*

Only time is left prosperous  
and with their food hanging on their necks  
the child shepherds

/in the times set for the sun  
laying on the grasses  
on the dark shadows of rocks  
somewhere near the sky/

All the birds are gone  
they were the memories of the climates afar,  
wounds they had

they settle, they leave  
their wings would smell of the sea

All the birds are gone  
none but time is left between us  
and carrying the sun in their fingers,  
the child shepherds

---

\* Hayatın Şiire Sıđmayan Yüzü, Tudem, İzmir, 2010



## NECİP EVLİCE

(1956)

### **The Explorer\***

*they do not roam on the water, the black Horses  
the stray troopers are agonizing now as well*

*there is cloud in the sky, this is a smoke too  
there are ones dying now, there is wail too*

---

\* Huyanıřlar -bütn denizlerin İstanbul'u-, Önc Kitap Yay., Ankara, 2009.

I

the explorer go ahead  
the waters are grinding us in bits  
what is this spell i am taken away with  
it is not making me smile why  
    -do not darken with the night  
    act childish with the child;  
do not darken with the night, i am saying  
i am getting old  
in the most inaccessible places of my heart

i am asking you explorer  
did you recognize the size of my step  
what is that which runs over my days  
so that my dreams do not diminish

how about your heart  
why does it beat, for what does it beat explorer  
people die by the name of love do they  
how is fading out the day  
or  
lightening the night possible  
or that  
man who is trembling what to say to him  
and to the expired dreams in your hand

II

waters can grind anyone  
waters can be grinded too, do you know explorer  
walk, reach, do not stop  
i conceive resentful things inside me  
it can now be gotten through the mother and father  
because the lover is with us  
our wound is cooled already

you should stop here explorer  
our hearts are beginning to rot  
for the dream of the fallen, for the eye of the sighted  
go back explorer,  
go back and wait  
wait that  
the time grows things  
wait that  
our heart forgets its resentment

come with me explorer  
let us ask children things  
let them flower our eyes/faces  
then you say something to me  
that its thirst  
and my drought gets slaked



ÖMER ERİNÇ

(1958)

**From the Flights of Pigeon\***

With the letters carrying traces from  
The flights of pigeon  
The child  
Is a book  
Slowly being opened  
In a corner of the room

The pigeon returning  
When the news reach  
The child wakes up  
The night has ended  
Now what is being opened  
Is a new leaf

---

\* Turna Gözleri ve Karanfil, Öncü Kitap Yay., Ankara, 1991.

**The Child Drawing His Face on Solitude\***

I

the gracious shepherd of the suns  
your tenderness is from the valley of trouble  
to the shining mirror is your existence  
you came from the universe of immortality:  
welcome

the dream expounded to the adventures of night  
from the doom of the snowing calendars  
to the call of the times intended for caravans  
child whose canvas makes the wild rivers overflow  
by blending epics weaved in the heavens  
hope is a flood that is tested: it flows

---

\* Geniş Zaman Süvarileri, Hece Yay., Ankara, 1999.



Ömer Erinç / The Child Drawing His Face on Solitude

after the sarcastic applauses  
with your hair as plans  
breaking marbles bare feet one by one  
from the closed markets in which the bindalli is played  
to the fairs of the slum  
the streets that lean their bosom upon the lies  
are wails remaining from the days of navy



## ALİ HAYDAR TUĞ

(1959-2018)

### A Child Plays with His Solaces

I

As clear as the Holy Nights  
Daydreams a child  
Sparkles in his eyes  
Whiteness settles in his heart  
A vulgar ballad his eyes become  
Love comes into leaf in his heart  
The universe revolves around him  
He runs and plays  
In the arms of the mother

He dreams in his own way, all white  
Draws his lullabies onto the canvas one by one  
The colours scatter right in the middle  
Rubbing out the dark  
A child with his solaces  
Runs and plays  
In the arms of the mother

Ali Haydar Tuğ / A Child Plays with His Solaces

The accumulated prayers fall into the days of yearning  
From fragile reflections  
All the laments are scattering in his hair  
Together with the smiles bursting into bud in his face  
He draws his world spills it into his solaces  
That perhaps it might survive through time  
'Hurray I will grow up!'  
The child in these feelings  
Runs and plays  
In the arms of the mother

Houses of candy, streets of glass  
A sparkling world of colours  
The time remaining from the ravenous emotions  
He puts together spreads for later  
It constitutes the food of tomorrow  
In his palms

II

In the wetlands  
It greens afresh  
Clear as the Holy Nights  
He daydreams  
In his own way  
The moonset immerges an idle look  
Into the hidden nights  
He escapes from his solaces  
He runs and plays  
In the arms of the mother

III

A mother memorial  
Happiness in his eyes  
He salaams his feelings in his own way  
He leaves it for the tomorrows  
Hopes fall further  
and  
In his sleep  
The dreams burst into buds one by one  
He runs and plays  
In the arms of the mother



# COŞKUN ÇOKYİĞİT

(1960)

## Children\*

As almonds blossoming in spring  
Children love all at once

Without knowing that  
The rain will fall  
The wind will blow  
The mirror will be offended  
The sun will burn  
All at once they love but  
They slowly forget to love

Children do not grow all at once  
They love all at once  
When they blossom as the olive trees  
Children learn love afresh

---

\* Gitmesen Olmaz Mı, 1994.





## CELALETTİN KURT

(1960)

### Abandoned Children\*

Silent under the bridges  
Their clothes in dirt  
Their looks of purity  
Hopes in bird migration  
-I saw abandoned children

Embracing each other  
Some are ill, some of sorrow  
None of them are  
Properly clothed  
-I saw desperate children

When I took a glance I saw  
Many are at the age of thirteen, fourteen  
It is apparent great many troubles  
They have in their hearts of burden  
-I saw homeless children

Scurried into the streets  
They haven't matured yet  
From their mothers, fathers  
They haven't been shown compassion  
-I saw unloved children

---

\* Mavi Kuşun Rüyası -Çocuklar İçin Şiirler-, Turkish Religious Foundation, Ankara, 2012.

Celalettin Kurt / Abandoned Children

No one has taken them by the hand  
Their hearts are in need of love  
Their temporals are caved in  
All are miserable, forlorn, hungry  
-I saw unfortunate children

Unconditionally these children are ours  
I do not know why we do not go to their aids  
Silent under the bridges  
They bitterly weep together  
-I saw undefinable children

**The Dream of the Blue Bird\***

When it grows up in the sky  
Beating wings to the gaps  
Among the clouds  
Being friends with the stars  
-Is the dream of the blue bird

Settling on the branches hastily  
With its beloved mother  
Grabbing fruits from the trees and  
Presenting these to the friends  
-Is the dream of the blue bird

Growing quickly and swaying  
Here and there right away  
Reaching its wish without  
Being shot by the hunters' bullet  
-Is the dream of the blue bird

Drinking water from the springs  
In a stormless weather  
Migrating to the distant lands  
Over the mountains  
-Is the dream of the blue bird

---

\* Mavi Kuşun Rüyası -Çocuklar İçin Şiirler-, Turkish Religious Foundation, Ankara, 2012.

### **The Tales of My Grandma\***

The tales of my grandma  
Teach me the right ways  
When my grandma starts telling  
Something happens to me

A giant sleeps and  
Grows with a giant  
My grandma starts telling the tale  
Sweet as honey she speaks  
She tells and tells  
Although the sound sleep comes  
It escapes away  
My night gets filled with tales

---

\* Mavi Kuşun Rüyası -Çocuklar İçin Şiirler-, Turkish Religious Foundation, Ankara, 2012.

I love my grandma very much  
My taleteller grandma  
In fact she's my  
Mother as well  
Because as much as my mother  
She took care of me  
She raised me

Even though what my grandma  
Tells are only tales  
There is a truth in all of them  
I learned a great many things  
From my taleteller grandma



## HÜSEYİN GÖK

(1960)

### My Great World My Children\*

every morning  
before the sunrise  
like sun  
they rise upon me  
sometimes pattering  
and at times running with eagerness  
they drop a kiss on my cheeks  
their voices mix with the birdsongs  
mummy  
daddy

my joy freshens when their  
hands touch my hands  
their faces to my faces  
their eyes to my eyes  
and  
their voices to my ears

when  
their sounds join to the bird sounds  
their brightness  
to the day to the daylight,  
then  
they fill me up  
i cherish them  
we embrace, kiss  
and play together

i am on top of the world  
when their hands touch my childhood  
when their childhood touches my heart

---

\* Sabir Atları, Edebiyat Ortamı Dergisi Yay., Ankara, 2017.

### **The Magic Song of the Childhood\***

let the children play  
night and day  
as they wish,  
let the twitters of  
the universe  
join their voices,  
let their joy  
fill the world,  
let the ladybugs  
land on their fingers,  
let the butterflies  
surround them  
all around,  
let the luna moths  
circle and revolve  
with their fiery songs,  
let the lightning bugs  
form arches,  
and stream  
at night,  
let the morning  
greet with the smiley  
face of the sun,  
let it wave

---

\* Sabır Atları, Edebiyat Ortamı Dergisi Yay., Ankara, 2017.



at the sundown  
with its trembling countenance,  
let the rainbow build bridges  
in their magical worlds,  
let them sing  
the songs of spring  
all together,  
let the world  
revolve around  
the children,  
let us revolve too,  
let their smiles evermore  
stay on their faces,  
let their eyes shine with joy

455 SIMON

Fast Impact goes beyond top-six hits

How frequent visits treat... Van

Baseball unites father, son amid trying circumstances

...ing...  
...ll...  
...ll...

park tucked relief pack

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50



## NEDİM ALİ

(1961-1998)

### Death is Easy in the Middle East\*

Did you see my picture  
in the newspapers  
my name is ali tahir  
all the ten of my fingers are broken  
my name is ali tahir  
my father is from palestine  
they killed my father on friday  
and my mother on tuesday

i recognized  
the dead body of my little sister  
from the plastic bracelets she wore  
i am ten years old  
at her eight was my sister

my name is ali tahir  
today they are killing everyone  
the children without shoes  
the fathers  
the children who already died beforehand  
they are killing

al-aqsa mosque is a witness  
it is a witness  
to my broken fingers  
witnesses are those who took part in this crime

---

\* İkinci yazıları, Issue: 2, Andırın, 7 May 1985.

Nedim Ali / Death is Easy in the Middle East

my name is ali tahir  
if your fingers were broken  
you would not be able to eat  
you would not be able to wear an engagement ring

my fingers  
are the epic of palestine  
and of the earth  
they are the disgrace  
of the twentieth century

o earth  
soldiers with iron caps  
are killing, killing us

my name is ali tahir  
before the dawning of the earth and Palestine  
iron birds start to fly above us  
so that the children's fingers break  
that the mothers  
of the children die  
so that their fathers die,  
iron birds start to fly above us

Nedim Ali / Death is Easy in the Middle East

the land is a witness  
the mountain is a witness  
witnesses are the date palms  
to the death of our mothers

my name is ali tahir  
if i still had my hands  
o the children of earth  
if i still had  
my hands as you have them  
i would plant flowers on my mother's grave  
and i would adorn  
the g/r/a/v/e  
of my little sister thoroughly



## TAYYİB ATMACA

(1962)

### **My Father Tucks Me in Every Night\***

How does the day wind how does the time end  
The next thing I know is my head on the pillow  
While fluttering to a deep sleep  
The blanket grazes and falls above me  
Before pulling my knees to my chest  
My father tucks me in every night.

The dreams I dreamt are destroyed by the evening  
How does the morning come how does the sun rise  
At what time do I pass from a dream to another  
How were the proverbs of sleep terrors  
Nothing could have been further from my mind  
My father tucks me in every night.

---

\* Temize Çekilmez Ömür Defteri, Berikan Yay., Ankara 2017.

Tayyib Atmaca / My Father Tucks Me in Every Night

If I happen to scale my vagabondry  
I am not able to work it out I turn confused  
My crimes pile up I become miserable  
My eyes wish the intercession of my mother  
My apology gets ahead of my fault  
My father tucks me in every night.  
When it is time to continue the bloodline  
His heart and eyes in search  
Of someone reasonable someone suiting my heart  
Dreams of one as straight as a die  
His prayer becomes the spiritual shield  
My father tucks me in every night.

I lived the coming day all of a sudden  
I swaddled him with my hand  
I tucked him in good he's sleeping  
He will never be uncovered again  
I started to get cold at night  
My father doesn't tuck me in one night.



### **Father Returning From Work**

Come brother  
Let us get to our room  
Father returns tired from work  
He is out of humour

Let us give the remote control to his hand  
Let us not talk loudly  
When he calls us  
We will run to him and  
Embrace him

Perhaps his humourlessness will fade away  
His tiredness will fly from him

**A Sail My Heart is\***

Children blossom  
Every morning in my heart  
Children fly as birds towards  
Whoever flashes smiles  
My gloom falls to pieces  
When they caress my hair  
Children with a kiss  
Excuse their guilt.

Each one of them are a little  
The charm of a home  
Some of them are like lions  
Some like baby lambs.

---

\* Rüyalarımızın Sarışın Buğdayı -A Selection of Poems Written on Children  
Prepared By: Turan Karataş, Perşembe Kitapları, İstanbul, 2001.

**Tayyib Atmaca / A Sail My Heart is**

Every moment becomes enjoyable  
When I am with them  
Thanks to you O Allah  
Chirpy is all around me

My wish from the creator  
Is the same for all of you  
A sail my heart is  
With you in the sea



## HASAN EJDERHA

(1962)

### **Birds in the Skies of Palestinian and Iraqi Children\***

I.

Do not call me my little bird mummy!  
I do not also believe that my hair is as the bird's feather  
Mummy did you lie to me?  
Why are the wings of these birds do not look like my hair?  
Why wherever they pass starts to flame?  
When these birds pass why does everyone die mummy?  
He will come you said when daddy was leaving  
Why did he not come back mummy?  
How can I believe yours word from now on;  
How do I open my hands and pray towards the skies of Baghdad.

Are birds made from iron mummy?  
How does a bird settle on flowers?  
Do you remember mummy?  
When you stopped talking to my brother: "smile"  
"let a bird settle on your face" you would say fondly.  
Is it that bird which settled on my brother's face?  
Why did you ask for it mummy?  
Daddy said: "she became the companion of birds"  
when grandma died.  
Why did you send grandma away mummy?  
I no longer like birds.

---

\* Marallar Oymağında Bir Ceylanla Oturup Ağlamak, Sage, Ankara, 2014.

II. (Gaza)

Are we all alone mummy  
Why is Gaza burning?  
Every crier of a corpse shortly becomes a corpse  
They shot our mosque mummy!  
The iron birds came again  
They threw up their vomits of fire  
Say it mummy say it!  
How do I open my hands towards the skies of Gaza.

The earth burned out, the sky, the babies  
Which heart could bear this disaster mummy?  
Gaza is on fire, cry! The world is on fire too.

## A Tale of Stone and Children

The streams washed the stones away  
Then to the colour white  
Turned the stones.

The child  
Sat on the stone  
And dreamed

The water washes the stones away  
And the stones wash the water  
The brooks are beautiful now  
Why do their habits change in winter

The forest and the rain  
Are hurt by  
The dream of the child

The forest watered the tree  
The tree sent  
Its branches to the sky  
There has not been a flood  
That year

“do not sit on the stone  
and put your headdress on”  
Said the ancestors  
Snows in winter  
Covered the stones  
The child did not sit on the stone  
And he put his headdress on

The child  
Became friends with the brook  
Because the brook was  
Yearning for a friend  
Oh beautiful child  
May God bless you.



**Turns Into a Bird All That My Mother Kisses\***

my little finger became a sparrow when my mother kissed it,  
an eagle when my father did.

/the wounds heal when the lips of my mother touch them/

flowers of all colours blossom on my grandma's face  
a spring in my mother's.

/it is summer in every land when my father smiles/

my grandpa gathers blessing from all  
i will grow up, if i can only understand these all.

---

\* Marallar Oymağında Bir Ceylanla Oturup Ağlamak, Sage, Ankara, 2014.



## A. HANIFI AKAR

(1962)

### Haven\*

Horses pass  
By our door  
Then the sherbet seller  
“Cotton candy” calls out someone afar  
A black cloud  
Falls over the city  
Noisily

Into my mother’s arms  
I throw myself

---

\* Elma Şekeri (The Free Attachment of Science and Education in the Light of Mind Magazine) Issue: 13, January, 2004.

### **Child and Life**

The buildings  
Darkened my sun  
The sky shrunk  
Amidst four falls  
They threw us

Balconies,  
my playground,  
the doors to death  
Neither the butterflies  
Nor the birds land  
On my tiny garden

## Winter

Winter is here, hey  
It is snowing outside  
White embroidery everywhere  
It is snowing, hey

Come on children, run!

Let us make snowman  
Let us put pitchblack coals on its eyes  
And a carrot on its nose



## MEHMET NARLI

(1963)

### **For the Children of Bosnia\***

the men who stole your streets  
also stole my eyes  
but i still have a heart  
let my heart be the streets of you children

the men who burnt your sky  
also burnt bricks in my eyes  
yet they could not capture my heart  
let my heart be the streets of you children

the bombs falling on your honourable bodies  
rendered my eyes bosnia  
yet i hid my heart  
let my heart be the weapons of you children

the book of my heart bosnia  
it is you that i read page by page with blood in my eyes

---

\* Ruhumun Evveliyazıları, Meb Yay., Ankara, 1999.

**Aylan\***

diving into the the water's compassion  
this little boy withdrew thus far  
started doing his last prayer  
with an empurpled body  
for there is nobody left in his homeland  
nobody left to die for

did you see what flew from this child's body  
dates, birds of ababil, noah flew did you see  
the mothers being forced out of their houses flew

no colour will be itself from now on  
no father will be a complete father no state a complete state  
left-wing will not be themselves right-wing will not be  
no muslim will be a complete muslim from now on

---

\* İzdiham Dergisi, Issue: 41, September-October, 2019.



**You, the Child That I...\***

You, the child that I...  
When looking at the world  
With your face resembling faded papers  
Through prescription glasses

You, the child that I...  
When combing out the lousy hair of the town  
Your face gleaming as fresh as the moon  
At a time the seas drown inside of me

You, the child that I...  
When standing up  
Your face resembling dry flowers  
To the fancy pities of paper hearted people

You, the child that I...  
When going to an Oscar-winning film  
Your face as wet as a damp wall  
At a time I wore my loneliness on

Ah  
You, the child that I...  
Every time  
Everywhere...

---

\* Çiçekler Satılmasın, Dolunay, Kahramanmaraş, 1988.



## MUSTAFA AYDOĞAN

(1964)

### Ribbon\*

My daughter is making get about  
Her thin and light voice  
In the moonlight emptying in

Father she says, kiss me  
Kiss me my voice is aching

A chalk white walker on the tightrope  
Growing the night on the face of my mother  
The summer imitating the children's laughter  
Father, why is everything sturdy and new as this

My daughter at a corner of the clock  
A blue flow on her hair

Father, she says, am I an angel  
The plump full moon sleeps on my palms  
Yellow stars on my skirt  
Father, am I a butterfly  
Am I a light, why is my heart aching

The pots will drown the flowers I know  
Black cats are sucking my fingertips  
Why is the milk seller knocking our door If I am absent  
Father, why is everything bizarre and sturdy as this

---

\* Az Önce, Edebiyat Ortamı Yay., Ankara, 2012.

My daughter with a silver tea in her hand  
A coppery smile on her lips

Father, she says, why is  
The snow falling on my hair makes mother cold  
What does the streets do if children die  
If spills the tea in my hand  
That is how the rain falls I know

Trains pass from the tunnels of dreams  
They are like the pomegranates breaking on your sky  
I am running look I am about to get out of my childhood  
Father, why is everything outside of us and fast as this

My daughter has opened all the doors of the earth  
She is looking for the princess's lost ribbon

Father, she says, pull out  
Pull and open out the night above me  
I cannot endure such darkness

Mustafa Aydođan / Ribbon

The forest kisses every tree it has one by one  
The ribbon of the princess is found it is obvious  
It bloomed I saw, the last flower in my heart  
Father, why is everything beautiful and magnificent as this

My daughter grants her entire soul  
To the soft skin of the moon

Children lay out the night to the washed sun  
Flies and spreads the breath blown into my soul  
Father, she says, if I die I will not feel pain  
The angels shall bury me to the moonlight

Father, why is everything touching and affectionate as this

**Picture\***

*-To Tuba Gizem-*

You are the most mysterious poem  
that is written and will ever be.  
The first picture I have been taken  
In the dawn of my heart

You, my beautiful song  
Are being sung see  
A port right beside you  
Your ship is about to depart

If you come you will see  
How everyone gained a ground here  
As if eternity is granted to them

You will see many things  
Deprived of being understood  
Your eyes will not fit into this wide world

Greetings to you  
Greetings to the one  
Who moulded and created

---

\* Az Önce, Edebiyat Ortamı, Ankara, 2012.

**The Child is Among Us\***

Rapidly passes a car, a ball passes rapidly  
Appears and disappears a lover, a head rapidly  
The stomach gets full rapidly - the day bit by bit  
The falls and the runs-watchable for the eyes

A box turns tinkling in front of the foot  
The wound on the knee is blooded, small  
Excitedly desires to touch a gap  
Untidy shirt, swollen fist

The countenance is set for love - punctual and dashing  
Ticktack, ticktack, tictack  
Breath of hour hand in the pocket, broken glass  
When the pain is deepening flag in the heart

Compass of the birth agilely passes the lights  
Wine leaks to the mad picture inside it  
A lofty shadow between the games  
Opens-closes to an over time feast

---

\* Az Önce, Edebiyat Ortamı, Ankara, 2012.





## YÜCEL KAYIRAN

(1964)

### Water and Rain\*

*To Yavuz Yıldırım*

Water, I am saying, water! Nothing more  
child is the water: i am the dying rain!  
towards the earth i am falling; i remember  
by splitting myself drop by drop

if i have a child can i find  
what i lost in world while growing up  
regenerating the mother and father,  
establishes himself every child

while he is still a baby they leave, that is what they say  
at the knife which appears in the voice while crying  
nobody recognizes the death of human,  
if it is not his life which he has left as a memory behind

---

\* Çalgın, Metis, Istanbul, 2006.

Yücel Kayıran / Water and Rain

sometimes they are cold, i only look  
then i touch their hands faces  
but none of the children smile  
or befriend what i have inside

are words a burden to me i say  
or is it memory they find difficult  
children, only a word in the beginning  
memory fits inside them in time

*March 2000*

**Karamet\***

i have to get shaved, karamet  
i have to wash my face, make my hair  
my clothes can stay unironed  
i have to look at the mirror

hot water may be useful  
my mother used to wash me  
in plastic basin when i was little  
i have to tidy myself up and go out

the ceiling is descending towards me, karamet  
it can also be lived in the cave it believes  
the body can also smell such as this i learn  
i have to go back to my fears

i was chirpy too when i was a child  
the fish got poisoned in the water inside me  
i have to skin myself from the bottom  
and disembark me

i am not a walnut tree, karamet  
i am not under a walnut tree  
the curtains are closed, i know  
i should take myself off the bed

*July 2011*

---

\* Son Akşam Yemeği, Metis, İstanbul, 2014.

## **Their Disembodied Spirits\***

*To Necmiye Alpay*

i am not sure that i am not anything anymore  
it is done, the fear of what if  
i become somebody else? had held me every time  
the disembodied spirits would carry me on their wings

i thought the struggle of my body  
with my soul would not end  
as if it is a crime, where i stay  
my soul is a defect towards my body

if i were to become the person i had been  
if someone would come and give myself back to me  
i would hate being loved  
when loving equals to taking possession furthermore

i would see the answer before hearing the question  
the stairs would escalate from me  
it was easy to forget after winning  
but i was not subject to the law of inheritance

---

\* Son Akşam Yemeği, Metis, İstanbul, 2014.

by growing the body is a moist spirit  
which of us is out of the story  
experience devoid of living  
a wary courage, my name would be

i used to hear my mother's voice  
in my own voice in the past  
it was the jewelry of my eyes as well  
the sorrow of my words went into the wind

do i resemble a lie now  
no witnesses, there is not a miracle left in the night  
munkar and nakir abandoned me  
i have lost the disembodied spirits

*January 2012*



**ÂTIF BEDİR**

(1965)

### **The Children of Immigration\***

All the refugees in the world fit in  
a silent prayer of a mother  
her hands open with compassion  
fathers who lost their children  
shed the tears they have kept for long  
in desolate corners secretly

Names wiped away from ground  
are their souls disturbed on the wire fences  
hit the shores of the west  
children of immigration over the seas afar  
their eyes of coal-black fire  
meadows under their cold feet  
fly to the foreign lands like wounded birds

Their faces are hearts holding on to life  
its voice echoes for a thousand years in poems  
grief is a son standing still as mountains  
his warm wounds bleed from within  
as the butterflies of spring wherever he lands  
he lives a life of a day long

---

\* Har, Hece, Ankara, 2017.

In a mother's curse  
falls to bits all that accumulated anger  
two children on her two arms  
has fallen into the railheads  
she melts the rails made of steel  
with her eyes full of dark lament

These earthlings think they won  
the ones who know olive and figs as sacred  
whereas the children are sacrificed  
like the lambs born every spring  
the bloodshed will end one day  
one day the ones fighting will understand  
this blood is is not legitimate for the brother  
and the enemy is elsewhere



## **Daddy Where are You Going\***

*For Gaza*

Daddy, where are you going  
Is it morning yet  
What is it that lights up the sky  
What are these siren sounds  
Why are the ambulances rushing around

Daddy, where are you going  
The sounds have not stopped yet  
It is okay if we do not eat bread today as well  
If we do not drink water, play games it is okay

Daddy, where are you going  
Where is our house's wall  
Why has not mummy returned home yet  
What happened to my sibling's hair

Daddy, where are you going  
What is happening to our sky  
Where did these iron cars come from  
Where are my friends

Daddy, where are you going  
Where are our neighbours, our grocery store  
Why are our birds fleeing  
Why do we not have a street  
Daddy where are you going?

---

\* Har, Hece, Ankara, 2017.

**Ballad of the Children Wearing Dark Rubber Shoes\***

Our hair is dark, our eyes as well  
We walk with an African sparkle on our skin  
Our voice is parched as the sound coming from Bilal  
What remained from several failed states  
Are ripped sandals on our feet  
Our grandfathers say a lot more things  
My father's old jacket is of the same age with what they say

The turban of my grandfather remains in the photographs now  
Everything has taken place while we lived, place has flown rapidly  
Then we understand where we are, which year is the time  
The season is always winter here  
Our feet get cold by these times the most  
Since rubber shoes are the shoes of all seasons

---

\* Açıkkara Dergisi, Issue: 19

Âtrf Bedir / Ballad of the Children Wearing Dark Rubber Shoes

Black and white is the melancholy leaking from the photographs  
Beams in two colours in the garden of a village school  
It is the poor sounds of children rushing on snow  
Dark hair, eyes, uniforms, shalwars and dark rubber shoes  
Only the collar on our neck appears as snow

Ah what a vulgar cry we have yet to make  
We warm the snowy streets we came by  
in the morning at the corner of the heater  
But most of all, alined at the side of the heater with flames  
We warm our ballads our soaked shoes sunk in snow  
The rubber shoes dry quickly in the evening to the way home  
We have a slight pain remaining from those days



## MEVLÂNA İDRİS

(1966)

### **My Bird-Coloured Childhood\***

Listen Gambito I have things to say  
There is no more of  
The days we leaned on the mountains  
While waiting for our father to come back  
The times we marked  
Have gone have gone  
The trees watching us from the windows  
All the doors shall have hidden now Gambito  
We are cold nobody minds it

Our hands our dear hands  
They are strangers as well  
Hey Gambito who are we  
Who is it taking me and taking you away  
Who is it every evening

---

\* Dondurmalı Matematik, Vakvak, Istanbul, 2017.

### **Cry My Dear Star\***

I have no mother  
That is why I cried so much  
But this is not  
What I am going to say to you

I had a star  
It had become mine the day my mother died  
Every night we would meet  
And talk about my mother silently

My star did not appear last night  
It had promised it would come  
Now I am sadder than the fish  
Weaker than them  
Then I understood  
There are satellites between us

Cry my dear star  
Look, your friend on earth  
Is crying here too

---

\* Dondurmalı Matematik, Vakvak, Istanbul, 2017.

**Wish\***

O Allah  
If I die young  
Let flowers bloom everywhere  
Let the birds in the sky increase

Let my mother and father  
And also my little sister  
Not cry so much  
For me

As for my school friends  
I already told them  
All of them  
Swore they will not be upset at all

---

\* Dondurmalı Matematik, Vakvak, İstanbul, 2017.





## MEHMET AKİF BALTUTAN

(1966-2011)

### Sounds of Children\*

As it were music, it embraces us,  
The voices of children melt in the hearts.  
Seeking a smile everywhere all the time  
Gives us happiness, the voices of children.

Buds blooming in the earth's bosom  
Its cheeks are of cotton, eyes of bead,  
A child growing the way that a sapling does,  
The voices of children flower as roses.

Children are the flowers, the roses of every house,  
It spirits up the tired hearts,  
The love of nightingale in the garden of soul,  
Sentimental poems are the voices of children...

---

\* Kan Kırmızı Geceler, Ukde Basın, Kahramanmaraş, 2000.

**Child\***

Do not weep child  
Do not let your eyes fill with tears  
Do not weep my little one, hey  
You are at loss if you start crying already

No wonder you will cry when you grow up  
When the burden of life is on your head  
You will not have a mother either  
To enfold you in her arms

Do not weep child, hey, why are you weeping  
Do not waste your tears in vain  
Do you think weeping is a game?

---

\* Kan Kırmızı Geceler, Ukde Basın, Kahramanmaraş, 2000.

Do not weep child, hey, smile a little  
Moreover, laugh with glee  
Smile and play joyfully every hour

You cannot play when you grow up  
You cannot find toys to play with as well  
As you are destined to become a toy

Life will play games with you  
Hey, do not cry child  
You will have a lot of time for that in the future.



## MEHMET GEMCİ

(1966-2019)

### **As If My Soul Were a Baby\***

tonight  
i carry the sorrow of orphans  
in my heart  
let my brain explode as a bomb  
let my soul parch as a volcano  
i carry the sorrow of orphans  
in my heart

tonight  
i want to heal the throbbing wounds  
of the innocent Palestinian children  
i know how poignant are for young bodies  
the bullets coming out of a barrel

tonight  
i want to be Joseph  
so that my siblings throw me into a well as well  
and i shall stay in dungeons for years

tonight  
as if my soul were  
a new born baby  
i am getting lost amongst  
the drizzling rain drops

tonight  
o earthlings  
i do not want anything  
from you

---

\* Yanlıř Parantez, Yalnızardıç Kitapları, Kahramanmarař, 2005.



## MEHMET ÂKİF KİREÇÇİ

(1967)

### Scenario for the Child with Blue Eyes\*

I hold the flowers by their arms  
That they do not bleed or worry  
I think, gripping my canary from its mane  
Everything turns upside-down then.

Using the mastery of hope as a shield  
I smell the land due to the last will of my grandfather  
The addict of mighty spells  
What a greatness  
The mythical fragrance  
Relishing the fresh shadows.

I must grow up and be an augur immediately  
The crabs gave the order  
I must sculpt charming murders for my aunt at the shipyard  
Throw a stone and fling off

Asia! Teach me how to die!

When dreaming of such bad things  
I miss my grandfather  
He is a martyr do you know  
I am babbling from the almighty with my priceless knife  
The sips I have stolen from Yunus under my quilt.

From leaving oil painting columns ajar  
The patent leather shoes I wore envying the flighty birds  
My mother picking metal pieces every evening  
Out of my body.  
Disregarding my relation with the soil  
Offering reckless laments to love  
I walk, acacias behind me.

---

\* Yönelişler Dergisi, Issue: 49, August, 1990.

## Cobweb

*In memory of H. E.*

The child wanders about  
His little hands sensing a deficiency  
The news which came while he was asleep  
'Father is no longer with us'  
In his worried, dignified manner  
The new pattern of loneliness can be drawn  
On unpainted walls

It was a rose blooming silently  
Crashing the mountains shattering  
In the light cries of the winter

The grandfather  
Has scared many deer  
And passed from favours  
In his stormy youth  
Of worn off collars now.  
About to collapse in sobs  
His eyes get fixed on the sky  
'Grandfather do not cry'  
This sound cures  
His soul sunk in waves



Tall and brunette  
Was the man of this house  
His wise and wary glances  
Are weak for the inquiry of soil now.

The woman  
Carrying her baby in her arms  
Volcanoes in her heart  
Recur, turning wild more and more

Looks up every hole  
The wind which cannot find its axis.

**Fisher\***

The table and the boat  
The sea in between  
Must sail before sunrise

Children  
Their hands on their mother's

Old fishers and their grandchildren  
Once upon a time  
When the wind embraced the sails  
The every night's dream of the sailors  
Start to sprout.  
A crew over there  
Hung themselves to the afternoon's shadow.  
When the fish commit suicide by the seashore  
A fear haunts the crews, everybody dumb  
Before the ship departs

Then once upon whom

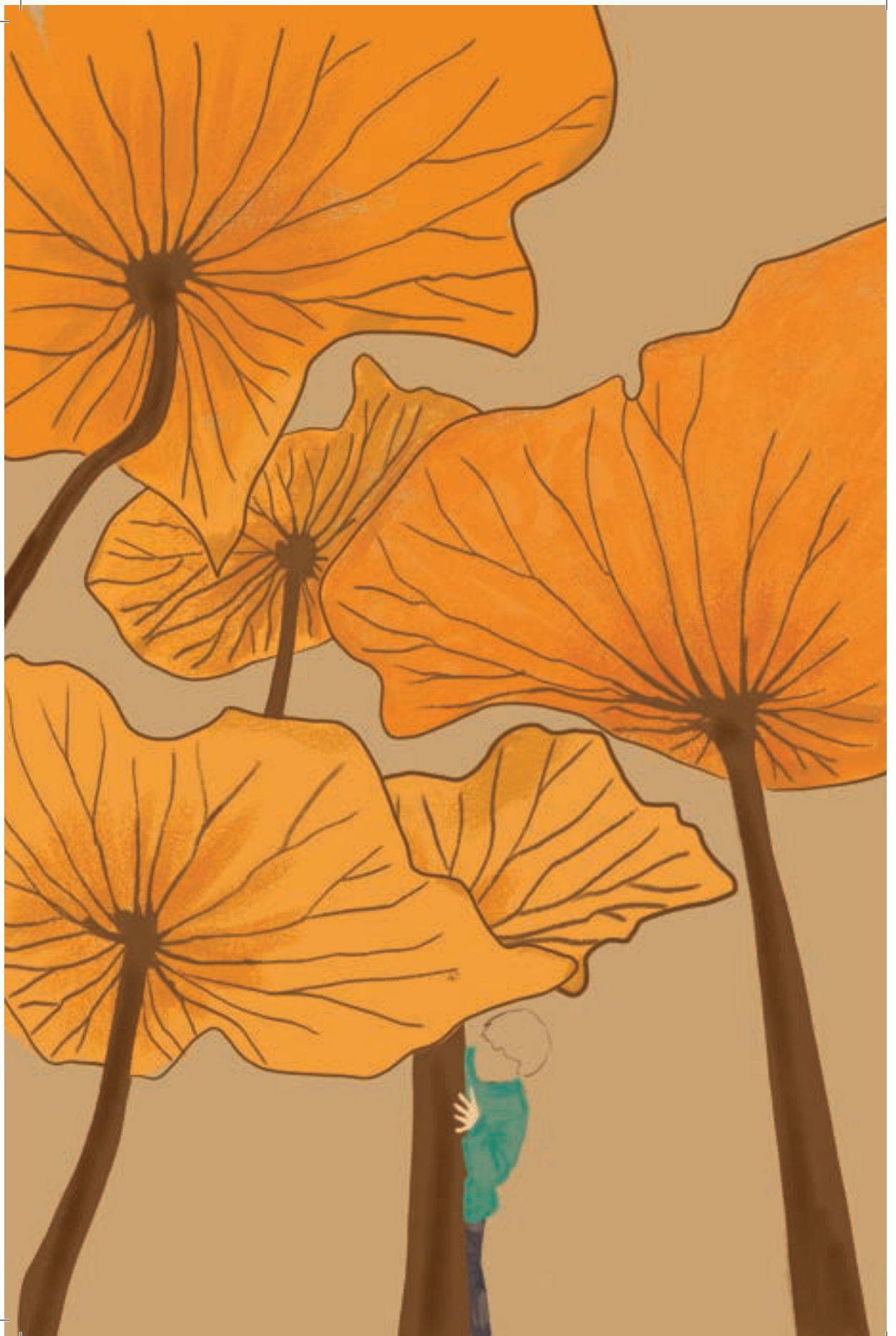
---

\* Mavera Dergisi, Issue: 159, March, 1990.

A bitter pain awaits by the seashore  
The children, snuggling up their mothers,  
Raise up on their tiptoes  
The news hit the shore  
The clouds' colours have faded  
The birds' wings will get wet

The woman was dumbfounded  
Her eyes fixed on the horizon  
How hard the sun sets  
It never rains  
The stars shrink nothing grows  
A century old plane tree engaged in a bizarre dance  
They cannot get rid of it  
Frightened in their dreams, children sink into bed.

Then upon whom upon where



## YASİN MORTAŞ

(1967)

### **The Lost Song of Children**

Mummy  
Do horses  
Get tired  
Quicker than the cars

Mummy  
Do birds  
Land on the wires of  
Electronic mails too?

Mummy  
Do birds  
Forget that they are fasting  
And drink water too?

Mummy  
Is sparrow a bird of fairy tales?  
It lands on my dreams  
Mummy

Why do clouds  
Cry while running  
Day and night

Mummy  
If the sun falls from the sky  
Will we stay in the dark?  
Will the moon be offended by us?

Mummy  
You smell like the rain  
When you smile

## The History of Longing

I.

desert  
is the flame of land, mother  
by how many deliriums  
did i pass from that fire

how many rains  
did i keep for you  
in my pocket with holes

II.

how adjacent were  
your eyes to mine

now  
a great void of war has fallen on my chest mother

now  
the squalls are  
burning my blood

III.

the birds roosting on my voice  
chirp with groans  
i hide  
the evening in my pockets  
just as jungle birds

i grow the history of longing  
for you as a plane tree within me

the day  
like a bird branch  
breaks again



## Tagged

I

Mummy  
how many corners do  
the death streets have in hide and seek

before i could say  
one  
two  
three  
i was caught by the bullet

mummy  
i am tagged

II

I used to  
keep  
bird chills  
in my torn pockets

ah/now  
in which countries  
are the children of  
smiles and hide and seek

mummy  
there is no space of sky left  
for my kite  
again

III

who are those  
cutting out the day cloth

the joys are narrow and pocketless /mummy  
the sorrows are loose on us

who are those  
cropping folding  
that children's river

Ah I put on  
the dull and intricate century again



## FATİH OKUMUŞ

(1968)

### I Want to be a Bird

*-greetings to the child-*

Above the clouds I want to run,  
to race with the flying birds  
a bird i want to be, and to fly  
the martyrs become birds and fly to heaven they said  
i want to be a martyr,  
to be a bird and to fly

I want to hold the stars  
then gather each one in my skirt  
let all the stars come to my dream  
i want to be the one scattering them  
every night to the sky

I want to blow the early morning wind to your towns every  
dawn  
i want to include myself to the earth  
and to join every lament  
i own every beautiful song  
i want to cherish them forever more

*Cairo, 26.2.1989*

### **Children of Al-Adiyat**

This is a stone my child  
That is the enemy  
This is a stone, that is to say, your homeland  
You were created from this stone my child  
From this land

Do not ever underestimate it  
This stone is your mother, father, religion, faith  
Who make your history into a real one  
This stone is honour  
This stone is Jerusalem  
This stone is sacred  
My child gird on this stone

There is the stone  
There is the enemy  
Say bismillah and  
Proceed

*Rotterdam, August 2002*

## **Sarajevo's Children**

Sarajevo's children  
are far away from their mothers and fathers now  
perhaps they will never find their traces

They are either hung on a Serbian bayonet  
or left to the mercy  
of another crusader

Sarajevo's children  
are cheaper than the puppies now





## ALİ BÜYÜKÇAPAR

(1968)

### **Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Moe\***

The dragons were lying  
I understood that when my feet touched the sand  
The swallows in our hands were our hearts  
You could not know

With butterflies drinking milk from my shadow  
I will walk towards the mirrors  
The roads keep secrets, irretrievable  
That you did not say

The weather turned smoky  
Garnets mad, reckless  
My knife is sheathed  
Ah you forgot  
I was a noble prince in the land of my dreams  
I would rule the brooks  
And flow into eternity  
You woke me up

Now this poor man of yours  
Is a tune of the music box  
Love him please

---

\* Ateşi Yakmak, Ötüken, İstanbul, 2013.



## MUSTAFA PINARBAŞI

(1968-2016)

### **I am Grasping My Childhood\***

what are these big words doing in this tiny park  
why are your hands such red  
i am along with the seasons  
do not forget to take your umbrella with you or  
you may have to gnaw the rain

it suddenly comes hard  
a long stick the rain becomes  
comes down the hills  
sevenfold as the heavens

i lived about a decade  
in a realm of mirages afar  
i was grasping my childhood all the time  
tightly i held my father's hand  
in a realm of mirages afar  
i lived about a decade

---

\* Serap -The Complete Poems-, Morat, Kahramanmaraş, 2018.

no, i will not write on death this time  
life is good sir  
from wall to wall  
although towards the wailing wall

is it right  
to speak with historical documents  
to render history a means justification  
while every experience we own is fake as this  
to rely on history is cowardice  
and it is folly to save the future

grow looking into my eyes!  
i am a man unfortunate, no fish bite my bait, come  
watch the swallows and poppies kiss  
how blessed is this daisy water  
a heavenly cure for the children having smallpox  
but never forget the ninth village  
now let your hands, your feet still  
there is no need for worry  
i am coming in eid, a breath  
come out when i say “olly olly oxen free”, alright  
there is no tale other than this  
can one be forgotten even when he is going mad

**A Child All of a Sudden\***

a sapling, bud, it is young yet  
cheeping in its nest, a little yellow dove  
eyes of fig, a child all of a sudden  
a sapling, a bud, it is young yet

the sea breezes, land breezes, who knows what they say  
the blue aegean sighs throughout the dock  
who needs this town which became a symbol of the unbeliever now  
i take on its grief and weep secretly  
the sea breezes, land breezes, who knows what they say

the arcade jeweler is a quarter  
an angel from the outside, an infidel within  
i know, inspiration today is madness  
i take on its grief and weep secretly  
the arcade jeweler is a quarter

---

\* Serap -The Complete Poems-, Morat, Kahramanmaraş, 2018.

### **I Know You an Angel\***

my daughter is coming, my evening star  
i break through the sorrows, setting sail to joy  
my daughter is coming, my destiny  
from the ahir mountain until now, scenting throughout

welcome my little child, you are welcome with the springtime  
it does not fit into description what is called happiness  
welcome my darling, i know you an angel  
let a series of mountains melt in my eyes

your daddy is ready my sweetheart, tell me what do you want  
i promise, i will buy the pink bike for you  
you adorn my house colourfully with merriment  
may god bless you, may not an evil eye affect you

---

\* Serap -The Complete Poems-, Morat, Kahramanmaraş, 2018.





## MEHMET MORTAŞ

(1969)

### Child

your eyes have the colour of pain  
the touch of my heart on your cheeks  
tears left from summer on your palms  
over my closed up wounds  
snow fell on my hair frosted my soul  
your instrument on the streets where utterances turned green  
words burn on my chest like cinder  
the earth oozes from my sleep, child

your eyes are the days falling into evenings  
a shy bird heart is the cold hands of yours  
the stars fall blue into our hearts  
the frosty nights retreat into silence  
words of snowflakes are timid  
our faces are torches of repose in the dark  
of which colour is the fall words are unclear  
your glances resurrecting death is in my soul, child

your inside is a bird's nest my coasts are desolate  
the seasons are hung over the wings of birds  
your face is a raindrop the black sea has not split  
we woke up at the display windows and are defeated by life, child



**BÜNYAMİN K.**

(1971)

### **A Little Too Much**

we are a little cold  
a bit a lot a little too much  
we are playing a game  
hawthorns and cherries watching us

i say elephant, lion he says  
the animal with the loudest sound  
i say owl, hyena he says  
the one with the creepiest sound

i say it does not come from the stars  
venus he says  
whirr  
whirr  
whirr  
the aching one



## BAHTİYAR ASLAN

(1971)

### **The Blooming of Son**

*To my Mehmet Yusuf...*

heavy horses are passing under the ground my son  
long since i knew the dead were preparing for a journey  
they chopped off my head and above my heart they put it  
i am the left side of a father tested by a blunt knife

the earth i grasp with my right hand grows with fear my son  
-ra'sul hikmati mahafatullah-  
i see the mountains sweating and trembling out of a question

history is not time my son it is above time perhaps  
to live means the defeat of a shadow  
our children will remember us solely with the curve of our letters  
with the coldness of the stone by our bedside

the depiction of property binds you to the world  
and you get overwhelmed by shiny teeth even in poetry  
if you have an arrow to shoot, you must shoot it to your desires

bend and listen so many words under the earth  
so many stories which will never be written  
so many anecdotes so many poetries

if you start believing your fantasies lean on a mountain  
shout out to the valleys talk to the almighty trees  
if you will seek loneliness seek for it in the echo of your voice  
try to set up your house by making loam under your tongue

in order to understand what the clouds carry  
you must pay attention to what the earth is saying my son

when did i reach that age when did the advices land on my tongue  
staying as a ball of white  
in the greying bag of the dead

taking you by the hand, towards which saying am i pulling you now  
and when will you call me to account for this  
the difference between pendulum and swing when will you ask

heavy brooks are passing above the sky my son  
our burden is quite heavy our story takes shape slowly  
yet we must be vigorous when his name passes through our hearts

to the one who sent you to me as a bird  
to who presented, who entrusted you to me





**İNÇİ OKUMUŞ**

(1971)

### **Your Gloom O Child**

-to all the little children of the world-

hold me and take me away, child  
let me join that game  
i have to run to catch up  
let me know your smile as a sign of perseverance

hold my hands child  
without you i cannot find myself  
take us out to that childhood  
with growing up i cannot cope

your gloom o child  
as if it burns everyplace  
your eyes i say besides  
fans the flames in a way of rain

**To the Child Inside Me**

while looking at you i forgot  
all the roses in the garden  
i smelled your cheeks  
as if it were grapes i was smelling

i passed all the games  
and fell from the fig tree  
i came without hurting  
any hearts as yours

the moon was blooming  
the clouds descended to the branches like birds  
the ants knew the roads leading to you  
i came without asking

everyone plays with big things  
i rolled up my kite in my bosom  
and collected my lollipop roosters  
i came to you without having grown up

### **For the Children of Niger**

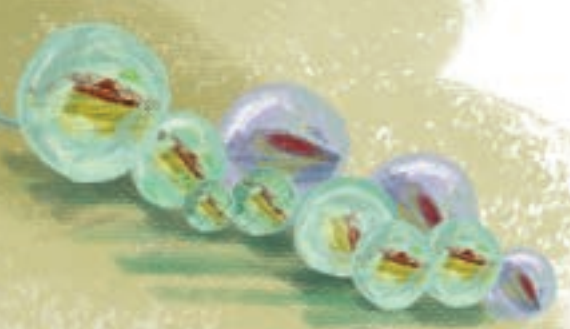
Your colour is black, child  
In this drought, I wrapped myself up in your colour  
In the famine of your country which I do not have any notion of  
I see your teeth of chalky white  
With you I die of starvation every time

The drought of my heart in this fasting  
To you I dedicated O child  
I am hungry, thirsty, my tongue is dry  
To my hands which cannot come to your rescue  
I divide my prayers as brooks

The smell of the hungry mankind in my breath  
It does not resemble your hunger  
I see you in every meal, every time  
While saying “a full belly and a happy heart”  
With you I die of starvation every time

O my Black one, my child of pearl teeth  
So long as you get weaker little by little  
I hang my hands ascending to the sky in the times of prayer  
Into my heart as the hanging of Jesus on a cross  
My turn of starvation has come to an end

*Ramadan, 2011*



## CAFER KEKLIKÇI

(1977)

### **Turkish Language\***

our lesson today is turkish my dear teacher  
turkish is the compassion of my mother  
turkish, the great voice of my father  
turkish is the melody of my crib

our lesson today is turkish my dear teacher  
i am turkish and turkish is me

2011

---

\* Sevinç Ülkesi, Kayalıpark, Konya, 2017.

### **Marbles\***

i have three marbles  
that are blue, green and white in colour  
they sparkle when held up to the sun  
a beautiful harmony when held towards the wind

come my friend let us play with the marbles  
let us share this nice game  
i cannot conquer my fear  
whoever i tell about this nice game

marbles are great toys  
our pockets are filled with them  
but the grown ups are unaware  
that marbles are a type of toy

*2012*

---

\* Sevinç Ülkesi, Kayalıpark, Konya, 2017.

### **The Painting with Sun\***

hello grandpa, today i  
drew a gorgeous picture  
and hung it on the refrigerator's door  
if you only had seen how the birds fly  
to the streets far from our home  
yes grandpa mummy and daddy saw  
the many kids playing ball too  
the white teddy bear coughed yellow rabbit smiled  
everyone who saw adored the clouds that i  
drew as if they walk everyone who saw them kissed them

grandpa today i am  
drawing suns every which way

*2012*

---

\* Sevinç Ülkesi, Kayalıpark, Konya, 2017.





## HÜSEYİN BURAK US

(1977)

### **Serenade for the Desert's Pavement\***

The moon light will leave a verse to the earth by the dawn  
The children will speak by the prophet language

Your eyes are the rose garden of Ibrahim  
My lips chapped in the desert dreams  
My hands  
And pencil  
Do not they shadow out the sun which will never set

Hamada  
Forgetting does not suit you  
Please do not ruin my dreams

As my death walks around with me  
Tell me of layla  
Tell me hamada

Do your lips get dry in the nights of spring  
That a shriek fills my ears

---

\* Bir Çocuk Tutar Ellerimden, İnsan Saati, Kahramanmaraş, 1997.

Hüseyin Burak Us / Serenade for the Desert's Pavement

Hamada  
Please come to my mind any time  
Wear a mirage as if it were a wedding gown

I was an ababil  
I died  
Cover my feathers with your blood  
And the morning of my lifetime is getting dark

Adjoint it is getting  
Un/der/stand me  
Un/der/stand hamada

**Water was Requested From our Eyes\***

I

Let us rest we were saying  
in the dreams of children  
with the clothes of rain burn

Possibly  
We burned a thousand days  
in order to make up to the night  
Thus we have burned them, O lover

II

Your eyes resemble  
a sudden heavy rain

The sea is over  
It is over  
Thus you have gone, O lover

---

\* Bir Çocuk Tutar Ellerimden, İnsan Saati, Kahramanmaraş, 1997.



## ENVER ÇAPAR

(1977)

### **A Dolphin in the Child Heart of Yours**

He grew up yet never stopped being a child  
His bag was overflowing with birds  
Thought of life as a tale,  
Reality was a dream and he woke up

He recited salat and salam for the prophet,  
Received a response from the children  
He saw an uninterpretable dream  
And found love with a pure heart

He walked right and stayed honest  
In his dream, he saw a real friend  
He inquired the flowers,  
Resented to the brooks

The children are right, life is a game  
O people, heart it as well  
Read one book so many times  
Hear Him from your heart



## İBRAHİM GÖKBURUN

(1980)

### **The Country of Tales\***

The evening slowly reaches us  
My grandfather returns from the mosque  
Out of the blue a joy fills the house

My grandfather is a child who has seen cheats of war  
He tells tales to the swallows, to the trees  
The trees bend and speak  
My grandfather spreads fear to the waylayers

I pulled a face at shade of the earth-roofed home  
I got to know rural women who have no time to be bored  
And men who stuff hay in rabbit skin  
Do not make me talk do not touch my tale  
This house is the memory of my grandfather,  
If it is going to get ruined, let it occur naturally

I slept and woke up five times day after day in this house  
In my grandfather's west inside the pocket watch  
I recognized memories are the walking sticks of the elder  
My grandfather walks holding on to it from mosque to home

---

\* Güz Nöbeti, Mühür, İstanbul, 2018.

Between two eyes, two fountains, two ballads  
A mad man telling tales has passed within my life  
That is what everyone said and we also knew it that way  
There has got to be something wrong here father  
There has got to be love here  
According to what a professor told at the faculty  
A folk hero, an unlettered, a dervish is my grandfather

My grandfather, nine of my siblings and I, smile please  
In a memorial forest, on a riverbank  
Waylayers held up the bridge, smile  
Do not do it, keep your hands off my tale  
Such reality is too much for my child heart to endure

The pocket watch is winded up for the afternoon  
The walking stick waiting its owner at the corner  
The wooden suitcase nobody touches  
And the giants, dwarfs, fairies inside it...

Now children grow up in houses  
Where grandfathers are no longer present  
In wide houses, houses without flowers  
Women grow boredom within themselves  
Thus faultless, namely without memories the children  
Thus the crowds walk cheerlessly in the streets



### Then Humanity Died\*

*A boat carrying refugees capsized  
in Bodrum. During the disaster  
which claimed the lives of 12 people;  
the body of three-year-old Syrian  
Aylan baby washed ashore.  
(September 3, 2015 - The Newspapers)*

Let the children imitating birds to sleep  
In the Mediterranean, the newspapers and the headlines,  
I saw the corpse of humanity which has washed ashore

I had seen you sleeping Aylan baby  
In Kilis, at a terminal, above a suitcase  
A red shirt and a black sea on you  
You are most welcome I had told you  
I saw you in the heading of the newspaper  
Mediterranean: the sea that spew out the brutality inside us

I am not a murderer I have not killed anyone  
In the “basements”\*\* of houses, in tent cities  
Looking at the children sleeping in the corners,  
In refuges and never waking up again, looking at  
Them, this is a “slander” I said, “slander” no one believed  
If only I could convince myself that I am not a murderer  
I could speak louder to wake you up

---

\* Güz Nöbeti, Mühür, İstanbul, 2018.

\*\* The name of the district where the incident took place is Bodrum, which literally means “basement.”

**İbrahim Gökburun / Then Humanity Died**

I was asleep in a lakebed I woke up  
I shouldered the coffin of a man I have never met  
Black glasses challenging the sun and  
Fake sadnesses I wore in funerals

I must speak of this issue in the seat of the parliament  
Where is my handkerchief while the honourable mi-  
nister prolongs his speech  
While what a sensitive man everyone is commenting  
In the evening I was the one on the news  
On my face was a Chinese melancholy

**I Became the Father of a Girl  
It is Snowing on my Voice\***

When one becomes the father of a girl  
Everything subtilizes as a heart about to break  
Once again they swaddle me to the crib  
Every mother becomes a little bit mother, a little bit muteness  
Istanbul hums lullabies to me

This ladybug wandering about your fingertip  
Ring of the dove between us  
A sound enriching the misery of our insides  
A prayer on your eyelashes asleep  
The uneasiness of a gazelle flickering in my eyes

The light of our house, it's the sound of a baby  
The first syllable of the archaic alif  
Sleep my baby sleep, the e in Elif is this sound  
If you touch, my breathe disperses as the pomegranate flowers

---

\* Kesik Dil, Profil, Istanbul, 2013.

**İbrahim Gökburun / I Became the Father of a Girl It is Snowing on my Voice**

I am not a darvish for certain, my heart is broken  
To the children waiting for the storm of swallows I said that  
In order to please the birds unable to fly  
My trembling voice bloomed for the cherry trees

She is a butterfly flopping around in my palms  
Scent of basil, nebular, soppy,  
About a drop of rain falling on my face  
Do not look that she seems like a thin rose on my hand  
Her tiny hands bind me to life  
The river flowing from her eyes is what purifies me

The morning calls to prayer, silence of Istanbul, baby sounds  
These times mark the end of a year 31 December 2010  
The calendars will change soon the hour-hands will fret  
Soon the rain will fall soon the snow...

A sparrow holding the amazement of my face  
Came by and landed to the thinnest branch of my heart  
She is a butterfly flopping around in my palms  
A ladybug wandering about my fingertip  
Almost able to take flight now...



## FATİH BEDİR KÖKER

(1980)

### Winter Optimism\*

A bastard was the cherry tree in the yard  
For it was not vaccinated  
The sparrows would keep nibbling it

A broken handkerchief was hung on the line  
My head on my mother's knees my mother would  
Clean my face the same way she cleans the stones from rice

My father would come home as though it were snowing  
We would get cold, possibly even frozen  
If he was not there to let us kiss his hand on Eid mornings

We the household  
Gave meaning to a room for years  
By wantonly sleeping and waking up early

It was childhood that diminished as we grew older  
Which is why there is not a photograph in this album  
Where the hair matches with the beard  
Or love meets the heart.

---

\* Kaza Yeri, Karakalyon Kitaplığı, Kahramanmaraş, 2012.

**A Youth Fertilized with Poetry  
Does not Provide One with a Son**

The cheeks of  
Children, tally of grudge  
Every slap in the face  
Makes a new notch  
Do not forget that  
Not while you sleep  
I will tell you the tales  
When you wake up  
May your cheeks not be beardless  
And your heart cowardly  
When I return home in the evening  
With my hunchbacked shoulder  
I will spell out all to you  
May you not be the only one who attaches  
Tins to the tails of cats when you grow up



“You cannot change the facts”  
Is written on every banknote  
You will learn how to read  
Solely for learning this  
While you read you will solve  
Everything that needs to be solved  
With your eyes pestered by sleep  
You will run  
From tales to realities  
Until learning that  
The facts  
Are the head of all lies  
If you still have the strength  
You will seek for a tale  
Thus it prevents you from finding

*A well in the yard  
Cold is its water  
When the braveheart wakes up  
Manly may his humour be*

When the short poem disappears  
The outrage ends, years withdraw  
Then all at once you see  
Everything has turned from fire to cinder  
From cinder to ashes  
The tale ends  
You climb up the stairs of reality.



## YEPREM TÜRK

(1980)

### Child Knowledge\*

Stop the devices in your hands  
My teachers, do not engrave my nature anymore  
On my hands are  
My last bits of humanity

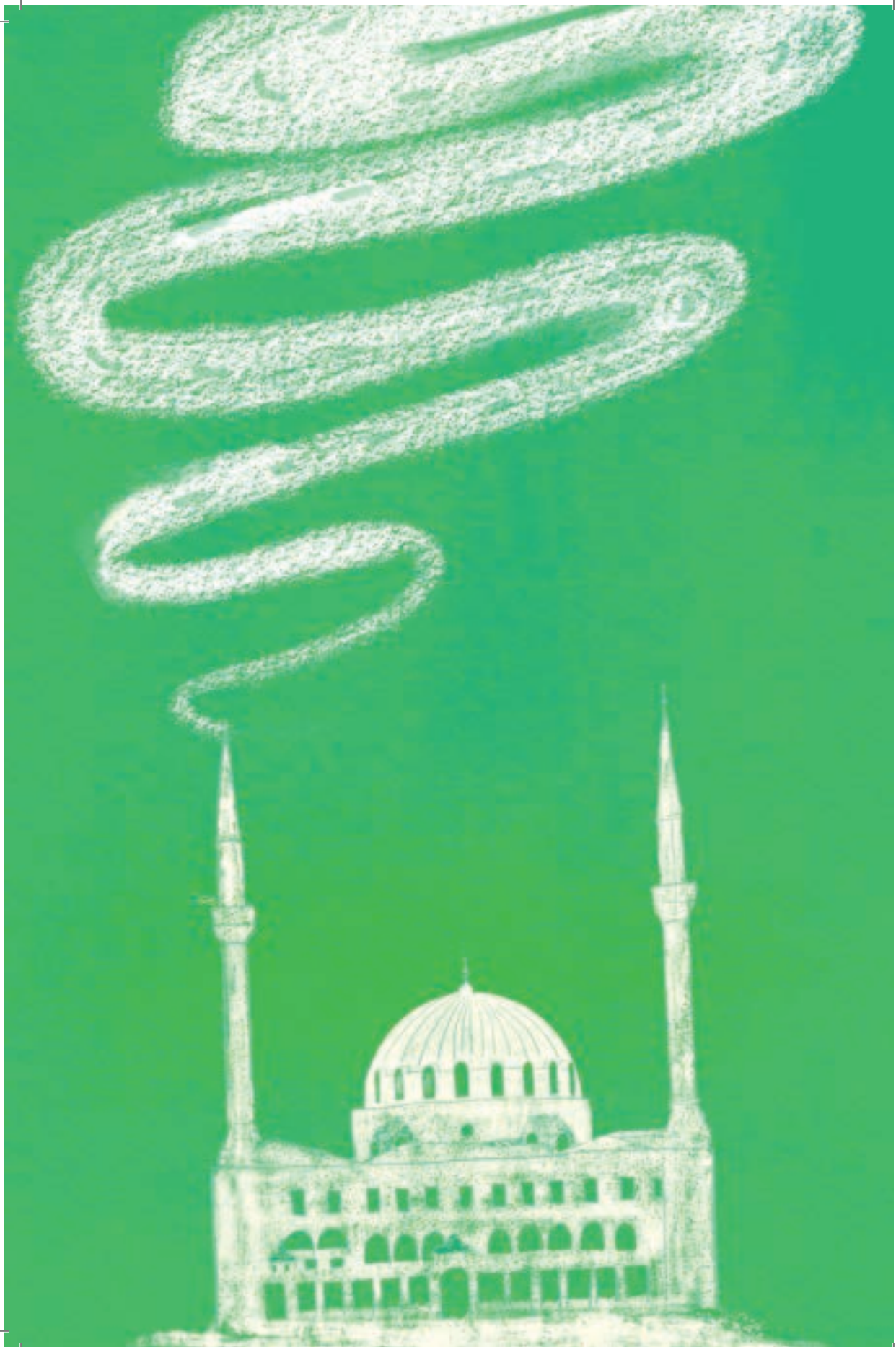
Our nature is off the God's hands  
Decrypt my password under His name

Science is barking  
From West to East  
For three centuries  
You have not shooed it for once

Fetch knowledge from Europe and  
Add some mother's warmth to it

---

\* Ari Duru, Kuruluş Dergisi, Istanbul, 2018.



## ARIF BURUN

(1981)

### **Bad with the Light\***

we are at the north to the root colour  
wriggling hair thread  
we have no idea what your name is

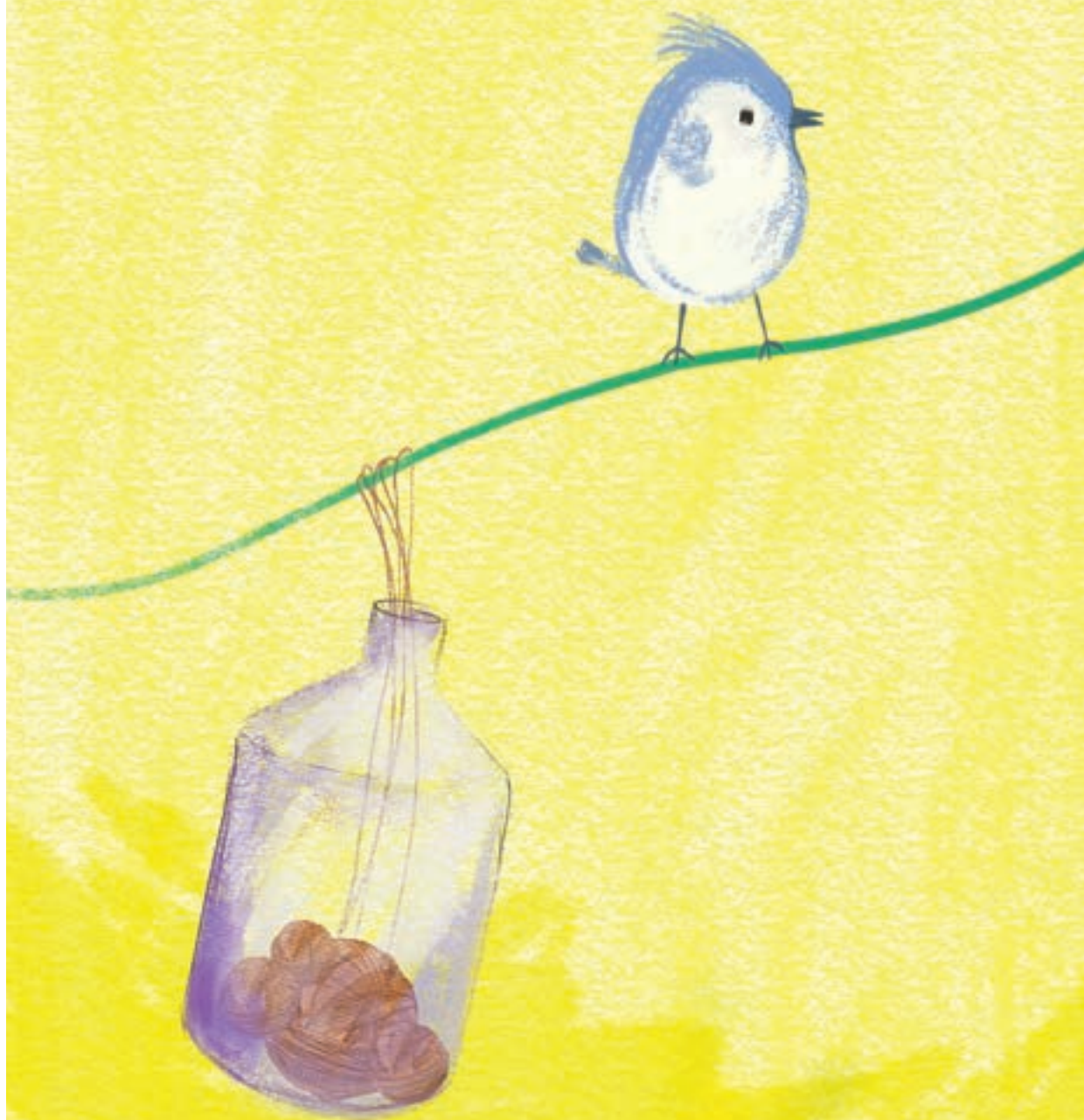
the pines plowed for days  
do you want pine  
let the garden come down the dirty stop

the north must be all vintage still  
the doorsteps must be children  
what is the problem of you

signboards with a wafer-thin curtain  
maybe a smoke maybe fog  
let here be and go along.

---

\* Dergâh-Edebiyat Sanat, Kültür Dergisi-, Issue: 173, July 2004.



## CENGİZHAN KONUŞ

(1989)

### **The Rope Handed Out to Me**

the world has a theme of whims know it daughter  
a silence which lasts long renders you readable  
be deceived by the birds hanging in the air  
siren sounds outside, indoors is ramadan

june preparations started in the tombs where prayers have been said  
you came and i took my age personally this year  
the prayer call awaiting the morning gives the water its name  
the mercy on my chest a bunch of Turkish flowers  
and aches relieved merely by telling to Allah

life is where you stumble and fall daughter  
a place to seclude is another person you always walk in solitude  
hold your face towards mine thus my beauty widens  
where shall the stream of words inside me utter you





## SÜLEYMAN AYDEMİR

(1990)

### A Child\*

The child draws a picture  
On the smoked windows with wet hands  
Look at the descending heavens slowly  
The child wanders in the picture he drew

There is a message from God a blessed one  
The child hunts for smiles on the faces  
Looking at the mirror unaware of all  
Combs his black hair the child

---

\* Türk Edebiyatı Dergisi, Issue: 501, July 2015.



Kahramanmaraş  
Metropolitan Municipality

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