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KAHRAMANMARAŞ  
METROPOLITAN  
MUNICIPALITY

CULTURE  
PUBLICATIONS

**DI**ARY





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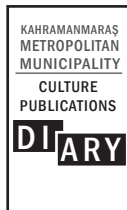




# LIVING

Cahit Zarifođlu

TRANSLATED BY  
MUKADDER ERKAN







## It Is Very Difficult To Live For Those Who Have A Heart

They say that a man is the consequence of what he sees. It would be appropriate to say that a man is made up of the remnants of what he saw and lived.

They say that a man completes what he sees. A man completes his "interior" with subtlety after every encounter and every new vision. He discovers something new in every vision and encounter. This could at times be "anguish", "happiness", "courage" or just a plain sigh...

To read these visions and encounters from the mind of a poet will certainly give us a deeper understanding of things.

Cahit Zarifođlu, the graceful poet of Kahramanmaraş, who left his name, visions, and adages to the history of Turkish poetry with his perspective upon this world and his poetic universe, has given us one of the best examples of the memoir genre with his book *Living*. *Living*, radiates upon a solitary world by transforming our anguish to a social illumination.

We believe that *Living* should not be only in Turkish but must be translated to other languages as well. Because the saying "what a lot of pain" has an equivalent in every languages of the world... The same goes for everything else Cahit Zarifođlu told us...

This is a first step, and *Living* is now in English...

**HAYRETTİN GÜNGÖR**

**Mayor of Kahramanmaraş Metropolitan Municipality**





## CAHIT ZARIFOĞLU CHRONOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY

1.7.1940: He was born in Ankara.

1947-1961: He started primary school in Siverek. He attended primary school, secondary school and high school in Kizilcahamam, Ankara, Kahraman Maraş.

1959: He worked as a primary school substitute-teacher in Kahraman Maraş for one academic year.

1961: He enrolled in the department of German Language and Literature in İstanbul University.

1962: He published Açık Journal (1 issue).

1964: He worked as a corrector in Yol Journal.

1967: He worked as technical secretary in Sabah Newspaper in Bab-ı Ali.

He went to Germany for a language course (2 months).

1968: He worked as a translator for a short time in Migros organization.

1969: He worked as technical secretary at Hakimiyet Newspaper.

1970: He worked as an assistant accounting officer at Touring Automobile Corporation.

1971: He graduated from the Department of German Language and Literature, İstanbul University

1972-1973: He taught German at Private Bilir College in Istanbul during the academic year. He went back to Germany for a language course (2 months).

1973-1975: He completed his military service.

1975: He became a civil servant in the MKEK Education branch.

1976: He worked as a translator secretary at the TRT General Directorate.

1976: He took part in the establishment of Mavera Journal.

1983: He was appointed to TRT-Istanbul Radio.

1984: He received the Children's Literature Award of the Writers Union of Turkey.

1986: He received the reward of Suffe for his book "Fear and Invocation".

7.6.1987: He died in Istanbul.







Works: (According to first publication date)

Poetry: Children of the Sign, Seven Beautiful Men, Ranges, Fear and Invocation.

(collectively: Poems)

Stories: Ins.

Children's stories: Sparrow, Mulelion, Woodpeckers, Yurekdede and the Sultan,

Smile, Tree School (Afghanistan Poems for Children), Little Prince,

The Motorbird, The Language of the Birds. (collectively: We Rode Horses with Our Children)

Novel: War Rhythms, Mother (Collectively: Novels)

Diary: Living

Essay: This World is a Mill, In Search of Rich Dreams.

Drama: Sütçü İmam.

Criticism: With Readers

Letter: Letters

Play: Radio Plays

Criticism: Motifs in Rilke's Novel

Works about him:

1) Mavera, Cahit Zarifoğlu Special Issue, Issue: 129, September 1987.

2) Yedi İklim, Issue: 5-6, July-August 1987.

3) Okuntu, Cahit Zarifoğlu Special Issue, Issue: 10, 2003.

4) A Poet at Heart, Âlim Kahraman, Kaknüs Yayıncılık, 2003.

5) The Child Who Makes Way to the Sun, Mustafa Ruhi Şirin, İz Yayıncılık, 2013.

6) Vivo Cahit Zarifoğlu Special Issue, 5-6, January-March, 2003

7) Cahit Zarifoğlu, Nazım Elmas (Master's Thesis)

8) Kitap Haber Journal.

9) Hece: One of the Seven Beautiful Men: Cahit Zarifoğlu (Number: 126-127-128-June- July-August 2007).







Senin adınla  
Ey yüceler yücesi  
Sevgi evimizde sende  
Sana secde ederiz.  
Seninle dolu  
Kendi benliğimizden boş  
Esirgenmemizi iste sen iste sen  
İşte sakınmamız  
İşte cevarihî azamızın  
Fenaya düğümü  
İşte elimizin açıklığı  
Gözümüzün sabrı  
Dilimizin damağımızdaki yapışıklığı  
Esirgenmemizi iste sen iste sen

*In your name  
O the supreme  
In our house of love in you  
We prostrate to you.  
Full of you  
Empty of our own selves  
May you want us to be spared may you may you  
Here's our avoidance  
Here is our hands and feet  
Knotted with annihilation  
Here is openness of our hands  
The patience of our eyes  
The adhesion of our tongue to our palate  
May you want us to be spared may you may you*







## Living

### SARIKAMIŞ 1979. *what a lot of pain.*

trying not to spoil and always looking ahead they keep the upright and first expression of their faces which have become unrecognizable by the instantly bruised strokes, the bruises of blood and explosions, and the shrinkage of the flesh invoked by pain and fear.

i'm looking. Our soul aches and passes through a narrow lane. Being in tatters with shame I remember. Your words. What you say is marvellous even in its simplest appearance. You, Allah's messenger to all people, our beloved prophet, who said to your slave who committed a great moral crime, "If there was no fear of retaliation in the hereafter, I would have hurt you with this miswak". It hasn't been two weeks yet. They were running after the snow that had fallen to the ground. While the vehicles were being loaded in a hurry in accordance with the cargo plans, the military unit would be ready at any moment in case of 'sliding south'. Since there is no imminent danger, I guess we won't go to the alarm zone, says he, pantomime of military service in peace still one should be careful about air targets if gasoline and ammunition are supplied look at the enemy with the barrel socks should be patched all things from sleeping bags to portable beds, to kitchen utensils, to barber saddlery tailor kits are prepared by running in tents suitable for various purposes so that they can live on the land for days when necessary. And you don't look up while running. The mission ends in the narrow strict command-execution tunnel it takes an hour and a half and from where my brainstem curves outward, my face radiates from an unmoving calmness and determination. And for ease is commanded to us, when difficulty arises my mouth standing in the forms of kindness finds ease, and tells the easy. And in the midst of all the hustle and bustle, my poet blood takes people and hangs into the innermost of events. As much as possible. Still: seven people are pushing a light vehicle trailer uphill filled with guns. Do they think of just uploading. There must be another reason for the curves of these seven bodies that are so different and full of various expressions. The one in the front left whose whole body is magnetized like a metal and moves along with the mobile magnetic fundamental mass in the ground under his feet advances while the enormous curved balance in his appearance undisturbed. Just behind him yet another one tilted forward seems to try to tear the piece of the trailer he was holding. On the other hand, he lays the right side of his face on the hip of the one in front, listens to the ground from inside his calves pressing down with tense power, and is ready to jump out if this face can't stand a tormenting word from there. The two at the back of the trailer





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grasped the sides of the hatch and lowered their shoulders to the level of their hands so that their palms could be perpendicular to the direction of movement. After their bodies are extended parallel to the ground, their legs reach the ground at a right angle. One's head in the direction of his arms and his face is looking down. The other's head is tilted backwards from the neck with an expression on his face looking ahead in difficulty. Who knows? They just push. Do they know that they can move forward as the strength in their muscles overcomes the resistance of gravity and ground obstruction, no. - Do they imagine that the chests they stack on the vehicles will be opened to pieces when necessary, and that weapons and ammunition will be distributed quickly, no. I wonder. Each warrior who takes his ammunition embarks on a terrible, self-directed preparation without hearing the heartbeats humming in his ears with the weights of smelling iron lead and gunpowder loaded on his body and heart. In order to reduce the target, the ground is closed to the soil, and a feeling of sinking into the ground, like the deep descent of a tank standing on soft ground, is born and explodes in salvos. Rapture of not dying. Creeping on the ground like ladybugs with embroidered backs and when he is shot, his energetic weapon, like a young lion, stagnates and waits by its owner like a horse with its rider lying at full length on the ground. But the gun is not faithful. Despite all its tiredness, its participation in those deep and hasty breaths, in its sensitive limb inside the trigger guard different; it will gaze upon the sensual touch of a daring hand and a face that will back with one shoulder, close one eye and on his chest lie in admiration. – They're pushing the trailer.

Despite everything, the sound of an express is heard in the narrow and deep valley where Kars Stream, railway and highway pass through. And behind the hill, silhouetted by pine trees against the sky, the edge of a grey cloud scroll is visible. Despite the scorching heat of the August sun, a cool wind licks our faces. Upload in progress. They took their equipment backpacks portable fortifications light and heavy weapons and camouflaged steel caps. They flow into assembly areas. Without speaking each knowing what to do. They are walking against the wind. The grey cloud is fast approaching the top. Behind the hill, a muffled thunder sounds like a play an astonishing sign of nature in our yet sunny surroundings. The three hundred and fifty-two why is jeep's battery terminal cable not repaired/ The sky is roaring once again. From the nearby tank battalion, a group of tanks roars out from the surrounding road to the plain. On the other side the vehicles with armoured carriers, in the mechanized regiment make a hum in this military unit resembling the operation of one and only gigantic power tool. One end of the cloud is shifting to the south. On the other





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hand, another white-looking cloud higher and making a move, is rapidly sliding in front of the sun. We see that the shadow of the cloud falling on the opposite hill slides into the valley with the flow and spread of the oil spilled on the ground, and soon comes to the plain we are on and walks towards us. And now we're in the shadow. The plain in the south lies in the clear cartilaginous luminosity of the sun with its yellowing pastures of crop fields with patches of greenery. The shadow is slipping fast there too. As it passes over the tank units, I feel the shiver of the swarming soldiers with the coolness on their faces. A tank holds the heavy cannon barrel, which it slowly and sensibly turns northward at the tip of its turret, like a snail antenna, as if it were going to vomit that deadly iron mass from its tip. A tank holds the heavy cannon barrel, which it slowly and sensibly turns northward at the tip of its turret like a snail antenna on us as if it were going to vomit that deadly iron mass from its tip. I think the shooter sees us through his telescope as the perfect mass target I have a mad craving for anti-tank rockets right next to me. Although the war is far away, its air flows into me piecemeal, arising from the various breezes and the various and suitable evocative materials around me.

## A Few Days And Nights In January 1975

*ON SARIKAMIS - MERSIN TRAIN LINE.* how many times I have told him that he doesn't have to come all the way to the train. moreover, with a net full of stuff. Napkin papers next to the food / you can't always find water, he said, your hands and face with food residue, will you sleep like that. a novel and a pine cone-shaped crep de shin in a tiny package that came out later. The three of us are standing just ahead of the area where the sled cars park. The train behind me understands that it is going to the road, and it slowly prepares to take off with steamy hissing, whistling and sighs. A few minutes left. I stare at our feet buried in soft snow. The temperature must have passed minus twenty. The train's lights are not on. Its batteries would be full on the way. "Take care of yourself," he told me while he remained silent. Raising my head, I said I would. I passed the net from one hand to the other. I smiled at both of them. They also smile at me. Someone running past bumped into him slightly. I wonder how many hours it will take until I get there. He asked it's not clear. I said the people at the station cannot say anything specific because of the snow. What do we know then, he said. I already told him how many times before, trying to explain that it wasn't easy and he should not to come to the train. What do you think. Nothing. I smiled looking at them. Oh, Mr. Cem said he it is very difficult. I shook my head in frustration. I





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took the net in my other hand, rubbed my face with my free hand and grabbed her arm over her fur. Suddenly ah! he said. I saw his eyes looking at something big and tall. Before he could say anything, I realized that the train was moving silently. I turned and ran and took two big steps. Ceem! said he. I understood immediately and quickly turned and kissed them. I caught the train with free broad willing steps.

We just passed by. I've never seen such a big one before. I never thought it could be like this. It is big enough to cover the mountain ranges into which the train enters, snuggling up with its shakes and grunts. / everyone was asleep. We are four friends. After I fell asleep by the window, I saw that the glass was frozen all over. I melted something the size of a palm, snoring. An old russian woman, madam vera, said so in the Caucasus, when she snorted with rounded and extended lips, a tiny hole was made in the windows. There were no holes in the thick glass of the train. I look and see the darkness passing by with very dark shadows. And we approached that little station. The train was going up the ramp, so we almost crept into the station. Long dark station building with clear edge lines on snow. A few trees ossified in the middle of a pure whiteness. The train did not stop. Clad in his cap and dispatcher's coat, he was holding the green light at the motorman. The sound of the locomotive stopped as it passed the station. We were now flowing in a mossy trough. The dispatcher turned and slid into the building. Just as he was walking through the door, a tree trunk came between us. The officer was no longer there when the tree was out of sight. And that's when I thought I'd never seen it this big before: loneliness.

*12.1.1975.* nothing happened. The load of the train is nine hundred tons. All of qatar's iron must be included in this. -Towards noon, we saw the mountain, which was steep and whose glaciers were shining like glass. The sun was hanging down from its side.

*12.1.1975.* when the door opened, his hooded face was revealed. Sitting next to the tin can, Mr. Conductor. We asked if he would like something to eat because we were having breakfast. He said yes and we passed the bread. He said this would take a little longer. Maybe three more hours. Then it means we will turn to the other ridge. And then we go all the way to the sea at the speed of a storm. You don't know, Allah's grace, the motorman will change before turning to the ridge.

They never give the present one to the roads going downhill. Because when the train started to accelerate, he said how many times when he was formally deposed that he found the stations to be stopped, the bends that







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needed to slow down and the rotten lands meaningless. He says there are no such difficulties for them machinists in the advanced west.

What drivers we have seen. What hillsides we have seen. We have! I thought of that little station that night and the driver the man was talking about. Same machinist. Yes, exactly as he said. How close he was to the station at night. What a crossing what an adjustment. Then, even though it is uphill, he can keep going for a while, stopping the locomotive at that most important moment, being able to make that silence just in time.

I nodded off toward noon. Shouting woke me up. We had stopped at a station and were now on our way slowly. I jumped into the corridor. A few people are trying to throw someone in a cap and almost a cloak, who is trying to hold on inside with his sack, out of the door, and on the other hand, they are trying to convince him that this train will not go there. He resists and is stubborn that it goes there. He's right, but other people are not allowed to take this train. And they say, daddy, this train won't pass there and he shouts, it goes only there, trying with all his strength not to let go of the cold iron of the handle. Finally, they untied his fingers, grabbed his arm, cautiously up the stairs, and then, when he matched his running steps to the speed of the train, they dropped him to the ground. They threw his sack behind him. The man shouted for the last time, maniacs.

When it arrived at, they changed the machinist. Despite this, the clicks between the rails are coming more and more often. Finally, the voices turned into an endless hum. It has beautiful mountains. Everything is swarming with nature's games. The mountains are stern and vicious. And heavy. The streams beneath them, although seemingly tame, suddenly twist and slide under the train.

*Ve hatırlıyorum  
Akrep avına çıkmakla çocuklar  
Ana yüreğine  
Bir sayı çatlağı açarlar  
Ve hatırlıyorum  
Bir evliya geçmiş gibi  
Uzun cübbe eteklerinin ısısı  
Ve kokusu kokan sokakları.  
Zincirlerinde iri biraz eğrilmiş  
Kalaylı bakır taslar sarkar  
Serin pirinç çeşme oluklarını  
Ve şimdi lokomotifler çekmiyor. Yük ağır ve hesapları yanlış  
yaptılar anlaşılan.*





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And I remember  
Children going scorpion hunting  
To the heart of the mother  
They open a number crack  
And I remember  
Like a saint past  
The streets smelling the heat and  
smell of long robe skirts.  
Big in chains a little bent  
Tinned copper bowls dangling  
cool brass fountain troughs  
And now the locomotives are not pulling. Apparently, the load is heavy  
and they did the calculations wrong.

**14.1.1975.** the humming continues unabated. We do not stop at any station. We're going through bends and tunnels at full speed. Thousands of avalanches flow behind us into deep mountain pits. We finally reached that infinite speed. They prepared a hot meal for us somewhere. We saw large cauldrons and piles of bread standing in line on the platform. The fact that the train appeared at the expected time, but continued on its way without stopping, terrified those who waited by the soup cauldrons and piles of bread. I saw hundreds of round mouths opened in amazement.

an irresistible sleep overtook us all before nightfall.

I woke up just past midnight. I snorted, opening an eye hole in the ice-freeze glass. After a while, the train slowed down with uncertain slowdowns. I kept looking and saw the darkness passing by with very dark shadows. And we passed through the station once again on the night of January eleven three days ago, with its small building with clear contours in an ossified whiteness and the dispatcher with a lantern.

(Come back before I start shouting as loudly as I can in the streets because of sadness. / an entry from April twenty-seventh one thousand nine hundred seventy-five)

(.i'm leaving now. /an entry from April twenty-first one thousand nine hundred seventy-five)

**ISTANBUL 1969.** There is a lot of noise now. I'm in the library. A group of academy students exhibit their works. There is an opening in the next hall.





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What neatly dressed girls. They are aware. They greet their guests, bowing with smiles on their faces that they hardly carry because they are not used to it. In the face of the multitude of visitors, they cannot give their attention completely to one. They scatter, they pass.

Among those who come, there are also friends with whom they are sincere and even hobnob a little bit. But this does not change the result, they give them the courtesy they rehearse in mirrors. There is no time for anything else, someone else just walks through the door. We accept that they behave like this so that it is enough for all who come. Their friends will say, "Our friend has changed" in this case. They will worry that this change will remain with them forever. They are only willing to put up with it for the duration of an exhibition. Yet they silently think of going out, feeling pity and feeling that the little injury that befell them spread to their whole heart.

*CALW 1967. rain.*

*ISTANBUL 1971.* The old man stands between the gauze curtain and the window and looks at the street. He has a short white beard and a black prayer cap on his head. It's like a half-waist-up picture affixed to the glass outward for viewers to see.

It's like there's nothing and no one behind him or his past.

It's like old age glued to glass.

It is as if he was brought in front of the window to look outside at the time of a program where people live.

And looking outward, stuck in the middle of my window, to this old man, who spreads the feeling that death will burn like a cigarette paper and leave nothing even to the next world, I realized that he was frozen in the same feeling towards me, but maybe just the same words as fifty years ago.

Yet he dared.

Otherwise I would be calcified with this age-old remnant of emotion.

Half-turning, he crossed the gauze inward, shading and disappearing into the room. At that time, all the windows of this thirty-story skyscraper were empty.

*MILAN 1967.* The station on whose thick stone walls the waters from lion heads or human and lion heads are pouring. Grey-coloured massive structures seem as if a piece of mud was thrown from the sky and turned into those buildings as they fell to the earth because they do not look like





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they were built for humans. They are like the motionless and emotionless back walls of a blood event. I'm right in the middle of the square walking backwards I see the gray walls breathing like snakes in jars in zoos

i am far from my mother and father.

i am trying to find the place and interpretation of the mystery in the eyes of people who I do not know and who do not know each other, who are thrown out and inside the big doors and stairs of the station like a food that is constantly eaten and vomited. vomited. The tree, which the workers cut with regular blows, fell on people and cars on the square where the roads intersect. I heard no groans, no aids, and no axes.

So I think of a tree as tall as skyscrapers and grown on the edge of it was cut with regular strokes and

it fell on the square where cars and people mingled, by superimposing nature and city life like two transparent pictures.

This huge city is not just the square surrounded by tea houses and snapdragons.

Having looked for and found a place I'm sitting at one of the tables on the sidewalk, it's August, the sidewalk coffee shop is crowded.

I take out a pen and paper and start writing to see if it's possible not to remember you. A car is coming towards me, fast. Before I even have time to take a deep breath of fear, it jerks onto the pavement it hits the tables something like a bottle hard powerful unconfused hits on my cheek i couldn't escape i saw a few people hung up on tables and chairs as if they were crushed I did not take a deep breath of fear just as i was waiting for what would come for me with the greatest desperation the car stopped in front of me as if it had hit a wall. There is a woman at the wheel. Extremely calm. She was in no hurry to get off, as if she had stopped in a parking lot. She looked at me a little. Maybe she wouldn't have come down if a gentleman among the squished ones hadn't opened the door violently. It was quick. The man hit the woman. I got up from my seat as if the car had just begun to come at me, the brutality quickly affect us, I felt my muscles tighten, it was like a rock and I pulled to the side watching for something blood was flowing from my cheek he started tackling the woman.

There was something under the rear wheel, like a child with her feet clumsily stretched out her head in things like shards of wood, shroud, crooked iron. Nobody cared like she was dead nobody was trying to get her out, and





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i'm pretty sure she was dead. She would understand if the man stopped choking her with words, that's when I think maybe she'd faint, she'd want to break the truth with screams. And it happened. Her face was suddenly discoloured. A colourless human skin is like white, no, nothing else. There was a tremendous urge to faint in the tiny contractions of her body. She was able to sustain herself by putting her hands on her forehead and head. I heard that dark man, who held the fortitude of the borderless deserts in his words, and who, in spite of the turmoil deep down, said: *La havle vela kuvvete illa billahil aliyyl azim*<sup>1</sup>. Between this accident, in which fate suddenly appeared, and this surrender and taking refuge in the Creator, I had a deep aimlessness for a few seconds. Is it doubt no or rebellion no without extension to any of these but the earthquake caused by leaving the truth, on the border of which we are forced to stand, on us.

Later I saw despite their different colours and languages, the words purified and spread in the deserts also grasped them and the scuffles stopped that a mother slowly descended upon the dead young girl, that the cops were looking here and there at invisible things as if they were playing some mysterious children's game that they drew the ground with chalk, that the grey walls continued to breathe like snakes in zoos alienated from death and life at the same rate, and like the years at hand whenever you went but that people were drawn to the pure words of the desert towards evening and laid their heads on pillows.

I kept writing to see if it was possible not to remember you.

Your yellow head and your blue look I seem to constantly catch are now mixed with the moment that car jumped onto the pavement, and the descent of the woman, whom I later learned to be her sister, to that death shock as if tearing the air that hits our face, is gradually interferes with our memories and until late at night I stare out of the hotel window at Dom's pointed, fringed ends that seem to have sprung up nippingly from the ground.

*CALW 1967.* me in the miniature cathedral on the stone bridge when it started to rain, and that finn, always with a pink on his face. I lean against the wall to see how they managed to put this oppressive atmosphere in this tiny space, which is as small as a room and dimmed by the colourful stained glass, and which should actually be very cute and I am trying to understand throwing myself into the past european times as if throwing

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<sup>1</sup> [In paraphrasing: Strength and power come only with the help of Allah, who is great and exalted.]





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myself off the cliff. And I understand that it has stopped. in this huge civilization does not flow the soul. i say it is an impossible and unhealthy thing, as if as it circulates any liquid instead of blood in any human beings european civilization has spread its offspring, which are real extensions, even in this tiny town. Yes, the human is great. This ingenious stance, facultying, reasonable and insidious concessions, those artistic attires to centuries-old animal struggles, self-declarations that result in great suffering, and sub-animal flattery, centuries of enduring in public on a wrong.

*Bu nedir soruyorum ve bilmiyor.*

*Mermerdeki yazıyı okuyorum.*

*Başımda kalpaklarımla geçerdim o eski çağ aslanlarını*

*Buğday başakları olgun meyvalarıyla atlarımın ayakları*

*Doludizgindim gurbetlerde.*

*Hiç anamı özlemedim.*

*Kadın kız dolanmaz heybemde.*

I ask what is this and he doesn't know

I'm reading the text on the marble.

I used to pass those ancient lions with my kalpaks on my head

Ears of wheat with ripe fruit the feet of my horses

at a ratting pace I am in foreign lands

I never missed my mother.

I do not hang around with ladies or maidens

Are children passing fast on the bridge outside, they are passing while the rain stops with thin light lines in the distance of the doorway, without besieging, without attending even if we do not glance back them in their own city. Wonder that fin stops and looks at my face. Pensive and seems to be able to only think in my face. 'First our skin was getting lighter from Turkistan to here and our eyes were getting bluer.' I wanted to go out into the light by holding his hand and run into a teahouse despite the rain. He obeyed slowly.

*Bir hangar dolusu güvercin*

*Viyana önlerine gidiyor gibi*

*Bir usta nakışlarını oyuyor*

*Gövdelerimizin içinden geçen mermere*

*'dedenin dedesinin dedesi...*

*çıkık elmacık kemikleriyle çekik gözleriyle*

*ve müslümandılar.*

*Zulum dolu rus ve çin yüklenmesi*

*etinle evinle döllerinle ölüleriyle bize benzeyin*

*değişin demektedir bize*

*ya da ölüün sarılmadan birbirinize*





## Living

mezarsız ve tersyüz edilmiş ölümlerle  
yatağınızda denizde boğulur gibi  
tarlanızda mahzene basılıp boğdurulur gibi  
uykunuzda toprak altında kalır gibi  
ve bohçalarınızı açmadan.  
Ne baş örtüleri işlemiştii genç kızlar  
Nerede o başlarını yana eğip yıldırım gibi koşan çocuklar.  
Ürkütülen hayvanlar evin besini tanrı emanetleri tarlalar  
Ulu çınarların altında binlik ihtiyarlar.

A hangar full of pigeons  
It's like going to the before of Vienna  
A master carves his embroidery  
To the marble that runs through our bodies  
'grandfather's grandfather's grandfather...  
with high cheekbones and slanting eyes  
and they were muslims.  
Russian and Chinese oppression full of cruelty  
They were telling us to be like us with  
your flesh and your house and your offspring and your dead.  
or die without hugging each other  
with death without grave and turned inside out  
like drowning in the sea in your bed  
as if you were drowned in a cellar in your field  
like being buried in your sleep  
and before you can open your bundles.  
What head coverings young girls embroidered  
Where are those children who bow their heads and run like lightning  
The frightened animals the food of the house, the fields the trust of god  
Thousands of old people under the great plane trees.

They were taking, changing, separating, killing and killing. Our existence  
was spinning at an unbridled dreadful speed, like a slightly loose wheel  
connected to a powerful engine. 'Still not disintegrated,' says my father,  
"we would have been ruined if they had been disintegrated, what would  
we do without faith," my father still says, while telling about the old days  
in Helsinki and my grandfather telling about the beginning of the exiles:

*O lokmayı ağzına koyarken geri dön  
O adımını geri al  
O sevincini durdur  
O çocuğundan geri dur  
O kadından geri kal  
Geç kaldın öl.*





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

Turn back while putting that bite in your mouth  
take that step back  
stop that joy  
Get back from your that kid  
stay away from that woman  
You're late, die.

You start now. With the migration initiated by the survivors of a life as if all Asia, the Caucasus and those born and those died during the migration, the Urals Germany even Italy and finally Finland. Migration lasted as long as the life of a small kingdom.

*Binbir ocak yaktık yollarda  
Binbir yatak serdik ovalara binbir çadır kurduk  
binbir çocuk binbir hayvan  
binbir açlık binbir ev hatırası  
Ah evimizin sokak başında görünüşü  
Daha kapıdan girerken ısınan sırtımız  
Bin bir üzüntümüzü ananın o kolaylaştıran tutuşu  
Yolda doğan çocukların bile gördüğü aynı düş.*

We burned a thousand and one hearths on the roads  
We laid a thousand and one beds and set up a thousand and one tents  
on the plains  
a thousand and one children a thousand and one animals  
a thousand and one hunger a thousand and one home memories  
Oh the view of our house on the street  
Our backs getting warm as we walk through the door  
The mother's grip that facilitates our thousand and one sorrows  
The same dream that even children born on the road have.

Exactly two generations later, those who started the path by their long white beards put an end to nomadism for the first time and settled down: our skin was decolouring. The settled helped the new comers, like in a new Turkistan and trying to lessen the suffering of the newcomers and always staying Muslim. And mingling with Finnish women. And by choosing Muslim grooms for their daughters. But our skin was getting lighter, our cheekbones were melting, my looking was turning blue. After settling in, the mosque was built. My grandfather is its imam now. Then my father will become an imam when my grandfather dies. It's so traditional.

Blonde silk hair, dark blue eyes and on his way to pack his things to leave Calw soon after a few quick hours. I seem to hear his warm and smiling voice while exchanging greeting in a Muslim manner.







## Living

*ISTANBUL 1970.* i saw that man while I was passing by. You couldn't be sure. On the parquet-paved slope descending from Kuledibi to Tophane, he leaned at the door of one of the houses, when we see him in his clothes tarnished with dirt.

Was he an alcoholic or something? I do not sin against him. Or was he one of those lovers of poverty which was clinged to by those who discovered its unique charm and who no force other than Allah could reverse? Was he one of the devotees? Their clinging to the ground or the walls, their approach, as if they were building cities, listening and working. Their holding and absorbing the increasing noise of the world the screams and cries of the tortured with their wonderful silence. I remember you when I think how life goes on despite all the growing pain. Your withdrawal, your support of bridges, deserted streets, slums, after ensuring your seclusion, unwrapping your wound and looking at that unbearable wound without anyone's help, soaking it with a flood of mercy by tears and wrapping it warmly in your bosom again. Was it like this?

(I wonder if I was a young man inside of me).

Perhaps after he was born and grew up, he had spent his childhood haphazardly here and there, suddenly aging before he could become a young boy. "I was never a child," he said.

His long yellow face wore an expression tired of shapeshifting. It was not clear how it was obtained, it seemed full of grief, but maybe it was something else. This face was drooping. It was heavy. The man had lowered his face so that he could pour the sufferings into himself as much as possible.

(women were seen who put their blushing faces in front of them when they were looked at with masculine demands. The change that masculinity undergoes in such moments must have an escape to return immediately. In this short span of time the soul feels a metaphysical fruit and turns back. In our worldly affairs, that woman is now healed, and it is no longer our enthusiasm, but our duty, not our worship.)- His chin was touching the dark area where his chest began, between the collar of his shirt that was ajar. The heart had ceased to be a sign of life for this creature bent over its chest as if listening to its own heart. Apart from this, the man was immersed in of of whatever duties the heart had. How did he achieve the inaccessible difficulty of not wanting to stop and explain the situation to the passers-by, even though this inexplicable stance had cost him so much pain. His heart was getting heavier day by day now. It had become such a heart that the more it fell on it, the more its body despised its duties, vomited a little





## Cahit Zarifođlu

blood from its mouths that looked like stab wounds, as if it were always a one-time thing, paused to be remembered at the smallest omissions, or it started to shake rapidly, startling with fear even the drowsy attention in the farthest cells, battering with pressurized blood-- -One day it became the man's only master, like a capricious, unprecedented, brand new butler who settled in all the rooms of the big house and drove the owners into the hut in the garden. This heart was getting peevish and wanted.

On the parquet-paved slope descending from Kuledibi to Tophane. He was leaning against the old wooden door of one of the houses from the sultanate period, he had not moved from his place for days, he was standing as he once stood or left.

Two young men, chasing each other, sped past him. Fearing to feel the contact in his body at any moment the one in front of the chaser is running with hidden energy collapses, bouncing back in vein, flesh and bone. The one in the back is catching up with the front man with the superiority of measuring the distance at any moment, increasing with each step. Long after the sound of this dissonance in pursuit, the clatter of footsteps, had passed, a desire to stir appeared in the fibers of the man's face. The face changed into wrinkled, large, and disinterested movements. Movements blew to one side of the face, distorting the mouth. It was seen that the movement accumulated there gathered and rolled, concentrating around the eye and acted to open the eye. The pool of movement around the eye couldn't quite get it right now, so then there was a little new jostling on the other part of the face, and like a twitch, the lips quivered past, sent up the face. In the emerging eye no joys of life belonging to the living eye that was immediately saturated with the first object perceived, blinking and rushing to other lights. This eye was opened, but not yet looking.

**SARIKAMIŞ 1974.** started to enter the tunnel. The mixed wingbeats of the quail flock passed over them, whispering news of water and coolness in the heat. They passed, dragging their faint shadows over the glare of the spring grass, whose greenery radiated with frightening vigor in the light. A woman lifted her hand to the child in cradle with rope tied to two trees close to each other, like an open blood-umbilical cord between herself and the child, and as soon as she touched it, the child who slept in the belly of that hot summer day in deep, wet and mist was relieved, he swept what he harboured toward a manhood through the labyrinths of his underdeveloped small body in need of care through a sandstorm, and he blinked and groaned during his sleep.





## Living

It was a mother, on the swing with her child sleeping in it. She is totally addicted to her child while others try to relieve the pressure of the heat by walking around or lying on their side, but fearing of encountering something that will make them lose a sense of independence.

Another boy was grieving friendless, leaning against a distant tree. The hot clattering sound of a water can rolling from the fountain at the bottom of the road could be heard. Plane trees, knee-high grass, and the earth, which had been dug in places and whose layers were visible, stretched and stretched until the train was finished entering the tunnel, and when the black hollow of the tunnel reappeared, these and the leaves sank down. The jelly nature was heard again. The hot ray began to shower upon them again, misting.

- It's too hot, said he,

with thin, slim face, both eyebrows extended to the middle and with mustache, -how long have we been here, a handful of earth we see from this whole world. I don't know, is the town we came to the countryside behind that hill? What about distant cities? What about the cities of Khorasan, Turkestan, Crimea and Andalusia, which excite our blood with the love that proves that it has always existed in us when we remember it. Are they there? Are we living a meaningless dream of a sultan who went to a summer resort while taking a light afternoon nap under a small tree by the lake?

Here is my mother.

She is waiting for her child as Yavuz Sultan Selim Han waits for the roads of the army, the army, the target, the people of the villages far away, their daily food, the night and the fate during the conquest campaigns that lasted for months. The moment he leaves his tent, they open like they've been shot in the chest. Their heads are upright, but their eyes are on the ground. They wait for orders.

"Yes, they wait," said the other, dark-haired, with a thick neck and a fleshy face, with many neat eyebrows and a mustache, and bulky.

- There's someone over there. Look at the trees, there.

- If only there was a binocular..

My grandfather has one at home, one of those big old binoculars. Now it doesn't adjust, everything you look through is the same blurry since it broke down. It only shows very far distances well when sticking to their angles, forwards. I was looking at the Great Kös Mountain, its hills are still snow-glacial, I will be in the convoy next week and climb its glaciers.





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

- What are you going to be after school he said.

- Star

- How?

- I will be a star.

- Star in what sense?

- Star means star. From the stars in the sky, well, don't cry.

- (in a town covered with snow, where dogs walk cautiously on the streets as if pulling something heavy and steel). He was born among the children gathered around the cold bed of a woman named Esmâ, who grew up as an orphan, to listen to fairy tales. They were poor. When they couldn't eat, they wouldn't even think that it was abundant in others. They just had information that they didn't have. They had accepted it, just as they would one day accept the time when, if God willed, it was abundant. Their mother opened the small package, cut the tahini halva into six with a knife, and added it to the bread cut into six and distributed it. Mother is an excellent distributor. and she always has the smallest bite for herself. They started with the basmala, with the blessings to Allah they finished. While they were gathered in front of the cold dead bed of their mother named Esmâ, they were watching in a continuous fascination the stormy wanderings of the abandoned times towards a masculinity and femininity harboured in themselves, without complaining to each other without showing anything to each other, in their bodies covered with transparent armours.

'Let me ask you first, we have a beautiful tale for you. Tell me, who do you want to be in our fairy tale, a regular family, or birds in their warm nests or haunted trees, superhuman powers?'

'I want the moon to be found'

'good, what else?'

'I want the moon to be found'

'You said that, so what else do you want?'

'I want to cry as if my mother just died if you tell about the return of the woodcutter in the forest without selling his wood in the city market, besides moonlight.'





## Living

'Well, let's leave it now, now tell me, what do you want in our fairy tale, birds, princes, cute situations?'

'I wish that I had not heard of my mother Esmâ's death yet, that I would not feel cold like this, I wish that unless my mother who understood my child-heart exists, I would not exist too. Tell me a story about motherlessness, I want to understand and know myself better.'

'I didn't know you've grown this much, as your sister, I want to speak with the maturity of being the eldest among you, even if it's not from my heart on our first lonely night, and my thinking mind says that only a fairy tale will make you forget everything a little bit'

'so tell us a story'

'what do you want in our fairy tale'

'I wish we had our mother while loving while laughing and while cooking she took me between her knees just the other day, oh my god, she beat me with her beautiful hands'

'what else. what else is there in our tale, you tell me!'

'I would also like, exactly first of all of course, of course, our mother should be

the voice and speeches at every meal

of our father, who left us for a reason we do not know

echoe in our mother's language

that he is still your father, hug his hands wherever you find them.

that's what they should be

otherwise, what's the point of getting together and having a good time with so many siblings?'

'well, you got your turn too. but I was surprised, you were small, you still are, tell me first, how did you know of all these heavy words, how to bring them together?'

'I am not surprised at all, you are not aware of it, how early our brains are born, how early they start and how early our brains shut down'

'Well, now whose turn is it? Now tell me what will happen in our fairy tale'





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

'My dear sister, I will try to speak like a child'.

'Talk'

'I wish there was no pain in our tale. children should not die they should not be killed. it is said that those who kill each other are always ignorant but ...'

'enough')

- dirty tourists, said he.

- tourists? Where?

- They're over there.

- Why dirty?

- For they have made a hospitable Turkish villager, who shares his one and only bowl of buttermilk and bread with the passenger beggar.-(With Mehmet Çarçabuk, we set up a tent on the river bank in Tekerek in the summer of 1957. A very old grandfather came. He greeted us, our youth with a thick stick, slightly crumpled, thick boned, in baggy and yemeni, belt on his waist, large handkerchiefs in his pockets, a tobacco layer, a large bone-handled knife, his dark purple striped collarless overcoat, thick neck thickened with many layers of muscle, and big hands. He was one of the people we are used to among our own people, we did not find his coming and going and his attitudes strange, we showed the necessary respect, but years have passed, what happened to us happened, now I remember. He thought we were of those who migrated to the plateau, or more likely we were road workers. He had difficulty crossing the river full of large pebbles, the water of which was very low, taking his Yemeni in his hand, half an hour later we heard the call from the other side of the water, I went to him, he had a churn tinned inside copper-coloured outside, filled with milk. He said 'I'm too old son' several times, 'I couldn't get across by myself, I gave you trouble'. His words were also the words of our people we are used to, so we did not find them strange or glorify them. We emptied the churn and returned it empty as we didn't have much in return, and we apologized too, upright, dignified, without speaking too much and but having told everything, announcing their existence, he walked in the direction of their settlement, where we could apply for all our needs.

As remembering now, years later, the sadness he felt for calling him to his treat, like fragrant flowers sprinkled from the sky.





## Living

And now let's think.

Let's pull ourselves together and think.

Let's get rid of all the stupidity and think.

Even interior Anatolias, when a tourist turns his camera to a peasant girl in colourful clothes, that girl does not raise her forehead with dignity and continue on her way without hesitation,

first she opens and extends her hand for money, the tourist, who is very trained in all the nations he travels, understands immediately, he gives some money, if it is not accepted, he increases the money a little according to the value he gives to the object he wants to photograph, and then our little girl puts her hand on her waist and poses for him to shoot.

Isn't that a loss? Well.

Let's pull ourselves together and think, said I

(My friend at the camp, I don't know why, he took his own tent and returned to the city after a while. Although we were swimming, fishing, reading, and arguing. I think we had a bad argument that day. When I was alone, I spent the day as usual, but I crossed the water in the late afternoon and found the grandfather. They had come there from their village to the highland, they had pitched black and gray haircloth tents at intervals. I think they are a large family. The highland land had already received the blows from being overrun with people and animals. Bushes and branches gathered for burning left and right, animal excrement, swept clean places in front and sides of tents, stakes used to tie animals and a slurry-like soil trampled and dried in their vicinity, basins and pitchers standing in front of the tents and at the entrances. The grandfather, his sons, grandchildren and I were together in the late afternoon. Dede, his sons, grandchildren and I were together in the afternoon. Miscellaneous women appearing and disappearing like a light flashing and fading away, leaving a trail in a radar mirror. I guess these are girls, brides and mothers. It is obvious that each of them has a different name, a different personality and a position in the family, but outwardly they are all fused with the same sense of service. They are always behind a curtain, they are always present, and we live in a life that they hold and protect from being a waste.

We. the men, sat down to dinner.

The conversation went on. Being a high school student, I was pedantic





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

with the feeling of superiority, I understood how we broke away from them, the past years have constantly justified the subtle mockery of the grandfather's young grandchildren about modernity.

We lost with systems built on what the public did not believe.

Feeling a tremendous sense of freedom in feeling the inviolability of being a guest even that day, I lay down on the bed, which was laid next to the tent, quite close to a large shepherd dog whose chain was tied to a stake. Another dog was roaming free. Further ahead, the herds of sheep and goats stood with their heads down, as if each one thinking for itself. I had a thick wool quilt on me now, and until that day I was lying in a hammock under a thin blanket. At first I thought that I would not be able to sleep under this thick wool quilt, that I would be sweating all over, to my astonishment, a coolness emanating from it that enveloped the person as much as he needed.

After everyone was asleep, the sound of the river in the distance began to be heard. From the grove of mostly plane trees by the river and the plain stretching between us and it, the mingling sounds of countless insects, like the jingling of a single unknown creature, poured down on the tent. In between all the sounds cut off almost simultaneously, and then I could hear the dog's wide and strong breathing. Every now and then the animal sighed like a human. The fact that he was self-sufficient, not whining, but sighing to himself at a time when he thought everyone was asleep, made my unvexed heart hurt. Alas, if you go and try to take care of it, it will tear you into pieces.

Finally, having looked around, pricked its ears to a sound that only it could hear, it lifted its neck even higher, even rose on its forelegs, stopped for a while, as if it was going to bark, but did not bark, it bent its knees and regained its former self, shook its neck once or twice, its chin went to the ground it put its head down. I felt its eyes closed. The other dog passed us a couple of times. It was upright, but its feet were covered by the envelope of sleep that encompassed everything around it, certain of the way it had come and the way to go, as if it were following a certain route. It bowed its head and walked to the side where the herd lay. From the area where the sheep, goats and cows lay, sneezing could be intermittently heard. A lamb bleated in an unexpected moment. A howl was heard in the distance. Several dogs responded to it. The dog, which had just moved away toward the herd, replied several times, thick and tired. Its voice sounded like those old alcoholics working bad jobs, thickened by booze and cigarettes, and no longer caring about the world. And sleep began to fill the air, humming







## Living

out of this sound, slowly drowning out other sounds, insects, and the gentle gurgling of the river. My mind slid into a cool absent-mindedness, indifference. I slept motionless for hours on a bed spread out in the middle of the goat-haired tents, the large dog tied nearby and carrying an iron leash with sharp spikes against the wolf, and the other dogs, the ruminant herd gathered in a field, the woods, the river, and the plain.)

- You said it like you're reading a book. Where did you say it was?

- In Tekir, on the road to Elbistan.

- We are not contradicting you, but tell me, what did you find in the villager?

- It was opened from the tourist, let me continue from there, in the words of a friend, it is still our villagers who do not collapse us against the modern crusader tourist and its destruction.

- What about the peasant girl whose photograph was taken?

- Direct contact destroys them too. I would rather say that we have survived as a great whole. The dissolution and deterioration at the upper level cannot find itself basically mediocre, so its speed decreases. The vigilance in the peasantry should have been in the intellectual as well. Undoubtedly, he thinks fast. And easy to decide. But the details in the speed are misleading. Then, behind a long train, it is not noticed that the locomotive in front has already derailed. How nice the link can be broken from the locomotive in the last moments? Even then, how can they go back all the way they've come? How will those who have acquired well-established habits give up the rattling of all the roads they are addicted to and turn back? Even if they return, how can they get away with its memory? Let's turn to ourselves and look at the wounds we have received. Of course they will blame us. They will blame us even though we have already made a comeback and at what cost. Only Allah can purify us from the stains our souls have taken from the west.

- What you said would astonish the Republicans. (I shouted to him, 'Why are you building a mosque instead of a school'. He shouted at me, 'We can do what we believe in'. I shouted at him, 'What do you believe in?' 'First we believe in the mosque, we build it praise Allah'

'don't you believe in school we believe in and build schools that teach our religion, our belief, our elders true heroes I mean, imam hatip [religious] high school is not yet in a desirable state, but, we, as the people, raise money among us, establish delegations and the children who grow up in





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

schools we built as a desire of our state are much more knowledgeable more personal and more respectful for those who have rights in our history who did our history but not for those who destroy they are against colonial-type development, they are against those who hang those who want to save the nation from this type of development and they are against the wretched who think that the plans of the west are their own thoughts.

'I yelled at him, "Enough is enough"

"no stop, I started once", he shouted at me

I shouted at him "stop or I'll know how to stop"

"It's over now" he shouted at me

"you strangled me with various provocations

Even if you strangle me or make me strangled thinking that other people's plans are your own thoughts, it's over, now my children, neighbours, relatives and nation also know what I said, away with now.

"I turn a deaf ear to you"

"our words inside your brain I am looking at you with horror as I did when my son recently said to me that their teacher said we are descended from monkeys away with now"

Slowly they began to come towards the mother and child. They began to collect the small items scattered among the trees, carried them to the rented car. The mother took the child in her arms, the swing was untied. This is how a country trip ended.

ULM 1967. she is rotating the umbrella in yellow green blue colours running downhill in the meadow in front of the apple trees next to me. With the song questa di marinella e la storia vera. This is Sandra. How big can a person's eyes be? And then the sad line at the tip of her thick lips. A great carnival hit us. An entire German nation is bloated, stretched, like the big horses of a gigantic beer-carrying car, about to explode. In the waiting room at the Munich station, two people start to pee on the crowd of men and women lying on the floor trying to get some sleep. Someone filled with anger and disgust jumps out when he woke up and realized what had happened, you think he is going to kill at least some of them. No, he gets fed up with the bravado and courage of the others and takes off his dirty shirt. His girlfriend tries not to care about anything.





## Living

In the others there is still no recovery, although almost everyone wakes up and looks at them.

Sandra opened her big eyes to me.

The statues were lying face down. Many were broken. Jesus Christ had left that place too. The seats were piled to one side, there was a big empty space in the middle and nothing was actually destroyed, but many hands had grabbed the existing thing at least once and let it go, pulled it left and right to see it better, so that each eye has another look, tilting to the side lifting them up and leaving them where they were as soon as it lost interest. Thus, a meter-long wax statue fell onto the stone floor, a slab had shifted to one side, a large cross fell over the stained glass, the books were torn into leaves, and the candlesticks had bent from being touched. This mess was not enough for the church, so there were more people coming, beers were finished, new ones were opened, waitresses were able to carry and distributed about fifteen pint glasses skillfully with their two hands, and there were people who came again and again and they took once again candle statues cut in two and three from their feet and necks, abandoned rattles, ostrich-shaped pictorial candle-things, heavy silk fabrics that looked more like skirts, scarves, cloaks, bundles rather than clothes, weighed them, examined them, saw if it worked for them, turned them around and left them in unexpected places, causing an unbelievable messy appearance. If someone comes out and asks what are you doing, everyone will suddenly have to empty their hands and run to the high hills, bumping on each other, and raise their hands up to be closer to mercy. But the voice, just beyond the current turmoil and daily life, maintains its calmness. Thus, Şehmuz Kahraman, who had never known any life other than the animals he grazed in a hamlet with a population of fifty-sixty in his entire life, faced deep dangers when he encountered those thick lips. Yes, he could die in an instant. He could cry for years. As a matter of fact, such a blood flowed up his neck that it remained there until he died, and did not return to the heart, where it was pumped. Now he was scanning the thick stone walls of the vast space with his bloody eyes, standing motionless in the frightening bewildering of this great void that was silent to the end after the roar of the city with million.

It wasn't long before he moved slowly. Even though he wasn't taught, even though he didn't see it, he immediately understood, he took a few steps towards the inside, picked up the first thing that came his way, tried to understand what it was, of course he couldn't understand, for a moment he wanted to put it in his pocket and keep it, for a while he did not throw it away, but walked towards something much more attractive and convincing





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

things than that in his hand, each one that came before him was losing the charm of the previous one and he was walking, then after hours he came out empty without taking anything. But as soon as he encountered the light of the sun, despite the thick folds of his untrained brain he realized that within a few hours, he had acquired a memory that would stay with him forever, that would drag him along, that would mark all the decisions he made, and that would be entitled to every step he took. This realization swept through his entire body with the energetic blood of the twenties, even the darkest cells were made aware of the situation. Maybe this should be counted as luck for Şehmuz, he didn't have the words to describe what happened. That's why, as the years went by, no one could base his behavior, which they could not understand, on a known reason.

Now he forgot the letters he once wrote.

He was silent for a long time. Because of their son, Şehmuz a disaster had befallen a small poor family that they could not understand. They could understand their offspring's falling in love, his being crazy, frantic or deranged, his going away, even going to big cities, but they couldn't understand now.

After so many years under the heavy roof soil, when one of the pillars bent and bent and began to crackle, his father had to put a pole under it. He was thinking that he could only do the work, fixing the roof in the spring, he was thinking that if his son were there, they could have done this work in one day at once, he was thinking about the old ways of his son. He was asking whether they made a mistake, whether they made a mistake they didn't know, he was asking, "the times have changed, did we stay in the old days, O what happened to us why did we not hear from him did he die?"

*'Çirkinin kızını kaçırmış cinonun oğlu' diye yazmıştı bir mektubunda*

*'Bana bildirin nasıl ettiler*

*Kan var mı çok*

*köy kahvesinde yan oturup ters bakanlar*

*masadan masaya uğrun laf atanlar*

*taşlı tarlalarda dar yollarda*

*pusu kurup helecanla can başla*

*gövdelerinden hırs çıkaranlar*

*karşılığında son kez seyiren cesetleri*

*yaralardan sızıp ağır ağır toprağa yayılan kanı*

*ve köyde vurma vurulma uğultusunu*

*şehvetle içlerine çekenler*

*ev basıp adam kaldıranlar*

*adı zinalıya çıkarılanların burunlarını kesenler*





## Living

evde kurşunlanıp tarlada kurşunlattıranlar  
Bildirin bana nasıl ettiler'  
 demiş  
haber vermişti  
'Canım sağ selamettir  
Ey babam  
Ben de senin can sağlığını isterim'  
Konu komşudan akranlarına da gelirdi haberi  
Derdı ki  
'Yüksek bir türk gencine takdimdir  
Çelik bilekli  
Kara kaşlı kara gözlü  
Nazik elli dayımın oğlu daha nasılsın  
Aylar oldu haber alamadım  
Güz geçti son mektubun üzerinden  
Kar kalktı ot göverdi  
Gökten yağmur gelme vakti  
sürüler yeryüzüne vurdu gün erkenden  
ahırların ağır sıcağını üleşerek yamaçlarda  
akıyorlar dalgın ve başları önde  
kayıyorlar gölgesi gibi bulutların  
Ben sizi unutamıyorum  
Sizin beni unutmamıza hayret kalıyorum'  
 demiş  
rica etmişti  
'Ey dayımın oğlu Veysel  
nasır tutmadıysa yüreğin  
Bikoşu bizim eve sal Selimi  
Benim yerime elini öpsün anamın  
Çünkü vallahi  
Ve billahi gurbet çok zordur'  
ve sonra  
'Babam. Ulvî yürekli acıması bol atam  
Nasırlı ellerini iyi bilirim sarılıp öperim  
Bağırıp dehleyip söğüp sövmene hasretim  
Yamalı şalvarına yıkık damına kurban olduğum  
Üçyüz lira borcum vardır  
Acele dokuzyüz kayme yollayasın'  
oğul aslan oğul  
ananın ciğer paresi  
benim yüreğimin başı  
gurbet harmanlayan oğul



## Cahit Zarifođlu

tez gel hasretinle yanarız  
ve bre gavat  
sana ne çirkinin kızını kaldıran cinonun ođlundan  
nasıl ettilerse ettiler  
Ve sana salınacak para asla yoktur  
Dokuzyüz kayme babanın bir yıllık kazancı  
Ve davar bitti  
Ve öldü son inek. Sankim eve inme indi  
Bulabilirsek ananın aşı kattığı iç yağı  
Mandayı çoktan sattırdı aç kursak  
Sađlıktayız şükür olsun  
Tek kaygımız sensin. Tanrımıza hamdolsun  
Milletimiz varolsun  
'Babam benim  
Üçyüz borcum bakidir  
neylersen eyle yolla  
Orada ne gibi havadis vardır  
Ne deđişiklikler olduğunu. Kim  
Askerliğe geldiğini Ve havalar  
Nasıl olduğunu. Kim nişanlandı  
Kim kaldı bana yaz ve bildir  
Seni taciz ettim'  
ođul hiçbir havadis yok senin için  
daha gittiğin gibi durmakta bura  
ekildi sebzeler  
göverdi ekinler  
hergün onun bunun çamuru içinde baban  
yaşlı ve güçsüz gövdesiyle  
ođulsuz ev ve koca anan için  
sürgü çekmeye gitmektedir gün ışıırken  
tarlalarına komşuların  
hamdolsun hizmetteyim  
alnımda secde kuşacağı  
Çok zahmet çekmedeyim lakin  
Ve hiç dinlemiyor artık beni mandalar  
Ve hiç durmuyorlar oo'va dediğim halde  
ve mırza ođlu ile devaz ođlu dövüştüler  
zeynele çifte sıktılar  
kimseye deđdiremediler  
ve kimse zarar olmadılar  
bana şu kadar havadis geldiler  
sana yazdım hepsi dođrudur.



## Living

*'Değerli çok kıymetli çok muhterem babam  
Yüzbin defa öperim ellerinden  
Anneme çok selam ederim  
Yumuşak ve nazik ve yavaş yavaş öperim  
Her iki mübarek ellerinden'  
demiştik karşılıklı. Ve sonra gizli bir yemişi aralar gibi kalbinden,  
yekten bizim görmeyeceğimiz şekilde, dolaylı dolaylı dolaylı bir  
şekilde, sahibine ulaşacak şekilde üç beş satırla,  
/ hasret kaldığım  
hasretinden toprak olduğum  
çok kıymetli eşim  
zeynep hanım seni sever selam ederim  
her iki kara kaş gözlerden  
seve seve  
bir deste gül gibi  
altından kıymetli baldan tatlı yüzden  
yumuşak ve hiç incitmeden öperim /  
demişti, karısı için.*

"Jinno's son had kidnapped the ugly's daughter' wrote he in one of his letters:  
'Tell me how they did  
Is there a lot of blood  
those who sit sideways in the village coffee house and stare  
those who insult insidiously through tables  
narrow paths in stony fields  
ambush and those who protruding  
greed from their bodies excitedly with full effort  
in return they imbibe with lust  
corpses twitching for the last time  
blood oozing from wounds and slowly spreading to the ground  
and the howl of shouting and being shot in the village  
house raiders man kidnappers  
those who cut off the noses of those who are rumoured to have committed  
adultery  
those who were shot at home and shot in the field  
Let me know how they did it'  
said he  
he had informed  
'I am healthy and well  
O my father  
I want your health too.  
His news would come his peers among the neighbours as well.  
He said that





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

'My presentation to a high Turkish youth  
steel wrist  
with black-eye black-eyebrow  
Gentle-handed uncle's son how are you  
It's been months and I haven't heard  
Autumn has passed over the last letter  
The snow rose and the grass grew  
It's time to rain from the sky  
herds come out to the earth early in the day  
on the slopes, sharing the heavy heat of the stables  
they flow absently and with their heads bent  
they slide like the shadow of clouds  
I can't forget you  
I am amazed that you have forgotten me".  
said he and requested  
"O my uncle's son Veysel  
if you are not stone-hearted  
Send Selim immediately to our house  
Let him kiss my mother's hand for me  
For I swear by gosh  
it is very difficult to be abroad".  
'My father. My great-hearted and merciful father  
I know your callused hands well I hug and kiss them  
I'm longing for you to shout and to spur and to curse  
How great your patched shalwar and ruined roof  
I owe three hundred dollars  
Hurry, send nine hundred banknote'  
son lion son  
mother's darling  
head of my heart  
son who feels homesick  
come quickly, we burn with longing  
and o cuckold  
what if jinno's son abducted the ugly's daughter  
how they did they did  
And there's never any money to send  
nine hundred banknotes one-year earnings of your father  
And we do not have any flock  
And the last cow died. As if our house paralyzed  
If we can find, only the tallow that your mother adds to the meal  
Empty stomach has already made the buffalo sold  
We are healthy thank God







## Living

Our only concern is you. Blessings to our God  
May our nation exist  
“My dear Dad  
I owe three hundred  
whatever you do, send me  
What news is there  
What changes. Who  
Came to military service and how the weather  
Is who got engaged  
Who left write and let me know  
I have disturbed you’  
son, there is no news for you  
here standing still as you went  
vegetables planted  
crops greened  
In the mud of others is your father every day  
with his old and weak body  
for a sonless house and your very old mother  
goes to harrow in the daylight  
to the fields of neighbours  
thank God i am at the service  
prostration trace on my forehead  
But I’m in a lot of trouble  
And the buffaloes don’t listen to me anymore  
And they never stop even though I say ôhâ  
and mirza’s son and devas’s son fought  
zeynel was shot with a rifle  
it didn’t hurt anyone  
and no one got hurt  
so much news from me  
I wrote to you all true.  
“My dear, precious, venerable father  
I kiss your hands a hundred thousand times  
I greet my mother very much  
I kiss soft and gentle and slow  
From both her blessed hands”  
we said to each other. And then like pulling a secret berry out from his heart,  
in a way that we cannot see explicitly, indirectly, indirectly, indirectly,  
with three or five lines surely reaching its owner,  
/ i’m longing  
I am the land of longing  
my precious wife





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

zeynep hanım, i love you, greet you  
from both black eyebrows eyes  
gladly  
like a bunch of roses  
sweet than precious honey of gold  
I kiss softly and without hurting /  
he said to his wife.

The silhouettes of the trees scattered at intervals on the opposite hill hit the evening sky. I've been looking for a long time, nothing changes. The door is slammed. -[There is something. An old man withdrew from the world, and then suddenly fell ill with a child's disease in an hour when he said, "I am dying, I guess slowly, slowly". They laid him down like a child, with measles blossoms between their stiff black beards. They handed him the daily newspapers to keep him entertained, pushed them, gave him books, turned his face to the wall, finally stared at the toys in the little boy's hand, the boy understood, the love in his little body turned into an interest and fuss in the face of this new unexpected friend. Just as he placed his plastic toys on the old man's chest, he climbed and jumped on that chest himself. They took it hard.

A sweet gleam settled in the old man's eyes now. He turned his walking stick in regular circles over his head and began to say to passers-by, "People, tired people, don't grow up, don't grow up".

When he died, he fit in a small coffin] -The door is slammed again, I turn my head, there is no one coming, no sound. I go back to the slopes again, the patterns of the trees remain, but I guess I lingered for a while, because the contrast of the trees and the sky has disappeared. The sky and the earth merge by overcoming the opposition in each other, the darkness they produce leads them both to invisibility, revealing their unchanging nature. A little later, when I look outside again, I will see nothing in the windows other than the room I'm sitting in and myself.

*Umutsuzluğun kapımıza gelmesi için az mı bekledik.*

*Umutsuzluk mu, yoksa ince derin bir şikayet mi?*

*Yoksa*

We've waited so long for despair to come to our doorstep.

Despair or a thin deep grievance?

Or

the tedium, which captures our hearts and whose nature we do not yet understand, in the moments when our active nights and days leave us? How we resist not to take another step or two. Which of the things we depended





## Living

on was worth it? In tiny formations, instead of rushing to the immediate salvation near us, we bowed to our relentless pride and crumbled under a plethora of minor annoyances with indigestion—and we worked hard not to let despair leave our door.

Why is man unhappy in his shrinking world? Is that everyone is growing more than necessary now? Even young men of seventeen have as full hearts as those twice as old.

We heard the little kids say, 'Mom, the traffic has become unbearable'. Mothers see their souls swaying with anguish like a giant regulator inside their fresh bodies, which seem like no difficulty will wear them out. Hearts that say, "The idea of order that we believe in will call all those opportunities one day that it does not have today," one day I will set out towards you.

- Tuesday, ruthless destructive friends, today is the anniversary of that sweet day.

'what a sweet what anniversary manuscript where are my old writing books heirloom, my mind, my wrist, aaaaaaaaa, I'm immersed a bit'

- Hayduuud, take your word back, or I'll shoot you, from that sweet day be unaware, don't burn it down like us, you're a bit immersed huh, look,

look there

those who stand before you and behind you

they strangle you, they are progressive

'But I didn't say anything bad, I didn't insult your sweet day,

I was a bit lost, now I'm awake, you have a date wrong, let me correct it

I said'

- whatt

a date wrong. well this dog is conscious. look he's in front to those who stand. they will strangle you. (but one day I'm towards you I will set out, no one can prevent it from me)

'But I say there is a mistake. let me think, sound proofs for you I'll bring it.





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

don't make it big, it's a simple thing, let me fix it.

- stoppp

'Wait a minute, I'm fixing it for a minute, that's not it

so many years ago

in a worn-out boat on a sunday and so on'

- Stopppppp himmmm

He screams so loud that his throat bursts, his bloody pink windpipe is pouring out.

The same ugliness is replaced by someone else continues..

(but I'm on my way to you now.)

"But I just wanted to make a small correction. Why is it to take offence and burst your throat out of this?

We understand what you mean, get out of our interests

Look, me and those standing next to you understand what you mean. And now you take and bring him here at my feet.

they bring him, they break his arms by the ends of his shoulders.

'I thought I'd correct a little history mistake, you did it like this

It seems that there are other mistakes behind this small mistake."

And he gets up.

*ANKARA 1976.* eleven january. We welcomed Necip Fazıl theMaster. He arrived by train at twenty thirty. Reşat, Akif, Hasan, Bahri, Rasim and me. The master said that he had decided not to release the Great East, whose release was postponed to january twenty-one for the last time. And he explained why. Despite this, he still listed many reasons for its release. He also talked about the available possibilities for this. "Let's consult," he told us. Being in the community where the great man said this word, a sudden maturity attacked me. After staying on the streets in many seas, in Ankara in this climate whose palms I was gathered in and which I was taken into, with this sudden jolt of my soul, my physique would also take action, and I thought I would overflow from my seat, the cigarette would disappear in the folds of my mouth, and there would be no room for my body, I was disgraced.





## Living

Fortunately, I got myself together and listened to the Master: He compared the group formed by the Great Eastern movement to “the cloudy part of the water that flows from the fountain in the first place”. He also used the term “low”. “The real fruit will come soon,” he said. “I am separating you from the muddy water,” he said. “One by one, you show aptitude for personality. My words are for the society. Society is abstract,” he said. hours pass.

new jumps from various topics

going through new arrivals.

Anyone who listens to Necip Fazıl for fifteen or twenty minutes will deeply understand how small and worthless his own world is. I understand what conversations mean, sitting in the councils of the elders. I understand the civilization of conversation in Sufism.

Despite all his broad horizons, his deep understanding, his discoveries, his mastery of the language, his exquisite Istanbul accent, and despite the fact that everyone who listens to him confirms that he is greater than the works he has produced, and all his sensitivity on fundamental issues, the Master is as pure as a child in some practical matters. He is aware of this himself: “Anyone can deceive me,” he says. For example, about money, about world interests. I see the greatness of his theoretical intelligence, which left no room for practical and especially deceptive, duplicitous, cunning intelligence. Despite his age, his heart is as clean and clear as a child’s heart. There is no computation in it. I believe that he only fulfills his great historical mission in every move and action that seems to us negative or positive.

While the space movie was being shown on television and he was talking about it as “they are making fun of human fantasy”, his three-year-old grandson extended his hand to the screen and said, “These are my toys.” “Exact hit, exact diagnosis,” says the Master. “This is the intelligence that seeks the unknown.”

He admires his grandson.

One would like to have rooms full of money and give this to this open-handed person, and then watch how the money is spent. Necip Fazıl looks like a western wagner. He is also a pleasant genius with nerves of steel.

The “press honour card” was given to the master. The meeting was very contentious. The honor card has a simple clause such as “Given to those who have completed fifty years in the press”. But for years, whose fifty years have passed they would not deem this card worthy of the master.





## Cahit Zarifođlu

Headless wretches.

With an unforgettable gesture, the Master took out this star card and showed it. He used a phrase that I would not write.

He prefers to sit at the head of the long table and have us surrounded by him. In the mood of a General Administrative Board, he is the president.

While speaking, wonder he is vigorous with his gesture, tone of voice, and emotion. But once he gets up and starts walking, he gets a little older. -He walks very carefully. On the way to the car, he stepped into a puddle in the light of the lamps, not sure if it was a shadow or something else. I was there, I was sad.

As I descend the stairs, I see him stepping into a suddenly appearing void. But an angel corrects this step without disturbing his balance and puts it on the step.

**MARAŞ 1960.** Somehow the big tree remained on that bare mountain. it spends successive winters alone, he is alone in springs, he has sent a thousand and one arms to the earth, it is like a face that does not let his heart read. It grows leaves. It waits under the sun, exponentially ever-increasing day by day. And when it starts to fall its leaves in the autumn, and it is strong-willed and complacent with the intoxicating troubles of loneliness like an old man trying to cure himself in his sickness and alone in his bed,

There was this big juniper with every child born. A few among the old said, "In our youth, its trunk was maybe a finger or two thinner", and no one remembered this word.

This tree had a place in the lives of all the surrounding villages. His great-grandfathers named the region it was in after it. The townspeople who went to the highland and hunting in that area had known about that region for years. The children of those who went to the highland in Güzlek, in Durna, at the age of seven or eight when they entered the vineyards for the first time, understood where it was, even though it was not shown to them, when they heard his name for the first time. "Lonely Juniper" [Yalnız Ardiç] was the name of a bare and wide slope of a huge mountain and a huge juniper tree standing in the middle of the bare slope.

The villagers of that region do not talk much.

Philosophically reproving their women

For if their soups are not brought to the table hot.





## Living

Surely there is Lonely Juniper in front of them

Wherever their ways to.

The road, which should pass a few hundred meters below the tree according to the natural slope of the mountain, curves towards it when the time comes, widens around it, and the nearby land is trampled like a village square.

Within the natural slope of the mountain, the curve that allows the road, there is a second road that passes a few hundred meters below the tree. It is used on journeys where the heat of the summer is not overwhelming and people are not tired or in a hurry. But it still looks like it has been stopped by.

It is like passing through near a tomb.

There they realize the distance. There has been a way to the village as far as Lonely Juniper.

They have moved away from their village as far as Lonely Juniper.

Let's say now that the villagers do not say Lonely Juniper as we say. Only the 'n' in the word has dropped and the 'e' has extended. And these two words were combined with the help of this extended 'e', the name took the form of 'loeeely-juniper' [yalızardıç] or "yalızardıç" [loeeelyjuniper]. Thus, its seems to have started its healing action first from its own name. Therefore, if we have one or two more sentences to say about Lonely Juniper, let's use its name in this way.

Within the width of the bare mountain, which can only be seen from afar, the silhouette of the Loeelyjuniper is realized. Even this is enough to get started. Anyone who sees it for the first time, who approaches it, also begins to think. He begins to think in such an operation of his mind that he was not accustomed to until that day and that he could not think of in his existence for the rest of his life. Because in this style, a few of those healthy feelings that are connected to reason of our very existence work. One cannot comprehend the nature of the work, and is in a hurry to blend in with this magical change in himself. He thinks he encounters a spring refreshment. He drops himself into the mountain and the tree. And then it begins: in some there is a slight alarm, in others there is a slight fear. But usually a surrender has also begun. This change, in which the extraordinary tones of the emotions participate, begins with a sudden stun. An agitation of admiration immediately joins this. Into this turmoil, love begins to flow like a river. These require a deep and durable bed, and that's when the sense of attachment and loyalty begins to deepen its bed like steel that swells as it is hammered. And on them, a feeling of compassion that mothers only





## Cahit Zarifođlu

feel for their children pures. These occurrences take place sequentially in people who come across with Loeelyjuniper, regardless of their class. After that, it is according to predestination.

*/ yüzbindiler*

*bölük bölük geldiler*

*sıralandılar*

*büyük ova saatlerce onların akışlarını izledi*

*muntazam ve sessizdiler.*

*kartallar o yörede dönmeye başladı*

*gelen yerini aldı*

*gelen yerini aldı*

*gelen yerini aldı*

*başları dikti*

*baldırları zinde göğüsleri istekliydi*

*yüzbin demek heybetli bir yavru ordu demek imparatorlukta*

*kaslar tam bir hizada*

*palalar tam bir hizada*

*bükülmez bilekler kalın pazulu kollar söğüt dalları gibi sarkmıştır.*

*/ hundred of thousands*

*they came in parts*

*they were ranked*

*The great plain watched their streams for hours*

*They were orderly and quiet.*

*eagles began to circle in that region*

*who came took his place*

*who came took his place*

*who came took his place*

*heads up*

*their calves fit breasts willing*

*a hundred thousand means an stupendous baby army in the empire*

*muscles in perfect alignment*

*the blades are in full line*

*unyielding wrists, thick biceps arms, drooping like willow branches*

*while each soul touches the wisdom of the other hundred thousand souls*

*being there at the same time on the same path of purpose and begins to*

*realize itself as a single body consisting of the existence of those there.*

*beyaz küheylanının üzerinde Kanuni Sultan Süleyman Han*

*gelmeye başlayınca*

*devasa bir el büyük orduyu havaya kaldırır*

*yürekler ve gözpınarları kabarır.*

*zaman ilerleyince ve Sultan*







## Living

*aynı suda arınan ruhların karşısına ilerledikçe  
kalbler hızlanır  
tek bir beden gibi olan mevcut bir tek 'göz'den ibaret olur.*

When Suleiman the Magnificent  
appears on his white steed  
a huge hand raises a huge army in the air  
hearts and inner corners of eyes swell.  
As time goes on and the Sultan  
move across before the souls purified in the same water  
hearts speed up  
the presence like a single body consists of a single 'eye'.

This is how the conquest begins. Do we understand the importance of means  
in attaining divine grace? The conquests of the sultans are the expansion  
of veins and hearts in front of Sheikh ul Islams, the opening of doors to  
people in lightless dungeons.

It's important, but it's still a first start.

All the doors of those who accept capitalist, socialist, imperialist and all  
materialist chiefs as the last stage are closed. /

Despite all the changes in the weather, an eternal climate prevails in front  
of Yalızardıç. While human heads are thinking about a single tree, looking  
at it, sitting in its shade, walking towards it behind the animals on sunny  
days, thinking far and near it they acquire invitations with metaphysical  
radiance. They try to understand the tree. Comment.

When they were alone with it, they quarrelled internally. They told it about  
their rebellion, those who were afraid to forget their sufferings engraved  
their names and symbols on it. They were ecstatic at the way it protected  
the freshly engraved names by healing these seemingly incurable deep  
wounds, engulfing them in a slight swirl, ashamed of what they had done  
in secret at its effort that had brought them together starting from their  
memories, and opened up to it even more.

*O genç aşık anlayışla karşılandığı bir çevrede ağlıyabilmek için  
köyünden çıktı, kilometrelerce yürüyerek ona gitti.  
Onu uzaktan görünce koşmaya başladı  
Yanına varınca boylu boyunca dallarının altına yattı  
Artık vicdanların mektebi gibidir  
Orda avcılar da konaklar.  
Çobanlar için bir merhale  
Tepeye tırmanırken bile bir iniş yeri.  
Yalızardıç büyüktür.*





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

To be able to cry in an environment where that young lover is welcomed  
he left his village and walked for miles to reach it.

Seeing it from afar, he started running

When he reached it, he laid down under its branches

Now it is like the school of conscience

Hunters also stay there.

A stage for shepherds

A landing place even when climbing the hill.

Yalnızardıç is great.

One who reaches its shadow soon realizes its difference from other trees.

After a while, he begins to think about the reasons of the hills, curves, streams flowing into the plain as far as the eye can see, the river lying on the plain with a silvery glow, the bright horizon and the silence, it is a nature that gradually leads people's horizons to the supreme prophet.

*Bir var yine var*

*Ali Sinan bir de Hasan*

*Güneş doğar olmadan*

*Yola koyuldular.*

*Anaları hamarat kadınlar*

*Hepsi aynı obayı yuyan*

*Akşamdan köfteler hazırladılar*

*Peynirli börek ve bir damacana ayran.*

*Ogünler uzak bir köye*

*Tevatür üzre*

*Gidiyordu bütün insanlar.*

*Söylendiğine göre*

*Uzun bembeyaz sakalları*

*Yerlere sarkan bir adam*

*Güzel sözler dağıtıyordu gelenlere.*

*Ali Sinan bir de Hasan*

*Üstlerinde o günün şalvarları bol yelekleri*

*Zengin giyinişleri*

*Ayaklarında meşin yemenilerle*

*Geçip azveren taşlı tarlalardan*

*Vardılar*

*Tandırılık tabir olunur yere.*

*Kayalar bütün dere boyunca*

*Eğimler kıvrımlar şekiller çukurluklar*

*Yapıyordu mermer kayganlığında.*

*Orada sular berrak tatlı*





## Living

Daima içilebilir  
Ve küçük oynak balıklarla dolu.  
Bizimkiler mola verdiler  
Güneş tandır vadisinde  
Dilini bastırmış ısıtıyordu taşları.  
Ali en güçlüleri  
Sinan en akıllıları  
Hasan en zeki içlerinde.  
Üç ülke gibiydi bu üç arkadaş  
Herbiri ayrı bir tabiatan  
Arkalarında oymakları.  
Tandırılık tatlı eğimli duvarları  
Bir masal diyarı gibiydi  
Kır hayvanlarını andırır büklümleri.  
Bir yerde kahraman  
Bir cengaver gibiydi kaya toparlanışları  
Uzantılar.  
Bir elinde ileriye uzanan bir sopa  
Ötekinde bir paçavra  
Heybetle ama cansız mazlum bakışan figürler.  
Daha ilerde sürüsünü otlatan  
Kırkbeş yaşında bir çoban  
Sulara eğilmiş duruyordu taştan.  
Ve daha yüzlerce şekil  
Kimi insanı kimi hayvanı andıran.  
Ali bir sıçrayışta  
Kalın bileklerini doladı  
Suya kırık taşla erişti onları.  
Gelişigüzel parçalamanın zevkiyle  
Eğlendiler bir süre.  
'Kadınların Yurdu' derler yüksek yaylalığa  
Tırmanmaya başlamadan  
İri kayalar yuvarladılar dik yamaçlardan.  
Tandırılığın içini dolanıp  
Yankılarla dalgalanıp yükselen  
Türküler söylediler  
Avazları çalkalanıp vadiye kendilerine dönerken  
Çıkıyor gibiydi sanki sesleri  
Kaya döşeli ağızlarından devlerin.  
Yolu yüksek yaylalığa vurdular  
Akşamın serinliği ve gecenin çekip çöküp  
Susturmasıyla susarak



Nefeslerini sıkıştırdılar.  
Herbir ağaç akla zor gelen bir gölge  
Herbir pınar  
Adımların altına koşan bir çevrek.  
Böcekler ormanı biner yürür sürükler götürür  
Uğultudan durulmaz haykırıışlara dayanılmaz.  
Ve aradabir herşey susunca  
Ayaklar büsbütün dermansızlaşır.  
Vaktaki yolu da kaybettiler  
Varırız umudundan olup  
Mola verdiler:  
molada alinin rüyası  
büyük bir ekmek görüyorum  
görüyorum ha görüyorum  
anne anne anne anne  
büyük bir ekmek daha görüyorum  
görüyorum da görüyorum  
anne ha anne anne anne  
pazularımı avuçlarıma aldım oturdum  
rüzgar etimi soyuyordu  
kemiklerim kaçıyordu elimden  
anne anne ha anne anne  
**molada hasanın rüyası**  
karanlık bir eşikmiş başım  
gelen esinti giden esintiyle  
hoş kokular çıplak gövdeler fısıltılar uğrayanım  
devasa bir duygu göründü  
beni buldu yendi  
hummalandı alnım  
çık dışarı kan uğrağı gözlerim  
çık dışarı çık çık boyun kemiklerim  
(ve gözbebeklerim şeffaf eşiklerine çevrili)  
fırtına kuşları gibi savruldu  
kolay kelimeler ne kolay ana oluşlar  
yağmalar  
giyinmesi kolay  
derken azarlandım  
korktum  
uyandım



## Living

### *molada sinanın rüyası*

bir seda var bir ses bir sessiz ses  
cimri güç diyor bana yumulu yürek  
ve uyanamıyorum bir türlü uyanamıyorum  
ikram et demiyorsun dilin lağvolmuş  
ikram olunsa sana menzil dayanmaz  
sendeyim ben  
gözlerini çevir bak  
gececeğim her menzil ben  
ve ben varacağın son durak  
ananın memesinde kaldın  
polat gittin Allah sakladı  
açıl uykudan korkuyla otur heybetle oku  
Mola biter o sabah rüzgar doğarken  
Ağaçlar erler kalkarken  
Her yan melek dokuyuşuna kanarken  
Ve ruhlar kalkarken  
(Dondurucu bir ayaz  
Her yanı kesici bir bıçak gibi  
Yabanî ve tutup bir kaça bölerken  
Dolanırken sıyrırken hayvanları  
Akarken çiğ taneleri tutulmaz gerginliklerde  
Evet O durdurur ancak  
O'nunla dayanılır ancak  
Ve O  
Ancak O'nunla  
Öteye kapımız açılır varılmaz anlara varılır.)  
Hasan kalbinde ağır rikkatle kalktı  
Ali ağır rikkatle  
Sinan rikkatle kalktı.  
Akmak  
Merhamet duymak gözü yaş durmak  
Sinan bir kahramandır elinde  
Ali bir kahramandır dilinde  
Hasan bir kahramandır fikrinde  
Uyku rüyalar ve sabah  
Beyaz ipliğin siyahından farkedilmediği vakitte  
Allahın adıyla çağırıldı Sinan  
Şimdi Hasan en önde  
Arkasında iki sapsarı eğik çehre.  
Sinan rüyasıyla hallendi  
Korkuyla oturdu heybetle okudu.  
Hasan rüyasıyla hallendi





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

Gözleri hasret dolu şeffaf eşiklere çevrildi.  
Ali rüyasiyle hallendi  
Etten kemikten geçti sevdadan soruldu.  
Ve gün batanadek koşular  
Ve gün batarken  
O göz ışıdı ışıdı.  
(Kaplumbağa  
Şimdi biraz daha)  
Bütün gün  
Öğle ve ikindide mola verdiler  
Akşam adeta can verdiler  
Ağaçla kuşla böcekle  
Kurda kuşa toprağa selam verdiler.  
Burda kokular gerçek  
Şimdi bozkır çekiyor onları  
Basılmadık yer yok  
Her yana basmış derviş ayağı.  
Nefes var toprağın levhasında  
Sağdan alınıp yukarıya sola ve engine:

KALBE

Yukarı sola ve aşağı  
Verildikçe kondukça alan kalbe.  
(ya aşık eyle zikri şah  
yoldaşsız varılmaz gönle)

There is one once more one  
Ali Sinan and Hasan  
Before the sun rises  
They set off.  
Their mothers are hardworking women  
They're all clearing the same nomads  
They prepared meatballs in the evening.  
Cheese pie and a carboy buttermilk.  
Those days to a distant village  
on rumour  
All the people were going.  
as it is said  
A man with long white beard  
hanging on the ground  
gave nice words to those who came.  
Ali Sinan and Hasan  
On them shalwars and baggy vests of the day  
Richly dressed up





## Living

With leather flat-heeled shoes on their feet  
They came across the stony fields  
And arrived  
a place called tandoorhood  
Rocks all along the stream  
Formed marble-slippery slopes  
folds shapes hollowness.  
There the waters are clear sweet  
always drinkable  
And full of little playful fish.  
Ours took a break  
The sun is in the tandoor valley  
He pressed his tongue and warmed the stones.  
Ali is the strongest  
Sinan is the smartest  
Hasan is the smartest of them all.  
These three friends were like three countries  
Each from a different nature  
Their phratry behind them.  
The sweet sloping walls of the tandoorhood  
It was like a fairyland  
Its bends are reminiscent of wild animals.  
hero somewhere  
Rock accumulation like a warrior  
Extensions.  
A stick reaching forward in one hand  
A rag on the other  
Figures looking majestic but lifeless oppressed.  
A forty-five year old shepherd of stone  
who grazes his flock further  
stood bent over the waters.  
And hundreds more shapes  
Some like people some like animals.  
Ali in a leap  
plunged his thick wrists into  
making them reach the broken stone in the water.  
With the pleasure of haphazardly breaking  
They had fun for a while.  
Before they start climbing  
the high plateau called 'Women's Home'  
They rolled Huge boulders down the steep slopes.  
Wandering through the tandoorhood





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

They sang folk songs  
rippling with echoes  
As their voices churned and returned to themselves in the valley  
Sounds like they were coming out  
From the rock-paved mouths of giants.  
They took the way to the high plateau  
By silencing of the coolness of the evening  
and the fall of the night  
They caught their breath.  
Each tree is an elusive shadow  
each spring  
A circle running under the steps.  
Insects ride in the forest, walk into it, drag and take it away  
The humming is unbearable, the cries are intolerable.  
And once in a while everything goes silent  
The feet become completely debilitated.  
When they lost the way  
They also lost their hope to arrive  
And had a break:

### *ali's dream in the break*

i see a big bread  
i see ya i see  
mom mom mom mom  
I see another big loaf  
i see and i see  
mom huh mom mom mom  
I took my biceps in my palms and sat down  
the wind was peeling my flesh  
my bones were escaping from my hand  
mom mom huh mom mom

### *hasan's dream in the break*

my head is a dark threshold  
with the incoming and outgoing breeze  
pleasant smells naked bodies whispers that haunted me  
a huge feeling appeared  
found and beat me  
my forehead got fever  
come out, my bloodshot eyes  
come out come out come my neck bones  
(and my pupils are rotated to their transparent threshold)  
swept away like storm birds  
easy words what easy mother becoming







## Living

plunders  
easy to dress  
I was scolded  
I scared  
I woke up

### *sinan's dream in the break*

there is a sound there is a voice a silent voice  
stingy power calls me closed heart  
and I can't wake up I cannot wake up anyhow  
you don't say offer, your tongue is atrophied  
If you are offered, destinations does not matter with you.  
I'm in you  
turn your eyes look  
I am every destination I'll pass  
and I'm your last stop  
you stayed on your mother's breast  
strong you went, Allah protected  
wake up from sleep sit in fear read stupendously  
The break ends that morning as the wind rises  
As the trees, men rise  
While every side bleeds to angel weaving  
And as the souls rise  
(A freezing frost  
Like a blade that cuts all over  
Wild and dividing by a few  
While animals hanging about scraping  
While flowing, in tensions in which dew grains are not held  
Yes only It stops  
Endurable only with It  
And It  
Only with It  
Our door is open to the beyond, unreachable moments are reached.)  
Hasan stood up with an intensive compassion in his heart.  
Ali with an intensive compassion  
Sinan stood up compassionately.  
To flow  
to feel compassion to stand in tears  
Sinan is a hero with his hand  
Ali is a hero with his tongue  
Hasan is a hero with his mind.  
Sleep dreams and morning  
When it is not noticeable the black thread from the white





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

Sinan called in the name of Allah  
Now Hassan is at the forefront  
Two pale yellow faces bent behind him.  
Sinan changed with his dream  
He sat in fear and read strenuously.  
Hasan changed with his dream  
His eyes were drawn to the transparent thresholds of compassion filled  
with longing.  
Ali changed with his dream  
Gave up worldly affairs, was asked about love.  
And they ran until sundown  
And as the sun goes down  
That eye gleamed and gleamed.  
(Tortoise  
some more now)  
All day  
They took breaks at noon and in the afternoon.  
They almost died in the evening  
With trees, with birds, with insects  
They greeted wolves, birds, and the land.  
The smells are real here.  
Now the steppe attracts them  
There's no place without treading  
Dervish foot treading on all sides.  
There is breath on the plate of the earth  
Taken from the right and up to the left and vastness:  
TO HEART  
Up to the left and down  
The heart that receives as it is given is put  
(O the lover, make zikri-shah  
Heart without a companion cannot be reached)

*İSTANBUL 1969.* When you look through the window, the soil and the tree should be visible. The air is clean, a healthy stream flows nearby.  
- Human; by looking at the balance of people and things in nature and in faith, puts his head on the pillow with confidence. Fate does not bother there. Being close to nature has the power to dissipate nightmares. In the village, men and women find each other under the auspices of nature. As they begin to love, they wash their hands vigorously so that nature can begin.





## Living

The child is born, after all, with a feeble but shouting health, and dies immediately, despite the twentieth century does not reach there. Death does not cause grief, there is a silence the death agony spreads, but the dead is lovingly given to the soil.

The houses are like hewn from the earth. At the bottom of the mud-plastered, windless walls, the men squatted side by side, waiting for the dead to come out of the masonry stone door resembling a cave hole and for the young girl of the village to pass in front of them. Inevitably, eyes are drawn to the village's deranged, who appears at the beginning of the side street. Five or six large dogs are advancing with him. Because of the absence of noise-making instruments and noisy people, the quietness of all small places is evenly dispersed like daylight and is even more pronounced than the shadows. When the deranged and big dogs appear around the corner, they seem to be entering a bell jar. The deranged approaches, no one wants to hang out with him, this change freezes him, all his contemplation consists of weighing people's behaviour. Perhaps he never knew the reasons for these changes. Death is this state of people who gather in front of the funeral home, speak little, wait and do not hang out with him and do not laugh. This change goes down from head to toe and from the grown-ups to a certain little child and finally comes to those tiny dusty babies who continue their daily lives. And those very old people, sit maintaining their eternal tranquillity on their faces, which means death is between these two.

The deranged goes with his big dogs. As the sun descends on the horizon in the evening, it retreats over both the village and the graves. - People approach nature in a mixed order day and night. There is no count. Should we urge the people who were dug up from the apartment floors and removed from under the vehicles to make phantasies about nature through our words?

### *MARAŞ 1958. dağ köyünde körbağırsak sancısı*

*konur karnın ağrıyan yanına  
alev gibi tuğlalar  
/ Bir kalbiniz vardır onu tanıyınız.  
Bir şehir kadar kalabalıktır bazıları  
Bir dehliz kadar karanlıktır bazıları  
Konuşurlar  
İsterler  
Susurlar  
Dinlememişseniz nice yıl kalbinizi  
Ev meslek iş para geçim diyerek  
Düşünün şimdi bir de*





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

*Şehirlerde kasaba ve köylerde  
Başını eğmiş kalbiyle söyleşen bir kişi olduğunuzu. /*

typhlitis in mountain village  
bricks like flame are placed on  
the aching side of the stomach  
/ You have a heart, get to know it.  
Some are as crowded as a city  
Some are as dark as a tunnel  
they talk  
they want  
they shut up  
If you didn't listen to your heart for all those years  
Talking about home profession work money livelihood  
Think about it now  
In cities, towns and villages  
That you are a person with a bowed head who converses his heart. /

While their relatives gather around, kiss their palms, hands, eyes, and establish this courageous relationship with death of which they create the delusion that it has accumulated well in the dead and that it will pass to them wherever they touch, they collect the subconscious material that they will repeat to themselves in their spare time. With the taste that death leaves them a little more time with each dying.

The very old people next to the deceased, those elderly people who never leave their side and turn their gaze to the deceased with every visitor, seem to be immune to death there, and they are showing off.

What spoils are there in the worlds of female visitors who go the deceased's home putting on their most elegant clothes, covering their hair with silk headscarves with crocheted edges and with a light powder on their faces.

After pulling out the plainest and darkest of those colourful silk covers with embroidered edges, stacked on top of each other in a cardboard box of anything once bought, in walnut dowry chests they are distracted with slightly frowning eyebrows as they unfold them by holding both ends and shaking them.

They admire themselves in front of the mirror. They are fully conscious that even though they are out, for the day they do not use their collars, necklaces with five pieces of gold, twisted bracelets and golden chains and pearls which are mostly meant to be spent on their own when they die and so they are worn from mother to daughter and never go out of style. They





## Living

try to fit into their new clothes, which are close to their heels and slightly open at the neckline. In their small mirrors that only show their heads, they exchange glances like two agreed co-wives with their lightly smeared eyes, aware of where their masters are preparing them for.

*DALAMAN 1971.* Restaurants and tea houses with wooden tables and chairs overflowing the road. The ground is swept earth that evaporates as soon as the waters are watered.

I saw a couple of hotels, two or three rooms each.

I work in the factory, the living thing is the factory, in the morning the workers come as if they are attracted to the machines they cannot take their eyes off of, as if enchanted, slowly, looking in the same direction, at the same pace. They pass by the pipes and chimneys that we insulate. / I was dizzy in the first days from the height.

The vertical chimney, the steel warehouse, the boiler, the hangar that looks like a single but huge room and their scattered multiples are laughable. All that appear are like things that have unexpectedly exceeded the power of the human being who do and do it little by little, and because of this suddenness, they have not been able to control themselves in terms of dimensions. These are like errors that cost huge anomalies. The factory, as it stands, seems to be the result of reverie and negligence. - Once inside the factory, people get lost once again next to the machines that take the wood at one end and take it out as paper on the other side. And that's why in the morning, no it's not drowsiness, but eight hours a day of machine enchantment, the workers walk in silence, forced and lost.

Once again, they are losing big because of the betrayals of the materialistic unions, who do not believe in the soul and the other world, that only lead them to the goal of higher wages, like horses with visors, by hitting the workers out of money greed. And the machine barbarously fills in the gaps it finds in all these losses.

You understand the difficulty of protecting souls.

*/ ah kardeşler gönlümün yükünü kaldıramıyorum deyince bal yutturduk.  
koştu  
elleri bir dana budu gibi sallanıyordu.  
ona söylediklerimin tümünü unutmuşa benziyor  
yazık böyle mi olmalıydı günlerimiz  
üzgünüm*





## Cahit Zarifođlu

*çatı katındayım yapıların  
yere kâğıtlar serdim oturdum paketi açtım ekmek  
soğan balık  
yedim  
dua ettim  
kişi mahallesindeki caminin cemaatından olmalı. /*

/ when he said that oh brothers, I can't take the weight of my heart  
We tricked him sweetly.  
he ran  
his hands were swaying like a leg of veal  
He seems to have forgotten everything I said to him.  
Alas our days should not have been like this  
I am sorry  
I'm in the attic of buildings  
I laid papers on the floor, sat down, opened the package, bread  
onion fish  
I ate  
I prayed  
The person must be from the congregation of the mosque in his neighbourhood. /

While the scaffold was being erected, one of the iron pipes fell half a meter away. Amid the roar of welding traps, generators and cranes, and forklifts, a pipe running itself in an undesirable direction makes an insignificant buzz, maybe not even that, but enough to turn all heads towards it. No one welcomes this fall and forgives it. Human life screams in the face of the danger that appears with this fall and has no definite aim. It screams and scolds the whole system. A generator suddenly breaks down. cladding steel sheets do not soften and surrender to the shears, encapsulated nails in concrete nail guns do not explode despite all the blows, they resist as it screams.

However, if the same iron was thrown from the roof of the same warehouse onto the pipes on the ground, if it was deliberately thrown out of business, the sound it made would not even be heard. Postmaster worker Enigöl comes running, "Did the pipe fall?" he asks. I say yes or something.

How far can your curiosity go. I wonder how far you go into things. How can we understand that the iron that has just fallen is lifted by two or three workers as if it were any iron and taken to the old height and clamped with other irons so that it can stand there.





## Living

*ISTANBUL 1963.* we met. We went down the street towards the houses. We sat on one of the benches on the edge of the asphalt that turned the edge of a tree-lined slope. The ships look almost from a bird's eye view. It was as if the marvellous plain in the water, the shores full of houses, the trees on the opposite Çamlıca ridge and the gulls that had left themselves in the air were enchanted. Colours are fading. We sat in silence on the wooden bench. We talked to each other internally. I was talking to her internally. We looked at the sea without looking at each other. She was Istanbul. "You are" I said. For a change, let's get out of ourselves, to dissipate that terrible inability to speak by trying another personality.

She couldn't say anything. I didn't know how to continue either.

*ANKARA 1970.* I am thinking of saying a sentence on happiness. It should be non-contradictory and follow the spelling rules. Which starts out like "The door opens suddenly, who the hell comes in, lo and behold", I sleep like coal in a 30-person ward. Where am I in this nineteen seventy year?

Without a doubt, I think, it's hell outside. For foreigners, in the hands of Europe, a lot of happiness that appeals to a mean section of life has remained.

Then:

Is this happiness left?..

One always comes back for it.

I wasn't aware of what was happening at the time. When I was left alone one day when I went to fight with my neighbourhood friends in one of the other neighbourhoods for some reason, I understood:

We were going down the slope of our street fast without shouting.

I had found a piece of wood and was weighing it in my palm, accustoming it to the curves of my hand.

The reason is that one of ours will have been beaten while passing by. What else can be? We were passing through the side streets. People didn't know where we were going. It was in ourselves that we gathered and decided and were going, and passers-by did not know it.

I was proud to look at those who came before us. "Since," I was saying, "we have a secret." I was delighted with the words I couldn't remember the rest of, and I even forgot where we were going because of my joy. "This is life," I said, feeling like I had grown a little, became something. I was rebelling against my childhood. I was stunned by the fact that I had gotten life before I was old enough to deserve it, bumping into some, occasionally bouncing





## Cahit Zarifođlu

free of gravity. -But when I was left behind from ours due to the crowd, it was heavy on my child's heart to carry these feelings alone. I hung my head in shame, blushing up to my ears when I had to run to catch up with them. Fortunately, everyone was busy, no one noticed my situation.

We hadn't come to the hostile neighbourhood yet. We were crossing a small square. The boy among us, who was beaten, suddenly pointed to a group ahead. "Here they are!" he shouted. But there was no general agitation or attack expression in this voice, which was to be encountered unexpectedly. He was even reluctant. But I thought about them much later. Because as soon as he said, "Here they are," I had already grasped that piece of wood like a wedge and shot myself ahead.

I didn't even notice that our people paused, whether they turned around immediately or after a while, and ran away. I dived into a group of kids, even the little ones bigger than me. I didn't see any of their faces. Maybe I needed to lift my head a little for this. But the faces and personalities of the people I fought with were of no importance to me. When we met again, I preferred not to even see it so I wouldn't remember it. -God, how can you fight a person you don't look at?

I hit a couple of them. There was no hostility in me. One of them was trying to grab my arm with a wooden knife. He succeeded. They also grabbed my arms. Someone a little larger—I saw him slowly approach without fuss, and my knees buckled quickly from the magnitude of his strength as he placed his hand on my neck. It didn't take him any trouble getting me down, because I was getting off easily. I was seized from my waist, neck, arms, and even my feet. They hit me randomly, making it hard to even breathe.

There were shouts, but they were not like the angry grumbling of those who beat me to their heart's content. The elders were trying to separate us and suddenly they separated me from them like a rooster whose feathers were left in the hands of their executioners. My hair was messy, my face was covered in blood, the waist of my jacket was over my shoulders, my pants were turned sideways, my shirt was out, my buttons were torn. / One of the buttons was hanging with thread inside the buttonhole. I grabbed it with the fingers of my bloody hand, which I wiped my face with. The wood was still in my hand, I didn't throw it away for much longer. I still wanted to attack. I looked, where were my friends. There was none. There were more than fifteen of us and they were absent as if they had never come.

I was terribly confused until I realized it.







## Living

I could see that the drooping hands in front of me did not have the desire to hit me.

/ seek refuge in Allah from understanding the determination of those around you at critical moments in an action you believe in /

I turned and walked away.

I came like a warrior. On the way back I was not a loser, but became a little philosopher.

I entered the neighbourhood by wiping my blood with a handkerchief. I threw the wood.

The children welcomed me.

But I walked home.

What would have happened if they hadn't come after me to make me talk, if they had stood in a corner and looked at me as if I was a stranger who had come to the neighbourhood.- Would I have been more right not to join any group for years?

**BIARRITZ 1972.** This is not the first time I have seen the Atlantic Ocean. I came to Souston a week ago. A french town eleven kilometres inland from the sea, with its undemolished houses and whitewash that are renewed without fading. Once upon a time, the sea was even deeper in this whole region. For centuries, the land has grown by expanding its lands towards the sea, and the old coasts are left behind. That's why these reclaimed, ocean-recovered lands have sand instead of soil. Towns and villages are built on the sand. When the foundations are dug, water is definitely reached. The salinity is pure ocean water like five miles away.

The sand dunes begin when you leave the asphalt in Souston and proceed on the earthen forest road through the grove. As I climb them, the strong wind blowing from the sea begins to blow my hands. This air, like a wall, is a blocky resistance that stretches inward towards the sea when you lean on it with your chest, allowing you gradually.

I said to myself that I will see the ocean soon, realizing its size and how big water it is. After the hills h suddenly it. What a bow whose horizon is so big. It is a slowly moving animal that cannot be seen at once, in all its simplicity and inhumanity, which, in spite of its inhumanity, arouses the first interest with its own twists. A creature. It shakes and changes something inside a human being. It transforms. Now you want to repeat all the prayers you have done. Because your imagination has become beautiful and grown.





## Cahit Zarifođlu

When I first went down, I was afraid that there was no one else on the beach that stretched as far as it could get. An unpredictable freighter is making its way slowly. Concrete terraces and concrete stairs covered with sand in places to facilitate the descent all the way down. Its edges and starting points are covered with sand. The beach tries to cover up these later additions and artifacts in its own determined and heavy disposition. It shrinks man by sucking him into the long time it takes to form coal and oil deposits, reminding him of the tiny temporary dimensions of his life on earth despite all his abilities. And it blows from the sea. Uninterrupted. All the way up the middle of the hill, spoky plastic boxes, tire shards, plastic bags, shards of drums, pebbles, and fuel and oil residues smeared on everything, tar, in the murmur of the ocean, whether it's by itself or by the sight of someone, they are telling something about things and life to their far and unknown owners around the world.. There is a reflection of something terrible in discarded and mostly wasted items.

I'm walking with them. With the barking of death, with what is told in a language that all nations can understand by broken baby limbs, shanks, plates, buckets and thousands of pieces of which it is not clear from which objects they come together. But I quickly realize that they don't even refer to humans, or even their unknown owners. What they show reflects inhumanity, like the jawbones and teeth on scorched corpses, and that's where our fear comes from. I say that despite everything, human being is important.

I passed the diesel oil-smeared seashells. None of them are attractive despite their beautiful shapes. Diesel oil killed them too. The distant tanker is busy unloading its debris under slow cruising. Water takes those which are thrown like a slap.

But not so on the shores of Biarritz. The coast is surrounded by clean sandy beaches. Even the sea water is well maintained.

There are only tourists here. Locals, like escaped prisoners, work on the roads and in shops selling small touristic items, bowing their heads, trying to calm the shopping and souvenir shopping crises of the crowds that come in waves during the summer months. They snatch their money, stack them in their safes, and comfort them.

It's impossible not to get caught. They make me buy postcards all the time. I bought a small leather wallet. I put my francs in thin, sturdy paper with pinholes, all barely used. Now I can spend them at a better pace.





## Living

As soon as I entered the city, I saw people park their cars on the side of the road, screaming, throwing their hats, shouting. Despite the heat, people who are drunk with beers they drink one after the other and disrupt the heavy traffic in groups. Traffic cops help these drunken crowds cross the road, just as they stop cars and give way to cows returning from the barn in Anatolian cities. I approached one of the cops and asked something. Despite all his preoccupation, he bent over me, smiling.

- "Oui, monsieur," he said.

I have almost no French. When Monsieur Badet says "Can you pass me the hammer," I can understand what he is saying, provided I see where he is looking, what he is pointing at, and those picking movements in his hand. Handing,

- tien [yours] Monsieur, say I. He smiles every time and

- Merci, he says.

Thus, we give a thousand beautiful and complete examples of people understanding each other completely, as if opening and closing a box.

Souston is a place of four thousand in the winter and forty thousand in the summer. We live slightly outside of town. This road leads to le lac noir. This is route d'azur. There is also a lake in the azur. I saw Van Gogh's boats there. They pulled up to the not-so-wide shore of the lake. There was breeze. We sat on wooden benches next to the boats among the sparse poplarlike trees. Monique looks at me from the frame of a camera. We took a quick tour on the asphalt surrounding the lake. We turned around and finally we are at a fish farm. A mill was built at the foot of the mill water. That the water passes through there is enough for the fish. Nutritious water. Every once in a while they throw bait in sacks. We got the troute [trout].

That evening, in Madame and Monsieur Badets on the Azur road, there is fish as well as delicious roast lamb.

After dinner, I make myself tea in a plate with a handle. On behalf of the nation of France, this humble family is amazed that I drink tea after dinner.

On their television, there is a very bad play, based on buffoonery, without a certain text, so-called improvisation, moreover, it is a constant program.

The words I use the most are qui, no, bon. Sometimes they told me I should say 'very good', and 'excellent' instead of 'good'. As it turns out I can't use my bons properly.





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

It has been a shame for me to pronounce the word *soute* as *zute*. It is a heavy swear but it is light compared to ours. One evening we went to cow wrestling. While the Spaniards do bullfighting, the French prefer to wrestle cows in these regions close to Spain.

Why are you dealing with such animals, and addressing them to yourself? I asked.

“So we prove that man is greater than the beast,” they replied.

I couldn't tell them, thinking they might be offended, that attempts to prove the same species with animals such as the leopard, mountain cat, rabid camel, etc., could be more convincing. Maybe one day it will come to their mind, we don't need to say it.

After the wrestling, we wandered around the local fairground. In the game of chance for two francs, an old goose came up to ours. The next day at dinner, it appeared on the table as decorated.

*BORDOEUX 1972.* lights of suspension bridge were on. in front of the clear blue sky glazed by the glow of light in the incipient darkness of evening. We quickly passed under it. We have five hundred kilometers to Paris now.

*ANKARA 1977, FRIDAY, 5 AUGUST.* My wife has been at the Social Insurance Institution Maternity Home in Akay since ten o'clock pm. “The lady doctor”- says everything is normal at ten o'clock, a few hours until birth says she, you don't have to wait here, because it is not certain, go home and sleep. I went. But I couldn't sleep. I call at two o'clock, we are waiting. I am writing now. It's like looking pensively into the water.

Of course

Like every father, I too

First time

am suffering from that strange deep pain.

I do not feel any opposition to women, something happened to me.

I feel mercy. Despite all their readiness by nature, and despite billions of examples, they experience the feeling of our mother Eve in carrying and giving birth to the first human being born into the universe. Just as our deaths are not shared, that first original feeling is also present in the way women give life by Allah's command. I read it in her eyes, even though she barely speaks. No matter how revealed, the worry on their





## Living

faces, the fear in contact with that distant unknown, will not go away. I understand this fear and anxiety as a great respect for life and the great power that is unknown to us.

Modern medicine has released books on obstetrics and childbirth, accessible to all classes of people. Books that contain everything from the details of reproduction to the realization of birth. There is everything from the worries and fears of women to their causes and remedies. Of course, such precise information was obtained after listening to and statistics from thousands of pregnant women with all the details of how the woman felt at all stages of pregnancy and childbirth. But I don't think any woman is telling or able to tell the truth. They mask emotions that other people, including women, cannot understand. They describe their pain, their anxieties and fears in physical terms. They explain the aspects of the work that can be formulated and graphed. There is something that others should not know that they are hiding it. This is how it is from an Eskimo woman to an Indian, from a Chinese to an Arabian, from an American to a Japanese. Because they all give birth to one thing, a baby with a Muslim soul. Or could motherhood be this great if it were as much as what is described in medical books??

Despite the fact that man reproduces by fabrication, this fact does not change, and besides, each birth remains extremely "special". For every child has only one mother and father.

*ANKARA 1977, 6 AUGUST AT 02.25.* my daughter was born.

*KYRENIA 1975.* As we pass through the scorched pine trees, the green plain pours in front of us. The eye glides rapidly over it, passing the houses of Kyrenia and the multi-storey hotels on the coast, and quickly glides towards the horizon of the water from the point where the sea first begins. It is as if it is thrown in the direction of Istanbul, to the lands where Erzurum, Van and Konya are located. I know, it is the sea that intervenes that increases the homesickness one more time.

The Officers' House is located in one of the big hotels, I sleep bored in one of the big rooms overlooking the sea, I say why we can't love these people, is it their language, that is, the Turkish they speak with a Greek accent, or the mosques without imams, mosques without prayer, mosques without congregation, mosques that have almost no congregation, even on Fridays, except for those who come from the Turkish union in the vicinity?

This hotel is boring. Commander of the house, Major, says what are you waiting for, my lions, go straight to the ship with that wide belly, carrying





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

thousands of people in her membrane, tanks and military trucks, and thousands of tons of ammunition in her abdominal cavity, but I rented a mini austin, the steering wheel is on the right, the traffic is on the left up to the ends of the spiky protrusion of the island extending north up back again and over the mountain roads of Beşparmak Mountains, Varosia, Famagusta, then Threemartyrs , Voni, Tynbou, Nicosia. Nowhere left in the island.

From where I look, the castle of Kyrenia resembles a submarine. Wavy sea. It's the end of March. The weather is cool-hot. Strong strong wind blowing from the sea. Now, the water on our Mediterranean coasts is pulling towards the open, as if it wants to break away from the land in front of Antalya, Karataş, Mersin and İskenderun, and its surface is stretched. Now the wind is pressing down from the Taurus, breathing out. And the swells of the sea come and hit the island, and it's as if the island gathered way crabwise, because it's not the water but the land that's gathering way.

*SAN SEBASTIAN 1972.* The storm began to carve the ground. Eventually, the land was drawn inward in an arc that stretched for miles. This retreat stopped and continued with the storm. Then the great calm began. The ground had receded, but the water remained at the same level in the distance. It would have gone on like this if the tiny fish hadn't set the sea's antennae in motion. But those ancient Spanish people one day saw that the sea, which was wandering in the distance, was thrown into this wide space, as if they had remembered, and pouring into this orderly bay with the extensions of its large body. In the part where the two ends of the bay seem to come together, and inside the bay, there are rock steeples that the storm cannot carve. The Spaniards erected gigantic statues on them as signs of the hardness within themselves and their divine religion, the steepness that Prophet Muhammad's companions who came to them could not soften. -When I entered San Sebastian, I saw these and realized that it was like this. The city seems to welcome me like all tourists. However, it understood why I had come even when I was far away. That's why, when I set out from Souston four days ago, it took me two hours to go a quarter of the five-kilometer distance to the gates of Spain after passing Bayonne. The uneasiness in San Sebastian, which fills the intercity road like a crowded innercity traffic. I'm back. The city was defending itself. The next day, I extended the road and entered the middle of the pyrenees through a remote entrance gate on the mountain roads. As soon as I saw it, I started to run towards the inside of the hard and parched hills, which turned out to be the mountains of the Spanish Civil War, and ran up to the shore. I was in such a hurry that the irons and tired dashpots of the little car were whining, jumping with fear from the pits of the asphalt that I had ruthlessly entered, adding something





## Living

to my speed so that this crazy ride would end as soon as possible, and trying to hold on to the earth by opening its wheels to the sides on the bends like a horse peeing. All the birds of Spain followed me. Calling each other, they gathered together, flowed together with me, took turns with me without choosing the shortcuts, accelerated on the straights, sometimes dashing too far in one stroke, flaunting their effortlessly attainable speed, like motorcyclists riding alongside cyclists pedalling in sweat. I'm finally inside my sleeping bag in a dark nook, smoking a cigarette. A slice of ice-cold air hits my neck from the bottom of my ear. I speed up smoking. The warmth that comes when you close the window, and when you get into the sleeping bag, makes it quicker to fall asleep. I sleep soundly in the Andalusia that I've been struggling madly into, just close to the thickness of a dice, close to the Arabian horses, the Arab poets, the Andalusian scholars, and the oil lamps.

In the morning it's all over. The city, the great San Sebastian, is tense, darkened by the weight of the scorching longing inside of me, turning off its lights. Although it's a sunny day, a band of pitch black clouds is starting to slide over the city's face from the rear mountains like a veil that covers the face. We're starting to feel the first breezes of a great torrential storm. That's why I don't get caught up in the city's internal curve, where twenty thousand people can swim at the same time, like one of the tens of thousands of new tourists of that season. I quickly pass by the park that runs parallel to this curve, the asphalt running parallel to it, and the high buildings that only start after that. A quick tour. The river, bridges, museums, small islands, mounds, then a torrential downfall descends on the city I left behind.

I am not on the balance of being thirty-two that summer, but of being an earlier age, of living. I want to see as many mountains as I can. I look at them with a deep amazement that I can't help seeing from their sides, inside and above them, like the only mountain in the world that can be reached with a thousand and one hardships. Just as I take care of my own babies and the sea. Just as my amazement at the fact that we can fall asleep and wake up after sleeping, although it happens innumerable and quickly and easily. But you don't have to go high to see sleep and wake up. You even have to bend your head a little and look parallel to the ground. Sleep is like a horizontal thing. But after seeing the mountain sideways, I want to ascend. That's not enough. That can explain why I've been looking behind even passenger planes until they disappeared. Head teacher İbrahim Bey said, "What a love, my child." Whenever we met, he would always talk about my love of flying, his cute and deep amazement he felt for me, and he would nod sympathetically, in Pazarçık in the 59's, when I was a primary school teacher's deputy.





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

Why should I keep it, I go to airports once in a while. Here I am again at the mercy of the same “amazement”. When that iron mass accelerates on the track, something starts to get heavier in me, that amazement starts to get heavier. Accelerating, and accelerating, when the end of the airframe is shinning, the view of it on the rear wheels for a few seconds and finally the moment when they too are off the ground and the big airframe is lifted just a finger or two off the ground, despite hundreds of experience, “it happens once again, here’s once It’s happening again, it’s happening once again,” I try to calm my inner amazement and its fluctuation by repeating that groaning sentence of my heart with a disastrous speed in that short time. I don’t know where to go with this amazement.

And then I understand once again and better: The holy person, who is called to show a miracle, says - “Well, let me show you” and stands up and, - “Here! I’m walking”.

*DIYARBAKIR-SILVAN 1943.* tiny window, I remember that wall too. thick, dirty-whitewashed, rough and cool. this wall could stand, clinging to the luminous space framed by the small window. because I don’t remember the other walls, the door, the furniture, anything else in the room, and anything else and the other parts of the house, the streets and the town, the people, or my own relatives. There is only that thick cool wall. I only remember the parts that came around its window. now, right now in front of my eyes, I see it.

this window was high. because I was looking up at the light. because I was two and a half years old.

- “Do you really remember” said my mother

- i said “yes” and immediately started to explain as if dazzling horizons were opened in front of me.

- “It was opening up to the sky, I seem to be picking out the silhouettes of things like houses or trees at the bottom. I seem to have seen that window not once, but many times. that sky was always the same brightness. It was illuminated, but there was absolutely no sun. the sun’s rays was never vertical. the window was covered with black iron from top to bottom, as thick as my wrist at that time. And most importantly, two bottles were hanging on these irons. it was hung not by rope or clippings, but tied with pieces of cloth. they were filled to the top with water. and there were rose petals in the water. they were so beautiful in the water. The bottles had a cloth stopper at their mouths. and window smelled of rosewater. The rose water smell was nice.”







## Living

and mother and child, once again, held hands; they walked in a great protection whose beauty emanated from God's mercy and which cannot be grasped.

*ISTANBUL 1965.* I'm hungry now. I endure hunger and walking. Maybe it's a sin to say, but I endure hunger and walking. In the meantime, one has to walk. Istanbul is big. There are a couple of buses and sometimes a ferry between the bed and the workplace or school. I live in Suadiye. For me this is a grave where I will bury all the dead inside me one day. But tonight, around eleven, I left the Marmara coffee house in Beyazıt. Even though I waited so long, neither Mehmet Genç, brother Sezai, Rasim, Şuayb nor Abdurrahim came. I said to the waiter Hulusi Efendi, "Don't serve me tea, I'll go to dinner soon". But I haven't been able to go to dinner for three hours. Even though I'm sitting with my back turned, I hear the greasy and warm opening of the double-winged coffee house door through all the noise and I seem to feel that slow, quiet and intellectual arrival of one of ours. - Without waiting for Hulusi Efendi to turn towards the furnace, I went out under his calm, inside gaze as if he could see the inside of the flesh, the diagram of the skeleton, more or less all of us. Towards the penultimate ferry. I will walk to Karaköy. I have a student pass for the ferry. I will either walk or not walk the four kilometers from Kadıköy to Suadiye. The bus costs twenty-five pennies. I have ten pennies tonight. Now I understand who I am, I have clear evidence, I am after these fifteen cents now with all my mental means, all my senses. My orientation towards such a small and clear goal as if it were the whole purpose of life shapes my self with simple lines. All my memories and loves are depreciated. We walk by leaning on each other, arm in arm with that growing absurdity. Purposely; my pleas, my pursuits, my wastes, my tongue-in-cheeks, my defeats are suppressing. However, it seems like something is starting now, I am walking towards Çemberlitaş. The people were drawn like blood drawn on the face that stood before the barking dog that suddenly appeared in the dark. Oh Istanbul, you are mine. There are no people raiding their streets like they're scavenging. - And here, once again, after Çemberlitaş, I am walking towards Pierre Loti Street, where asphalt and paving stones meet, where dust and garbage accumulate, without taking my eyes off the ground for a moment. I'm trying to find those copper pennies. This is until the Sultanahmet bus stop. After that for some reason it is not found. And here is a five. Ten steps, another hundred steps, and here are two more fives, almost side by side. When I got the money I came back. I started down the Cağaloğlu slope. I'm afraid to cross Gülhane at these hours. Then Sirkeci. Crowds of last trains, always late men. I had passed through this area as if the wind would always come out and we were going to mingle with each other at these hours, and I passed it once again. It disperses as if a holy man's hand called and held it on the bridge. The ferry





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

is waiting with its lights on. Turnstiles are like garden gates of houses. On standby bookstores are closed. Covers drawn on books are cold. The short, stocky salesman is now trying to sleep in his wife's bosom after a few feet of crawling around his counter as if rubbing against into an oil drum and a whole day of emotionless shopping. - The ferry takes me like a home, wraps me up, pulls me into a warm corner, and makes an extract of all the past unique to that day settle down in me. An old drunk sat across from me. He looked at me, trying to make out as if he knew me from somewhere, he staggered from his seat and bent down: "My friend said, "Now you will give me exactly five liras, if it's missing, I'll be offended". He persisted along the way. He got up as the ferry was approaching, and while he was walking between the benches, pointing at me with his shrivelled arm, he started shouting: "Bejabbers! suppose him to be a man, look at him, I coaxed him so much, did I have to" He stood swaying between the benches. Opening his tightly clenched palm and showing his coins, he said, "Here's all, buddy, buddies I need five more liras, (he showed me), look at this suppose him to be a man hey, what does it mean, what does it mean man, isn't money the money of all of us, the government is not the government of all of us? Doesn't the government make our wine, our raki, my wine-maker government, my darling, (shows me) the unsympathetic ferryman, you money; money! our money, money is common property, whose money are you hiding from me, some of the money is yours, some his, money is ours I asked for our money, our five liras, bejabbers."

He suddenly calmed down and sat down next to someone in the next row. He said in a soft whisper, "Come on, bro, give me five liras of this nation, hand out that devil thing ."

We came out of the ferry like a trough stream in the silence of the night. Some of them were selected and headed to the Kadıköy-Bostancı bus number four, the ticket man started to come from the front, I handed the copper coins a little embarrassed. Along the way, I rolled the ticket between my fingers, crumpled it, opened it, read it, folded it again, unknowingly dropped it from my hand as I was walking down the Akın street descending from Bağdat Street towards the beach, making all the dogs barking in the gardens of the houses on both sides. -Room : now another extract of my past.

Room and you.

If you can endure.

It is ourselves that weighs heavily on us. On the road, at school, at work, with others.





## Living

We carry ourselves.

After slowly eating a small forgotten apple on the small coffee table by the woodstove, I fell asleep searching for a scent in the bed.

*ISTANBUL 1964.* i woke up suddenly at midnight. I have no pain. I feel like I've had enough sleep. My mind is bright. On Akın street in Şaşkınbakkal, Suadiye I live in the rented house number eleven of an old aunt living alone, I pay a hundred lira per month hand I lose sleep for no reason at midnight, my eyes are open, I look up at the ceiling in the dark, my body is at peace and it's as if my self has been emptied, I have no weight, instead a feeling of satisfaction inside me. I am very pleased. Satisfied and indifferent, contented and carefree. I feel satisfied. I am very very pleased. Then, ten minutes later, that sadness began to come. Obvious sadness, as if emanating from the wool of the mattress, as if it were emerging from the composition of the dark air, and as if it were smearing me, as if I could catch it if I reached out with its means. How I suffer now, if only I knew what it means, if only I could stop its bubbling in my heart. But all my limbs one by one fall into its sickly embosoming. I thought about my day, my darling, no, there was nothing that required it.

I got up and opened the curtain. The windows of the single-storey house open directly to the street. Across the street is nothing but the ruined garden wall of a large house and a few trees. there is no moon tonight. there is neither the sound nor the smell of the sea. The dog that startled passers-by by throwing itself against the bars of the big iron gate is not around. but I seem to see it biting its claws with its teeth cautiously, squeezing something heavy on its soul between its canine muscles. i feel an incredible closeness to him. and if only at least a ferry had passed. The first thought of walking to the Suadiye ferry pier to see something: but it's almost horrible. when you look to the left from the image of the window, that narrow road, the ruined wall and trees opposite and when you stretch a little and as far as the window irons allow, there is no earth left but the high walls of the wide wood sprinkled with mansions, and the big iron gate. A two-step road to the pier, or the street that leads up to the Baghdad street, and Istanbul with all its districts, when you watch it so, do not seem to console the sadness.

*yordum seni gözlerim  
kabaran sulara  
eş çocuklar / aklıma bir hançer aradım  
sızlayan ellerim bileğim kabaran sırtım  
gidip vurdum geldim vurdum  
elime bakışların sıcak: sevgilimdensin*





## Cahit Zarifođlu

açıldın eşyaya yayıldın  
dağlara gitsen kurda kuşa ayrılсан  
çiçeklere böceklere baksa başın  
diye anlattım hüzündür diye yazdım  
genç kalbimin yalanları ne acılar duydum  
ve düşünmeye başladım hüznü bu  
çağdaşlarımızın öldürdüğü kelimeyi  
evvelini  
kalbimdeki yerini evlerini  
hamdolsun evrendeki dehşetten korkulardan  
koruyana ki  
çekip dizimizi karnımıza  
toprağın geldiğimiz noktasına eğilerek yumuşaklıkla eserimizin  
içine bakarak  
cennet hediyen cehennem benim eserim  
hamdolsun hamdolsun dünyadaki dehşetten  
koruyana ki  
bize gizli kendisine açık nedeni  
bir hüznle korur parçalanıp giden özümüzü  
O zaman yatağa çekilmeye başladım  
Kendimi o duvara bu duvara vurdum  
Duygusuz ev  
Habersiz bahçeye açılan kapı  
Ve ah anlatamamak elinin altındaki sayfaları  
Dokununca yanan ışığa olanları  
O zaman boylu boyunca üzerindeyim  
Elimdesin ey hayat  
Bir ceset gibi al  
Bırak kolayca bir kuytuya şimdi çırpın esişlerinle  
Bütün kıyılardan bir yalvarış gibi geç  
Darmadağın et uykularındaki köyleri  
Kır kır denizin gemilerini  
I tired you my eyes  
to the surging waters  
equal children / I looked for a dagger for my mind  
my aching hands wrist my swollen back  
I went and hit and I came and hit  
at my hand your look warm: you are from my lover  
you opened up spread out into the things  
If you go to the mountains, if you separate into the wolf and the bird  
if your head looks at the flowers and insects  
told I it is sadness, i wrote





## Living

the lies of my young heart, what pains i have felt  
and i started to think about the sadness this  
the word my contemporaries killed  
the one before it  
its place in my heart its houses  
praise be to the protector from the horrors of  
the universe  
pulling our knees to our stomachs  
leaning to the point of the soil where we came from, softly looking  
inside our work  
heaven is your gift, hell is my work  
praise praise be to the protector from from the horrors  
of the world  
the reason that is hidden to us clear to it  
protects our crumbling essence with a sadness  
that's when I started getting pulled to bed  
I hit myself against from this wall and that wall  
the house devoid of feelings  
the gate opening to the garden without announcement  
and alas being incapable to tell the pages under your hand  
the happening to the light that burns when touched  
then I'm all over you  
you're in my hand, oh life  
take it like a corpse  
drop it easily into a nook now flounder with your blowings  
cross all shores like a plea  
smash the villages in their sleep  
break break the ships of the sea

I'm still in front of the window. Did you say sad? No. It's not even remembered now. I have only one chair, one small table, I sat. There are guests at the door I don't know who they are. They stand in me silently, without knocking on the door, without moving.

*Ve ben kımıldamadan duruyorum ölümümün başında  
Bana bu gece ölümüm gösterildi  
Büyük ak saçlı başım  
Dolunay gibi kaydı iki taşın arasına  
Dört kutsal kelime duydum  
Acz  
Nasip  
Rahmet  
Ölüm  
Dört kutsal kelime daha duydum*



*Tutsaklık  
Teklif  
Kabul  
Özgürlük  
Ve dört kutsal kelime daha duyduğum  
Kendi sancağımdı tutduğum  
Zulmedince kendim  
Lutfedince sen  
Seni andım hamdettim sana taptım*

And I stand still at the beginning of my death  
I was shown my death tonight  
my big gray head  
It slipped like a full moon between two stones  
I heard four holy words  
incapacity  
Grant  
Mercy  
Death  
I heard four more holy words  
Captivity  
Offer  
Acceptance  
Freedom  
And I heard four more holy words  
It was my own banner that I clung to  
When I persecute  
When you blessed  
I mentioned you, I praised you, I adored you

**ANKARA 1975, 18 NOVEMBER.** We saw brother Fethi for five or ten minutes at the airline terminal.

**24 NOVEMBER.** Brother Fethi and I sat in the office of the Gebelođulları on Necatibey Street until late. He changed his mood two or three times during his speech. He asked the poets we loved one by one. Necip Fazıl, Şeyh Galip, Sezai Karakoç... their names.

**6 DECEMBER.** five or six friends, among us the thought of Fethi Brother to be the general manager of TRT. They are taking the country to internal conflict. This can only be prevented by a very conscious TRT general manager, a great team, and reaching over 40 million with an intense program. And most importantly, by reconciling believers, those who believe in Allah, and bringing them together.



## Living

*DECEMBER 15.* Brother Fethi wants to recruit me as the general secretary of the Classical Turkish Music Choir, which is about to be established in Istanbul under the Ministry of Culture.

*ISTANBUL 1967.* I started to work as a technical secretary in Sabah newspaper in Babıali. Brother Sezai writes daily column in the same newspaper. It's been about a week since I started work. I find myself strange here. I'm proud, arrogant, and closed, drinking tea and cigarettes all the time, bored and don't like working. I want to be a free insect, I want to be fed, sheltered and clothed while I roam the countryside with other insects.

It was said that Brother Fethi came to Istanbul as the manager of the newly established press office of the Ankara Chamber of Industry, that his office was in Tepebaşı or something, and that he wanted to see me. I had seen him once before for a minute or so before he knew me, and I guessed it was him. I couldn't go for a day or two. Invitation renewed. And I didn't go again. Five or ten days passed. He went to Ankara and came. I heard it and went because it was a shame now. I didn't know him then, I didn't know he was a school on his own. We went up the stairs with a short man in a fedora, in colourless dress, unobtrusive person. He asked the doorman we met on the first floor about Brother Fethi's office. We entered together through the wide and high, thick wooden door on the first floor of the old fortified building. We passed through a dim hall to the large room on the left. Brother Fethi was not now in the dynamic, inquisitive and catchy, dominating attitude as I saw him in a bookstore in Beyazsaray, as if he were lowering his head and looking over his glasses.

It was as if he had shrunk. Bent over and seeing him, he almost ran and rushed and almost clumsily kissed the master's hand, and took his hat. While showing me the seat, he made a quick, unforgettable gesture for me to kiss that master's hand. According to this sign, if I didn't do what he said, it was as if this building would collapse, Istanbul would collapse, everything would be mixed together. When it was given my hand, I took this hand that didn't care about me and kissed it. The brother stood and waited. When that master said him to sit down, he sat down, so I did.

The master: I heard that you came to Istanbul. I wanted to see Fethi my son today. I don't know your address either. I left the house. I bowed my head and came, he said. Closing his eyes slightly, he bent his head over his heart as he said this. I saw a familiar emotion creep into my brother's face silently, then seep into it as if it were ascending under the skin. They are talking. A few names from Ankara. Said, an associate professor from Gülhane, a lawyer living on the blocks of the College. It is not these names that





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matter, but their silence with little breaks as they are mentioned, their slow taste of something that I could not expect as much as they were informed.

I thought of this when I got home. Then it occurred to me often. However, at that moment, I was wondering what the Brother would say, and I wanted to go. Finally the Master asked me: "Who is this?" "He is studying German philology at the Faculty of Letters," said the Brother. "There are some family difficulties to be able to read. I want to take him with me." The master, without looking at me and indifferently, said abruptly the secret of my heart that I did not tell anyone: "Don't think badly about your father. There is goodness in the actions of the fathers that the sons do not know." Stopped. He continued, in his emotionless look, as if it was slipping to the ground, appearing between his lips and teeth without his being involved: "It's fine. You will answer the phone here. You will clean here. You'll get dust." While I was wondering what he thinks I was, he looked at the Brother. The brother said: "Yes, sir".

This master left after a while.

"I want you to work with me," Brother Fethi began, I didn't know then that he was a shocker, a school.

"Are you currently working somewhere?" he then asked. I told him. "There's another room in the back. It will belong to you. You'll settle there. I want you to shut yourself up there in your spare time and write nonstop. It's not busy. Once in a while, we will have press releases, you distribute them to the newspapers. - For now, there are two staff members here. One is me and the other is the janitor staff for now. I will take you there. In the future, the staff will be given in a month or two, then I will take you there."

"I just started the newspaper, let me stay there, it's an important newspaper for us." I think he thought this answer of mine was said very consciously. However, my eye was on the wandering insecthood. "The newspaper is important, of course. In the future, we will have newspapers for all of us to gather around. All of us will then have a duty. Nothing can be done here, the important thing for you now is your school, and above all your inner growth, understanding, and writing." But I worked for the newspaper.

**ANKARA 1977 OCTOBER.** I read the whole of the Koran that I completed on the night of Qadir in the month of Ramadan. For some reason, there was no time to grant or have it granted in a mosque but it was waiting for its grantee.

Brother Fethi passed away. He passed away by telling us that we all have a heart and that we need to be in tears.







## Living

After his talks that lasted for two or three hours, we would get out of the depths of our negligence and disperse to our homes with the unbearable weight and sadness of the responsibility placed on our hearts and shoulders. If we became the imam of a neighbourhood, would the grocery store and the like of that neighbourhood start to protect the balance right after a short while? If we were a civil servant, were we competent or not? after a while, did our friends, stop cursing? were they afraid to take the words of women, drink and gambling with us, or not?... These were the issues. Everywhere they enter, they pour out before us, one after another, those fascinating glimmers of Islam, which we do not live, far from us, under the shell, which is the only element that can bring people who can control immorality, corruption, alienation and hardness of heart to this point of personality. It awakens the woeful hunger of us that we do not know, and for a few days we were lonely as if we had fallen into the deserts.

Together with Brother Fethi, one of the great opportunities of dervishism, which we could not enter in our time and in the order we live in, of the great civilization that depends on communing and kneeling in front of others, is gone.

*ANKARA 1975, 26 NOVEMBER.* Brother Fethi and I were at Rasims all night. He talks happily for a long time, focusing mostly on the names of friends' children. Ismail sits crimson. Fethi Ağabey is distracting us with a Fethi outside of himself, as if he is curbing a preoccupation that he has been immersed in tonight. He doesn't blend. Holds a little and lets go. He's laughing. He is even joking sarcastically. And all of a sudden, he says the sentence that reminds none of us that it is too late, but only death, and only his death: "Time is running out, guys."

*ISTANBUL 1968.* Vietnam's mountains are also beautiful. there is silence, there are bird sounds, their hearts are always in the same spot, their clothes are different, they are the same as the whole of humanity without eyelashes, puffy eyelids. They were divided into two wrongs. they were drenched in each other's blood. north vietnam wrong reached out and got its heart tied in Moscow. south vietnam wrong stretched out in Washington had its heart tongue and arms tied. and they shoot. but I know that the bosses of these people, who have withdrawn themselves from their women from their homes and cities and set off against each other in hostility towards each other, are sitting side by side at the banquet table, eating and going to the toilet without stopping, and sleeping cheek by cheek getting their saliva mixed together among the leftovers.





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most of our papers supported the north. Equals: some of our papers supported the south. And so they want to bind us more tightly to two wrongs, two bosses who look at each other and occasionally vomit the word humanism. They want us to be drenched in each other's blood. Our mountains are also beautiful. silence here and here too, bird sounds...

History writes that the collapse of the Ottoman state began with granting privileges to the westerners. The republic made this concession into its secret constitution. reinforced by collected laws. so that they can comfortably use us as they wish.

[I want a good Thursday says american, good, says vietnamese woman, spreading fingers of her diseased hand, waving in the air, kissy blinking the eyes, time captures the optimistic picture of her far eastern puffy eyelids, of rounded and bare forehead. a good Thursday huh!.. they'll make it.

for long days I am on the tree without moving.

my restless legs started hurting two days ago as started from the inside of my soles as if they were tickling my stomach it's worse than any injury I can think of, being in a hospital, not being able to make love.it is not even a severe pain, just my restless legs lasting twenty-four hours, then another twenty-four hours, and then another twenty-four hours. Was it me, running fast and furiously over the pentathlon obstacles with the sweet intoxication my muscles gave me even after the tenth kilometer while running with my loads on the private grounds of the military school.

i was born in california.

when I was a kid with my blonde hair and deep blue eyes, my mother used to deceive me. i was getting tired as i got older the priest in his white collar and black dress from the church, who comes and goes to our school, walking slowly, talking slowly, soft and not living, like a big jelly.

i grew up and saved myself.

i have started being just the way my body knows.

i threw out all the bans and became freeeee.

but this poor little free world was quickly over. something else if it was. if another unknown continent and an ocean were found and

if only i had lingered a little longer.

oh, there's hope.





## Living

we americans went to the moon and wandered there.

we americans went to the moon.

We went to the moon. - but wish we didn't go, it didn't help after a month or two.

All these happenings are insufficient. It's not enough for me who can think of obscure things, who dreams lose sleep, and who doesn't know my tomorrow and when i'll die. It's best not to live anymore. Let me kill myself without getting married, without children, without leaving a memory. but i am ashamed. i am ashamed of the time when they will find me dead. I came to Vietnam voluntarily. to make this poor little world a little bigger to make it sufficient Our business here has a lot of rules. Since we americans are helping the southerners, it means we're going to kill the northerners. but it doesn't matter. i'll kill those on this side once in a while. they all look alike anyway. all bad. both the dead and the living.

We started a week ago. yippeeaaaa! i can kill as many as i can. yesterday our planes accidentally bombed a southern mansion in front of our eyes, we watched it with binoculars. some idiots were upset about it.

we are in the mountains like sometimes a squirrel, sometimes a mole, sometimes a mountain cat. during these times my faith in Great America is unravelling. It was the first day we started, we were advancing as a team. Suddenly we got fire, before we could cover the ground, before we could find a defilade the fire stopped, we couldn't find anything. as if we were dreaming. But three people were riddled. I saw that great America had already abandoned them. Everyone but me and Darwin had a wound. Ten of them were crying looking at their wounds, all faces were white. That's when I realized that there is no such thing as Great America. A few days later, without Great America, me and Darwin (what an idiot) are in the same troop again. Darwin was shot that morning. Thank god. We planted a tall tree over his grave. Just inspired by the similarity of the name, we gathered a lot of monkeys that were killed or injured in the bombardment and decorated the tree with them like a Christmas tree. It was a big uproar. I gave a speech, Darwin, I said Darwin, you know you come from the monkey, so go on turn to the monkey.

I'm getting bored again. Our troop has been in the trees for two weeks. We pressed a northern branch from here. On the one hand, we shot and shot, on the other hand, we laughed from tree to tree. And the name of our song is an American in the tree - A few days later we dropped another patrol column. They were dressed as women and even as children. We shot and shot.





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It has been short. Some die late. They're crawling, moving. - Another mistake, it turns out that they were the people of a southern village fleeing from the northerners. In other words, women are real women and children are real children. We have finished the war for them.

This game is over. Now I'm on the tree for long days. two days ago it first started to hurt. I'm looking. in the distance something like a thin twig is advancing ahead. It's approaching. I aimed the rifle. It's approaching. I see him now in the gunpowder exploding inside the barrel. A skinny woman. I got a head shot. No. Let me hit the spot where her right shoulder just touched the air. There is a naked child on her chest. I lowered the rifle slowly over her at the woman's feet. Surprisingly, there is an American boot on these feet. Then I aimed at the kneecap. Oh I'm tired, my restless legs. Let it roam the earth like a dog and I want to let myself go from the top of the tree to the ground with all my weight. Ah yes, a new and attractive thought. This native woman slowly began to draw the tree with the dagger in her hand, shining with a sharp and wild glow. The boy's mouth was moving little by little like a deformed and shrivelled balloon stuck to her breast. The woman was kneeling against the tree. She held the dagger with both hands at chest level. And she was holding the boy with the insides of her arms. and oh this pain.

I wonder if it was the child in the woman's lap or the salvo of the plane that suddenly appeared and broke the sound barrier that the soldier standing among the branches at the top of the tree just ahead fell to the ground like a sack of flour.

My legs were already restless. I couldn't stand it when it started from the inside of my sole. Rather than shouting no, I let myself go as if I was shot. It's not like an American I don't believe in amerikanism anymore, if I could tell the rest of us it's not in America it's not in Europe that resembles us it's not in Russia that resembles us , and it's not in China that resembles us-but maybe if I could tell you that there is something satisfying that I yearn for in the deserts that I now suddenly start to feel as I accelerate towards the deforested land - If only I could tell. Not like a nigga, no they're smart and deep down healthy- I left myself as nothing but while falling I fill up like a person in a human-rich novel I seem to understand now it appears to me while its wings reaching to the sky takes my life so there is a second world whether I believe it or not.

It didn't take long. The earth sucked my body in the air like a suction cup.

I heard the various whistles of the air on my clothes and hair I fell.





## Living

Immediately after this, the big inedible bitter fruits of the tree came down one after the other pouring that could cause the playing children to scurry about. The last fruit hit the soldier's belly and rolled. When it stopped, it resembled a grenade, with its hard-rough skin and dark naphthous colour. The native woman looked through her face, which was slowly turning in that direction, outwardly without barking the barks of her dry body, her breathing unchanged, as in many times when a huge machine gun barrel rested on her temple.

If asked, who are you, how are you? it's weird. they are questions that come one after another, did they find what they were watching, when you fall into their hands, you think if only you can hide from your weakness for once, if you could leave for once, their faces are plastered on the skin like paint from the motionless blood on the hands of strangers, whereas blood is also terrible when alive. did you change I'm falling for a long time. I fell from the ground to the top of the tree again, falling again. It's not over, have I changed somehow? I met myself like two children running at a bend collide, but my mouth is like a smash and I am tired from the constant repetition of that very short time I can't decide which one is me. a little too.

Something I don't know surrounds me. Another person comes out of me. It's spreading in me. I think and I live my life. Of my mother parish priest my disgraced freedom my volunteering Great America trust the north and south of Vietnam those I killed soggily and our mournful carrying of one of us like the first and last marvel, his burial in brilliant ceremony and I say it wasn't me. Now there's something I've been experiencing while I am falling at the last moment. I am something in the far places dismissed whose victories have been forgotten, whose friends are in delight even whose servants have turned their backs.

Now, as I fall rapidly in the void, a person from the desert ascends in my body, which I can no longer control, something takes my place inside me, and I say beds where I wake up and don't know where I am (but I can remember right away, thank Allah who reminds me, put me to sleep and wake me up, and kills me and bring me back to life). If it was just because of inhumanity, my old days, no, all my friends were gathered, my crocodile was lying curled up next to the table while the black fog was falling on the city i reached my room with difficulty walking over and through the furniture in the corridor and found my first coffin. They left the letter on the table. Again, you wrote with that hard-to-read writing. I know, again, on the white polyester ellipse dining table in the section that is reached by two steps in the living room, hitting your hips all the time, grabbing and leaving your kneecaps.





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A Vietnamese female a civilian American and a row of usa soldiers in crooked uniforms and a bunch of gnarled far eastern soldiers and two native men whose faces were soft in their natural nudity with that particular harsh scent, with their bare necks where free hair falling out with their buttonless shirts open to their bellies in breechcloths reminiscent of shalwar, all were in the treeless grass near the place where the soldier in the tree had fallen.

The woman gets up without any interest, as the sewer flows into the stream, and the child takes her breast, which hangs like a shrivelled skin, into her mouth, and the child takes up less space there than a normal woman's breast. They walked together, clinging to each other and dangling from each other. She snuggled up next to the soldier lying on his back, more than two meters tall, with thick legs and a stomach as high as a tomb mound and full of flesh, fat, and health.

i'm wasting my last strength on coming to this shit. The foolish boy keeps biting my empty breast, he can't die, but i spend my last strength to come to this shit, but when i say that there is always an end, my strength is still one bite. She says and approaches as if the sewer is leaking into the stream, standing and walking slowly, not thinking that the hunger her body had like a mourning in times of peace will be reduced with the food she will take out from the soldier, without any interest in the big body, and environment and a clean and well-sewn and well-fitted uniform blond beautiful hair, blue beautiful eyes, clean beautiful stretched skin.

i'm walking a little more without being surprised I'm there I'm walking a little more I'm there I want a good Thursday said the American good said the native woman. Here I am with the one who fell from the tall tree with a thick trunk to the ground like a stone and did not move again. Yellow and tidy. How blonde and beautiful. Is it woman no is human. His beard has grown a bit. His face is like a child's face with a nose chin shaped damn he's so big. Didn't he say it would be a good Thursday?

they will provide. Let me caress his hair first. Let me hold his hand and drive it my body. And let me unbutton him and lay my child on his chest and see if he can keep the child busy for a minute despite all his fatness. Aren't children the children of all of us / But before all this, those times when I can't count before the last terrible days we've lived, in those years when they took the first child out of me, when my inside starting like a river to flow children and let me tell right now i gave birth to nearly twenty children that first night i had said what a shame when I saw it like that despite what I know and all in my dreams I said what are you doing don't do I had said no not I had said and hah hah hah! that's when we at the ages of being just born





## Living

and growing up before i gave birth to twins and triplets (and when we were at our age Allah created us in the same equality, no matter where we were born in the world until we started to sin and until some of them would be believers and saved, and some of them wouldn't believe and wouldn't be saved) i had a heart my heart that has long begun to live a life that I don't know, that it wanders around my internal organs, always remaining the same child's heart, that it always talk to me, but always talk to me, that in front of the mutilated corpses of the dead, by making a different arrangement of blood with that vast rigor, in a world where the children of the false bible and idolatry have covered in blood, I'm scabbing, I find resistance according to conditions, My flesh is hungry, but another power is emanating from my bones, where I come, no and I haven't shouted for a long time, I don't say death come death come and enter my body, because i know with my new blood and inspirations of my heart i know that there is a reason for all of us humans, all the atrocities have a reasonable reason, and the oppressor of all that is only human. is not it. Even in the dark of my heart, I hear the voice of my heart of old child i'm not tired at all i won't shout i'm not as far away as I thought although i'm disgusted with my hunger with my hungry child with my bones and the skin on me my heart is with me and i am equal equally commanding with presidents with children of countries without quarrels, and then with the whoosis women presidents of women's rights associations here and there, am I hahaha. He struggled in front of my eyes he couldn't die for half a day. Finally, as if he was vomiting from his wound, which was like a new spare part attached to the old engine, when that last bite of blood came out, he twitched for half a minute and died. I looked at him so much that I couldn't look at the others. Because he was looking at me too. He was sweating. How many wounded I saw. How many dead people I jumped over so I could go on my own way. When I see one of ours, I'm on my country again, I straighten their body, I lay them on their back, if they haven't cooled down and hardened, I put their hands at their sides and put a slight height under their heads and comb their black hair so that they look even more neatly. There are times when I comb the blond hair, and after emptying their pockets and looking at their family pictures and nifles I leave them where I took. I found him in a fire and his leg had started to burn. He wasn't dead yet, but he was in a coma, grabbing him by the collar i tried to pull him out of the fire, but it didn't work, I left it he burned a little more and when my strength came back, I tried again and when it didn't work I slowly emptied his pockets how many times I brought a big stone next to their head I lined them up on them when he burns out, those who find him know who burned. – He felt fine. I caught the first appearance of the big body among the branches of the tree, looking as if they





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had warned me, and even for a moment I saw his stand as if he were not falling but immediately descended as if he were thrown from the top. I've seen a lot of things over the past fifteen years, including those who were shot and fell from the trees, but i had never met a warrior who went all that distance through his own film and his own effect, as if he had let himself go without the sound of war like that. Make way! i've already arrived. Here's another fake bible child. Amazing how big he is. As if his mother had just put him to bed, as if she had straightened his hair and tidied him up, oh, unbelievably, he seems to lay down like a dead child after he has opened his faithful palms and has prayed to Allah.

He lies as if he had never suffered.

His internal organs were probably severed. When he hit the ground with a solid sound which came out suddenly and didn't click far away and of which ends folded towards the center they ran through the grassland beyond the woods. First, uniformed usa military trampling rifles in cross grup stood one after the other ten meters ahead aligned looking at each other's necks, the idiots softened the hardness of their gazes. Then, the far eastern soldiers came pounding along, stopped ten meters ahead of him, aligned looking at each other's necks, turned to the right, and relaxed.

Two civilian natives came running. rustling rustling rustling lurking in the bushes, crouching down ten meters ahead, stooping slightly, pretending not to look, they bent forward cautiously.

Optimistic picture from puffy eyelids without eyelashes.

Standing still, the civilian. He says it's a good Thursday, sir. Indigenous woman bends down with her palms on the ground. Still the child on me. how they were dying one after the other i don't even remember what my husband was doing while he was dying, whether he was agonizing or not I don't know. I have never seen such a thing. But he poured all his filth into the house like a burst gut from overeating and while he was being bayoneted he was folding down like a woodlouse on his stomach and sides and clasping his feet and arms, and yet the pointy shiny iron stretched out from the big and superior body of the american like a continuation of his beautiful shiny uniform into my husband again and again and my husband was taking out what he had hidden during our whole marriage the blood and dirt into the house through the holes drilled. But no matter how much I wanted to shout.

It did not happen.







## Living

It wasn't possible to stop my hands and feet blood was drawing from my mind because he would sting the bayonet into me too if they had asked me at that moment about the fear of Dying. My husband was wavering, dying hard, as if it were the first death I saw. Now I can hear his shouting whenever I want. And the breathing of the one who bayoneted, his chasing my husband struggling in that narrow empty space, and our native rifle with the bayonet he used, and the frequent and random stings of it, without calculating perhaps deciding. When my husband didn't move he turned to me i knew but i couldn't believe it he was coming to the corner where I was crouching just then our eldest son burst through the door with a single blow but also casually and carelessly he happened to stab his throat and that thought came back to me, don't happen don't happen but it happened without any pause and it stung into me I was protected, I protected my front flesh and my back flesh but it stung and stung again and was stinging again something melted melted inside my mind but I saw his face his beautiful face with blond and deep blue eyes and his childlike eyes like blue warm velvet and with shaded edges and he was bayoneting me.

they did not withdraw from there. they were still in the forest on the opposite slopes of the village. The men of our southern village gave information to our northern men, so they bayonet us all, I'm not dying. My wounds are closing fast. I no longer fear death and the dead.

I walk through the heavily bombed areas picking up my roasted mushrooms.

and i saw the corpse of the one who had bayoneted my husband, my son, and me. they were running. then I saw him until they came and picked up took away him and the others, I sat next to him and looked at him, one leg bent in the middle and came under his chest, everything else is fine, but his face looks like it's not him, his eyes are not him, his mouth is crooked and opened his teeth are like those of dead dogs / where he went, god did not meet him and did not take him.

i want a good Thursday.

What I'm holding is not a person. Look, he doesn't have much of a face. He has no eyes, nose and mouth. Look, they don't have ears.

look, this soldier has no mouth. I say look, this soldier has no nose. he has no ears.

besides i say this soldier is dead.

sir says civilian.





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no says the uniformed one there is no earless soldier. i have to convey this... to the general staff... very interesting... maybe even... military museum... sensational... is it any good for us... and what I've built is falling apart. I hear them approaching, I can see their smooth soft hair, which comes with that special harsh smell in their natural nakedness, falling freely on their bare necks, as if it were not at the dangerous moment when they boldly approached, I hear their broad, short, thin sharp scimitars approaching with them through the long grass, from behind me whip to whip and their blood on small stalls in remote mountain villages that they add water to the machetes they produce by giving water to the iron, that they attack out of the long grass for resistance and that they are cut like long yellow ears. I don't have the wrong's curse take effect.]

*SARIKAMIŞ 1974, OCTOBER 5th.* i wrote poems. But now, poetry is far away.

There are things that fly around and do not overlap and accumulate, i am full of them. I know that these are poetry. And this is the restlessness of the poem itself. -Many times I thought that poetry was independent of the poet. That's why i have never make a claim to my poesy. I feel very uncomfortable when I encounter questions about the poems i have written. Gradually i get angry at all kinds of poetry questions. i'll almost say "don't touch the poem". Because poetry is not something we do. (oh that's the whole thing, isn't it?) There is poetry itself. It appears on earth not by chance, but by a special will. The water in the dam flows through channels left to itself. Isn't the poet the channels through which the poetry waiting behind the whole humanity flows? If there were no poets, poetry would overwhelm us, it would not be able to feed life, it would kill with its flood. The poet must be the instrument of poetry. Attractive. They should work in harmony with each other so that the harmful residues of poetry do not come to the earth. Because I know that it has passions in its nature just like in a human. If the poet makes friends with these passions of poetry, he will hang his people's heads in shame, like a king who leaves his throne and follows a streetwalker. The bad poet hits the mirror, not the nail. Then we see our face sliced into broken pieces. -I say that the struggle with poetry is essential. but one shouldn't show it. (For example, far-fetched poetry, instrumental poetry).When the poetry is in the good nature and in its good time, be its hammer and leave it alone.

I read my own poems like a reader. Especially after it was published. As I read poems brought by other poets. I am also a reader of my poetry. Of course, I have an important difference with other readers: They imagine by what they read. It is a talent within themselves that they take from poetry and magnify it. It is a talent that has increased or decreased or even disappeared





## Living

in relation to the education they have received and their profession. (He hadn't read poetry other than a few odes eulogies ballads in school books and the national anthem. After the 1950s, he went into politics easily. He became a minister, maybe even a prime minister. He didn't live long.) On the other hand, I read my own poetry as if I entered a room whose key is only mine. I have its memories.

There is a hidden solidarity between poets, even if their beliefs are different, just as opposites approach against a common enemy. They are partners. However, they do not explain its nature. It's like the television device can't explain how it brought the picture. We are veiled from explaining. However, the wise know that the waves and the instrument that convey the picture acquire memories.

Don't think I always glorify poetry. I'm not making it difficult. I'm just trying to communicate what it is and what we are. You know the states of bad poetry, rebellious poetry, submissive poetry. If I say that it is possible to explain their formation with the structure of society and the poet's place before the creator, it can be thought that I contradict what I have said since. But there is no contradiction, it is Consider that all occurrences are by divine providence and all of them have a sociological explanation as far as we can see. As new-born children grow and speak, they don't grow until they pronounce letters and words like their parents and people around them. The word is pronounced differently in each region. However, the word is none of these. It exists like a poem whose essence we do not know, and it is behind our walls and curtains.-

Hearing the buzzing of flies easily and making this the beginning of its feeding and surviving, the frog does not hear the field cannon roaring a few meters away. Even someone who has not learned anything other than knowing this in life is in the position of immediately confirming Allah. I am amazed at the opposite happenings and those who turn to the contrary despite knowing what else. I am astonished and terrified by this secret. - And I'm afraid when I think of my desire to "Be" that I carry deep in my being. If this desire of mine had a will and could exist by its own command, I would be disgraced and devastated. - I did not want to investigate the cause of our fear. I know we can't get there. And I know that no matter how afraid we are, we are still less afraid. I know that the Creator protects us from thoughts and beings that we fear. Our fear stems from their effects we perceive. If we heard them, those voices, if we could think about their realities, if we were left face to face with them, we would die immediately. Even if we lived, we would not be sane. And then we could not be the addressee





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of the message. I'm scared when I think about it. My amazement grows and I comprehend a little more about the secret and its owner. And I see that my new comprehensions are new curtains. The further I arrive, the greater the distance of the target. - Now I'm struggling spiritually with the alarm that I'm late. I understand that every prostration is an opportunity that cannot be seized, and I remember my "being in prostration without prostrating" wit alas. I am in shame.

We started with poetry and progressed as far as poetry could reach.

(Oh, if only we don't count poetry as only written things.)

Even in daily life, we say "like poetry". Even what is meant by "like poetry" is beyond the poems that have struck people for centuries. Poetry, that main poetic vein, strives towards the creator, just like human beings. With the whole universe and our ancestors and our future in it, we are trying again to reach the home, the only heir of things and meaning, as if we had escaped from our home. The stars are therefore big enough to fit hundreds of worlds inside, the clocks are working for this, the moon split in two during this journey.

All the times when I am neglected by poetry, I have a cruel admiration for myself, for my solitude. My heart swells, if only they let me wander in the desolate places with downcast eyes, buried in myself. -If only I stood facing an endless desert, if only I would be scared. Even if there are cities, greenery, people and relationships right behind me. I miss all the poems I wrote as if they stole them from me. Could there be more convincing proof than that that I don't own them? If only I had one poem of my own. This is how my desire to exist rebels. But I'm trying to make it innocent, to be forgiven. I'm training it. I soothe it with a caress and by parting the thick bars free it from the humaneness in which it has been ensnared.

**SARIKAMIŞ 1974.** It is not enough for us to be comfortable in conscience. It saddens us to see that others have misconceptions about us. Supposedly I plotted against him while he was on leave.

**13 OCTOBER.** i wrote six pages yesterday. This is not my first novel that aims to describe that heroic city under French military occupation, but which I naturally couldn't progress due to the lack of information I have, mostly the lack of minor trivial events, which I naturally failed to advance because of its inadequacy, mostly because of the lack of minor trivial events. Second that I wrote six more pages. (I thought a lot about that first one. I should somehow collect documents, first. But this is not my style. Mine will be





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symbolic, it will be so and so. I think about it. Months pass. I feel that it is lying on the sand with its strength clinging to the arms, getting bigger, filling its cells by absorbing water and sugar. Just like watermelons which are grown by unexpected people on unexpected lands in the southeast and explode like candy bombs while eating. - But it is known that it is necessary to write without wasting time. When we are young, when the novel is young, when still brutal. Even when barbaric. Otherwise, we may have spent the time telling about badness and the bad. The “mercy” that we are attracted to, in us, we must tell without carving warm hugs even to the cruellest people. -It is said that they saved Istanbul with great difficulty from the hand of the guardian who held cannonballs each of which were thrown with bismillah and who continuously said “my little giaour , my little giaour”. We don’t understand this, but what we love is horror. With amazement we see this turn into admiration, transcending our comprehension, when we think about the universe, at those early ages we just begin, in those days when we smoked our first cigarettes secretly on the streets. We are walking on a dark street. Despite the darkness, the cigarette we hold with two fingers is still hidden in the hollow of our palm. We think of the universe, the distance drives our minds crazy, after forever gone, we say then what, we extend the distance for another infinity and we say later, we are not aware of it, but our body, as the box of our being, understands how dangerously what is within it forces itself, by slowing down its steps it’s trying to stop something, it’s completely snuggled into the wall as if looking for a helper. But we are unaware of our body screaming because its borders, circles and walls are being forced, After an eternity who knows how many times we still go so quickly with pathetic effort, we say then what, fluttering like cats in a bag. But our body doesn’t let it go, it invents something towards us from the corner in the dark street. All of a sudden, not knowing how to walk or how to hide under the light of strong headlights, we falter until the car passes. And suddenly we are engulfed in a deeper darkness. But the spell was solved, we regained health, we said how great is the creator, whose work we are so incapable of. “O my dear, know that the people of tafsir and hadith have declared that: Allah Almighty has created the Kürsi<sup>2</sup> from the light of the Arş-ı A’zam and below it, in the colour of red ruby, adjacent to a pillar of the Arş-ı A’zam: Grand Heavens, again on four pillars, that its pillars extend to the bottom of the earth and all the heavens and the ground is in the middle of the Kursi, as much as a ring in the desert. The Kürsi is like a table in the desert, under the the Arş-ı A’zam. (..) Only Allah Almighty knows their size and number.” (From Marifetname) And we descend into our own particle, to the particle of our own particle, and to the particle of

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<sup>2</sup> Throne.





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that particle of our own and this time the box of our existence is bent from the outside to the inside, our hands seem big to us, we can't find the width to fit our head.) Yes, these six pages are for the second novel I wrote. I began in Suadiye, Istanbul in 1972. I am describing my childhood days in Siverek. The title of the novel is "Execution" for now. Because the main events are gathered around the feud in a village (Blood feud affects me a lot. Even without the murder, the word affects me. I understand that my description of bloodlust will not fit the truth, because what interests me is not the events of those who directly feud, but rather the "uncertainty of the hour of death," which came to the fore in horror with these events. The hour of death, which is thought inwardly whether it is wanted or not, groaning with those age-old crackles even in the most reckless breasts. Therefore, the grudges of those who look for an opportunity to kill, innocent targets that they envisage around the main criminal who is their enemy in their minds, oh what we underrate by calling faith is so great that filling the gaps left by it when it withdraws costs their lust to kill, and here let me just tell you it is a lie that feud is peculiar to the uneducated, we think that educated people do not kill when their relatives die, I see that another link similar to kinship in cities has filled faith gaps that spread in people, it has become much more inhuman than in the village, and that people are claiming it with the overwhelming interest shown in a new invention.) (What kind of sentence is that. However, I enjoy poor spelling. Sometimes I leave poor spellings as they are. They are not perfect anyway. Nor do they have to be. We are too low to speak of the brilliance of what we have written. Yet pride stubbornly wants to rise above this reality which is a monolithic marble column with its thin and ugly legs. Let's look at our region. How many seconds are needed to realize how pathetic it is with its rich, its poor, its man, its woman, its houses, vehicles, fields, missiles, duties and everything.) Yes, the second novel: It was only twenty or thirty pages in these two years. I wonder if it's a little slow. It's about a blood feud in the village. I, the child, follows the situation of a murderer or murder suspect in one way or another reflected in the house of a judge whose son I am. I'm outside of the event, I mostly describe what's going on at home in the language of my own younger age. Our rabbits in the house, the camels passing by the door, the candies of 1943-45 officers who came to the house with bags, the little girl who fell into a dirt pit in a garden and drowned, Ulaş's daughter, and many more. Meanwhile the events, the main bloodlust events, are also told in the language of the novelist. Ambitions, ambushes, shouts, curses, the startled explosions of rifles, the hum of bullets in the deserted mountains. The novelist and the child. Thus, my novel has two talkers. Two atmospheres are born. Do not think that the child's is immaculately clear without shad-





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ows, the novelist's is dark, quarrelsome and combative. No. The novelist's world is perhaps darker, but safe. It considers, judges, decides and does not take sides. It is brave. The world that the child draws is pure and cute. But when the cover of smiles spread over this pure world with the language of a child is opened a little, there are pits full of fire, a narrow world with nowhere to escape, a life that struggles clumsily to catch the lights it sees and cannot catch anything. And that child is there when he grows up, just as he is today at the age of thirty-four, that long before its time, he could not find a place to put this loneliness he had involuntarily, he plunged his hands into it with the ignorance and fearlessness of childhood, smeared it on his attire, his head, his cheeks, his eyes. Therefore, in the picture taken when he was standing in front of his young mother who was the daughter descended from Khoja and his father, the young judge, who was the son of sect-member nacar Mustafa, next to his other sibling, he was a little, two or three-year-old thing, but one of his feet in his tiny shoes turned inward with a terrible feeling, a living thing silently from one of his closed hands, is leaking out, which it is not clear when he caught and while just as his year and a half older brother was looking through the lens, he was looking at the darkness inside the huge photograph box, standing on three legs, behind which a man hid his head and an arm in the black bag, in a way at the feeling of the moment, at the feeling of being a mother father and child. in this picture, the older brother was the age he appeared and at the time the photo was taken. But while we are comprehending the age of the other, a confusion arises within us. For he is looking at us at the time when we look at the painting, through our pupils, and at the unknown in our future. We are stunned by this astonishing occurrence. What kind of boy is this. It does not grow at all, it does not leave me, it also prevents my desire to live and it lives and finishes my future with hunger, if any. And when I reach, I can't find an object that is enough for me to live. How can I do with a life he has lived and finished with selfishness? I live by finding and repairing the crumbs that he finds worthless and throws around (for example, by working as a civil servant). - And now as I write, he understands that I value my novel. He takes it from my hand and writes it, when I insist as a writer, he shuts all the doors inside me and tries to leave. Then dropping everything I go after it. As a result, one more act of mine to continue the novel is postponed until tomorrow. I'm looking at what I have, a few scenes from the beginning and from the end. And I think rightly, is that how it should have been. Am I doing wrong? How can one describe a murderer's heart without hearing it? Hamza's brother's being shot: Just before his death, he struggled with the feeling as if he were going to die a little later, even though there was no sign, at the table they were sitting together, he was in the





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feeling of fawning over his older brother Hamza and of making him confirm the life he had lived until that moment. / Do I interpret well what I write? / What does such an event have to do with such a novel? So blood feud is an excuse, my writing is deceived by my own self. In another part, Hamza's wife is told. Her working as a maid in the judge's house for us, then a watchful Hamza in fear of death, with his mauser in his lap, I told about the man fearlessly, just saying that if I were afraid with him, if I had been followed, if I had killed, if I had been killed, could I still have written?

By writing are we trying to cover our shortcomings and needs in life? Or is it something more complex that I think many art theorists have pondered on? Does the artist consent to a reflection of events and words of possibilities in life? We try to match things with what we know. - Now a seemingly silly question popped up inside me like an air bubble: What is art? (Sitting at the head of the table in my officer cadet uniform and asking myself this question) You can't escape as you asked once. Art? While saying look, man, I don't know such and such and trying to avoid I happened to catch the answer How beautiful, how beautiful, how beautiful And when I caught it, I caught something else. It almost felt like two-faced, two-sided, and since there were two, we were surpassing a terrible life. So, I said we look like this, it's a pity, maybe we are a bit like this, but actually we need to be different, and actually we are not like this, we are what we should be. I think I can say: EASTERNER. So, I say warning myself, I should never forget that I am an Easterner. We have fallen into such a society that everything is brainwashing. (O people, resist, an exclamation inside me).

Our measurements. Different. The art theorism and criticism, which seems to be very developed in the West, has terribly surrounded us. (Should we read these and all western art products or not? Should read. But when. After what we have given our people mainly. Poor novel reader easterners, crooked Muslims.) What kind of "handling the jandal" we find in him when he reads one of those criticisms. Consider the Execution by Camus. It catches tightly and takes the wounded of the cultural imperialism, which was welcomed by the Tanzimat and the Republic, to its goal. Even if we are against the whole, the reactions arouse in us to what it says are in accordance with the principles on which it sets out. In other words, we criticize Camus by becoming Camus. No, no, we must not resonate. (So we're still at this stage. What about - I mean symbolically - those that have become completely Camus. In my opinion, they should be publicly chastised to the extent of their alienation. Is there anyone among them who will be punished with a hundred stripes and not see the truth?) Hang on, our measurement is different. Let's remember the words of Hazrat Ahmet al Rufai: "If you







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see someone flying through the air, don't pay any attention to him. Pay attention to the sharia compliance of his actions." Yes, we have come to the point of art and sharia. Two doors open. Art is art for us if it is possible to pass through these two doors at the same time. Otherwise, it may be an art, but it is their art. We don't think it's acceptable. For example, they can describe the ingenuity of the glands very artistically. This means that art in accordance with the Shari'a and criticism in accordance with the Shari'a are the essentials. This is an extraordinarily good and confident judgment, of which I have not yet consciously considered any of the details. Let's recap what we've been saying all our lives. I think I should air my dirty linen in public without giving anyone a chance. For an accepted penitence, repentance and determination on the right path are essential.

*ANKARA 1 FEBRUARY 1978 (23 Safar 1398).* my father died.

Years ago.

*SARIKAMIŞ MAY 1974.* i received a letter from my father. dated May eighteenth. I gladly received your letterette of May 1, 1974. I understood the word letterette both ways. First; so I wrote a very short letter to him, the second it was a normal-length letter, but my dad wants to tell me how cute he found it with this diminutive. He goes on to say that your father used to be in good health in that land. Although it is cold, the weather is very stable and good. It can't have enough of especially the lush view of those pines. i wrote my poem in That sarıkamış, which started with the title of soldier and was prescribed to schools to be memorized by the Maraş education directorate in 1926. When I received your letter, my old memories came back to life. There is a sub-district center on the Sarıkamış-Kağızman road, which was then called (Kötek). I especially beg you to visit on my behalf. When I was there that is 50-51 years ago, in 1923, is mulla Mustafa, the imam of the sub-district, alive? Is Ismail, the brother of Caliph Numan Efendi, alive? I strongly anticipate that they passed away. but their children survive. For example, mulla Mustafa's younger son Habib, Ismail's younger daughter at that time, etc. Then, is the school janitor at that time (Mehir Ali)'s wife or daughter alive? Say my greetings to my students of that time, Hasan, Abo, Dede and others who are alive and remember me. I kiss the eyes<sup>3</sup> of those who have my request. Give my name as Teacher Niyazi from Maraş. as the teacher who transferred the school from the village to the building that was the gendarmerie station at that time, they would remember me. (yes, they remembered. You are being told like a hero of legend here. Because

<sup>3</sup> kissing the eyes of the little ones and the hands of the elders is an expression of greeting used in letters in Turkey. (trans. n.)





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of your struggle with a revolutionary district governor, because you taught the Quran to a lot of people, big and small, because you took a break from the lesson when the call to prayer is called and took the children to the mosque as if you were taking the children to the flowery countryside you are remembered from generation to generation. And because of you, they sought me, found me, complimented me. If you had taught these people to drink alcohol instead of the Qur'an, to gamble instead of remembering Allah, if you had made people love the servant leaders of alienation, I would have wandered casting my eyes down) My father continues: My father continues: Is Hami Bey, son of the then-town manager, Hasan Bey alive? Is the then-sub-district clerk efendi still alive at that time? I also have a student named Efendi from the villages of the sub-district. is he still alive? I would be very pleased if you could find these and any of my students at that time that I could not remember, through an inquiry, and say my greetings. Besides, the air in Kötek is quite mild. now all kinds of trees and spring flowers have bloomed there. Is there a hot water bath called Çermik where we bathed? If I happened to pass there, I would almost talk to the stones and soil of those places.

My dear Cahit, (...) do not neglect your prayers. Everything happens with the permission of Allahu azîm-üş şân<sup>4</sup>. We will all appear before him. Blessed are those who are granted with grace. i entrust you to Allah. your father, Niyazi Zarifoğlu.

**SARIKAMIŞ JULY 1974.** i received a letter from my father. dated the fifteenth of July. He says I found your letter dated 16.6.1974, thrown inside the door of the house, after my return from Maraş: i opened your letter immediately. I read it with love. I am blessed with your health news. May Allah grant you a good life with good health and well-being. Amin.(...) I'm glad you talked to the people of Kötek. Mulla Mustafa Efendi's son was a small student of ours. Well done, he became the primary school principal. say I kiss his eyes. Let the memories of the Maraş war be left to the next letter. For now, settle the debt relieve (my loan to the dormitory institution), insha'Allah. Müzeyyens, other nephews, Yüksels, that is, brother-in-law Mehmet and Fevziyes are well. Even if a jeep trampled down Aşkın's foot, thankfully, it did not cause any defect. Our brother in law Gafaroğlu Ahmet Efendi, life to you<sup>5</sup>, passed away. Write your condolences to Emins. I kiss your eyes with longing. Your father.

<sup>4</sup> the great glorious Allah

<sup>5</sup> An abbreviation of the phrase "May Allah give you life". It is said in condolences or when someone's death is announced. (trans.n)





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**SARIKAMIŞ SEPTEMBER 1974.** I received a letter from my father dated September twenty one. You wrote your letter dated 29 August 974 really late. Because of the operation (Cyprus operation), our curiosity increased a lot. report the health news again before it takes a long time so that we can be happy. I hope, for the best, you will understand better if you have a child. it is a famous tale(...) So, from now on, never neglect to write your letter. Know that our eyes and hearts are on you.(...) Your father.

**SARIKAMIŞ DECEMBER 1974.** I received a letter from my father. dated December four. He says I received your letter with pleasure. I am very happy with your health news and your effort to pay your debt (...) Sait has been appointed to the forest directorate of Adıyaman province. He had invited us to Mudurnu. We became their guests for a week. We returned to Istanbul three days ago. his health was good Masha'Allah. He took me to Ankara by his car. The chief assistant and associate professor he knew had me examined. He had blood and urine tests done. he has served me a lot. In fact, he left me very satisfied with his actions. May God bless and always help him and you. The doctors found some disorders in the nervous system due to arteriosclerosis and diabetes, and we continue the medication and diet they gave. I'm better thank Allah. Thankfully, there is nothing to worry about. Sait is subordinate to the Maraş forest chief directorate in terms of duty. Of course, he will be able to see your mother more often due to his relationship with Maraş. We are also pleased with this. (..) I entrust you to Allah, my dear cahit. Your elder sister asks after you with greetings. I congratulate the Eid-al-Adha and wish you many eids with parents. Do you go to Sarıkamış mosque for Friday prayer? Do your prayers. Your father.

**CYPRUS VONI FEBRUARY 1975.** i received a letter from my father. dated January thirty-first. It starts with Essalamu aleykum ve rahmatullahi ve barakatuhu My dear son, my Cahit: We received your letter giving the good news that the debt has been paid, as you wrote. i was very pleased and prayed for good. Yet I repeat these prayers. May Cenâb-I Hak<sup>6</sup> not bore you in this world and in the hereafter, and make you happy and bless you with a good life by granting you healthy life, amin, ya oh Helper. Because of your statement in your aforementioned letter, I did not write a letter immediately. it was accurate. you wouldn't be able to get it because you've moved. In this letter, you also give the Mersin address. You do not give the Cyprus address directly. I am writing to your Mersin address, not understanding the reason for this and guessing that it is a military principle. Hopefully it will be in your hands.

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<sup>6</sup> Allah Almighty



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Son, we are proud of you. just because a child of ours is doing his patriotic duty at the front and against the enemy. May Allahu azimussan make our enemies grieved, defeated and miserable. May May Allah<sup>7</sup> make our army victorious and triumphant on land, in the air and in the sea. Thank Allah we are well. I kiss your eyes with longing and love, praying and pleading from Allah Almighty *Cenabi Vacibulvücud*<sup>8</sup> hazretlerinden that you will be comfortable and well, and that you will return in comfort and peace by fulfilling your sacred duty in good health. Our beloved Prophet himself declared that standing guard for one hour and serving in the face of the enemy is better than 60 years of supererogatory salah. I congratulate you and all your friends for carrying out such a task and wish you success. Your father.

**ANKARA MAY 1976.** i received a letter from my father. dated May four. He says I received your letter with pleasure. Your books have already arrived. Necip Fazıl's book *Rabita* and *Tenbihül Mu'terrin*. Let me mention by the way. This time I met a person named Hüseyin Fehmi in Medinai Münevvere. Hüseyin Fehmi Efendi, who is a Nakşi and Qadiri sheikh, is a revered person and still makes dhikr on Mondays, on the night of İsneyn, and on Friday nights. There is a khangah known as the Hamidiyye khangah and reported to have been built by Sultan Abdülhamit. During our conversation, we talked about Necip Fazıl's work and Abdülhakim Efendi. It turned out that he had a deep love and devotion to Abdülhakim Efendi. He asked me for the work called *Rabita*. I promised. But I gave the book to retired lieutenant colonel H. Arantekin. He lives in Kocatepe Ankara. I will be embarrassed to Hüseyin Fehmi Efendi. How can we get another copy of this book. In which library is it found in Babı Ali Istanbul? Or do you have another one? If you have, I will ask for it. (...) Allah Almighty helps those who want to marry with good intentions to protect their souls from haram and those who want to make a house to protect their family. I would like to offer my greetings to Kasım Efendi in his absence. Since they are on the path of spirituality, we know each other like old friends. A sufi poet says so.

dervish's forty thousand is one  
there strangers are  
not necessary

**ANKARA APRIL 1977.** i received a letter from my father. dated the thirteenth of April. He says I have received your letters. I am pleased with your health news. After our return from Ankara, our chronic bronchitis showed itself.

<sup>7</sup> great glorious Allah

<sup>8</sup> Allah Almighty





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Our blood sugar rose to 177 without us even realizing it. However, since it showed 93 in an analysis we had done 15 days ago, we seemed to break our diet because it was normal. It turns out that test was not normal. We also took too many antibiotics. Thank God, we had a very difficult situation. But again, with the grace of Allah, I am granted healing. Although, if a long time passed before the great companions did not suffer from any small or great misfortune, they would apply to the Messenger of Allah (S.A.) and ask if Allahu Azimussan forgot about them. But if it becomes intolerable, it seems to cause people's hopes to be broken. We agree with what comes from Allah. It is necessary for us to know the value of our health and not fail to serve Allah. May Allahu Azimussan make us the servants who fulfil the duty to serve Allah. May Allah not make us the members of the rebellious group. My dear Cahit, I am sending you 3000 liras by today's mail to you on the address of the Bookstore. (his first contribution to Akabe) i would appreciate if you let me know that has been received.

*ANKARA JANUARY 1978.* i received a letter from my father. dated January twenty-seven. He writes from Maraş. It starts with my dear son and my cahit. I gladly received your last letter. I read it to your mother, we prayed a lot. Is the little girl Fatma Betül, whose photo we are looking at, growing up? Are you and her mother well? (...) Your mother and I, kiss your and Betül's eyes and entrust you to Allah. Your father Niyazi Zarifoğlu.

*TUZLA ISTANBUL 1973.* it was possible that morning, but I did not stop by. what a night it was. I wobbled around like a snail whose antennae were startled. In the meantime, I was supposedly wise and tried to sleep. It wasn't happening, and finally, as I touched my hand late at night, strands of hair started to rise from my head. I was very scared then. And I tried to sober up by saying myself my son cem my son don't geek out. When I think about it, I saw that all these are connected to the soil as if we were nailed to the ground from our soles. We are stepping tearing apart the earth. We can't stand separation. This is rebellion, we are not content with what is happening to us.

*15TH OF OCTOBER.* we have been soldiers for three days. we wore the same clothes. As in all previous eras, we pointed at each other and laughed. Even though it's only three days, a single exclamation is enough to bring us all in line. I see personal desires and whims pruned, and we are driven into a narrow corridor that can be traversed after we have thrown, discarded and forgotten the excess. After paying a little attention, I realized that we had an opportunity from opportunities. There are two beings here:





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First, we slept equally, walked equally, ate equally and dressed equally. I was amazed as if I had discovered it for the first time. Anyhow we had not changed, our selves remained the same, but we were doing the same things. I'm starting to think I missed something like this. Here they are counting us again. A few people are absent but it doesn't matter, who are absent and it doesn't matter, the feeling that we are here does not dissipate. I always think about this and no further. We have a shortcoming that, this unity is happening in spite of us that, we seem to have tied the vines with ropes and put them vertically in the ground this, if it is said that your debt to all of us is over, you are free, within a few hours thousands of us will disperse to the places we come from like a community in which a viper is thrown, wards classrooms training areas become empty immediately of these I don't want to think. That's enough. It helps me a lot to imagine that we are eagerly coming together for Jihad, that's why I don't think any deeper.

The second being is another one attached to this apparent being, extant with it, and one that can be followed by its methods: It was like this: We, as the troop, were taking the right steps together, then I understood. Body straight eyes forward. In this forward-looking view, when one gives up with a little effort from the vague images of those walking in front, the eye does not lose its forward-looking appearance and its ability to keep track of alignment, but the gaze falls to the ground with a sudden twist. I look at myself in this old earth, as if I were a bud on a fresh spring branch. I begin to hear the sound of the steps we take at the same time, as if saying the same word at a particular moment. I only see myself as a bubbling up from the ground. I walk away from everything tangible as if I were fainting. All of a sudden, I find myself under the feet of all merciful and selfish influences. I'm looking inside the rib cage of this bubble. I am aware that it is cloudy around us. Amazed! I am not cut off from the outside world. Both my two eyes are working. I stare at my heart, a tangible object that fills a space on my left side inside my rib cage. Right next to the ceremony area, we are moving on the asphalt road towards the place among the classroom buildings. And I'm getting a little closer to my heart. Just as the animal first sniffs the meat placed in front of it and bites it lightly in one or two sides, I probe my closed hand-sized heart, this tiny thing that I carry here and there in my body, from right to left. We leave the asphalt and go to the training area with a sweet soft earth ground. I smell the iodine coming from the sea. As soon as I feel more alive with everyone, my knees seem to tremble. I realized that I do not carry my heart in my own body, on the contrary, I am like a piece of garbage that fell from outside, almost left over from a disaster, on its slowly shuddering waters. My knees are trembling so I must be water. In a world where everything consists of this water, why should I remain a garbage? And I realized that one has to make an effort and get wet.





## Living

*O suda ıslanmak ve yanmak gerek.  
Bize içinde o çöp eriyip görünmez olan su gerek.  
Ve tüfeklerimizi çattık.  
Hareketlerimizi yaptık.  
Çeşitli hallere koyulduk.  
Koşar görüldük toplanır görüldük.*

You have to get wet and burn in that water.  
We need water in which that garbage dissolves and becomes invisible.  
And we stacked our arms.  
We made our moves.  
We start to be in various stands.  
We seemed to run, we seemed to gather

**18 OCTOBER.** I think of only the two of us as if there is no object in the universe other than it and me. I'm off on the twenty-fifth of the month. So next Thursday. (I wonder if you're there). It will be good for everyone if I don't stay there on the weekends. Let's not start over. I have time to find a place. Since my father lives in Moda, I can get a "coming home" certificate.

One day we went to the Bosphorus on the Anatolian side. He was very enthusiastic. I had a little hesitation in me. A little doubt. An absolute doubt, that's all. So am I now. I'm thinking; did we achieve this after nine months? I gained a little doubt in love. As they say, neither joy nor happiness and enthusiasm nor depression, but just a doubt. Absolute.

As the distressing thoughts grew, I pounced on and soothed them. I tried to forget and ran away. But in a closet that one's own emotions fill to the brim, how can one run away? Our calculations cause this cabinet to shrink. We seem to be getting richer, poorer, forgotten, or to make a name. What do we do if, as we die, we find our hands still clinging to the rotten skirt of the world, from being pulled, in our cramped closets?

Love, by itself, became an abstract doubt in me that had nothing to do with a person or event or sign. I came up with a slogan to get rid of it. I repeat it but it doesn't help.

I looked into my heart. There is no wide deep water that I saw for a moment on yesterday's walk. I have a meat heart. And on top of that I am myself as a huge plank. At that time, I felt a deep longing for an unknown person whom I did not know.

I'm in good health.





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In the sudden disciplines that come upon the life we are accustomed to, I understood the necessity of a mood, almost in a way that almost depends on the wisdom of making peace with difficult situations, adopting them, doing them lovingly and connecting them to ideal things (even if you are not crying, pretend to be crying). What I am talking about are physical difficulties. That's what I'm doing here and so I have no complaints. I put myself a little ahead of every discipline practiced here, which will be practiced over the course of eighteen months.

**2 DECEMBER.** everything is messy. in the Polenez Village two days with its bright colours and then two suffocating days. I am battered by a feeling that I do not know and which is not clear what to do.

light and life.

i think there might be times days and weeks when we got those moments, but the memories are not enough, we want to regain them.

I think where I lay. Pain is the basis of the joys of the world. I walked in a falling mood in the countryside opposite the Vandas. Would they hear me if I called? We are not alone in the silent and forlorn lands, we even better hear that we were not alone at that time. On our shoulders, in our blood, in our blood pipes. When we hear this, even the most harmless things we do feel like a loss. It feels like hanging around and killing time instead of walking to reach it.

Oh I remember now.

The sunrise from the wooden eaves and balustrade balcony on the upper floor of the two-storey wooden house, from the view extending to the woods and mountains. It determines to rise, it rises then it sets forgetting that it rose then it determines as if it is just starting and rises again. It teaches humanity to worship.

I would come. But I didn't want to have another bad memory. This is how I wrote to her.

**14 DECEMBER.** i wrote a letter: there is a lot to write about our current situation and my feelings. But I will not try to write them down and try to use a few positive feelings left in you. If I were civilian, I would tend to reorganize my life, it would not be difficult. (I was selected as a team senior. roll call is complete. I mean, I will not have any difficulties when I go to the troop. Today, four hundred and eighty-six in infirmary, eighty-five in external hospital, ninety-one is on the watch, ninety-seven and ninety-eight, ney player Ekrem







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Vorolla with his friend, clarinetist Mahmut are in music practice, the total on hand are forty, the total on hand in training and lectures are thirty-five. I like being informed about these forty people, knowing where the absent are, watching them and giving the accounts of them. i seem to keep the tiny models of these forty people warmly under my parka. In the rain and snowstorm it feels like I'm cold so that they don't get cold.)

By the way, when I stay with myself, I say calm down, but until when. How many nights have I been talking myself with him? I'm discussing the painful days of the past. I explain and correct all misunderstandings and injustices. I bring them before a time to be lived all over again. I'm talking to him. Not in my free time. During daily work, but no one sees what I'm doing. My appearance doesn't give me away. It happens more on short or long marchings for some reason. It starts out like going into a distraction. I don't know my friends, but the marchings are very productive for me. You can both appear outside and disappear into inside. A little behind the footsteps, with a little effort, another sound begins to be heard due to a similarity. When the ease march is taken, a disintegration, footsteps hitting each other and here and there, a mess begins. However, when I pay a little attention, I see that the bottom voice does not disappear, but only a little bit of togetherness in appearance, because the temperaments of the owners of the voice are involved and a kind of ecstasy begins. My thoughts about myself disappear. And I look at the owners of these temperaments, their faces. I know these people. And I see that they don't lay claim to their voices. And they don't know. (.....) And just behind many other daily events and things, I think about our togetherness as close to the time I was using. Perish the thought, I would be proud of my rank if this was the "ingenuity". -One day someone comes along to measure people and asks them whether they have ever fallen in love, regardless of their profession, it means that he is using the right of a subtle beauty that he has been granted to understand.

Let's leave all the work at hand, gather in groups in houses, parks, roads and come together in the mountains, leaning shoulder to shoulder and think.

Have we ever fallen in love?

What we fell in love with

How did we receive It?

Were we frozen by Its original intention, or did the first blessing open our eyes to a greater blessing that It had hidden?

And to the second to the third





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and so

go away

did we come together with real ingenuity?

However, what am I thinking? I'm saying that I shouldn't have put up with my pride being hurt so much. Here's what happened to me. I was stuck even at the very beginning. Instead of this it would be better to brag about thinking that one can share a few of one's poor liras with those in need, knowing that it will not continue.

Why am I writing these

Our inside is not a closet that we open and see. To open it up. But we still tell. It's like an insect trying to hide among things when it notices us. When you lift the thing, you will see that they stand still. My words are curled between the leaves of a notebook. I think I will see them as I open the pages, but I understand that what I am saying is what I am hiding under. what I'm talking about is the things I cover, which I'm afraid of being noticed. I always talked about marches, I glorified them, I explained that I was looking for the voices behind the voices and even I heard them. Did you ever hear that voice? Have I ever heard that all the particles in the universe deliberately or undeliberately remember Allah, or am I trying to explain a longing that has come to me? Or am I veiling my fear of the countryside?

**DECEMBER 21.** I am yearning you so much that I am longing for thank Allah. If we are meeting, or if there is this possibility, our longing for is the one in the world. Great things begin in two ways. The first is with external conditions, almost out of necessity, the second is internal, without you knowing it. The first is an opportunity to open the door to the second.

### *Longing*

I wonder what is it to long wholeheartedly for what is the eternal, what is the inheritor of everything? That who cannot be united as much as it seems united, and longing grows unless it is not united and the inside grows to get it as the longing grows, and as this repeats it is what it is. I've read books about this. I believed. I'm struggling with those of the soil. My feelings are so intense and painful. I can only endure them easily close to sleep. That's when I can feel some things in their pure form. I seem to sense what they're covering, and I'm sure of them. I understand that there is nothing. What we have at our fingertips keeps changing. We touch and take away our loved ones and leave them under the soil of five or ten shovels, the time we spent with them hangs on us like a dress.





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*TUZLA 1973, 21 DECEMBER.* We have been in the field for two days, except for a few hours. In moments of rest, I sit facing the sea and two small islands close to the shore, with the hood on my head, smoking again. We met gladly in a warm and cute restaurant. People come and go around. We are taken to the slopes of a two-to-one table that develops only between the two of us. We sit and stare and move and life begins to care about us. Existence opens a door visible to us. While we perceive being by knowing our own selves, now we begin to feel privileged by feeling two selves at once, as if gluing two postage stamps together. We cannot explain this situation in words. Useful words here are limited. The turn quickly comes to the first word we use. We use it and it gets worn.

The love for things, including human beings, is in words. It starts with it, we say “I suddenly loved it”, or we say “she loves it very much”, look, we cannot understand this love without words, And this love, no matter what combination we use the words in, its height is as high as the word. And when we say “love is dead”, “she doesn’t love anymore”, love just goes away with the word.

But the attachment to the child is not like that. If I say “I love my daughter very much”, I have no other means of expressing my devotion to her than this much worn, inadequate word. Attachment to the child does not die. Even in families with irreparable hostilities, filial attachment is a rope tied to the heart in fathers and mothers, and blood circulates in it.

There is great difficulty in understanding even attachments that transcend close blood ties. The necessity of narrating the Sufi life from time to time has brought innumerable terms, compositions and expansions to the ‘language’. But in many works, there is a sentence that I read with fear and reverence: “It is not possible to tell.” This sentence comes at the end of such a paragraph that it makes a contact with a flicker as much as the tip of a flame of the breeze on the threshold of the secret for a single moment, and the skin on your forehead expands with awe. Then our soul returns like a hound. We quickly withdraw and sit in our world, the size of a hazelnut shell, in which we live comfortably. Here it is: We met gladly in a warm and cute restaurant. How beautiful are our feelings. Even the waiter comes and goes. He appears again, asks, holds out something, laughs for no reason and then bends. And he goes, he comes again. We wrap him tightly with a few food-words, and tie a knot or two on him with sentences such as “Let’s have less paste”, “Can’t it be cooked well”. But he comes again. Our world dissolves. You are now sliding (look look) like a suspended stairway with the ground beneath you moving. then you need to talk to prevent it. But you





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can't find that first word. But indispensable; when will this opportunity come again? Eyes forward, holding the ladder. We are now staring at each other. A happy smile begins. From time to time, a devilish expression mixes and disappears in these stares. And we are leaving the Marquise. I feel your healthy lungs. And I'm starting to love (I've been waiting for this word to come) and fear. That day, months later, what happened to us today (separation) could happen to us, and if it does, I was afraid, how can it hold up, my poor heart. - And I bragged that day. because I was whispering and acknowledging my emotions despite the crowd. The earth, the ground accepted me, leaving my crooked and missing rib in my hands. So I started to set my foot on earth.

Yes, there is always a beginning, it's clear.

But what good is it if the beginning and the continuation continue like "useless answer to an unnecessary question."

I didn't think about them when I first proposed to myself to leave. It was just my pride. I wrote a verse, "We made masculinity and femininity govern." "How beautiful it was, but could the prisons of my soul be clearer than this - Love in world affairs progresses by researching. There is a range very close by. It all depends on what you find there. They either let the person go to the field, or they tie the rope to a stone and put a pearl bead in front of him. The most irreparable to get there; The tip of the heart has begun to calculate. Then happiness comes like a headache and goes away like a house collapse.

The interest of the heart is from the supreme.

Let's watch for a while. Let's get into our hearts. Let's see how it is in pursuit of interests.

**24 DECEMBER.** hard weekends. I go to the downtown of Istanbul as if I were going to foreign cities. Especially those few seconds when the train stopped at Göztepe. Just as I get up, I say to myself where you are going? So there's a place I've been to. A few hundred meters ahead, a face that was ecstatic in what turmoil who knows, eyes and face swollen from crying.

Then fast passed stations. Haydarpaşa. I cross to the other side by a ferry as if I'd been thrown hundreds of miles away. The place I will go after Karaköy is not entirely clear. At least I don't meet someone familiar. Now they will stop me from my way and ask what I am doing there at a time when we should be together, they will question my aimless heart. - Thinking like that, I walk in pity. I go through among the fishermen, the greengrocers





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and the plummets and the crowd, and people and vehicles stop in turn, I am moving forward as if they were passing by, then I stop and they are crossing all the way as if I were walking away. Thus, I am walking on the crowded pavement of the Galata bridge as if looking at the sky while it is snowing. I'm in Eminönü, I cross the road, I lower my head, I am okay, it leans on my chest with its whole, large and settled mass, I look up at its walls and minarets and I see gray pigeons circling around it in a certain system, constantly moving the imperial space with their wings and giving it oxygen. Yeni Cami [New Mosque]. As I climb the stairs leading to the sea so that it can be understood more deeply, I see it with my eyes that I touched with my hand clearly, I can see it standing in its place, I can touch it with my hand, it looks like it was done. I realize this. And the passing times are crumbling as if they were pressed for decades, twenty years, forty years and eighty years, disappearing with their idols, monuments, occupations, surrenders and all our experiences. As I entered the great door, I saw it in the form of a crumpled piece of paper thrown to the bottom of the wall. This place is awesome. At the very first step, the tumultuous crowd, cars and horns in the square are left behind. They have no interest in the inside. And a power takes them with all sorts of purpose and meaning and sinks them into the ground, you don't hear them anymore. At the door of the mosque, that thick, leather-covered heavy curtain is as light as a tulle to anyone who reaches out. As you step inside, it traps you between itself and the wall for a moment. It's as if your arm were reversed. You get your shoulder in with difficulty. See that it is like this every time, that it is not in vain. There is a control and preparation in this. It wants you to blow away the cobwebs away before entering inside. It cleanses you of them it. And you come in like an eight or nine-month-old child's face, with the garbage around your mouth and cheeks just washed away. -And the empire is there. The outside world is completely despised. Inside, there are twenty or thirty people scattered here and there, barely visible in the great space. They sit silently, as if each fell apart and alone. You realize that these are the remnants of that first congregation and those who are not in a hurry to leave after the construction of the mosque is completed, the key is presented to the Sultan by the chief architect on a velvet-covered tray, and the first Friday prayer was performed there. Each has remained in each corner.

They pull the weight of the voids arising from those who leave and bring it to the foundation in balance. The dome thus remains standing. Understand this meaning well, they sit in the same circle.

Here I have seen them. They are sitting with those they represent, who have come from various parts of Anatolia and the world. From an unpredictable





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point, I have suddenly felt the caliph's gaze on us. He has asked our needs, met understood and even caressed our hair. You watch his graceful ivory-fingered hands stretching out like a dream.

It moves slowly on columns, walls, altar and writings. What do you think these two Anatolian people are watching, with their shoes in their hands, their heads up on the calligraphy? -You move forward with the cool touch of that hand at the beginning, and you choose a place for yourself. The owner of the hand has already laid out his own caftan for prostration, which he himself has embroidered by pouring out caliph light, and which is appealing and compassionate to all creatures. You start to fill up until you run out of room. This marvellous becoming is only a means. It leaves you on the threshold of such a door that you open, thousands of intertwined doors, the nearest of which the light will hardly reach. There, comprehension disappears because of the taste of incapability.

**SARIKAMIŞ 1974, 28 OCTOBER.** the air got cold. Thin snow cover on "Çıplak Dağ" [The Bare Mountain]. In the east, also on the high hills behind the village of Hamamlı. But in the West, the Little Süphan and especially the Northwest hills are all white. It's only a matter of days before the snow comes into town.

Tractors are in front of the hotel. Their trailers are filled with villagers going to nearby villages. Men and women sit separately in clusters. Baskets and bundles in almost all of them. They lean their backs on the side covers and stretch their feet towards the middle for now. There is still room. They gather when they see newcomers, they will be in dust when tractors leave the town. Seven or eight loaves fresh from the oven in the lap of some. Someones else will come at the last moment. They find a place for themselves, they make room. They sit down and before they can breathe, the tractor moves.

**MARAS 1973, 6 FEBRUARY.** my mother is fine. She has mild pain like in years when we could live together. I remember, day and night, in the years when we were in the heavy shadow of childhood, my mother used to press her hand on an aching part from time to time and asked, "children, what's wrong with this place?" Her hand is over her gallbladder or liver. There was only one doctor and medicine in our house against all kinds of calamities and diseases: prayer and aspirin. We have always healed.

My little niece is turning two years old. A genuine and lively perfect child. He talks to himself, keeps silent and thinks, sees something in the air that I do not see, looks at it for a long time, smiles. We catch each other's eye, while he is watching that thing, pensive and thoughtful, he looks at me with





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the “you caught me” awakening, and we immediately agree with each other with a light, different smile. It doesn’t take long, he dives into his work in his own circle again. I call several times. He doesn’t mind. How much personal and self-controlled they are. Without wasting love, they gather it from us to the full extent, and by moving without stopping for a single second they are inundated with our love that fills the house. Then, unexpectedly, they come of their own accord. Putting his hand on my knee and waiting for what I am to say, he makes the age difference between us very clear.

The alphabet he used is twenty letters for now. For example, he does not use Y and R. Because of this feature of his, small contradictions often arise. Everyone at home takes advantage of this and sets up traps to make him say some words. They enjoy success. He does not understand what happens, but sensing that there is something sweet-wrong, he laughs to himself like a gurgling jug.

The oldest member of our family is my mother’s aunt Duran Hatun. Presumably an increasing twitching in her left eye and lisp in her tongue remained due to an illness she had suffered. She’s complaining about it. She raises her hands in front of her face, as if covering the disobedience in her mouth: when she says that what I say is not understood anymore, her voice, which makes a striking comparison between her youth and years of vitality and her old age on the path of her life, is trembling with a feeling of pity. Despite this and her age of more than eighty, faith in her is like a lively and chirping sparrow of fine weather. It stands on her right shoulder, close to the neck, and they live with their heads and cheeks leaning against each other.

The sunrise time changes from season to season, you don’t have an alarm clock, how do you wake up for morning prayers? She was very surprised by my question. She said proudly, “with the strength of faith.” I asked how it is “The angels call out to me,” she said. I asked how they sounded. She said, “Get up Duran Hatun, it’s time for prayer, get up Duran Hatun, they say prayer time is elapsing, I get up.”

Since our childhood, we are happy whenever the aunt comes to us for a few days. She is in the place of our grandmothers, whom we hardly ever see. She knows all the parables of the prophets. Even though she tells them many times, she tells them once again, she gets excited. With her shoulders moving, her chest going up and down, and her headscarf seeming to be blown away her voice starts to tremble from time to time and she cries.

Death is a sweet son expected by her. she is ready to die, except for the fear of the uncertainty of the last breath. She does her housework as if she





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will never die, while she is procuring her winter purveyance, it is as if she is looking forward to death. Her faith is so sincere. the walls of her little room do not block the other world. Most of her soul has leaned into the afterlife. Patiently and ready, she waits for Allah's will and hopes to see the greatest thing to be hoped for, Allah's jamal<sup>9</sup>.

As soon as aunt Duran wakes up from her sleep, she starts to bring the word tawhid as if she is built up. She's built herself up well for it all her life.

*ISTANBUL 1973.* after two years of living in Erenköy Fırın Sokak i left it on February 9th. We started living in an apartment on Bağdat street in Suadiye. I teach German at Bilir College in Aksaray. My inside hurts, I have a spasm inside me, I am bored in narrow places, I am not happy, the nights are long never-ending, the days are heavy, the spring never comes.

*ISTANBUL 1974, 6 APRIL.* i'm thinking, can I tell about her? The queen of doubt. She has lived or fought alone and as a man. A woman who sees all the details, traces, signs, faces, expressions with a galloping (spontaneous) attention when she enters a place, quickly makes sense of it, is directed not to anyone but to herself, and gets suspicious about the planned parts and starts the fight like a storm: Esin

She said come to Izmir with me, I said ok. From Istanbul to Bandırma by ferry, from there to Izmir by train. Our task is to take a poor, sick woman who worked in service jobs to a doctor of legendary reputation in a nearby town. Esin went to her acquaintances in Izmir, I went to a hotel in Karşıyaka. Going to the patient's house the next day. Esin, me and a familiar husband and wife crowded into the patient's house. a kind of one-story old wooden house. The sick woman lies with her frozen eyes. Without rejoicing, without laughing, without talking and without getting angry. Paralysis. Every now and then she gets irritable when she thinks she's been mistreated, her tongue is swollen so much to fill her mouth, or it can't speak, as if it's forgotten its duty, words build up more and more in her mouth, a poisonous wetness spreads across her face, and she cries like a five or ten month old child, Her body is motionless, her feet skin is metal-white looking and mist That perpetual wetness around that crooked mouth. They are like the vomit of the conflict of an unknowable and unrecognizable power that is in the brain, or the body that persists in the world with death trying to settle in the temples, or, on the contrary, with life. These are leftovers from a war.

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<sup>9</sup> [beauty]







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I smiled mercifully. Her appearance also makes it difficult to pity her. My own health, uncertain where will end up, becomes an immovable burden. - Amazed, she smiles too. I try again, she looks, but this time it's like it's not her.

("Well, who am I?")

Mehmet is the husband of the sick woman. Maybe fifty. But with his messy hair cut short, he looks more like a lethargic lad. It's as if he's been awakened from sleep and pulled out of his arm. He doesn't care about anything. Because there is Esin.

We are now in the waiting room of the station. Mehmet is quietly sitting next to his wife. He shrunk, trying to get lost in his black coat, trying to be unobtrusive, carrying a backpack or two. As soon as we entered the hall, while we were trying to place the patient on a sofa, Esin quickly stopped by a few places, entered the rooms in the station administration buildings, went to the box office and came and sat next to the patient by looking around. She beguiles people with a question or two an order or two. I, the familiar husband and wife, the sick woman, Mehmet and even the passengers and even the clock and time were now her commanding officers. She says what to do, she thinks (now we leave ourselves to think of nothing.) No one opposes her, she reprimands in the midst of the world. She spends the money. When you're spending your own money, it's as if you're spending her money. Somehow, she creates this feeling in you. No matter how abundantly and incalculably she spends, she is involved in how and where you spend it, down to the penny. Shee describes how much to spend on where. She commands. To everyone, older or younger. She does not allow you to make an independent decision. She dismisses them, kills them before they start in you. Even your unwise, almost instinctive objections to this matter will cost you heavily. If you have thoughts that she senses from far away, which may be contrary to her, she will make heavy quarrels for them, even when there are no signs of them. With heavy, unimaginable accusations, she will kill your possible resistance while it is still in its nests.

For a little getaway in the future you are attacked months ago so much that you gladly kill all your innocent desires with the horror of what will happen to you if you do such a thing. Even in a place where she will not be found one hundred percent, you are on guard. No matter what happens she knows. Or she senses something on your face, picks you up before her and makes you out speak.





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We are in the waiting area of the station. When the train's departure minute approached, she shared out the patient and the belongings to us. It is time. We, the sick woman, were caught in an impossible situation. I saw that her hands were empty. The train appeared. It approached, and one of the wagon doors somehow came right in front of us. Because she told us to wait at that point. I don't know how she suggested this to the train. However, this door was locked, probably broken. We were greatly scolded. What are we waiting for there? Let's go to the other door, we embraced the sick woman again in a hurry. We found a door and filled up. Our reserved places are two wagons behind. We were scolded again, i wonder why, we entered from the place she said, anyway, we passed the whole car and the restaurant car in between shouting way to patient way to patient. I was well-trained and got used to it too. We came to our place, shouldering someone or other in the crowd. We are six people. It was not possible for all of us to find a place together. The places are numbered and ours are not next to each other. But Esin took care of it. A couple of old women took our places and gave us theirs. She thanked them. We placed the patient by the window. We tidy her up. We devastated here while carrying. She immediately determined the patient's posture, whether her feet were placed comfortably, whether the window was open (the breeze unsettles), the cleanliness of the floor, what worth they were by looking at the faces of the people sitting in the other rows, and many other things as she took a glance around to sit down. And after a second or two, she began to tell me, who was always sitting next to her, that the woman sitting on one of the rows ahead, facing us, had a mean appearance. I was clearing my mind and listening when she suddenly said, "Take off your topcoat, turn it upside down, fold it up and hang it up". I did. I was sitting right back "Hot! Aren't you going to warm up in a jacket?" she said. I took it out too. I sat. She looked at me. "Fix your shirt collar," she said. I fixed it. She examined me. And I stood upright and cute without giving up. "Remember what I was saying," she said. I was reminded right away. She started to explain by taking two sentences from the beginning. She suddenly saw the suitcase. "Still on the ground huh! Won't you going to put it up?" I immediately lifted it up she hung from the side and called out to Remzi Bey: "Are you comfortable?" And out loud to all of us: "There are still understanding people in the world. If it had been anyone else, she would never have given their place. Who cares for the patient and so." We all met eyes with those two women who gave us their places. We blushed with sweet feelings. She, on the other hand, started to take care of the sick woman and said "teeny-weeny" to her as if she were a baby. We stood eye-to-eye with the women who gave us their seats in an unpleasant situation. However, other passengers, who knew the situation, were smiling sweetly for some reason taking credit for themselves.





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Our journey passed happily, listening to their orders, wishes, advice and suggestions, and immediately doing what was necessary. She got up for a while and said, “Mehmet, you sit in my place, I will sit there.” She sat next to the patient across from me and put her feet on the part where I was sitting. She hit my leg with her foot as if to say “move a little”. I slid towards Mehmet so she could stretch her legs more easily. She sat back contentedly. “Are you comfortable sitting tight like that?” she said to both of us. “We are comfortable,” we said. “You know,” she said. She sneered, raising and lowering her shoulders twice. Hah ha, she laughed sarcastically. I bit my cheeks from the inside. I immediately gave up, but she understood, she laughed wickedly. She turned her head to the fields and prairies. She slid backwards. She took a deep breath, pouring happiness from her face. She looked at the patient. She frowned. She looked at me. “Don’t stare at me like that,” she said. She looked at Remzi and his wife. She smiled. She turned her head back and looked at the women who gave us their seats, smiled and greeted. She turned to me and said out of the blue, “I swear you are so nice cem”. I bit my lips inside. And finally she sticks her tongue out at me. She looked serenely. Continuing to look serenely, she turned her eyes to Remzi’s wife and blinked.

We’re finally in the wonderful doctor’s town.

Healing the sick with a look. And he was getting five hundred liras to do a good look like this. He said, “this won’t heal,” for our patient and took our five hundred liras.

In a nutshell we went back to İzmir, we left the patient home, we left Mr. Remzi and his wife in their place and we both returned to Bandırma and from there to Istanbul by ferry. How did we come back: It turns out that her mind was always concerned with these, on the ferry and train on the way to İzmir, then in İzmir and when we brought the patient back and forth. I was alone with her on the way back

*ANKARA 1977.* I’m thinking. But it’s almost like being delirious. There are so many things that my mind wanders from one to the other. “I don’t read that magazine just because of its language,” someone said today. Judging by the way he said it, he wants to spread this stance. I wonder what this man is defending, who only uses the language a notch older than the one he reacts to, who uses the language of five or ten years ago.

Our language is changing rapidly. It is changing all over the world. The problems of our age, scientific rapid development, technology, the rising tension of ideological conflicts, even children’s toys, and fashion bring new





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words to the languages. -There are those who defend the language of ten years ago, of thirty years ago, or of fifty years ago. Which one shall we accept. What is certain about this matter is that it is not spoken precisely and consistently. I'm not dwelling on these discussions today. I don't think the language problem will be resolved with such discussions. Language is a problem of the power, of governments. If those days come, language will be regulated from A to Z, along with everything else, and will be brought under control. What can be done without dominating schools, the radio, television and press will not reach the goal. The most conservative of us let's look at how our children talk at home And for now, let's adjust ourselves for wanting to talk to them tomorrow.

The language debate is dividing a handful of people into two or three, that's bad.

Let's see if we say something instead of these, if we have a content.

- It seems to me that there is no poetic charge in the new language. short-lived poems can be written in this language. I hear the materialist chewing this language without poetic charge. And he also wants to make poetry a tool. Is the poem not directly for itself? It may be said that art with other types is for this or that, but is poetry for this or that other than itself. The poem is authentic.

We do not understand the efforts to pull the poem into the purely concrete realm. Dry. it's a clunky and made-up space. The materialist poet is also romantic here. He has only one subject, the rich and the poor. He instructs the poor to smash the head of the rich who exploits him. Is life so easy, small and meaningless. Can such a morbid perception be a poem? That's why their writing is pathetically bad.

In the beginning, I also put the blame on the language.

I mentioned the lack of poetic charge. Despite this, poetry has been still written in this language. It is as if they are doing this by revealing the success and accumulated language of that future. This is perhaps where their difficult intelligibility comes from. But they are the ones that last longer. They get less old.

I see Sezai Karakoçu at the head of those who use today's youth as the rich language of the future. It is not only for this reason that he is read by a unique layer in our time. I just wanted to highlight this aspect.





## Living

The reason for the considerable interest in Sezai Karakoç's poetry is our longing for the heritage of our ancestors, which is systematically rejected and tried to be forgotten. In addition to its artistic value, we find the clues and expansions of this heritage in his poetry, the nature of which we may not understand deeply, but which we fluctuate inwardly with the sad longing for it. That inheritance is like a mother, it gives birth and nourishes, it is like a father, it supports like a mountain. And finally, with the poetry of Sezai Karakoç, we see the irrational methods applied in the rejection of this heritage for more than a hundred years, and how a handful of people who want to realize this at the expense of the great mass, become dehumanized and turn to be crocodiles.

The left's ostrich-like boycott of all of us, especially Necip Fazıl, should be evaluated from this perspective. They are afraid of our cultural heritage. We see their panic. Behind their dull lightless faces. Although we see materialism as a reality, which is escalating with the support of the leaders in governments and of such institutions as of the constitution, council of state, education, etc., as a reality and we weigh it up calmly, the materialist principle is afraid that we will be legitimized if they make mention of us. Well, for years this has not bothered us anymore. But let's just say, life is full of ups and downs. People who were snored and oppressed for fifty years because of their clogs and skullcaps even took their seats as ministers. And what is more with the regime's methods. The great mass feeds on such things in itself that it does not take even two months for everything to be rearranged. It is strange that the materialist takes as a spiritualist for example a healer, a maniac from the corrupt circles and tries to prove himself in the face of these. They haven't had enough of it for fifty years. However, the morality in these self-seeking and sick examples is clearly materialistic morality. It has nothing to do with Islam.

The materialist would still be wrong even if Islam had not implemented the administrations that most prevented people from being despised.

- Materialist artists and intellectuals practice cultural terror with the principles of exploitation, propaganda and oppressing others in the area they dominate. Especially since the republic, it has got its power from governments. However, what he takes is still only half a step.

*ISTANBUL 1963.* Yesterday (I say yesterday, but maybe it's been twenty days), a third kafilah of storks appeared on Marmara. Let's ask together, absentmindedly, as if we were thinking inwardly. Where are they going?





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If you were in Suadiye and we were sitting at saims, seeing the storks together would tell us about us more than ten double-meaning and beloved sentences. Because seeing a flock of migratory birds is like watching an earthquake. And we are closely related to birds and earthquakes. -If we try to grasp them, we will come closer to the “ambiguity “ that we have for now and the only gift of our relationship.

(One day we'll catch that ambiguity tight and ask for its name. I think we'll have a heart we can appreciate.)

We are sitting at the table in front of the small sandy beach on the shore. It's not tea time yet..

The sun is about to set.

We tried to talk for a while

we spent our smiles that we could use instead of every word which almost comes out of our inside which is what we could do, but that we could not convey to each other, and we remained silent.

What a relief.

And here is the tangible expression of this relief

just like itself,

like the transformation of one energy into another, a kafilah of migratory birds in the sky.

The sea in front of us

And we are aware of the life flowing slowly in the city. We are aware that a secret of life that can be learned from these migratory birds, who are stuck one after another in groups, are lined up in black and white dots in the wide sky to open up to us, a living and stirring style of pure nature, rather than from people crammed into their flats. We are in no hurry to take advantage of this opportunity, which will last until the stork group disappears from our horizon. We can feel emotional enough that this opportunity has been prepared for us as much as catching it.

(Let's reach for the tea that is left on our table

without our being aware of it)





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We have full confidence in the lands on which the flock of migratory birds lost on our horizon continues to fly now. They are strong and will withstand their weight. The old places of their nests are intact. They will identify them from above, and they will begin to clean their dusty and earth-covered belongings, such as winter houses returning from summer ones regardless of their fatigue.

When their settlement was completed, nothing seemed to have changed compared to the previous season.

(Think about it. How many minutes can it take for us to get used to our winter home, where we have been apart for a few months. -We come, and the memories they have kept without changing them are there. - This situation is even brighter in mothers with whom we have been separated for months or even years, and whom we have missed.

As soon as we see the mother, our longing rises to its fiercest tone. Short, clear and blessed excitement.

But how long can that last in front of the mother who most retains our memories. Half an hour later, we almost have no time to lose with her. And on the second day, we can go back to the foreign places. But we must stay at least a week. Because the mother is not in the same situation. They have an unending longing for their offspring, something they can't get enough of while watching their offspring. It is as if something unbelievable happens on the face of these beings,

which they did not have when they were just girls, and then suddenly absorbed and slowly possessed, and they do not want to miss the opportunity they get to catch it. As the baby's body, personality and ideas grow (and the child grows too big to fit the mother), the child's counterpart in the mother shrinks, and the mother, in turn, increases her longing for his/her in order to keep her existence in balance. Children are detached from this situation of the mother. How can they say to the mother, who has kept her memories unchanged, perhaps keeping them as they are so that they will recognize themselves immediately when they meet again: "If you don't want us to be satisfied with you right away, change our memories a little!" No child has ever been able to tell this to the mother. To be able to say this, it must first be discovered. But what's the use. How can a woman who believes this continue to be a mother? The point where the beloved slips from the mother and the mother from the beloved must be here. The beloved changes memories of us. And we are constantly changing and interpreting the memories that belong to him/her. Thus, we carve an ever-growing longing





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in mutual alternations. There are two separate statue of longing, which are meticulously prepared for two separate lovers, and whose final roughness is quickly resolved as the day of reunion approaches. With the reunion, it may take months to put these two face to face and talk. It is two statue sitting face to face and talking, discussing and telling and telling. They are two statues, they will weigh each other for a long time and try to get to know each other. They are foreigners.

Heigh how a long story mother child and lthe beloved. How strange, I think we were talking about storks. Storks that come to our country to spend the summer and then (how do they decide on this) return to their homeland. Oh how painful this return must be. How could they forget the fruits and gifts of the summer country? How can they sleep with that weight in their memory? They need to be able to fill the void created by the time they did not spend in their homeland upon their return. How can they achieve this, but there is nothing they can do and apparently nothing has changed. They find their home as they left it. What has changed is the baby storks that were born in the summer and now look around with birdly interest. Just as an old house in a foreign city visited at the invitation of a grandparent(which is unlikely) or an aunt (more likely) who suddenly appears in a family, constantly surprises the children, provokes them, gives them superhuman research power, they fly here and there, show too much attention to the branches, peck their mothers with questions.

They are the survivors of the eagle's attack, guarded by their parents' wings, the peasants' pickaxes shovels and slings.

(For people, eagle is a good attribution, but if these non-aggressive, elegant and decent natured, a little philosophical, oh a little cocky thing attack the storks, things will change. The storks are favored, the eagle is taken against. Our newspapers happily talk about the villagers who helped with whatever means at their disposal the honourable storks taking helplessly battle order against the eagle).

The memories obtained by baby storks are certainly not limited to this. When they are accustomed to flying, the feelings of inexperience of that time are the most vivid of them all. Those are the times when they clumsily flap their wings at the top of the tall plane tree in the great mosque courtyard, where people come to pray, to touch its walls, to mingle, and most of all where the senseless attention of tourists climb here and there. And of course, it is better for the baby birds to do this exercise in a meadow far from the human eye. But they also know that it







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is necessary to endure the noise and disturbing phenomena of modern life. No matter how much one wants, there is no way to go to the endless mountains and build a happy home like a state and live such a life.

They will put up with people.

Yet while practicing wings at the top of the tree they did not make clumsy mistakes and fell into them. But many times they were on the verge of this situation and experienced the feeling of being “disgraced”.

*MARAS 1968, OCTOBER NOVEMBER.* i should have seen you. The motif of necessity seems strange to me when I consider it like that. But I swear I felt that way. How beautiful those moments were. -Are we devastated every now and then because we don't have to do anything tangible? - At those moments, I was catching such a work of my soul that I was bewildered how I would treat nature and people. This bewilderment must be the movement of a person who is actually standing, maintaining the content of a certain form next to beings and relationships. It must be that the body is thrown forward without light, without asking for directions, without waiting for the news of the antennae and the news of the time and the news of the society (and the news of the ruins), sensing something, but still acting very suspiciously and cautiously. It must be the heart's tired and throbbing resistance to the different Blood that the changing man desires. Is something moving and changing for the first time in a long time, or is it once again becoming aware of the change that actually exists because of something new. It is a situation that the man, who rejoices with a pain that suits his heart, deliberately and, if possible, skillfully avoids revealing. man has shifted one or two millimeters from his own form, a new face, a new perception of the sky, a new opportunity to live appear.

Now I stand up and ask.

.....

I cannot explain how the strength needed to carry on the above sentences has been taken from me, what is holding me back. (Actually, what's there to tell?) It was last night. It was very late. I say time, there is no time here. Instead, there is something that curls up on me and does not move me.

Sounds of horns and humans in front of the house. -I woke up again-. It was raining when I woke up a few hours ago. The roof of the house is zinc, a sound. At one point, it started to rain so heavily that I thought: “What if the rain can't control itself?” -Unconscious, in a nightmare.





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However, if such a frenzy had attributed to rain were a constant sight of our world, we would have immediately started using it monstrosly How I wish right now to be able to ask with enthusiasm, “are our hearts being interrogated side by side with all hearts in another country, my God, are we finally being judged without being pushed out of the millions?”

When the environment, or images of that environment, appear, we must find a cure for the epileptic seizure of our memories, real or artificial, which we struggle desperately. We have not been able to obtain any information on what a favorable “future” might be for the memories we have acquired with the pleasure of art. They have grown up taking on hostile and abnormal shapes. Today, they are the ones pushing the bottom of our ribs and repeating the tormented words they have memorized within us. While we are trying to tame them on a day when we feel their presence strongly, do we not neglect our memories today in the same way. - Now I understand very well that they were the ones who stopped the sentence by making me nauseous last night when I was writing it down as if trying to pinpoint a pain. I remained silent like an angel whose duties had been withdrawn from his wings, whose mouth had been filled with fire for his audacity. I curled up in the pangs of the bed and sought sleep.

I knew what I was going to say after I started “I’m asking”. But I couldn’t write that first word yet. It exceeded.

To speak of it, one must choose the times that allow it.

I thought it was the easy-to-remember rules that stopped me at night. Accordingly, the frontier of a first letter written, the fact that for the other (including you), I didn’t know you yet must have stopped me. -Kindness- But no, I’m not afraid of kindness. Nor do I feel any shyness or audacity fatigue. - Those whose development is similar to ours should see love as a healthy work of loneliness. Just as loneliness is what we have the most by working hard, so love is your body.

Love arises when the body offers itself to solitude, taking advantage of a moment that is happy for us. Not when the fisherman carries the net in a basket, but when he throws it on his own head... From now on, the body will continue its heavy duty of solitude by dominating it a little.

There are strong reasons why love arises between a man and a woman. Because the mother and father prepared it together in the child. It was left in to the child as the energy that the father hastily donated and the mother rested for a long time, devoted to the favorable times...





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Those who are so attached to love can leave it to solitude's use for years. Let us not inquire into the rights of love from those who attract the other sex by the quickest means. They are many and our help is not enough for them. They handle it without what is left of their ancestors and do not leave it to the future. If we say to them: "Love has rights", it would also make no sense to us.

Now, wrapped in a cloth of patience, we are waiting for our inner realization to come true. We are only open to the gifts that this preparation will offer us, but those that are difficult to accept. Because we took and glorified what others could not stand for what they are. After an encounter of a few minutes of in the A's, after that actually quick and gripping encounter, in the passing time you think of my desire to call you as "my brother and neighbour", dissolved in what I have said from the beginning, and you forgive me.

.....

Do you know, I haven't had much luck with music. I grew up next to radios that were turned off as soon as classical music started. When I was in high school, in a music class, the teacher tried to make the students listen to a classical piece. Its story, if I can remember it, was as follows: A Caesar, while on a campaign, learns that his throne has been confiscated. *He returns angrily. Rome is visible from a hill. They stay there.*

*Dark. He attacks at daybreak.*

Of course, they didn't let the record play until the end. And I remember, for some reason, there was no noise. ... Caesar was returning. I think I too, gritting my teeth, breathing heavily, were returning to Rome with him, in the same chariot, perhaps occupying the same volume as him. The spectacled flashing face of the music teacher in one of the muscles working on the horse's rump. We were running to Rome with ambition, and in that case, one doesn't care about the big army that he drags behind him. The anger within us and the pain of being betrayed alone seem to be enough to recapture Rome... There was one last hill before us, and Rome would appear the moment we got to the top of the hill. I cannot describe the horror that swept through us like a whirlwind at that moment.

What if there is no Rome!,, Wouldn't we have been torn to pieces if that raging power, which, with lightning speed, turned into war desire, rage, ferocity and melancholy, had not seen Rome when it came to the top. But Rome was there





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He did not stay on that hill all night because it was nightfall, or to obey the rules of war. On the contrary, it took so long for Caesar, seeing Rome, to realize it.

That's why there was an unfamiliar silence in the part about staying there.

So I had a friend. I had discovered it. It was inside me, but I didn't force it. I just protected. This took too long. I felt that my friend, who was patient, jealous, but sometimes never made a choice, was getting older. Then suddenly I had a tape recorder for two years. An eight-hour tape wab filled with only Wagner. In another, Wagner, Bruckner, Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, Brahms.. These were actually enough for me in my life. Because I didn't want musical knowledge and variety. I wasn't ready for it, nor was I enthusiastic.

Over time, I learned to listen to the songs that my inside knows well when I was left without music. I lifted my forehead up when I was on the road, I would squint my eyes a little and start listening:

I've lost this ability to listen to the originals.

Think of a tuning chapter that lasts through confusing, frustrating sounds few days before I start to WRITE.. When you start to write, music appears. In the background.

The one that has appeared these two days has some faults that I am not used to. A hand reaching the stage cracks a whip over the orchestra, a metallic laugh rises from the boxes, and the child jumps out of the bed in his nightgown with his bare feet and shouts as he runs through the crumbs of ice: "Mom, hold the music in the air, I'm coming."

Something similar to this.

I am write and silence. "What is happening?" I am asking.

"Or has it not started yet?" What a stupid thing. Again, as I was about to ask (How much right do I have to you?), with a silence like that unfamiliar silence, muffling my voice, I remained silent as I had suddenly put the pen down last night. Are we going to ask something using the words crosswise and stay silent before we can prepare an answer. Is this a game? How to fix this deadlock? Are we getting over ourselves again and starting to put on our chains? Or are the questions slackened, does "acceptance" begin and are we called to silence, which is our work?

It's like there's something again. It is as if the girl changes immediately after the union in order to grasp, dominate and not to waste the new situation





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(femininity). Life must be achieved there too.

All the great moments were hewn from loneliness.

With a more metaphysical phenomenon than the sculptor who says he reveals the shape inside the stone.

And in the end, guards were chosen for the endless piles of loneliness.

If the ups and downs in me are reflected on you, if you listen to the same thing as me, then after a magical silence, let us ask ourselves about loneliness, just as in the cave Sigfried, the thundering male among the sounds of hammers, began to ask Mime with a deep melancholy who his parents were.<sup>10</sup>

Loneliness must be the thing that rains down upon us from distant visits at night, behind the servant carrying a lantern in front, from the meandering and muddy roads of those remote Anatolian towns, from the houses whose tiny windows see light sporadically as we return home by sleeping in the lap of a female maidservant. When the maid's foot trips, or when she shifts our head from one shoulder to the other to give her weary arms some other rest, our eyes open for a moment, smelling the coolness and scent of the large orange standing on its green leaves, which we press pith both hands under our chin and this orange, which is nothing but loneliness itself, as we get older, we live in fear that it will be taken from us, not knowing that we will have it more strongly. Loneliness emerges at our youngest age, when the mother pulls her hand (we sit at the bottom of her knee) and extends it under the tray, from among the hands like spider arms stretching out to the rich table and turning to the mouth during the visit.

From that moment on, it is before us in a way that we cannot refuse.

We are no longer in a hurry to swallow the sugary bite in our mouths. The mother's hand stood under the tray for a while as if resting, and then started to rise slowly as if the thing she was lingering around had been pulled from her. We know this even if we don't roll our eyes and look at her. When the mother reaches the table once more, it is no longer for her. She will take the orange standing on its green leaves, the orange that has certainly long been a sign, and she will hold this big fruit that has no equivalent in us, to our chest. How could they not notice the pain in our gaze, which, for a moment, was vaguely raised, while we were reaching for this wonderful thing by shaping our little hands to grasp it. Do we know what it means

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<sup>10</sup> Siegfried is the third part of Richard Wagner's epic quartet operas The Ring of the Nibelung, written and composed by the libretto. (trans. n.)





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when we take in the palm of our hand what we cannot refuse and cannot want? How can we be ready for its truth? Is there one among us free to pluck the tiny branch that hangs from its top and carries its leaves? What is the moment when we see that a piece of leaf that we will absently pluck from it and leave it under the tray, after years (in a village or in a foreign country) when we are trying to sleep in a bed that does not have our own bed, jumping from the sound of a human voice that is suddenly heard outside, enters our room, searches for our belongings with thirst and fills them? we will do? Will we always have the power to own it?

Years later while we are trying to sleep in a bed (in a village or in a foreign country) that are not our own, we jump from the sound of a human voice that is suddenly heard outside and deadened and we see that piece of leaf absently plucked from it and left it under the tray by us , enters our room, searches for our belongings with thirst and fills them, then what will we do? Will we always have the power to own it?

Pressing it, the orange, between our knees with one hand, now we endure by getting help from the mother, whose chest we lean on.

The tray, which was originally arranged by lining up the plates and making room for small plates, was placed on a sieve board on the table cloth laid on the floor in the middle of the room, and cushions were thrown around it. The plates are now half empty, and orange and apple peels hang from the sides of the tray. A fruit that has been cut in the middle and rotten inside is standing there as a sign of a bad event in the neighbour. While the host is grappling with the desire to host, the appetites are gone, the people at the table straighten their bones. The time is ripe to take the first warning from the orange that we pressed between our legs as if to warm it, and that we tend to despise because of the new appearance that has emerged: While we take our place on the cushions that have been pulled back against the walls, without changing the shape we put together with the mother, as soon as enough time (oh time) has passed to express, we realize that both sides were defeated. The body that bends and straightens while bringing the table and the body that bends and straightens while taking the table are differentiated. After the work is finished and the last crumbs in the middle are collected with a wet cloth, we shudder when a working woman appears at the door of the kitchen like a leather balloon, whose bone and flesh has been taken from it, and takes her place in the community, which begins to speak in languor. And the orange in our palm begins to throb like a pus-filled wound.

Because it's starting.





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The first thing - food - was accomplished as a duty, with its withdrawal from the firstfront, with the condition of new defeat -success, the second thing - sexual union - appeared to the extent that it could appear in a Muslim society smothered with pudicity. That's why we are afraid that the loneliness that rises from the inside of our body to the outside, overcoming difficulties, like a pain whose location we cannot predict, will emerge from our weak place, yes, from a place where we are more ashamed. This must be why we fell asleep so quickly, with our heads placed between the mother's chest and her arm, at whose feet we were sitting. After a while, the orange rolled from our hands will stand on the rug in the middle like a magical animal. There is a circle in the room, the people who speak and listen will often turn their eyes to it, the hosts will want to stop and fix it there with their gaze, the guests, on the other hand, shift their gaze fixed on it to their sleeping children, and the confused thoughts that appear in them as much as they can

that's it

bad

leaving.

Got dressed.

We're about to be out the door, catsleeping as a feather in the maid's lap. Having said goodbye to everybody and we're about to leave. The servant has lit the lantern and is about to bend his neck. The mother is with us.

(but why)

Dad comes running into the house and grabs the orange and brings it to our chest. How can the maid, who easily distributes our weight on her legs, explain the sudden jolting of her body?

.....

Finally, Ist.

I survived the nightmare of M, which I never tried to tell you, but which you sensed in my writing - this time with a cursory and chatty. Cowardly. - I'm happy like a madman who played tricks on his roommate. The contents of these pages are just yours. Because we stand different like this, we fight with the sweat of the past.

*1975 VONI.* While the new houses are standing, breakfast is served in the dilapidated house with bumpy floors that has turned to be the mess hall just because it has a big room. One boiled egg per person, also black olives.





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The tables are littered with glasses with crusty breadcrumbs and undrunk tea residue, pushed among olive pits and eggshells. Different glasses, different in size and shape, were thrown clattering in different mouths. Leaning over them, they light their cigarettes and hold their head with one hand so that they don't fall into the night just behind them. They listen to the satisfaction in their bellies climb into their minds. Between this and hunger, they have been swaying sweetly for minutes. It's as if they'll get rid of the mist of lingering there and never come back. They will not willingly answer anything we ask. Having reached these bodies eggshells with their inside, still warm glasses with their hot water, olive pits with their meats / and the bread with its self / are waiting defencelessly in front of them. /. Desire flows under the bridge that has been built.

As if the oily olives were taken out of pockets and bags and eaten, they got so smeared in everything / without knowing where they fell while they were dying / I was left inside the door / without stepping inside.

When I shouted "Everyone out", the tables rattled. The tongues in the mouths of the late starters kept turning instinctively in a slurry of bread, olives, and eggs, and they stood up. They were grimacing their faces as if they were being forcibly removed from the carcass they were scavenging. Once again I shouted on the rigidity they were waiting for others to take a step.

- "Move"

They are indeed disintegrated. And they slowly walked out of the mess hall, not needing to hide the disrespectful wanderings of their tongues, ripping off the last bits sticking to their gums. They walk on the road that passes in front of the doors, dragging the dull glow of sleep. I stand inside the door and wait for them to drain away. As always, they are in no rush. As soon as it's over, it won't be left behind. That's why we slowly wrap ourselves up, starting with our heads. They are passing by side by side to fit in the door that I stopped and cut in two, and I know that those who set out are standing in the same sights after the previous ones. They are moving towards the mountains in the north, a few hundred meters, houses disappear on the left side of the road, they gather in the large plot in between before coming to the abandoned construction of the house being built on the edge of the large olive grove ahead.

It's four in the morning.

No later than that, the clock knows.







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I stand inside the door and watch the others pass by. And I know that those who arrive on the field release little clouds of cigarettes from their mouths as if to bless their own heads, and are so quiet in the earth softened by the moisture from the night.

There are no birds yet.

To jump into the nearby olive grove to squabble they move wisely in their nests where they shelter, waiting for the sun to come close to the horizon. Every now and then they look at the olive grove, their arena filled with olive trees with leaves whose hardness becomes transparent under the dew. Unlike when they return to their nests in the evening, they do not give a damn about their offspring, who clumsily get around their feet and want to be petted and coy. Making their final preparations, they smooth the wrinkles on their wings with their beaks, ruffle the soft feathers on their chests, and disperse the mists of sleep that have remained on their lungs.

A sunless sky walks around with its velvet feet. No one wants to break the silence that reaches down to their belongings of the people at the gathering place, and they do not take care of the trumpet hanging over the mountains. Yet life is ready behind them to bite into their backs. A faint star or two over the whitening sky dissipated as the sun, still below the horizon, lifted its heavy body a little higher.

After the last person who left the mess hall, I started walking slowly to the meeting place. Knowing that I was following him, he slung his bag over his shoulder and started running, pressing his hand against his flask, bayonet and portable pickaxe. I saw the gathered ones looking from afar at this strange creature of the morning. They watched him until their gaze drifted inward. As he got closer, the runner went to the back rows, rubbing against them to hide the shame he had brought in naked. He disappeared under the pretext of taking care of the backpack he had put down. He couldn't stand up now, as if he had emptied every vile feeling that he had run away from and tried to shake off over the head of his follower. He tried to fix and button the cover of his tent with one end sticking out, but he couldn't button it.

I stood at the far end of the meeting place and waited. They seem unaware of my existence. They recklessly divide among themselves the indifference they produce to show off to each other, like trophy. But every freedom here has a limit. By clasping my hands behind my back and walking up and down, I can extend this freedom to them as far as possible. However, it has a limit. When the tour becomes monotonous, they pour out their increasing hum into a fearful silence with a rapid descent. Startled by each other's startles,





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they keep silent, stand upright, check their desks by turning their heads left and right, kick their minds into the deepest part of their selves, and they sit on their tongues laid like a large slice of meat between its darkest layers. Henceforth their answers will come from the animal remnant of their language. Short, without showing feelings and without reasoning. From without inference, not to infer not being able to infer

I stand in the same spot on the edge of the meeting place. Their murmurs are steaming with their own warmth in a cloud of unseen moisture. After a second or two, I threw my hands back and put my weight on my open feet, facing them, and began to stare at them without moving. In an instant, they mingled, rising above their strangled freedoms. One of them stepped to the middle in front of them. As if that was all they could do. He counted them, walking sideways between me and them, facing them, and I heard him mutter, mostly trying to make them hear the words in the blinking of his eyes, quadruple there, a little sideways, sideways, quickly, all right. Using the words in his eyes, hey, you, watch your face, serious serious more serious, okay stay that way. -Then he stopped right in the middle. I looked at the clock, they are watching and evaluating everything I do. The one in the middle writes something on the paper, at chest level, by lowering his head. I moved forward, standing five steps behind him and waiting, now He looks with his shoulders and sees. Attention! he shouts with a warm sound that disperses and falls to the ground before it can reach them! pulling. - He said "Attention" and turned to me. He saluted me. I took it with a flick of my hand. And I said hello. - "Thanks!" I just asked how they are.

- "Thanks!"

The endless sky of the night sleeps above us with its soft feet. Now I am shouting with a voice that the olive grove heavy with dew, as if tearing its tin plates with harsh rustling with a bitter force, wants to swallow and cover up. "The Numbs" All of a sudden, they shake themselves off and stick their bayonets into the sleep of the silent village

- "Heeyt"

- "Slouches"

- "Heeyt"

Now straighter, angrier, more childishly beautiful.

- "My lions"

- "Hey"





## Living

We are all satisfied. The one in the middle moves towards me and hands me the paper in his hand. He tells the numbers on the paper in a short, harsh whisper. I confirm by nodding. He turns by flowing to the ground with a harsh whisper in greeting, for a moment, his whole body leans forward on his feet with his heels together, as if he is going to fall to the ground slowly, his feet come out in his slightly bent body at that starting point, as if he were going to fall slowly to the ground, he runs towards the others, his body flat from the waist up sloping back from the shoulders.

He took his place at their head. - I've been looking at them for a while. I see them stroking into their selves and caressing the damp back of their tongues so that it won't rebel in the folds of their minds. They all seem a bit yellowed to me. Now I will ask one of them something and he will respond with the taste of sulphur using his mouth and pushing with his leaden body so that it can come as far as me. When they said the last word in unison, they shut their mouths tightly to hide their tongues that had kissed with the cool air for a moment and had withdrawn. I'm walking in front of them from one end to the other now. I'm looking at them carefully. They look without taking their eyes off my eyes, which they can pass through the jinn that come out of the ground and stomp at the space between us. What can it be that I have, a second of which they don't want to miss.

I told briefly. I thought of it before I finished the ending. I asked them to open the queue. I had their boots removed. They also took off their socks. I looked at their nails one by one. Their loads are heavy. Backpacks walkie-talkies heavy machine guns, part of their tents for two, fortification tools, flasks, anti-tank guns, small mortar cannons with their barrels and plates mounted separately on their backs, their bayonets, cartridge belts, magazines and ammunition boxes and, above all, their heavy dreams. - A few of them need to fix their long nails that will hurt their fingers on a long walk, they put their dirty socks in their bags and wear their clean ones.

With the steam of the breakfast that has just been taken off we pass the narrow hard floor two kilometres that lead to the main asphalt without feeling. We cut the road crosswise and enter the fields. We are walking on a narrow strip that grows wider into the field at the edge of the crops that have grown in height. Listening to a soggy mud that is the same colour as our clothes, we push our footsteps in front of those behind us in the yellow light of the crops that fill our two sides.

*ANKARA 1978.* I am alone, a voice speaks to me. If I don't fall asleep, I listen until the end. Warm and beautiful sound. This is how I finally decide. It doesn't scratch, it caresses, he doesn't push and shatter, he grubs up and





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fluffs up a little. And I finally lose my sleep. I go out to the balcony and look at the city which produces its toxins. And I continue to listen. I do not find it strange to hear such a voice in myself. What makes me weird is that it talks to me as “you”. Very serious. So cute. Look:

- What can you do to see your flaws for real? To never forget yourself? How will your mind look at your own mind? If it were possible to step out of yourself and look at your surroundings, would you be able to see yourself in a corner? There is a way for them. If you don't reflect the truth when you're the spokesperson for your self you've always been with, / one day / you will be caught. A lie doesn't have to be negative to reveal. A lie is a lie. So, since our word for poetry: (he knows I'm a poet), don't talk too much without knowing what you're saying. We always advise: Go inside your self.

What are you doing in an unfamiliar place where you will get lost quickly even in the first steps? So don't go inside yourself. In the name of making art, you will be devastated when you enter the regular capillary currents of your inner self, its city with certain roads and exits in its own special light, with vehicles you do not know. Well, you will say, the superior things, the glories of the spirit, the facts of justice and mercy, love, faith, where are they? Where do we find them as we praise, counsel, and adopt them?

Let me put it this way: Turn to your actions. Observe them. Beautify them and you will see that the values and balances that you will appraise for them will beautify you with your inside and outside. (Oh I say, beauty of beauty)

Now let's make it clear: What does it mean to turn to action?

That is to say, turn your gaze to the object of the movement. To the muscles and physique of movement.

The meaning of beautifying them is not a beautiful exterior that is not identified with the inside. That too would be a lie. It is caught immediately. Let me tell you by turning it around: What is the good of the things you do not do on purpose? Tell me, what good is it if you believe and advise the need to give alms, but don't give it despite your means? Not that you're spared, maybe not, but there's a move that needs to be made. So, for example, you will take money out of your pocket, you will inquire and investigate to find the person or persons to whom you will give, your tongue will make the movement of your belief, thought and decision and you will walk (your feet), your hand will reach for his hand, implicitly or openly, and your hand will come to you as if it is empty enough to fly. Here you have attained your inner self, you have appropriated it to your outer life. You gave alms. You





## Living

have been a balm to the wound of classification. You realize that laws don't work without protecting the weak. Good, now go home and keep an eye on things that are rotting by themselves because you don't use them, but are actually needed by others. Now you're not looking at those who have millions, but those who don't. See how rich you are? To whom will you give this wealth? Can't you find anyone? Then move, move, come up to me, here are the addresses.

Increase what I'm going to say like this and that. And as long as you don't do these things like this and that, tell me, how long will you live, where will you reach? How far can you walk on a dried-up lake bed? What are you doing with your brand-new clothes, your tie, your dyed shoes, in a library whose books have been burned to the ground?

Live by doing what you believe in, regardless of whether you have a reward in your heart or in your hands. Do what you believe without telling others, by telling others, leaving aside the intellectual pleasure. Not your words, but seeing you go to the mosque in the nourishing darkness of the night before the sun makes me believe.

If this is not done, your belief will disappear without gaining any social meaning. / Listen carefully to my last sentence, keep in mind, think / While it is thought that belief and action are aimed at the same goal / in fact, there is no movement but you think there is / in reality, their opposite directions will result in the development of a corrosive and destructive or debilitating or retarding criticism against you in people of different faith: He calls the drinker an infidel / because he does not drink / but pursues every wench he encounters. Or again, a cross criticism: he spends his time in the mosque but takes bribes. You see, you will not make other people tattle about the morality you defend with brainless behaviour. You see, even if everything of a Muslim is okay, he loses his reputation if he doesn't comply with one or two principles. How nice, I like this criticism. / Have you ever heard of a criticism that he praises secularism, encourages usury, calls people economic animals, and on the other hand, he does not come out of houses of ill fame? Is it because they all lead to the same thing? / Adultery, bribery, unjust gain, gambling, alcohol, profiteering, engrossing, usury, lying, robbery and perversion are not befitting a Muslim. Even by them.

Why? Because there is a clear distinction between right and wrong in Islam. It has been determined to leave no open space. From private family life to commerce, from state administration to neighbour relations. In other words, a person cannot live as much as Islam suits him.





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I hear you keep saying what does art have to do with this? Tell me, will you have two lives? While living your faith / de facto / with one, will you make art with the other? What nonsense! This can't be! But it does happen. It's a shame there are only a few such creatures. And the sad thing is there are people around who don't realize it (Now my heart is crushed. I understand what you are saying) Let me sum it up briefly: your insides are yours. The inside behind you. I will judge by looking your outside. It is impossible for someone to hide that he does not pray while living together even for a while. The coming of the next prayer time illuminates your work, and in this light a part of us too appears. Just for our judgment, even if you don't explain.

That's what it said. It became silent.

I don't have proof that it will speak again one day.

It was speechless it spoke.

He was speaking, he became silent again. I'm brooding. What if I can't hear myself again?

**ANKARA 1940.** looking through the small window above the big door of the house, one hundred meters away, the red walls of the Hacı Bayram Mosque, darkened by the internal fire for centuries, can be seen. Here, houses with small two-storeys leaning against each other and with red tiled roofs are like murids sitting on their knees around the mosque, men are like devotees, their gaze is on the ground rather than in the air even in the sunniest weather they are not themselves but their shadows walking fast, following the bottom of the walls like tinging with kohl , instead of themselves, the houses are small, sturdy and durable closed to each other and concentric with the Hacı Bayram mosque

*Karşılıklı urganlar sarılmışlar birbirlerine  
yağmur yağar damlar ıslanır  
gelinlik kızlar saçaklardan bir bayrak dalgalandırır  
babadır haykıran o güür bıyıklı  
sular damlayan o ince zarif saçlardan  
güzel çehre secdeden içerde secdeye varır  
güvercin kendini yola vurur  
içimizden şimdi kartal sürüleri akmaktadır  
bu bakkal osmanın sesi  
evlerin alışverişini götüren çocuklarla selamlaşır.  
terazi durur orta yerde  
tam da zebanilerin baktığı yerde  
fakat osmanın sesi sağlam camisi kavi bilekleri  
gül suyu şişeleri*





## Living

*ve birden dış hareket durur solumaz demirci körükleri dengelenmeyi  
unutur terazi kefeleri  
çocuklar duvara yapışır  
zaman durur sarsılır ve seker  
evlerden yüreklerden  
sokaklardan bakışlardan  
görünür görünmez bülbüllerden*

Tethers mutually entwined  
the rain falls the roofs get wet  
the bridesmaids wave a flag from the eaves  
it is the father with that bushy moustache who is shouting  
the water is dripping from those thin elegant hair  
beautiful face prostrating inside the prostration  
the dove takes the road,  
eagle flocks are flowing among us now  
this is the voice of Osman, the grocer  
greeting the children who take the shopping of the houses.  
a pair of scales stays in the middle  
exactly where the angels of the Hell are looking  
but osman's voice is strong mosque powerful wrists  
rose water bottles  
and suddenly the external movement stops, blacksmith bellows do not  
breath and scalepans  
forget to be balanced  
kids stick to the wall  
time stops, shakes and bounces  
from the houses from the hearts  
from the streets from the looks  
from the visible and invisible nightingales

the prayer passes. -The sounds of damp cradles can be heard from the dim corners of the houses. I am in the same shadows as the inhabitants of neighbouring cradles. I was just born. I have just turned forty. I hear whispers attached to each other. Under the ground, a little far from me, they ceaselessly pass through a heart as big as my body, without any letters. I am in white cloths, I am tightly wrapped, I lie upright as a stick in my cradle, I look but do not see, I see, but do not recognize. I've grown up a little. My father is taking me to the bearded old man of the mosque today. I'm in a tight white. We are all in a beautiful May heat. I smell fragrances but I don't know their names. And my father trusts me to him. I am in the hands of the responsible dervish for the tomb, who continues the dhikr of his Hazrat Haji Bayram. I look at the mouth between the beards as it opens and I look





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at the little flashes of light. My head can't stand the turmoil that comes to the chest of the heart, where the words pass without letters while praying and I run away to the lights of the coloured windows, but no, I start running on the illuminated roads down the mosque little yellow flowers little clean white horses little songs hand in hand slopes and my father will die in February, exactly thirty-eight years later, at a time when I will come to know him by traversing between us.

*ANKARA 1979.* We stand and pray with a few visitors inside the tomb on Hacı Bayram. There are women, as if they are smoking in a misty tent, their heads are covered up to their heels, and they are muttering by holding young girls by their wrists as if they are barely holding back, and the prayers of men, which are lighter, depart more quickly for the sake of Allah.

We sit in the garden of the coffee house, facing the mosque. The waiter makes tea storms blow. No, it's not that easy, you can't understand with just one look at it, you can't understand it by looking from the outside. In a time between the prayer and the sun, the baby is in the arms of the young father and the mosque is flowing in the river under the thick walls we see and look at.

We felt the need for it too. We don't know how. We don't know when it started. We don't know what happened. The first thing we learned, we don't know what happened. Because it didn't start with knowledge. They began to show compassion to people. They love what God loves and don't love what God does not love. They order their children to do good and forbid them from bad things. And they were able to prevent everyone, but the evil on the roads looms over us like floods. Ordering good and forbidding evil have remained a fugitive excitement in our hearts, and my fear is so great. And, friends compete in goodness (what's the use) but it's not enough, they forgive the ones to be forgiven but it's not enough and they respect the older ones and they love the little ones but it's not enough, they give the right to the right but it's not enough, they don't denigrate anyone but it's not enough they look at the elders as parents, their peers as brothers and the younger ones as children, but it is not enough and all people are like family members but not enough (what's the use)

*ANKARA 1976.* i took my father's shoes when I was leaving the mosque, and when I got to the door, I left it in front of him, with his shaky body he bent down and wore it, he was very happy, he said, I would take Abid Efendi's shoes and put them in front of the door, just like you. I did this again one day and we were walking towards his house from the mosque. I was behind







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Abid Efendi and I was devoted and happy, and I was saying to myself, just like the devotion of our Ali Efendi to the Messenger of Allah, and we were walking towards the house, but Abid Efendi suddenly stopped, turned to me, grasped the fingers of both my hands tightly and said yes, just like them.

My father's time was running short, but I didn't know. We walked together. Hot summer day together in the garden across from the National Library we sat down and asked for ayran, I filled the glass, holding it with both his hands and catching his breath he slowly drank.

*ANKARA, JUNE 1976.* While waiting for a little breeze and recovery in Kavaklıdere during the lunch break, I pity the people of Ankara who crawl to the windows of the shop windows, I pass them, I don't mind them, the people of Ankara, the breezeless men who strip off their sweat at night and put their sweat on their backs in the morning the dead, swollen, yellow ankara like nasty. When they asked, his beautiful bearded face crumpled as if he had bitten a sour apple, and he said, "Ankara?" Oh, that darkness, that disaster, that wicked, that worsened, without temple. (Masjids and mosques in Ankara are underground. They are at the bottom of the apartments. They do not have minarets. Some of them have a dry loudspeaker outside without any sign. Azan is heard from an invisible mosque, from an underground muezzin. The prayer of the people of Ankara is performed underground.) I was walking during my lunch break, I met Süleyman Dede from Muş who did not give his clothes, voice, headgear and his self to Ankara, he asked me for direction, we were right next to each other, Ahmet is next to me, so we went to Dede's land, three of us, without hearing lassos such as flamingo, butik [boutique], figure [beti], many of which are encouraged to speak English and French. How nice. Süleyman Dede, who is over ninety years old, continuously takes a look at Ahmed and then at me, and at the dialect in our eyes, takes our hands and tells us the civilization of shalwar, sweater, waistcoat and headgear, blowing to both sides with the cool winds that kill the summer heat.

- I'm from a village of Mercimekkale township, sons.

I'm Kurdish, Sunni.

They who do not know Allah seduce many of us.

The communists seduce many of us.

It is the state that is being lost.





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I have been living in the iron shed with my family since the Varto earthquake. My name is Süleyman, the son of Ömer. I also said my father's name so you know. Look, sons. A bandit attacked my father on the mountain. The man asked the bandit what is your name. The bandit says Ali. The man says how can it be, so that someone with this name, who comes from the çâr-ı güzin<sup>11</sup>, can act as a bandit. The bandit regretted and let the man go on his way. But after a while, he said, why didn't I rob the man I caught, I didn't act as a bandit and released. He turned around and turned the man again, and said strip your girdle. The man looks and sees that he is the same bandit, while he is removing the gold from his girdle, he asks what is your father's name. The bandit says Mehmet, when he receives this answer, he becomes astounded. He says, "How can a son of a person with such a blessed name commit brigandage and commit unlawful acts?" the bandit behaves with decency and regrets it. He goes away leaving the man, After a while, he says, I was deceived. I need to get his money, he turns around and turns the man he left, the man sees he is the same bandit and this time he says, , what is your grandfather's name, the bandit says Ters, an Armenian name, then the man says, well, now it's done, you have that vein, you will get what I have.

We are three men with Muşlu Süleyman

We look at who tells, not what is told.

We are walking past Ankara

He tells us,

Sons, that every morning, seventy kinds of blessings and enlightenment descend from the sky for people. Those who are on the shari'a can get them, but those who are not on the shari'a cannot get them, and the first also get the latter's.

We went down to the underground mosque on Dörtöy.

We have felt shame in front of Suleyman Dede, who was accustomed to the mosques of the world. As soon as he entered, he performed two rak'ahs

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<sup>11</sup> Ciharyâr-ı Güzin ve "Çâr" (cihar is the number four in Persian) and "yâ"r is an adjective phrase consisting of words of Persian origin. Çâr (cihar) means four and yar means beloved. Güzin, on the other hand, is a word that means distinguished. Therefore, caryâr means four lovers and Cihar-ı yâr-ı Güzin means four distinguished friends. Another synonym of Cihar-ı yâr-ı Güzin is Hulefâ-yı Raşidîn. The phrases Cihar-yâr-ı güzin or Çâr-yâr are used as a term denoting the four caliphs - the Ashâb-ı Kiram. That is, this phrase means to refer to the four caliphs and notables of the Companions, such as Abu Bakr, Omar, Osman and Hazrat Ali, who ruled the Islamic state after the Prophet Muhammad. (trans. n.)





## Living

and left us and dived into his own river Ahmet and I stood outside the great murmur in front of the thick oil-painted columns like two willow branches. And we saw that time is not important, but it is not action.

We had dinner together with Süleyman Muşlu. We kissed his hand when he got out. I think he wanted to know if the working hours in the official offices started, he asked, “Is the government seated”, we looked at the clock, 13.45, and we said “yes, the government is seated”, we left.

*SARIKAMIŞ 1974, OCTOBER 5th.* people and animals emit steam when they breathe. Surprisingly, even little kids can do it. Little white cloudlets without care, almost unconsciously, without imitating each other. That’s what happens to me when I go out on the street, stick my head out of the window, and they carry cattle day and night in trucks, unload them into Anatolia and bring weed in trucks. This year, people in this region sell the animals that will be their livelihood next summer because they can’t feed them, instead, they buy grass for the animals they left behind.

A villager broke into my room in the hotel without knocking on the door, he greeted, I took it, he sat down, green eyes, a strange piece of meat on the left one, it catches one’s eye, and he looks at the person with that piece of meat. “I have 120 animals,” he said. “I spent three thousand liras in Erzurum. I could not sell the animals to the company. One hundred and seventy thousand will be spent if you feed them up. The situation is bad, there is no grass everywhere, it is expensive, the cosette is expensive” and then he said, “All right, eyvallah<sup>12</sup>” and left.

I wonder who he was, too plain to be a dream, too modest to be a dream, too indifferent to be real. But it still has to do with the outside reality.

*VONI (CYPRUS) 1975.* we are running now. We are naked from the waist up. The bandoleer is one or two centimeters off and it draws a pulley around my waist and the gun hanging from the side hangs and hits my bone as I run. We arrive at a half-empty and half-dead village, I don’t know if this is Değirmenköy or the one down, we enter the village in neat rows and marching, a family comes across, mostly gray colours, joyless and neglected, they don’t speak, and they look, I know they are of Greek origin even if we don’t hear their voices. They’re always looking at us, we’re marching next to them, I’m running in the front, and I know, our boys are all looking at

<sup>12</sup> Eyvallah: Arabic word. It means we accept with Allah, it is from Allah... It is also used in the meanings such as goodbye, thank you, yes, so be it. (trans. n.)





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them, and we're passing, as if through a chilling darkness, now a church. In its garden trees with lemons and red tangerines crammed in. Not picked, we don't think too much whether it is because it's a church, or because there are tombs among the trees, because as we were running, it was left behind.

(Our boy's pockets are full of lemons. These are sweet lemons. They peel and eat them like oranges, and no matter what the meal is, there are plates of sliced lemons on the table.

- Look, I said, Hakki, these lemons do not run out, you don't need to store them.

- No, it will be over," he said. Look, everyone is eating.

- Suppose, I said, if the owners of these conservatories were here and they ate them morning and evening, these lemons would not be over. Because these lemons are not for their eating, they are for export. Therefore, it is not over with eating.

- He said it will be over, it will be over, look how they eat.

He called some boys. He made them to pick two sacks of lemons. He placed them under his bed. The room smells of lemon.

And finally, two months later, when he was leaving Voni, Hakki had all the lemons, which he couldn't finish even a tenth of, spill into the garden.)

We are running towards the second village. There is not a single living thing in this village. It is a poor village. There are also houses with earthen roofs. Gardens and gates are covered in dust. It's full of scattered items. Among them are brand new refrigerators, sofa sets, tables and chairs lying sideways in the mud. -Something has happened around here- When people give up, the stray item leaves itself so much that it becomes unrecognizable. It's getting nonsense. It's like the absurdity of useful copper items used in Ottoman peasant cuisine when used as ornaments in rich living rooms. In both of them, their owners have been destroyed and things have become meaningless.

I keep time, we return after twenty minutes, and twenty minutes later we see the soldier guarding the clothes among the olive trees, smoking a cigarette hidden in his palm where he is crouching. He is crushing the cigarette. As I do cooldowns, on my signal, he joins in.

*ISTANBUL 1968.* don't just ask why. - I haven't been able to explain it myself yet.

There must be thousands of variants of what one look for when they need it.





## Living

If we know what we are looking for, we know where to look. We look around and have no trouble recognizing its signs. It'll be before us soon, even if it's mercy. Some of us ask for the price right away, but for some of us, life is not worth bargaining. They always take the mentioned fee out of their open wallets, and -as all their attention is on the NEW in their hands- they absentmindedly hand it over to the other person.

/ Those who are deceived must be those who try not to be deceived. Let them get what you need by earning more-

Rejoice when buying a tie and say "I know what I'm looking for"

This is not a guarantee that we will reach it, but it increases our endurance by knowing the source of our distress. But if it doesn't appear in the form of a thought, we are badly out of the source.

We say, "I don't know the reason for my distress".

What is it now?

Why am I here?

Distress crossed my arms over my chest. My ribs, which expand and contract as I breathe, know that time passes in vain and without reason.

I don't know how a whole week has passed. What is worth remembering, reliving in my dream. If only I had a blurry, bad clock that I would wish to forget.

A meaningless week runs through me like an air bubble with the others. I don't know how to control it. Like everyone else, there had to be a hiatus in my back, in the middle of the two shoulder blades, so that I could throw it out easily.

Wasn't it because my brother Bodler just couldn't get that bubble out and it got big enough to fill his whole body?

I know that a foreign body has long been rubbing against my heart.

If I had been inexperienced, I wouldn't have understood the hostility in their choosing my heart.

- Let us tell him without pity: They are correct in their aim. While we are throwing ourselves from place to place without realizing it, we are actually trying to carry our heart away, to remove it from the target.

Why am I coming here?





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

Although every time I get up with the same fatigue, and I go up the insignificant slope leading to the main road as if I am struggling against the waves crashing into the sea.

Is it easy to walk into the city?

I'm just sitting there.

Now I am a being that cannot be moved toward life by the air, the sea, the movement in the sea, and by the children running by rubbing against my knees, by the tea left in front of me in silence, the noise of the engines, and by the sailing boats sliding in the desolation, and by the sun descending to the horizon and weighing on my right shoulder, and by the coming and going people.

Still, if someone comes out and says how are you, I'll say I'm fine out of habit. It cannot be said that I'm sad either. -There's no reason for that. I have neither someone who has just died nor has been through a disaster.

I said I'm just sitting. Fortunately around me there is nobody who knows my heart - They would despise my weightless body. Then they would point at me by poking each other, or by giving an eye signal to their friends ahead, and they would say, "Look at this, he destroyed his heart, schmuck, very practical, he doesn't show at all".

But fortunately there is nobody.

I can stand without thinking about hiding my face. I'm looking straight ahead of me. After a few tables, the sea begins.-

But to my amazement a child fell in front of me.

His knee bled. I didn't think this would be a start.

Many turned and looked. The boy cried as he fell. Or at the same time, a chair overturned. From the side tables there were those who got up to uphold the little one. Even I moved.

But even though she was far away and chatting with her friends, the mother caught up with him. It could even be said that her back was turned, she couldn't see anything, but she still caught up with him. While upholding him, she checked his every point in a fraction of a second. As her gaze passed over the knee, she saw the blood, spotted it, and turned quickly elsewhere. We saw her gaze wandered over his face, his hands, his palms, his head anxiously, and secured him. Then she held him under his chin





## Living

with one hand and looked into his eyes to see if he was in pain. - How quickly and sincerely they believe the expressions that often move hastily on the child's face, which have no proportion to the severity of the pain, and which are mostly based on unknown fears. But how easy it is for them to soften those expressions and stop the tears. By leaning over the wound, they threaten the suffering there from going higher.

The mother in front of me, imitating her voice with the child's, with her lips stretched out and pursed well.

- Ugh, she muttered.

The boy was amazed at the dexterity of this huge being trying to get closer to his own little life in closing the distance, and he fell silent. -This time he leaned over the wound, resting his head on her mother's, pursing his lips indifferently, mimicking the mother, as if the pain were not on his own knee but on a doll, or an object that did not suffer.

"Ugh, Ugh," he said.

With the tip of her finger, the mother dropped the tiny bits of stone stuck to the knee and wiped the dust. -The boy was sure of the mother, of her fingers, of the expression on her face. The pain was behind them.

- But at one point the boy turned his head and looked at the people around him.

/ In situations like this, everyone has to play the same game as the mother.

Those who can't, turn their heads-

That old woman with glasses and a black coat, who had neglected to shake off the fearful worry that came to her face just as the child was falling, and that had left its scars there because of her old age and the greatness of her compassion. It would seem that removing it from there would cost her a great deal of fatigue. -The child saw the expression on this face, sensed that he had been deceived, but for now he had more confidence in the mother, still he suspiciously looked for a second face. The uncle at the next table, the empty-hearted uncle, although he understood the mother, had lost the flexibility to join her, and that empty-hearted uncle was watching them with a stern face. Then it was the children who stood there staring, as if they had forgotten their previous game forever. Especially that blonde hair, hard-eyed one. -Yes, yes, the boy had no doubts anymore, the mother was deceiving him. -As such, the pain got rid of the one that had





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gripped it, quickly came to the tip of the finger, and came out from there - thinning and sharpening like a pinhead - and re-entered the wound. Then the boy began to cry rapidly. But the mother thought she was being imprudent in cleaning the wound.

But she wasn't going to give rein to the pain.

She was beating the place where the child fell, saying, is it this that did it to you.

- It serves you right, how can you make my sweetie's feet bleed, huh! tell me quickly...

The boy looked pityingly at the ground for a while, but then bent clumsily without bending his knees, trying to hit the ground with the palm of his hand.

The pain was again in her mother's control. -And this time she was more cautious. She lifted the child from the ground, covered the small face with her palm and pressed it to her chest so that he could not see the people around him. It happened like that. And I

I didn't think this would be a start.

You were sitting at the table a little further away, with your back to me. With the bespectacled grandmother and two middle-aged ladies. The boy had fallen in front of me, and you turned back with everyone else. I hadn't noticed you yet. Like many others, you must have turned, and have been looking. It was right between us. - When the boy stopped crying for the first time and looked around, and I think he was just looking at the old grandmother, so I looked with him and saw. - The expression on the woman's face, the expression that inspired the child that he was being deceived by his mother, that the pain actually continued, was not entirely new, I think, it was mixed with other expressions from the old years.

I did not expect it, suddenly the woman turned her gaze to me. My God, what a great curiosity there was in this look. She kept asking. She was asking what I expected from life. First she was forcing me to expect something, and then she was making fun of me. -She was asking me if I believed in God. She was asking me if I had fulfilled my every need in order to die. / She seems that she made some mistakes in this regard. She had missed the countless possibilities available in day-to-day living. I understood that despite her advanced age, she could not achieve a good death, and that she would have difficulty in passing away







## Living

It was difficult to look at her in this situation. I tried to get away from her, fidgeting restlessly. But she kept my gaze, I couldn't leave her, we have already met. - I thought that if we met again, she would repeat her questions, again mockingly, knowing that she was repeating them a second time, as if saying whether I had thought about them, with distrust of other people's learning. But unexpectedly, she became interested in something else. I thought how masterful, how much she knew. I was suddenly unattended. My gaze bent down like a copper wire that had to stay parallel to the ground, but the hardness in it was quickly softening. I hesitated for a moment, until I realized the absurdity of my situation. - This may have continued, but I felt you. Yes you were looking, I was not wrong. While others were taking care of the child and the mother, you were with me now. I don't know how long it continues before I feel this, but when our gazes met, you escaped, turned back. But the boy wasn't yet done, and you had time to turn back. But you turned back. - Your shoulders make me aware that you have touched and stayed with me.

You saw, you felt me.

And that's when it started.

Here is something again.

I was looking at you.

Now it was significant that those who had left were now getting up and leaving. It was significant that they called out to the waiter. Movement at sea was significant. My surrounding was getting the content that it had long ignored, trying to acquire it slowly. It was surprising that this happened as I was looking at you. It was happening. - I was getting life again. What can I turn to be with that moment?

Unknowingly "there's a reason why I'm afraid that all these, weeks without memories, will notice my heart"

I was saying.

Now you are something for me... You exist.

But I was faltering.

Was it you, the truth that I was secretly thinking about, that I was afraid of being discovered, or was I dreaming again to throw abruptly the memorylessness, the void, out of my back in the cheapest way, cowardly, without any attempt at all?

I told you, I'm faltering.

Is it easy to start living again?





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*ANKARA 1977.* We went to a building built by a building society. With sixteen floors. Since it was built on an empty field, it is visible from all sides. It's like a giant. We got closer, we got closer, where is this giant door worthy of itself. No. Instead, we saw five or six wickets. Like little service doors behind hotels. However, we said that the facade of the building should be this side, I wonder if the main door is at the back anyway. No, it wasn't, these little little doors that we saw were the entrance doors of this giant made of five or six blocks glued together. We entered through one, how small it is, how narrow the stairs, one cannot compare these to that big building we see from outside. And before, when we were on the street, we had leaned our faces against the window of one of the empty flats and looked inside. I said what a formless corridor for the place we saw. And we found one. He gave us a tour of that apartment. It turned out that what we thought was a corridor was the living room of the house. We asked how many square meters, he said sixty. Two rooms one living room. We are in the kitchen. Any woman goes crazy there. We asked where to put the refrigerator. He said here it is. At that time, we said that these cabinets cannot be opened. It doesn't open, of course, I'm sitting on the same floor, it doesn't open, so we don't use those cabinets, he said. Well, we said how much is the rent, he said that's this much, it's quite a lot, but if I write it now, a month or two will pass before you read it and you will say how cheap it is. Let me just say that this house far from the city centre was expensive.

This is not what I mean. Why is this huge big house from the outside so crooked and small from the inside? It was said that the upper floors are slightly larger. But what's the use? Yet who else would fit in this house but a husband and wife and their poor children. What will happen when the children grow up? They can't get married and fit in the same house. They will go away by themselves. Will no family be able to get rooms for them in the same house after their sons get married? Who makes us build these houses? Who makes us break up the family apart?

Let me write such a story that you can imagine the answers to these questions:

I have been living in an apartment with forty flats for three years. I am single. I don't meet or contact with anyone. When I see five or ten people I know from the stairs outside the flat, I don't know whether to greet or not, to ignore, to cling to the shop windows or to scream. In short, I become unglued.





## Living

I live on the second floor. There are four flats on each floor. The flat across the street had been vacant for a month, and someone moved a day or two ago. I said I need to meet these new tenants, today, tomorrow, and then a month passed. Finally, I learned that a single woman had settled in the flat. I'm done until I forget my decision to meet, which I've been nurturing for a month. Because as long as I can remember myself, I have made only a couple of decisions in my twenty-five years of life, and I have fulfilled them. I erased this one from my mind, because a woman is troublesome, a woman sitting on her own is more troublesome.

One day I'm tying my tie. It's half past eight. The doorbell rang for a long time. I jumped open the door, who is it this morning, at my door, where even the doorman no longer sees any use in knocking. I don't receive any letters, no postman, no relatives, no friends. That's why I'm excited, life is calling me, feeling my absence, calling me among people, friendships, adventures, loves, even passions, restaurants, workplaces, politics, trees. That's why I quickly opened the door, taking a deep breath to enthusiastically say yes. There was no one at the door as if the bell had rung by itself. I closed it, but not even half a second later I could not perceive that I had just opened the door and that there was no one there, and I opened the door once more, as if I had just arrived at the door, yet bitterly knowing that the same thing would happen again. Once again, there is no one. Anyone stole and left. Running quietly and quickly so that I wouldn't see him. Through the stairs, I looked at the downstairs and upstairs, listening to the sound of footsteps. There is no sound in this passageway, which is used by forty families and extends from top to bottom in the belly of the apartment. Still, I felt myself under the silent gaze of people in a theatre where I accidentally stepped on the stage. I wanted to shyly retreat, as if I were observing private lives behind walls. But I was like drunk, I was in the passage of jumbled relationships and movements, and for some reason everyone had removed their hand from me. And it was as if no blood was flowing from just one of the countless veins of a living body, and somehow a brain cell had been sitting on the second floor of this lifeless vein that runs through the body for years, and suddenly with a strange start, it begins to feel the body lives silently but bubbling behind its own walls.

I was drunk.

As I turned and entered the house, I thought they would call after me, come out from behind the curtains in crowds, and grin when they saw that I didn't like their jokes. Feeling their invisible bodies swarming into the house, I went inside, closed the door, now I'm trying to tie my tie again, I'm so excited and my hands are shaking. I took the tie off and threw it under the





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sink. I don't like this filthy rope anyway. It's like hanging ourselves every morning, don't you think about where it came from, who brought it, why we hang and carry a useless piece of cloth around our necks all day. But what do you need a brain cell, who knows, a French or an American brain cell, but be quiet, quiet, what happened to you this morning, why did I need, I bent down and bought the tie, when you start thinking, you sit down and look for a man to talk to, your words go off in undesired directions you cause dogs to bite you. Come on, make yourself a coffee with lots of sugar. I entered the kitchen, just as I was reaching for the coffee pot, suddenly the doorbell started ringing just like before. This time I jumped faster. I opened it, there is no one again, but the door of the opposite flat is wide open. Everything is clear, point taken now. I said O life, now you are in front of me like a melon torn because of its taste. Before I draw a line under my twenty-five years of life and come to you, let me stay where I am for a while and pour the wine of this initial moment on myself. But I remain skeptical. I've been a junior clerk for years, and nothing ordinary or extraordinary has ever happened to me. I don't read books. I don't read newspapers. I don't know about the cafe. I don't like sports Who cares about football freaks. I go work. I come back. I untie my tie in the bathroom in front of the mirror and throw it on the floor, trample it down, here is the most wonderful time of the day for me. (I won't let anyone into this house as long as I'm alive) I go into the living room, turn on the TV, and I go straight to my nice little room, which I will never get out of all night and in which there is nothing but a continuously ready mattress. Self-performingly, television reigns in the hall with its news, its theatres, its films, its contests, open discussion (ha ha). If I have to pass it by, which is once in a blue moon, or sometimes when I'm lying on my bed in my room, it comes into my mind and I deliberately go and hit it on the head with my fist to see how I can get it worse than the tie. I say you talkative empty box. You empty head, mindless box, friend of enemies, doggie. Here is all my fun. I go to bed I sleep I get up I go I come I go to bed I sleep I get up. And now I keep looking at the open door of the opposite flat. I'm thinking that all this will change, I'm going to turn my face to people and do I begin to explain that the tie is not a lifeless piece of cloth, but a greasy rope around our neck, and that the television is not a mindless empty box, but that the spirit of the demon breathes in it.

Maybe not now, but I know I will definitely come to this point one day. I haven't been idle for years. I did not wait in vain in front of the eyes sprinkled with earth. I did mountaineer, not for sport and all alone, I shouted with enthusiasm next to mountain flowers, wild grasses, wild





## Living

animals, but not for the enthusiasm of life. By squeezing a living human head on both sides, I can burst it like a watermelon and without pity. This junior clerk has lithe arms as thick as a boa constrictor's body in those flabby clothes. And now I'm thinking, why is this opposite door open? Is it time? Is it the hour of what will be certain and all at once?

But suddenly I knew from the voices I heard that she was having a seizure. It was pretty easy, and I did go through the door when I heard the cries between sobs and the fluttering as if struggling with a small wild animal, those little bangs, the rustling clothes that grow louder. I went into the kitchen, tidy. All the washed dishes are in a row. I passed through the narrow hall. Shoe cabinet, regular. Thick clothes hung on golden nails on the wall. I entered the living room. I couldn't look at anything, because the crying sounds were coming from the room right next door, and I entered this room without hesitation. (He doesn't go to the room where the voice came from, so he walks around the house as if looking for her in a fake rush)

Ah, she was standing and doing all that I heard from the outside. It never occurred to me to ask if she knocked on my door. One wall of the room is full of books. A room with armchairs and stuff like a small living room. Rich. Scattered papers. It doesn't look like my cell at all. But it's as if I hadn't left this room for twenty-five years. Overturned lampshade. Square soft and coloured embroidered sofa cushions are thrown. And it's obvious that these have just happened, don't worry, it's something that happened for me, but anyway, everything can be put together with a little effort.

I was thrown out: I said can you calm down. stop. She looked at me in surprise, pretended to listen, then said: come on, you too.

She continued to tear her hair out.

I got close. Stop, I said, stop.

She pushed me off my chest. I stumbled because I didn't expect it. She was pushed a second time and then a third time before I could recover myself. I fell flat the ground like a boa constrictor in floppy clothes up on its tail.

I stood up. Again, I said stop. Pity on you, look how much you have cried.

I walk towards her with my arms outstretched, and my face was ready for the expression I would use when she was going to grab and fling something at me. But I stopped. Her face took on a meaningless shape. Obviously not a very smart thing. And right after that, colours started pouring down her face, along with the veins starting to bulge in her neck, that I started to





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back away and think about sneaking away. She did the same, but my amazement was not towards me, she quickly went back and with all her fury opened the casements, began to call for help tearfully. She only shouted the word help, repeatedly and loudly as much as possible. I tried to take her in, alarmed: I said stop, why help. But she continued to call for help, ignoring and convincingly as if she were also facing a rape that justified her shouting. That's when I put the aid rules, the difference between women and men, everything aside, and grabbed her arm and pulled her in. She stood before me for a moment. She smiled. I said to myself: I think I succeeded, she survived.

But she made a knowing gesture with her shoulder. She tossed her head back and straightened her hair: "you heel," she said. And again she hung from the window and let out a terrible cry. And she began to tell and complain about me to some ones who were approaching, whom I did not see. I hurried into the living room and from there to the vestibule and the door. I was quickly saying to myself: even if yo see a woman burning herself with gasoline, never turn your hair. Let her burn. While I was saying to myself don't worry, don't look, but pass by don't look, but pass by and I was throwing myself through the open door of my apartment two people (in police clothes) fell into my arms. The woman appeared at the door. For a brief moment, the complaint was heard. All the doors were open, and the people from the houses were piled up at the vestibule of the stairs, leaving no one behind. Now all the blood of the great body was flowing through that single vein through which no blood had flowed, and it was taking away that single brain cell that was left alone.

This absurd event served to tear the thick membrane on me and gain a foothold. Yes, it was a start unlike those I had planned. While being descended down the stairs in a swarming and tumult of noises and on the arms of two people dressed as police, and especially, narrowly avoided being lynched, in the name of honour, by the so-called honest women of the apartments, who were walking around half naked even on the street, (the police were leaving me in their hands for some reason to please their hearts and then they would get me out of the way)and when I was taken to the police station after I got stuck in the car, I still didn't understand it, that the beginning I was waiting for had begun. When the cops took me to a place outside the city instead of a police station, they put me in a house and put me in a room, and when a big, disgusting person whom I never knew and who could not know me, slammed the baton in his hand down on my face saying: "So you're the one who opposes the tie we see fit for you," just at that time everything became clear to my mind.





## Living

**ANKARA 1979, 16 JANUARY.** Exactly four years ago, I was in Voni in Cyprus on January 16. -The houses in the abandoned village were counted and numbers were given. In the middle of olive groves and orange groves on the Nicosia-Magosa asphalt. We entered this dead village in the evening on the fifteenth of the month. There were no chickens and cows, not even cats and dogs, and the chimneys were not smoking, the laundry was not hanging, there were no children running around, the bazaar and the gates were silent. The doors and all the windows were wide open.

**JANUARY 15.** I quit smoking for the second time. In the first, I did not drink for a year and a half.

**JANUARY 10.** I guess my body can't release nicotine. Although three or four hours have passed, I seem to have just put out the last cigarette. That's nicotine saturation. A few more hours pass. I want to light a cigarette just by the habit of my muscles. But I am reluctant. But I'm lighting a cigarette. I force myself to smoke, my chest hurts.

**MARAŞ 1972.** There are a couple of relative women at home. I have my own work. I don't know if I'm reading a book or writing a letter, something like that. At one point, I said, "What do women talk about?" I started to listen and we are already in the same room.

"It costs one dear," someone said, and they go on.

- Even though they have had two children

- Let it be, why did he go. to breed

After being silent for a while

- We have a mad goat. She jumps on all fours. She's kicking bad. She never lets its own udder touch. If we give her with the female kid, they give two thousand, and one thousand eight hundred with the male kid.

- The man's afraid. (I see they went from the goat matter to the previous matter again)

- Her angry brother said he would shoot, he must have been afraid of that.

- He had three thousand liras to burn in Istanbul and made a lot of expenses for the other.

- If it were the guy's fault, I'd say no. But even though..





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- It went on for thirteen years

- Hush, not so many.

This time they started talking about others without a break. How masters.  
How fast they adopt.

- Hacer khatun's work is difficult. There should be one more invitation, one  
more seeing.

- It's best not to make children marry

- Hush hush how is that a word

- Look...

- What if you don't see your children grow up and get married?

- Is this so?

- Like this or that, no difference.

in 1975. eight o'clock. I chose ten people. I got ahead of them. I walked.  
They were coming after me. I stopped. They walked away. Nine o'clock. I  
returned. I chose ten people. I moved forward. They followed me. I said go  
ahead. They went out of sight.

It was ten o'clock. I reached the starting point. I said you and you. They  
gathered. They moved to the direction I pointed.

It was eleven o'clock. It started to rain. We waited. I said dismiss. Half  
dismissed. The others turned to each other. They began to speak in a low  
voice where they were. The rain did not stop. Thirty men still did not return.

Twelve o'clock. thirteen fourteen fifteen sixteen o'clock seventeen eighteen  
It's nineteen o'clock twenty o'clock twenty one o'clock **what time is it**

it's twenty three twenty four it's one two it's three it's four

it's five six

it's seven

i leaned and entered the one-man tent. When I sat, my head touched the ceiling  
of the tent. The rain continued. I spread the sleeping bag over the cot and  
unzipped it. I laid on. With my boots. I grabbed the zipper up from my feet  
and slowly started to stay inside and took my last arm into the warm inside.







## Living

The rain was pounding. It slowed down and intensified.

It's all wet. I just stayed without sleep. By listening.

Eight o'clock. I came out of the tent.

twenty two o'clock.

We gathered the cables by winding them on reels. We collected the official papers. I got on the jeep. I started the engine. I turned back. I turned the switch. On-Off. I took the microphone and pressed the black moving button. This is Mountain Stone One. This is Mountain Stone One. I'm listening to you. I waited. I repeated. I waited. I repeated. I waited. I turned off the button. On-Off I stopped the engine. I got out. The tents had been dismantled, the poles have been dissembled, and the tents had been wrapped and packed in their sheaths. Placed on backpacks. They are lined up waiting for me. Bags are at their feet, holding rifles by their barrels, butts touch the ground next to their right feet. They placed their bags on their backs. They held their weapons in a cross grip. They walked. I walk by them every now and then, looking at them. The jeep comes slowly behind us. We advance until the sun sets in the land where we are lost.

*ANKARA 1979, 20 MARCH.* i got your letter yesterday. very surprising very interesting. Despite your long explanation, I still couldn't realize that you were offended by me. I was worried if there was a calamity behind this long silence.

Before I started that second paragraph, I put my hand on my chin and (so I was going to get such a letter from you, huh) thought about your letter, my life, my opinions, your comments, my new life (Is that so, did I get a new life or, in a way, as you put it, had I been hiding the secret secrets of my heart) in short, friends and relationships and temperaments, their temperament, my temperament as if I were describing them to you in successive sentences. Long. Can I write them exactly? No. We cannot once again add those chain rings from the same places to one another.

I never dwelled on the differences of opinion. Not with many people, no, few, but here is the secret of my long friendships with steady people. Maybe friendships maintained by timidly running away and keeping silent. I am not complaining now. Let's not prolong this. But if you say let's dwell certainly on it, we will.





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Publishing a Turkology journal in a place like America is a pleasant endeavour. I look forward to the published numbers. You had a book project. What happened to it. If you have published it, I am waiting for its copy.

Thank you in advance for the addresses of Turkology institutes. We will send sample issues of *Mavera* to all of them. Maybe only one of them has a voice waiting for our voice. We want to reach it.

How few people read literature. The young even ours now have a longing for the street. They are right and now the provocation is so effective that even the most insignificant are starting to be right. And they are wasting Turkey. Publicly. In an inevitable trend. They popularized the epidemic of anarchy like coca cola. They popularized with propaganda and advertising. Now, thousands of children take their place in different and opposite groups in the excitement of clubbing.

Akabe has not published a book for a long time. The elements that must come together to form a book have become chaotic. The paper you're willing to buy for three times as much doesn't even exist on the black market. The faces of the printers are sullen faced. And Akabe's books are waiting in the drawers, in the files.

I got married with one from a religious circle, not because it was the only one I didn't try, but because I personally saw it consciously and so necessary. I am content.

Seven hundred years ago, they migrated from the cruelty of Hulagu Khan. They settled in the Hakkari mountains. They are a large family. When speaking to each other, they begin with a word meaning 'I am your slave'.

My father-in-law had a madrasa education.

I see that the difference between madrasah and university is terrible.

There is a rough goal of diploma in university. Legitimate disgrace like copy and etc. condemns university education in advance unless it gets caught. But how much ignored this is. - For this reason, internalizing cannot be achieved in university students. However, the madrasah student turns what the madrasah gives into his own possessions. Because this is the most important factor, he believes in what he learns. They are not outside of their faith.

I was with them for ten days last summer. I got to know my relatives. We went to the mountains. Mountains are like a saint's table. cliffs. Many clusters of walnut trees. And the Muslims remaining themselves as Yavuz





## Living

Sultan Selim left them. I know that what I wrote to you was not like a letter. Better keep these, I'll rewrite them on a favourable day. And I'll send you what I'm about to write.

**21 MARCH.** I have been living in Ziraat neighbourhood for two and a half years.

There was a knock on the door towards twenty-three last night. Since it was late, we had a fear of bad news. I'm wearing a shirt, pants and slippers. I opened the door. Three people, one in front, the other two a few steps back, in green parkas and hands in pockets. The one in front put his right foot inside the door as soon as I opened the door. He glanced towards the living room. He leaned lightly against the door with his right shoulder.

"We want to talk to you about a legal matter," he said.

I took a step outside pretending to close the door, I said there are children inside, referring to the household, here you go.

"We want to talk to you about a legal matter," the blocked one took the introduction from the beginning.

Here you go, I said.

"You will vacate this house in ten days," he said. Meanwhile, of course, I was looking at him and the others with suspicion the consciousness behind works quickly and I remember the raids on the houses. And how lonely I'm as if I were in space.

The sentence we want to talk to you about a legal matter leaves me a little time to think, but this second sentence used and wasted that time quickly and I quickened this by becoming rigid

- Why?

"You know why," he said.

For a second I thought I really knew why. It was as if I had been in something for months, and that last sentence, in its threatening and impatient tone, was appropriate for that something. It had reached that point in an instant. I felt my face, I know proud, harsh and condescending, and three people at once, at a door where they went to threaten, put their hands in their pockets seriously, had come to that point for the sake of the swagger of the business. That's why I didn't have a chance to say a word. Now, there was a little gap that I couldn't remember no matter what I did. There occurred a breach in time. I said I can't remember. All of a sudden, I was throwing myself inside, pushing on the door to cover it up. I'm thinking, I guess, I saw he took his





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right hand out of his pocket with the last sentence. He had the gun out. A “Kırkkale” on the end of the arm leaning against the door. I hit the door with all my might. It’s as if I wanted to cover it up and gain a new position. He didn’t resist much, the door was closing. With a flick of his wrist, he could turn the barrel and shoot me in the forehead. Those two seconds passed, too. The door was closed. By the way, he repeated the sentence that you will leave this neighbourhood a couple of times and I was saying, okay, we will leave, in some kind of panic.

Three people dispersed into the darkness after a cold stream descending from above. Three pathetic extras in a script who knows who wrote it.

**ANKARA 1978, 27 NOVEMBER.** It has been 7 days since Ayşe Hicret was born. Except for that half-second mini-shock when I heard it for the first time, I’m elated. But society has gone mad. No one says much to the father, but other women say to the mother, “A girl again”, “Good luck”, “there will be a boy in the future”, “Don’t worry about it”. As if I’ve hidden my true opinion on the matter, they are relaying these to me at home in the hope of catching a vulnerability that will reveal it. In the face of this secret accusation, I glow and fade like spirit: with sentences like Come on, Bro! Their minds are incapable of such things! But nobody believes me. They consider it soft and weak to love daughters more and they don’t ascribe it to me. It’s a strange, unbelievable oppression. The more you insist, the harder you get oppressed. A cold breeze begins to blow in the room and everyone turns their heads away from you.

And someone asked me, do you intend to bury them alive? Can you ignore the gruesome historical relic beneath this barbaric and gritty humor without feeling like it’s rubbing against your skin.

**NOVEMBER 15.** on the 12th of the month, on the second day of Eid al-Adha, our great aunt Duran Khatun passed away in Maraş. She was tiny. Long and loose clothes and headscarves that cover all parts of them, except for her hands and face. Her house of two rooms with earthen roofs on poles. In one of the rooms, she sits, sleeps, and hosts. In the other room, chests of grain, fruit extracts (various winter foods made of grapes, sausage, sweet pastry soaked in syrup, churchkhela, sheets of mulberry pulp dried under sun, sour-tasting grape molasses made with the heat of the sun without boiling, cracked grain, and molasses prepared in various ways, dried figs, secrets, prayers, blessing cellars), on the side the closet of five or ten beds, and on the inside, the furnace in front of which the aunt cooked meals on the trivet, by squatting, and burning wood. Under these two rooms is the barn where materials such as wood, brushwood, laundry tub, washtub and





## Living

washbowl are put. In front of the barn is a fountain with wide brass gutter, whose water comes through clay tiles and flows day and night. The water goes straight to the wooden hut toilet in the garden through the hole in the tiny pool at the bottom of the gutter.

The aunt would give us regular visits to us and we would to her. Those delicious night sittings as if wearing the same cardigan. The heat of wood that flashes quickly, the scorching fire of the stove that lit up our faces, and then around the fire drawn into the brasier, our making the circle smaller as the room got colder. My aunt only smoked at such happy times. We used to put a small yellow brass ashtray next to her, but if the brasier was close, she would shake the ash there, smoke the cigarette to the end without wasting it, and dip the butt into the ash on the edge of the brasier. After a while, cigarette butts pile up on the edge of the brasier, the butts in the hot ash continue to burn, and they start to smoke, making both the smoker and the non-smoker uneasy by nasal burning, and my mother grumbles and one among us throws the remnants smoking wildly out of the ash into the stove as he grabs them with tongs.

How can I tell about my aunt? How she loved and remembered us, everyone who called her aunt. She never got tired of it. She loved to joke with them. We'd only ever see my mom really laughing while passing by her.

We used to listen to all the parables of the prophets from her. She would tell. Her voice trembling and crying.

When she was a young girl, perhaps she was newly married, Maraş was occupied by the French. Native Armenians and Jews. They had joined the invaders and were firing bullets at the Muslims they had lived with for centuries in their wide tolerance. One of them, perhaps, was a French soldier deployed in the tower of one of the churches in the city, observing. Aunt Duran was passing through the gazebo that day to bring a large piece of embers into the room with tongs to ignite the stove. She was just young. It's almost like running because she would be walking in the open. The barrel in the tower was pointed at her. "It was like a snake bit my hand," Aunt Duran said, "I threw the tongs. I was right next to the door. I forced myself in. "They Shot Me, They Shot Me," I shouted. My hand was bleeding."

Youth and many passing years had constantly repaired the trace of the bullet that shattered the door jamb after piercing the finger. We used to look at the faint mark on Aunt Duran's finger where she was pointing, but rather thought of the dark spirit that turned its mauser to kill a young woman.



Not any of these. These are small pieces. This is not the first time, not because she died, no, not because of it I often remember Aunt Duran. She gives me something very precious. Because only in her I saw fully: She was familiar with the Hereafter. She loved the other world very much. Not because he's nearly ninety years old, he's been like that for as long as I can remember. I look at the dark crowd inside us, in front of us and behind us, I am amazed at how she passed through thousands of fears and found that love of the hereafter. Faith, reason, self, direction, persistence and worship. Then a kind of shepherds, childhood, the voices of lambs, wounds and women. How fragmentary are the poems in which we tell our longings as if they were half done, a little battered, sometimes terrified and running away.

*Uzun yollarsa eđer ateřimiz  
Geldik yandık tuttu ařlarımız  
Bařla ıřıkları karřımızdaydı donup kaldık  
Tamam onlar (en ndeki kendim kupkuru yasaklı)  
O gmř kavisli mphem ocuklar  
Glgeler mi bulut mu bir zan mı  
Gel otur diz kır toprak ol cenklere  
Diyen bizi  
Gtren bařkaya  
Ve kalp yalvarıřlarının  
Seven dostu kavuřturan komřusu  
Vardıran bizi yalnız oraya  
Aklımız olmadı  
Belirleyen biz deđildik kılavuzları  
Benliđimiz sessiz olur  
Sert renk vermeden ve ince ve yok gibi belirsiz  
Belli olmalı habersizlik nađrası  
Nerdeyse hi yorulmamıř bir ehrede grniyorsa sevin  
Gller deđil aık muřtular deđil  
Uyuyor gibi durgun  
İhtiyar yzlerine savrulan kum tepeleri  
Ve bir ip sıkılır genlerin bel etlerine  
ekip bađlanır gnler dođan kelimeye  
Ve aılmaz orda karınlar kalp sır tutar  
Evlerin kapısı le aılır  
(Dřniyorum ki artık titiz bir řair olamayacađım.)  
Dirsekleri ve alınları tartılırken bakınır kadınlar  
O koyu  
Kara bakıřlar  
Kum řakırtılarından yaman ilham alır atlar  
Ve nasıl nasıl nasıl*



## Living

*Hareketli çocuklar rüyaya alınır  
Dizleri avuç içleri adımları yazılan  
Not edilen erkekler  
Asi başlar erkek sorular  
Çobanlar  
Tepeden tepeye haykırırlar  
Bakıp uzak ufukların durgun bulutlarına  
Heey diye ünleyip sorarlar  
Yine saralım mı yaralara kum sargısı*

If our fire is long roads,  
We came, burned, benefitted from our vaccines  
The start lights were in front of us, we stayed frozen  
Ok they (myself in the front is bare-dry banned)  
Those silver-curved vague boys  
Are shadows or a cloud or a conjecture  
We who say  
Come, sit, kneel, break, become soil to wars  
taking us to the other  
And the neighbour of heart's pleas  
who reunites the loving friend  
The only one who lead us to there  
we didn't get mind  
We weren't the ones who set the guides  
Our selves become silent  
Rigid showing no true colours and thin and unclear as if non-existent  
It must be obvious the cry of ignorance  
If joy appears on an almost untired face  
Not roses, not clear messages  
It is still as if asleep  
Sand dunes blowing over the old faces  
And a rope is tightened around the waistlines of the youth  
The days are tied to the word born  
And there the bellies do not open, the heart keeps secrets  
The doors of the houses open to the desert  
(I think I will no longer be a meticulous poet.)  
Women look around while their elbows and foreheads are weighed  
Those dark  
black eyes  
Horses are greatly inspired by the clattering of sand.  
And how how how  
Moving children are taken to dreams  
Men whose knees palms steps





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

Written noted  
Rebellious heads male questions  
Shepherds  
They shout from hill to hill  
Looking at the still clouds of distant horizons  
They shout heey and ask  
Shall we wrap the wounds again with sand bandage

*ISTANBUL 1966 FALL.* The German Cultural Center was considering a program called “Young poets meeting”. Mehmet Fuat was taking the initiative. I don’t know exactly, someone is consulting, of course. I also got an offer. We said who would participate? These and those. Leftists. We said okay, it won’t concern us. As the listener, the same type of silhouettes will probably come. We said, “Let’s face these and those, take the platform and start a lesson with “Our Subject is Poetry” as if we were teaching in middle school. We sat in the very old, wooden, black, dry, warm and cute house of Rasims in the dead-end Bayıldım, Tahtaminare Eyüp neighbourhood and talked about what to talk about. We noted five-ten points. Rasim said the rest is my job. There are five-ten days. When I come across Rasim, I ask him if he has written, he says we will. How busy my days. It’s autumn. Nature is in destruction. Southwest wind in the sea. Lots of yellow leaves. Suadiye, Bostancilar and lack of money. Otherwise, how can I realize them? I’m burning like a votive candle in the mist of Marmara Teahouse, with its flame on my shoulder. I don’t care about meeting art whatever poetry or something. I’m fuming away hey.

I stopped by Rasim on the day of the meeting. He said he is writing the paper. Take what I wrote, write it up, and change it as you wish. No need, I wrote it as it is. Finally he finished it, and soon I wrote the last page. We left without reading it a second time.

At beginning of the Tünel we pass by the coldness of the brown marble walls of the Cultural Center in Moran caravan inn. The weather is quite cool. My dress made of black thin fabric. I donned a black tie to a summer short-sleeved blue nylon shirt. I was quite cold on the road. The hall is fine. The meeting has begun.

One made some introductions and summaries and introductions to the speaker poets. He’s telling about me now. He reads parts of my poems. How funny how boring. Hey, I’m there, everyone is looking at me but trying not to look. But I look at everyone for a little boredom.







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Finally, the poets are on the platform. They talk about their poetic views. A disaster. And finally I'm on the platform.

My chin up, I have six pages from the beginning of this speech, which started with "Our topic is poetry", the rest is lost, where have we thrown it. However, Rasim had put his important words at the end. Before I add it here, let me tell you what happened after the meeting. There is cocktail. Rasim said let's not stay for it. I said no, let's stay. Because what we said at the platform blew coldly on the faces of those gathered there. After the meeting, the people concerned took care not to congratulate us. We went beyond and far beyond the politics and the tyranny of the general atmosphere of the leftist and westernist currents and the German Cultural Center and other foreign schools and centres and spoiled the dreams of these men.

One interesting thing happened. We are standing by the window with Rasim, away from the drinking glasses and the muffin pies trays. İsmet Özel, who came from Ankara to watch the meeting, is with us. Someone introduced him. İsmet congratulated us. "You were the star of the meeting," he said. "I wish you were on our side," he said after a few sentences. "Allah forbid" I said. An evil face appeared next to İsmet Özel. No-never, "Why, interference?" said he. And I said, "Only Allah interferes". It happened like that. Now, let me take the first pages of our speech from that day here:

"Our topic is poetry. But I would like to deal with this subject by taking into consideration a wider field, literature. Because when each branch of literature is considered together with the others, they appear before us in a clearer sense. Even though their ways and methods are different from each other, there are some fundamentally common aspects that it is not right and impossible to separate them from each other. Art is the voice of man. It is the riveting of this voice onto eternity. The artist is the master of this work. When he makes his own voice heard, he not only makes his own voice heard, but also speaks for all humanity, especially his own society. (When we say artist, of course we think of the great artist.) Because he is the one who has established a relationship with humanity and his own social conditions, who keeps these relationships alive and reflects them in his own personality. He is a mirror, but a mirror that reflects all human beings, while giving his own reflection. This is the artist we understand. Once he has appeared, once seen, all falsehoods are erased, indelible lines of immortal sounds and lights, colours and harmonies are drawn to the hearts. For he speaks from the heart and speaks of the heart.





## Cahit Zarifođlu

It has always been the voice of such artists from Homer to this day. The artist should be able to establish this kind of contact with his own people, that is, with the people of his own society. Because only when he establishes this relationship will he reflect what is human. He will catch that fine-spun line of eternity. As in all world literature, this has been the case in our literature as well. And that's how it will go. The giant poets of our Diwan literature have established unbreakable ties with our own people with their own social conditions, despite all kinds of claims made today. They captured the voice of immortality with these ties. That era is long gone. But the poet's voice still resounds. Because the poet of Diwan literature bent on the eternal, not the temporary, and he listened to the voice of the soul, not the body. Because of this, he became the property of the society in the whole sense of the word, and the poet of the society. The poet caught man by his carotid artery and his soul.

It is easy to describe the external, the shell, the difficult thing is to focus on the essence of human existence and to reflect the soul. And to be able to go into spiritual matters. Since the poet of Diwan literature does this, he is also human. Because he speaks of a feeling common to all human beings. It is perhaps one of the most pathetic situations that our generation has fallen into, to think that all Diwan literature consists of word games, to see it as devoid of human relations, to say that there is nothing we can benefit from in it. While Diwan literature presents the issues of the soul through its particular perspectives and tools, people are so intimately involved with each other and intertwined with it that when the certain mood that dominates the society gradually loses its effectiveness, literature also changed from essence to shell. Today, Diwan literature has a living and vivid value for us, but the literature of the Tanzimat and after the Tanzimat, which is much closer to us in chronological terms, has only a (historical) value. Because the writers of this period did not go down to the essence, the human, the spirit, they remained in the shell and almost spent the spirit. That's why the voices they offer have never taken a place in universal positions.

If the society is in depression, this will certainly cast its shadow on the work of art. But the great artist can find hope and brilliance even in this depression, and can make this line dominate his entire work. Because the artist is not the one who creates an anarchy of values, but the one who establishes a harmony of values. His work always carries something soothing. Even in the most desperate moments, a voice from hope and immortality echoes in the poet's voice. It is not a coincidence that Fuzuli talks about love and Nedim is a poet of peace. Because their period is an age of love or peace. If we consider Dostoevsky a poet, and in our opinion, great novelists are





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also poets in a sense, we can see that turmoil and depression cover his works. Because that was the society he lived in. But Dostoevsky surprisingly captured such human and universal values from those turmoil and depressed moments, and he so thoroughly scrutinized the issues of the human spirit that he finally took one of the cornerstones of world literature. Thus, on the one hand, he became a mirror to his society, which was stricken with depression, and also showed it a direction and shed light. All his novels are like a calm sea after a storm. An artist is first and foremost a volunteer. He does not expect a return for his work. He writes what he knows is right, and lives alone most of the time. While doing this, he always respects the sacred values of the society. He does not insult these values. Once the artist begins to curse, at that moment he loses his respect for man and life. He begins to see him as a contemptible and despicable creature. The artist cannot turn his back on the established values of the society just because of his unique, personal feelings and complexes. He should not. When he does this, it means that from the very beginning, he has condemned himself to a non-afterness, to nothingness. It means he has lost his strongest support. To approach these values with profanity, contempt and disparagement is a gruesome thing for any artist. The moment he does this, it means he buys humanity cheap. If such a person can have an effect on a narrow or large community, on a healthy and sensitive young being, due to certain circumstances, such as temporary circumstances, what a sinful pen he holds. Especially since the republic, unfortunately, the number of people who played their pen on this path in the name of art in our country has not been few. We respect the anger of ideas. But once anger has lost its attachment to the idea, there is nothing more disgusting than it. Since anger in us is aimless and stray, or because it pursues very calculated purposes, it immediately turns into blasphemy, or at least begins to underestimate sacred values. For this reason, art has lost its real purpose and has gradually moved away from the basic truths of human beings. Again, maybe for this reason; perhaps for other additional reasons, it broke with the tradition. However, a work of art, poetry, in a sense, is obliged to tradition. There is a strict exchange between them..."

**ANKARA 1978, 28 NOVEMBER.** We visited Master Necip Fazıl at the hotel Mola. Friends Akif, Erdem, Rasim meet him for the first time after having published the last five issues he closed the *Büyük Doğu*. There are also Alaeddin and Mehmet. Master:

- The *Büyük Doğu* had its heyday in its last publishing season. There were various reasons for its closure. But you were the biggest factor, he said.





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

We are in the lobby on the first floor of the hotel. The Master is calm, gentle and lonely.

When he called me from Akabe at 6 pm,

- Tell the friends, let them come, let's have one last meeting, he said. I said that I could see Rasim and Erdem. Just before this phone call, I was telling these two that the master had requested them again on his previous visit, but that I had not been able to inform them. Just then he phoned me. We went to the office. It's the master's phone call again. This time he asked me to inform Akif and Hasan.

The lobby is secluded. Master says:

- You made me tired. He briefly summarizes the past events. In a way, he repeats in a mild language what he wrote in Report 4.

- I wanted you on the basis of memories despite everything that happened. Our relationship is above events. He calls the presence of Reşat's signature in the letter written to him "meaningless".

Cahit has his name on it but no signature. It's not because he doesn't agree with you, but he did not sign due to some family relations. I did not verify the rest (...) There are only you in the generation after us. He is counting some names.

- Your generation, he says; but they are much older than us. He is hopeless for them.

- Those after you, he says, a disaster. He talks about a poetry book sent to him and addresses its poet as if he were in front of him and says, "You stop doing this, my son."

He says 25 years for the difference in years between generations.

- Some social events can shorten the difference in year years. It can extend, too.

But the average is 25 years.

Thus, the next generation is almost us. Some professor names, Aydınlar Ocağı, etc. establishment names and gestures of despair..

- An Anatolianism trend has started in Demirel, he says, seeing it impossible for him to get close to the CHP and characterizing his rapprochement with





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the AP and MHP with the phrase “Questing”.

I hardly remember what the master said, even though it hasn't even been 24 hours. One-by-one sentences come to mind. For example,

“I'm alone,” he said.

It's the first time I've heard of such a thing from him. I am afraid.

And he begins to tell about his children. In a few sentences.

- Son, he says with shoulder and hand gestures and a ton of facial expressions accompanying that one word, and he explains what he means by these, “it's inevitable, it's a destiny”. Indeliberately ‘son and father’ and he adds:

- You are closer to me.

Everyone is happy and they are looking at him with their radiant faces lovingly. But nobody speaks. He draws attention to it. And strangely, there is really nothing to say. It's like we're between the curtains in the theater, a strange “interval”, a void.

He asks about the situation of the friends, Akif, Rasim and Alaeddin, one by one. “Erdem is known.” He asks about semester holidays and invites us to his house in Istanbul in February.

“Let's meet,” he says.

For exactly two-odd months later. I am shivering. We all say okay.

Ergun Göze told him about an article by Miyasoğlu in the Yeni Devir. In that article, Göze's interview with Ionesco was criticized.

He should say: is this the way the interview is done, why didn't you ask that, is that subject probed in that way? No! He says why you talked to Ionesco.

I think, when someone tells the Master about anyone, the Master believes. He does not check on.

“Master, how is your grandson?” I asked.

“Very good, very good,” he said immediately.

He spoke of someone who had recently passed away.

He said, “Didn't you hear?”





## Cahit Zarifođlu

We haven't heard. He was amazed.

"He used to carry the lines of the Efendi," he said. Garbi will wait in front of the sanatorium tomorrow. I'll take him on the way to the Tomb.

As in every visit, tomorrow he will go to Bađlum to visit the tomb of Hazrat Sayyid Abdulhakim Arvasi. Rasim told about such a visit. - He took us too. He told us to read three Fatiha and eleven Ikhlas. There, at the head of the tomb, he almost forgot about us. Changed. He cried, as a child cries, as he leaves. Also, Mufti Efendi told about his visiting Sheikh Fehim in the village of Arvas.

- He started to fade from colour to colour. He blushed like fire. Then he turned pale like this. We thought something was going to happen to him. We got into his arms so that he wouldn't fall down on the way home.

**ANKARA 1979.** I couldn't sleep one more night. It's like the city is being destroyed. A tool of destruction in the hands of every living being. Another person awakened from his sleep is trying to breathe on the balcony of the opposite house. All the dark windows, twilight and the stars lined up in the sky that have started to become lucid, don't care at all. I stare at the table, my branches clasped across my chest, like a swivel tree in a great knot between room and outside. No, not friendly. -Now let me tell you the enmity, then I'll tell you the friendship again

*Kalın amur tabaklarında  
Yüzyıllık bir isyan savunması  
Göl kıyısında zehir yeşili otlar  
İnce keskin ve uzun  
Kendi dillerimiz kımıldar gibi  
İştahlı ve başıboş  
Fakat hiçbir kıyılarına özlem duymadık  
Ne yalan doğduk ne suçlu aktık  
Yalnız ve kaviydik açtıđımız çağda  
Bir başak gibi dolu  
Gizli ve başımız yukarda  
Kardıđım tortusunda dişe dokunur ne var  
Şimdi gelelim tarihimize  
Sesin çok deđişmiş baba  
Buyur konuđum ol baş köşede konuş  
Sömürü mömürü her kimse  
Tuttuđu halde kolumuzu  
Gövdemizin geri kalanı*





## Living

Uyandı anladı çarpındı  
Ve sarsıyor şimdi bastıkları toprakları  
Sen de arkadaş. Bilalî kardaş. Endonezyalı toprak. Abdülkadir es  
Sufî ve komşularımız. Moroda capcanlı olan elimiz. Eritre birliklerimiz.  
Afganistan fatihleri. Pakistanın sabır kaleleri. Ve yurdumdaki  
muamma birlikleri  
Sen de dalgın  
Umursamaz görüntümlü çocuk  
Gaganı pençemin yanına getir  
Sır kelimeleriyle yıka hayat kapılarını  
Koş yanımıza deve soluğu gibi  
Nasıl da ayırmışlar birbirinden aynı tür cenkçiyi  
Buradan hamle edenle içerden gelip buradan hamle edeni. Bir  
cenkçiydi Halil İbrahim. Bir cenkçiydi Veysel Karanî. Ve şeriat  
sönmez bir cenk kelimesidir. Vermek ve almamak. Yalnız bu rızayı  
Barî.  
Fikredelim ki İbrahim niçin sultanlığın bıraktı  
Gönül sırrını buldu  
Dervişliğe koyuldu  
Ardından gitmedi ne ahın ne de vahın  
Bil ki teslim oldu  
Kurtuldu gussasından cihanın  
İbrahim geçti  
Bir sağ neferdi  
Bir serses buseydi  
Kayalara değdi yeşil ağaca sarı çöle değdi  
Kartallar keskin hayretler içti  
Bizimse  
Hüznümüzün miktarı çok  
Bilmezik  
Doğduğumuz saat  
Kabre dolduğumuz zamandır  
Şimdi onlar rahatlarına sevinçli Değişen giysilere Değiştiren Harf'e  
Şimdi onlar tuttıkları kapılara sevinçli  
Açılan kadına baktıkları ete  
Ve gün  
Dönmez sınırlar  
Gün döner  
Mağrurlar ağlar  
Köleler mallar  
Gamlar gussalar  
Öyle bir zaman ki Sen o çukurda çıplak bir beze sarılmış Ve yalnızsın





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

Tut ki hayatta  
Meclisten meclise sözün geçer padişahın  
Düşünelim Kanaat cengine çıkalım Dünya verip ahret alalım diyelim:  
Ölü kalbimiz dirileydi Hakka dönüp sadakayla yıkanaydık  
Dünyaya hiç meylelemeydik  
Buralardan yürütyüp  
Bırakıp geçiyoruz serin odaları  
Getiriyoruz adımımızı bin dörtyüz yıl önceki adımın içine Geçiyoruz  
sıcak kadınları  
Ve buğulu bağlayan bakışları  
Kanın yayılma hırslanma  
Sahiplik ona buna  
Şuna buna hırdavatlarını  
Kalın rahat döşekleri bayıltan yastıkları  
Soğutucu yıkayıcı saltanatlarını  
Kalkın gidiyoruz işlemeli dağlar başına  
Çağırın kavruk sayfalar çeviren adamlara  
Haydi yekinin onlara  
Bırakıp gidiyoruz arkaya yaslanıp taam etmeyi  
Gegirmeyi esnemeyi  
Bol bol yiyip sık sık taşra çıkmayı  
Ters yüz ettik tıka basa doymayı  
Bir yana attık mal üstüne mal katmayı  
Gecenin şerli kazançlarını  
Ziller hangi müslüman hanede çalışırsa  
Ziller bizim hanemizde çalışıyor  
Bildik böyle  
Kapıp mavzeri  
Düşüyoruz dirseklerimiz üzerine  
Nişanlıyoruz düşman üzerine  
Vurdukça  
Allaha verilen söz gereğince  
Kan aklanıyor akıl arınıyor ve çiçekler şerefle açıyor  
Sen bana bir ufuk açıyorsun  
Dimdik karşı dağlara bakıyorum  
Ben sana bir dağ çeliyorum  
Dimdik karşı ufka bakıyorsun  
Kupkuru gözlerimize sürme çekiyoruz  
Bir adım daha atıyoruz  
In thick mud plates  
A century-old defense of rebellion  
Poison green grass on the lake shore







## Living

Thin, sharp and long  
Like our own tongues move  
hungry and stray  
But we did not miss any of its shores  
We were neither born a lie nor flowed guilty  
We were lonely and strong in the age we opened  
full like a spike  
Undercover and with our heads up  
What is significant in its sediment I mixed up?  
Now let's come to our history  
Your voice has changed so much dad  
Here you are, be my guest, talk in the seat of honor  
Whoever is the exploitation or whatnot  
While holding our arm  
the rest of our body  
woke up understood struggled  
And now shakes the lands it tread  
You too friends. brother Bilalî. Indonesian soil. Abdulkadir Es  
Sufi and our neighbours. Our hand that is alive in Moro. Our Eritrean troops.  
Conquerors of Afghanistan. Pakistan's forts of patience. And in my home  
enigma troops  
you too pensive  
reckless looking boy  
Bring your beak near my paw  
Wash the doors of life with secret words  
Run to us like a camel's breath  
How did they separate the same kind of warriors from each other?  
Those who move from here and those who come from within and move  
from here. A  
warrior was Halil İbrahim. A warrior was Veysel Karani. And sharia  
is an inexhaustible war-word. To give and not to receive. Only this consent  
Bârî<sup>13</sup>.  
Let's think why Abraham left the sultanate  
He found the heart's secret  
He became a dervish  
He didn't go after neither ah nor wah  
Know that he surrendered  
He got rid of the grief of the world

<sup>13</sup> Although in Turkish "barî" means "at least", here a reference is made to one of the names of Allah (Esmâ-i Hüsnâ). It ,as included in Esmâ-i Hüsnâ, is mentioned in two places in the Glorious Qur'an, and it is also attributed to Allah in the meaning of "creating, being free and flawless" as verbs and adjectives. (trans. n.)





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

Abraham passed  
He was a lively soldier  
He was a lovely buss  
It touched the rocks, it touched the green tree, the yellow desert  
Eagles drank sharp amazement  
if it's ours  
The amount of our sadness is too much  
we don't know  
the hour we were born is  
When we fill up the grave  
Now they rejoice at their comfort at Changed clothes Letter-the-Changer  
Now they rejoice at the doors they hold  
at the woman dressing immodestly and at the flesh they look at  
And day  
Doesn't turn, they think  
But the day turns  
The proud cry  
slaves goods  
grief sorrows  
What a time it is when you are wrapped in a bare cloth in that pit and  
alone  
Suppose that in life  
You are the sultan who calls the tune from an assemblage to another one,  
Let's think, let's go to the war of opinion, let's give the world and get the  
hereafter  
saying:  
If only our dead hearts were resurrected, we could return to God and bathe  
in charity.  
We could never incline to the world  
Walking from here  
We leave and ignore the cool rooms  
We bring our step into the step of one thousand four hundred years ago  
We ignore  
hot women  
And the misty capturing gaze  
Dispersing and fury of blood  
ownership to odds and ends  
these and those scraps  
Thick comfortable mattresses swooning cushions  
Cooler washer reigns  
Get up, we're going to the embroidered mountains  
Calling to men turning scorched pages





## Living

Come on, go to them  
We're leaving and quitting leaning back and eating  
burping, yawning  
Eating a lot and taking a leak often  
We turned it upside down, being as full as a tick  
We threw aside piling goods on goods.  
Evil gains of the night  
The bells are ringing in our house  
No matter in which Muslim household the bells are ringing  
we know so  
snatching mauser  
We're falling on our elbows  
Aiming for the enemy  
As we shoot  
According to the promise made to Allah  
The blood is acquitted and the mind is purified and the flowers bloom  
with honor  
You open a horizon to me  
I'm looking straight at the opposite mountains  
I reserve a mountain for you  
You're staring straight at the opposite horizon  
We're tinging our bone-dry eyes with kohl  
We take one more step

*ANKARA 1979 MARCH.* everything is mixed together, a lot of things have been forgotten. I have taken countless notes, but redesigning their places and re-starting the unfinished novel seems much more difficult than thinking about new things. I look at the notes, some of them a sentence, others a few sentences or a few pages of notes, I wonder is this a kind of novel creation? Yes, there are parts of the novels, either we write them ourselves or they are here and there, and then we either have the privilege to put them together, or they go away with us and nothing is added to living and nothing is taken out of it.

While "Şeyhana" consisted of only five or ten pages of notes, it began to be serialized in the *Yeni Devir*. It went on for eleven weeks and we quit. Our protagonist, Fehim Kul, seemed to have said stop, let's adjust our direction, where are we going like this. Where were we going with Fehim Kul, indeed? We stopped. We looked around. There is no state left, neither following nor leading. We have disappeared in the magnitude of the heart of the one we do not know. Seemingly like tiny-bodied, thick-shelled insects under a fierce sun in a stone desert, we are locked inside the light of the sun, and drawing swords against the world will almost be forgotten. Fehim Kul said stop and tell us, son,





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

where are you going so imprudently? And we stopped the serial and took the following notes from time to time. Here is how we looked at the flesh and bone:

Fehim Kul prayed, took refuge in Allah, and finally trusted the instincts of his men while he was preparing for war in this unknown land and against many enemies. He had come to this point not consciously, but in a way intuitively. Considering the traps we have described, it becomes clear how accurate this is.

The lieutenant realized that his ego was down. No matter how pitiful his voice sounded, he wouldn't even be able to convince himself of it.

(why do we taste that loneliness when we are in a foreign land though we are not strangers to ourselves?)

those who thought about how far they would use their talents after they left their homes and came to him with various requests, felt that they were melted in the face of this silent power when they first met him, and they were no longer able to think about their own values. He was alone in the middle. No one cares for the newcomers to the door who are struggling around their assigned jobs as if they have a fever. Although such people see Fehim Kul from time to time, they see that he is slowly settling into their own selves and they have no strength to oppose it. After a short time, they let themselves disappear under the ever-increasing power of Fehim Kul, not knowing when and how they lost their will, which they thought they used freely and which they knew as the source of everything they had achieved until those days. They believed that they would carry out important works by making room for their freedom and talents, which they knew as unhindered, in his service. Now they realize that this freedom is peculiar to stray herds, they complete their undressing from this long hairy skin as if changing a shirt. Fehim Kul was the only land they could tread in this vast country with uncertain borders. Earth was outside this country, but their bodies were visible in this outside world when viewed from afar.

Fehim Kul's land was so wide and the distances he showed to look after each and every one of the people under his control were so limitless that no matter how hard they worked all day, they remained behind their service, and there was nothing but the work done in the middle, instead of it, there was only an abstract operation that was not connected to some people. The guests, who came in groups, were preparing the tables, the beds were made, the horses were fed and groomed, and the tea was boiling in the samovars, even though





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the new ones arrived before the previous ones left. All of this came out like clean linen waiting under easily opened doors, and it was plenty enough for armies.

Fehim Kul's land was so wide and the distances he showed to look after each and every one of the people under his control were so limitless that no matter how hard they worked all day, they remained behind their service, and there was nothing but the work done in the middle, instead of it, there was only an abstract operation perfectly running, which was not connected to any people. The guests, who came in groups, were preparing the tables, the beds were made, the horses were fed and groomed, and the tea was boiling in the samovars, even though the new ones arrived before the previous ones left. All of this came out like clean linen waiting under easily opened doors, and it was plenty enough for armies.

The guests who came in groups, although new ones arrived before the previous ones left, the tables were being prepared, the beds were made, the horses were fed, groomed and tea was boiling in the samovar. All of this came out like clean linen waiting under easily opened doors, and it was plenty enough for armies.

- This was also the case when Commander Seyyit Ali came to the village with his troop of four hundred in September of that year. (tell how)
- The more they trusted him, the stronger they became. Thus, when they despised others, they lagged behind, as if many years had passed, and embraced and welcomed the young villagers who had just arrived at the door. Indeed, everyone understood them, even though no one sat down and explained them. They face single-handedly the loss of their selves and the displacement of them by Fehim Kul, they live with a dizzying taste that the habits they have acquired over the years are like plane trees uprooted in big storms, and in this becoming sometimes for a very long time, they think that Fehim Kul is someone else but themselves.
- The young lieutenant next to Seyyit Ali thought that the trifling that started after the salutations and greetings in the big room where they were sitting in the light of the kerosene lamp would go on like this until the end. He listened carefully to and cared about what his commander said rather than Fehim Kul did. In the room where almost everyone was participating in the conversation, his brother also spoke up once or twice. He was both surprised and found it natural that it was so easy in the company of Fehim Kul, whose fame was known far away. After tiring days on horseback, they slept for a few hours in the arms of the





## Cahit Zarifođlu

open fresh air after they were satisfied with good food on the wide and fertile table, as if they had descended from the sky by the small stream formed by the welling water from the courtyard of the mosque, and they gathered in this room before going to bed. Everything was hot enough to melt one's heart. They were sitting on colourful mattresses thrown in front of the walls, leaning on pillows stacked behind them. In the room near the door, a large-bellied samovar of Persian yellow brass was boiling on a large pewter tray, and one of the men was collecting and filling the empty glasses. But these movements were almost invisible. He walks silently with his feet in white wool socks in the room, which is furnished without any colour harmony in the carpets and rugs, but most of the time, he would crawl to the glasses rather than walk, and without mixing them, he would leave them in front of their owners next to the sugar bowls full of small broken sugar pieces. There were no spoons in the glasses. The guests would take a small piece of sugar in their mouths, hold it under their tongues, taste a slight sugar in each sip of their tea, and drink one or two glasses of tea with this small piece of sugar. The lieutenant had complied with this 'kıtılama'<sup>14</sup> drinking just like anyone else who had come to live in these areas and he was no longer having any difficulties.

Those who were full of tea would lay their glasses on their sides on the plate and express that they would not drink anymore, so that there would be no foreign word that would harm the conversation, such as I will not drink anymore. Finally, the lieutenant had the feeling that "time is up" out of the blue. What happened? He looked inquisitively. Sitting among them, he thought he had involuntarily slept for a few hours and woken up. But he quickly realized with horror that this was not the case. He was always there, awake, not missing a word of what was said, and nothing important had happened. But what was this 'time's up' feeling? What was running out of time? A raid, a mealtime, a goodbye, what was it? Thinking that he had relaxed a lot where he was leaning on the pillows, he got up and sat down more decently. There was nothing out of the ordinary. It still seemed like chitchating. With the feeling that did not go away, he began to listen more carefully now. Yes, he understood now, Fehim Kul, who was sitting at the front next to the commander as if he weren't in the room, was turning around the long and meaningless conversations with his short short sentences, and he was flowing the conversation to a place they did not know without battering it, just like a master shepherd

<sup>14</sup> It is a vernacular usage of the word "ısırma" meaning biting in English. (trans. n.)





## Living

leads the flock to the desired direction without any particular effort. Soon the lieutenant, who had thought he was going to be talking to them all night long, realized that he had no useful words to come up with. He saw that many others like himself were silent one by one.

Finally, the words were completely gathered in Fehim Kul's mouth after having been delayed by the commander sitting in the corner for a very short time. The lieutenant saw that the commander, just as he had been just a moment ago, was staring at his surroundings in bewilderment and picking himself up.

The blood gathered more and more in the heart.

And from there, regenerated, it began to be pumped towards them.

*ANKARA 1979 AUGUST.* i can't stand it any longer. While eating, it occurred to me that they were hungry and alone. My throat has narrowed, has the bite grown in my mouth or can I eat it tasting comfortably. Fortunately, that's all I remember their being hungry and alone. A gray-bellied red-capped jet swept across the valley. It was as if the pilot was not scanning the slopes and was not scanning them with his swift, piercing gaze. They were crowded. They were hungry and lonely among the trees, maquis, rocks and stones, and when a little boy held out to the plane he had seen at the top of the valley with the help of angels, they collapsed to the ground. stood without moving, like trees, maquis, rocks, stones, with their hunger for the last week and their loneliness for two hundred years.

*Uçak geri döndü mü  
Sivil gömleklerini deldi mi  
Karnı bir çocuk değil  
Yeryüzünü doğuracakmış gibi şişmişti Afganlı gelinin  
Hayır hiçbir pilot avlıyamaz onu  
Dağları  
Gürp diye kendini tepelerdenbırakan suları  
Bir gelin gibi  
Bir keçi bir ceylan gibi  
Bir beygir bir düzine at gibi  
Çiğniyor tepiyor ayağının altında dağları suları  
Hiçbir tüfek avlıyamaz onu  
Sesiyle oynaşır etekleri  
Gözleri ki kapkara*



## Cahit Zarifođlu

Eteđinin cebinde sürmesi  
Bir gün dizi dizi incirler konunca tabaklara  
Sađ başlarında şehitlik ya ki gazilik şerbetleri  
Sürmeleyecek gözlerini  
Hey taraki taraki  
Bayramımız  
Oyulunca gözlerin  
Sesiyle oynaşır bebeleri  
Her kızıl uçlu tüfek yakalamak isterken onu  
Fakat hiçbir tüfek avlıyamaz onu  
O büyük dađlara serer çullarını  
Ne yandan gelirse gelsin  
Ne yandan sarılırsa sarılsın ölümün kolları  
Okşar onları vurulup düşenleri  
Yüzlerini Mekkeye çevirir öyle kor toprađa başlarını  
Aaah ki uzaklarındayız senin  
Nasıl da geliyor kokun  
Nasıl da acımış bileklerin  
İyileşiyor evimiz hadi dayan hadi büyü hadi yeşer  
Hadi biraz daha  
Bir kılıç daha çek  
Bir mızrak daha sür  
Senin için yazdığımı bil bilme ne olur  
Bir gün nasıl olsa  
Aynı çeliklerden ölüürüz  
Kabirlerimiz yan yana kazılır  
Bu sabah  
Yine Afgan topraklarına baktım  
Bir gül goncası gibi açıldı ağızın  
Ya şehit oldun  
Ya bir düşman daha deştin  
Nerden mi geldim ki kim bilir  
Nasıl yanında yerim  
Senin için yazıyorum şimdi bil  
Bir gün nasıl olsa  
Çađrılınca  
Ben sen sen ben için kalkarız  
Birbirinin aynı çıkar  
Uđruna öldüğümüz  
Onlar ki canlarına





## Living

*Dünya hoşlukların göstermediler*  
*Yerin belasından*  
*Kendi özlerin sildiler*  
*Bize dua buyurdular*  
*Bir yakan su geçtik*  
*Daldık geçtik*

Was the plane back  
Did it pierce their civilian shirts  
The Afghan bride's belly was swollen as if she  
was going to give birth to the earth, not a child.  
No, no pilot can hunt her  
On the mountains  
On the waters leaving themselves plopping from the hills  
Like a bride  
Like a goat a gazelle  
Like a hackney like a dozen horses  
She stomps on the mountains the waters under her feet  
No rifle can hunt her  
Her skirts play with her voice  
Her eyes which are recklessly pitch-black<sup>15</sup>  
Her kohl in the pocket of her skirt  
One day, when figs in rows are placed on the plates,  
Martyrdom or veteran sherbets on their right sides  
She will tinge her eyes with kohl  
Hey taraki taraki<sup>16</sup>  
Our holiday  
When your eyes are carved out  
Her babies playing with her voice  
While every red-tipped rifle wanted to catch her  
But no rifle can hunt her

<sup>15</sup> As "gözü kara olmak" in Turkish means both "having black eyes" and "not being afraid of anything", "not avoiding", "being reckless" in English, I tried to give these two meanings together here. (trans. n.)

<sup>16</sup> The Urdu Word ترقی. It means promotion in English. The other similar words are Taraqqi and Sarfarazi. The synonyms of Promotion include are Advance, Advancement, Advocacy, Aggrandizement, Backing, Betterment, Boost, Break, Breakthrough, Bump, Elevation, Encouragement, Exaltation, Favoring, Furtherance, Hike, Honor, Improvement, Jump, Lift, Raise, Rise, Support, Upgrade, Preference, Progress, Ennoblement, Step Up, Preferment, Jump Up and Move Up. See <https://www.urdupoint.com/dictionary/urdu-to-english/taraqqi-meaning-in-english/100156.html>. Retrieved August, 2021. (trans.n.)





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

She lay out her rugs on the great mountains  
Whichever way it comes from  
The arms of death no matter which way it hugs  
She caresses those who are shot and fallen  
She turns their faces to Mecca and puts their heads on the ground in this way.  
Alas we are far away from you  
And how your smell comes to us  
And how your wrists hurt  
Our house is getting better, come on, hang on, grow, green  
come on some more  
Draw another sword  
Launch another spear  
What if you know or not that I wrote for you  
Some day  
We'll die from the same steels any way  
Our graves are dug side by side  
This morning  
I looked at Afghan lands again  
Your mouth opened like a rosebud  
Either you fell a martyr  
Or you cut off another enemy  
Where I come from, who knows  
How is my place next to you  
I'm writing for you now know  
Somehow one day  
When we are called  
I get up for you and you for me  
Identical to each other  
For whom we died  
They are those who didn't show their hearts  
The niceties of the world  
From the trouble of the ground  
They erased their own essence  
They graced to pray for us  
We crossed a burning water  
We dived and passed through

*ANKARA 1979.* We came together to talk about resisting. The circle widened; Hasan sat on the floor. Ahmet entered the room, a chair was taken out so he could sit too, a coffee table was taken out, Hasan's three friends got the news of talking about resisting, they came,





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crowded in front of the door, everybody stood up, the seats were taken out into the hall. When everyone sat on the floor, the three of us, that is, Cahit and Cahit's two friends who were sitting on the chairs next to the table stood up uneasily because they were talking from the top down and the rest were told from the bottom up, the big table and those last three chairs were taken out, a few coffee tables were taken in, before we started to talk about how to resist, from the inner rooms some cushions, mattresses and pillows, and rugs were brought to cover the bare concrete floor, laid down, people stood up, sat down again, and a long-forgotten samovar was found somewhere in the house, charcoal was found somehow at that hour, whoever did but lit the samovar and a clear, pure tea began to flow.

Bismillah.<sup>17</sup>

And it was spoken

A statement was written:

We are still among ourselves

We haven't looked at the earth yet

We haven't looked yet, the name is Hürrem

and their faces that are corpse of a child

Who knows who we are not, here's our name  
morning evening

It is recited, commemorated in Tadad<sup>18</sup>

Who knows who they are not

Standing under the fog in the valley

How thoughtful are the trees that day

It's as if an illiterate peasant spells out the script of nature.

Here's who knows who they are not that those

Whose pulse quickens under the fog in the valley

And how thoughtful are the birds that day

By the way, her name is Mary

Here is our Isaac

and faces that are the corpses of many children

Because horsemen of tyranny have just passed

And no nature didn't refuse them

Whoever wanted to cross, the rafts got them to the other side

And the sparrow flocks were not startled

Even the cherries weren't protected though they saw their bloody hands

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<sup>17</sup> In the name of Allah (trans.n.)

<sup>18</sup> noun. Tādād.(Ar. تعداد ta'dād) counting, counting one by one. (trans. n.)





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

It's like the nature writing is just being dismantled  
Afghan mountains, each of which is like a continent  
Or Afghan is like a single monolithic mountain  
Like a thin and wavy road the sorrow inside us  
Our insides are warming and winding round its body  
Our insides reach and close to its body  
Surely we'll stay here like this  
Who knows who aren't these people  
With wide waists  
An attitude of a dome, of a secret vestibule on their chests  
Their shalwars, kufiyas, collarless jackets  
Their hearts in layer by layer, part by part, in silver lines  
This is the tradition of our villages, who knows who is not that here's  
Sacrifice to the sheriff  
The man who comes by pulling one shoulder forward and in  
One by one standing over the dead  
One morning passing by them like a wind  
Maybe without looking particularly at any of their faces.  
without asking  
And without seeking their wounds  
I say because we will definitely stay here like this.  
With fixed feet and white of eyes grown from overthinking  
and heads with enlarged foreheads  
Our arms cannot be sluggish and helpless  
They can't hang on the ground like this  
Because, no, it's definitely there, there and there  
And here that's how we're going to stay.

**1979 ANKARA.** when I was a student, I stayed as a lodger in a small house in Suadiye, Istanbul. Suadiye was not a crowded town at that time. Emptied in the winter and filled up in the summer. In the summer, wealthy landlords or tenants would come to the big houses where only guard families lived in the winter. The streets would be lively, the trees would turn green, the flowers would bloom, and the gardeners who started to work in the big gardens, in their clean and cool shirts, would wipe out all the pessimism on the one who came down from Bağdat Street to the Suadiye Ferry Pier.

[This is how I came across one of them: He was working in one of the gardens I passed by. When he saw that I was going down to the sea every day towards noon, he understood that we were neighbours. Quietly and alone, I went back and forth, often looking at the sky and the trees. He thought of me as a "wise man". A few days later he greeted me with a smile. Five or six days later, he





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approached the iron bars and said good-bye, “sir”. Ten days later, he held the railing and stood so still that I knew he wanted to speak. After the greeting, “tell me, sir, you know, how does life occur?” said. I tried to sound as wise as I could, knowing that he secretly thought of me as “the wise man, the deep man”. But he wasn’t listening to me. He was just looking at my mouth and waiting for me to finish, but he was very kind, smiling and trying not to hurt me. He called me “sir” for some reason, but I realized that he had chosen me as his student. Even this is significant. When I was silent, he asked another question: “Tell me, teacher, you know, where does vitality come from?” Again, I tried to speak wisely. Again he asked: “Tell me, sir, you know what is soil?” I answered again. Finally he began to speak. If fourteen years had not passed, I would have written what he said as it was. Now I remember only one or two sentences, and I guess the rest: “Look, sir,” he said, “Look at that green branch, it came as green from that red soil. Look, sir, look at these red roses, they came from this black earth as red. Look, sir, look at my calloused hands, how they move and hold, they came alive from the soil you see. Look, sir, soil is essential. Life is from the soil. Why am I digging the soil? Why am I turning the soil upside down, raking the bottom of trees and roses? For air. And then I give water. Air and water. And the sun. So fire. Look, sir, water and air didn’t work when the sun didn’t burn like this. When the three of them were together, the land gained life. A dog dies, I hug it and throw it away there, a tree springs out right from there!” I realized that he was a belated philosopher. I saw him every day since then. We always greeted. But we never spoke. For some reason, we both parted from that first conversation with pride that prevented us from coming together and speaking again]

One summer, a family of tenants moved into the house next door, as the owners were on a trip and were not coming that year. They have a child who has not yet reached primary school age. While playing in front of the door, he calls out to me from time to time. Asks questions. He has a quirk, but what? There is something in him that should not be in a child. Finally, days later, I understood a little: There is a kind of desire to “trade” in those innocent questions, in that innocent child’s face. No, the ‘desire’ remained very innocent, there is willpower. He was taking whatever he could get away from me in haste. He took them and hoarded them, as if he had got goods, and kept them at hand for reuse.

He seemed like a generous boy. But I also realized that his generosity was not genuine one. They were very rich, and the money was overflowing even in this tiny child, of course, in abundance. It was this bulginess of money that appeared in him as generosity.





## Cahit Zarifoğlu

The terrible thing is that even though I was sure that my income in the form of a one-month student scholarship and so on, was only a day's kitchen expenses for this family, I felt unreasonable pity for them, as if they were starving, and wanted to give them whatever I had.

The boy called again one day. He began to deftly order his questions. He was asking such material and private questions and he was so deftly sorting out and remembering the answers that I had the strange feeling that I would not lose my knowledge to him. At that time, I was turning these small conversations into trivial topics. But immediately his facial features appear indicating that his time is wasted, his eyes are filled with cruel and vindictive colours, and if I insist, he picks up a stone from the ground and throws it a little further, then goes to pick it up again, throws it a little farther again and goes to pick it up again and disappears in this manner without saying goodbye, leaving me alone, who had come to the door of his own accord.

We were talking about airplanes that day.

I saw that he was very knowledgeable. He knew well the technical and commercial aspects of aviation. These were simple, practical, usable information. It looked like fun stuff, but it wasn't magazine at all. I asked if he had ever board a plane. He said yes. I'd boarded twice. I asked to where? He said both when we went on vacation to Paris. We went last year, when I was five. In the first, before I was even born, with my mother, in her womb.

His name was Kaya or Ateş or Güneş, such an unqualified thing. I learned that day that he was also Jewish.

### *JEWISH ARITHMETIC*

I read an article titled Jewish Domination in America. I got these notes:

Even though Nazi Germany perpetrated the genocide against all other races, they only and persistently display it as "the genocide of the Jews" and they exploit the feelings of "compassion" until they turn people into compassionate idiots against the Jews.

The most abused are the people of America.

In the USA, an opposing voice against the Jews cannot hear either in the government or in the opposition.

The governor<sup>19</sup> of New York, of Jewish origin, Edward Koch had said to

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<sup>19</sup> In the text, he is mentioned as the governor, but the so-called person is the mayor of





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President Carter who did not pay due attention to Jewish interests: “You’re battling the beehive”. Carter had drastically changed his attitude towards both Koch<sup>20</sup> and Israel. In those days, he came to the point of saying, “I would rather participate in a political suicide than harm Israel.” A Jew: 1- presents himself as the only victim of the European genocide. 2- makes the American believe in the superiority of the Jewish culture and intelligence. 3- intrigues politically.

A Jewish writer says: “Who knows how many geniuses of science would emerge from the six million Jews killed by the Nazis. It might even be possible for us to find a cure for cancer. Imagine what more they could have given if those six million were alive.”

**1979 ANKARA 11 OCTOBER.** when I saw the sun as big, round and red between the mountain and that dark cloud as if the earth had lifted its eyelid, I was thinking as the gazing eye of the universe, how many and distracting shapes and colours are.

*Toprağın yüzünden  
Köpüren şaraptan  
Yollara ağaçlar gibi  
Devrilen kadından  
Ve köpüren şaraptan  
Akıl çelen çocuktan  
Yol kesen  
Kol bağlayan  
Soğuk ayrandan etli aşdan  
Ellerini çektiler  
Canlarını alıkoydular  
Bir yakan suyla yıkanıp  
Dost yüzüne bakmaya koyuldular  
Onlar ki onlar ki  
Tenlerine  
Dünyayı tattırmadılar  
Şimdi içtikleri  
Bir hayranlık selidir  
Per perişan  
Dolaşırlar yeryüzünü  
Onlar ki  
Bir yenleri yok ki ucundan tutalım*

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<sup>20</sup> New York. Edward Irving Koch was the 105th mayor of New York City between the years 1978-1989. (trans. n.)





## Cahit Zarifođlu

*Bir adları yok ki çağırılım  
Gönülleri arı  
İstek evinden dışarda  
Ademlik sınavından azatlı  
Bizim tuttuğumuzu tutmaz  
Bizim eğleştiğimizde eğleşmezler  
Bir yıldız gibi cezbe dünyasında akarlar  
Gerçi bizimle aynı çuldan taşırılar  
Gönüllerinden çıkmaz dost  
Bakarsın bir faniyi pek methederler  
Ellerinde bir çıbık  
Kırda çölde koyun kuzu  
Merkep inek güderler  
Onlar ki  
Gönülleri engin  
Kızaran güllere  
Serin pembe tenlere  
Konar ballardan birine  
Garip bir ah çekerde  
Sen dur ben geleyim  
Gelmek nice göreyim  
Yere gönlüm sereyim  
Kapında dileneyim  
Elimi sen tuttun  
Elimi tuttu dostun  
Serptin göğre savurdun  
Menzile çırak koydun  
Gün gördüm güleyim  
Dost gördüm sevineyim  
Nice maldan geçeyim  
Yollarına dökeyim  
Özüm şerbet tutsun  
Hak dostunun bağında  
Avlanıp otlanayım  
Gözüm onlar balında*

From the face of the earth  
From the sparkling wine  
From the woman fallen  
Like trees on the roads  
And from the sparkling wine  
From the seducing boy







## Living

intercepting  
tying arm  
From cold ayran to meat meal  
They withdrew their hands  
They kept back their hearts  
Washed with a scorching water  
They began to look at the friendly face  
they who  
didn't allow  
their flesh to taste the world  
What they drink now  
It's a flood of admiration  
They in rags  
roam the earth  
They who  
don't have a sleeve by the end of which we can hold  
They don't have a name by which we can call them  
Their hearts are pure  
Outside the wish house  
Freed from the Adam's test  
They don't hold what we hold  
They don't have fun with what we have fun  
They flow like a star in the world of ecstasy  
Though they carry the same sackcloth with us  
The friend doesn't leave their hearts  
Sometimes, they praise a mortal very much  
A stick in their hands  
They herd  
Sheep lamb in the countryside in the desert  
donkey cows  
They whose  
hearts are wide  
On the blushing roses  
On the cool pink flesh  
on one of the honeys lands he  
In a strange sigh  
You stop, let me come  
Let me see how it is to come  
Let me lay my heart on the ground  
Let me beg at your door  
You held my hand  
Your friend held my hand,





## Cahit Zarifođlu

You sprinkled and flourished up to the sky  
You placed the apprentice into the range  
I saw the day to smile  
I saw the friend to be happy  
Let me give up all my goods  
let me shoot the works for you  
Let my essence ferment like sherbet  
In the garden of the friend of Hakk<sup>20</sup>  
Let me hunt and graze  
My eyes are on their honey

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<sup>20</sup> In Turkish "hak" means both "right and reality" as Haqq ( haqq) is the Arabic word for truth and one of the names of Allah (Esmâ-i Hüsnâ) in the Glorious Qur'an. Al-Haqq is often used to refer to Allah as the Ultimate Reality, The Truth, the Only One Certainly Sound and Genuine in Truth. (trans. n.)







## ALL WORKS

1. Poems
2. to live
3. Conversations
4. Novels
5. Stories
6. This World is a Mill
7. Chasing Rich Dreams
8. Milkman Imam
9. We Ride Horses With Our Kids
10. With Readers
11. Letters
12. Radio Games
13. Motifs in Rilke's Novel
14. Children of Signs
15. Seven Beautiful Men
16. Ranges
17. Fear and Invocation
- ACZ Book (About Cahit Zarifođlu)

## SMILE BOOKS

1. Sparrow
2. Woodpeckers
3. Mulelions
4. Yurekdede and the Sultan
5. Smile
6. Little Prince
7. Motorbird
8. The Language of Birds
9. Tree School





Kahramanmaraş  
Metropolitan Municipality



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