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Introduction To The History Of
KAHRAMANMARAŞ LITERATURE

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INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF KAHRAMANMARAŞ LITERATURE

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He was born in Kahramanmaraş, Afşin in 1980. He completed primary, secondary and high school in Maraş and graduated from Selçuk University Department of Biology Teaching. He worked as a teacher, librarian, museologist and editor in various institutions and organizations. His poems, interviews and essays have been published in magazines such as *Atlılar*, *Kırklar*, *Fayrap*, *İtibar*, *Nihayet*, *Muhit*, *Dergâh*, *Hece*, *Cins*, *Sabit Fikir*, literary supplement of *Yeni Şafak* newspaper and the cultural platform *Dünya Bizim*. His first poetry book *Ömer'in Çatılan Kaşları* (Okur Kitaplığı) was published in 2015. He gathered his novel criticisms under the name of *Raskolnikov mu, Bihruz Bey mi?* (Avangard Kitap, 2015). His portrait essays' name is: *Aynamdan Yansıyanlar* (Dünya Bizim, 2015). He published his second poetry book *Yanına Gittiğimizde* (Muhit Kitap) in 2020. He is currently the editor of *Evelâhir*, an arts, culture, and city magazine which was launched in November 2020. He is married and the father of a single child.

The Antique City of Literature

The invention of writing, recognizedly, is regarded as the beginning of history. Ethnographers and anthropologists both agree that it is required to investigate the prehistoric ages henceforth. The first written sources in Kahramanmaraş are from the Late Hittite Period. The name of the Hittite king and his family are engraved on the Maraş Lion. This can be said: It's difficult to find an unlettered period in Kahramanmaraş's history which can be traced 10 thousand years back. Writing indicates the qualification of a culture. We find writing even in the Ancient Roman Period of Kahramanmaraş. On the Germanicia mosaics, the names of their proprietors are written. What is more interesting is that on a mosaic belonging to the period of Villa Rustica, an ancient city in Göksün, it is stated: "May God give you double of what you wish for me."

We come across poetry which is the most subtle, artistic form of word from the period of Muslim Arabs to the Seljuq, and coming to the Ottomans from there. Halili Maraşî who lived in Maraş in the 16th century, as though fairly presenting the Seljuq heritage, wrote sufi poems and preserved the Mevlevi tradition. Sümbülzâde Vehbî, described as "The Sultan of Poets" in the Ottoman period, is from Maraş. Vehbî was born in Maraş, he spent his childhood and adolescence years here. Along with Yedi Güzel Adam (Seven Beautiful Men), Maraş developed its literary identity completely during the Republic Period. Writers of Maraş have shown themselves on the forefront all in divan, minstrel and modern Turkish literature and established the "Maraş ecole". As known, Necip Fazıl Kısakürek, the Republic Period's "Sultan of Poets" was also from Kahramanmaraş.

As the Metropolitan Municipality, we are aware of our part in maintaining and developing the cultural heritage of Maraş and handing it down to the next generations. Our publishing of books and magazines continues to thrive. The interest shown to the Literature and Poetry Days which was first held in 2020 was highly pleasing.

Hayrettin Güngör
Mayor of Metropolitan Municipality

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PREFACE

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE KAHRAMANMARAŞ LITERATURE

When different disciplines such as literature, politics, philosophy, theology and history are observed, the “authority” of some names are mentioned. The history of a field is written according to the authorities of names and incidents. Historians often divide the past into hundred-year periods. Then they focus on the commanders, politicians, economists and artists which symbolize that century. Our subject matter is literature. When glancing at other histories of literature, one might observe the preference of similar methods. Artists are classified as 20th century, 19th century and 18th century. Their birthdates are taken into consideration here. In fact, artists’ birth dates represent the age in which they start to produce work. Some artists might have gained their mastership through the age of fifty. Whereas some may have already completed their main works only in their twenty, leaving their following works to be overshadowed. Since determining these is hard, it is grounded on the artists’ dates of birth.

In conclusion, it is difficult, and often impossible to determine in what year basic works of a 16th-century poet were published. For most of the artists of the 16th century, in which year, where they were born, the names of their parents, where they died and where their tombs reside are undetectable. The artist’s birthdate, birthplace, and death year are all speculated based on his or her unknown when finished works. It has always been the same in world history. Homeros or Shakespeare for example... They are writers about whom little is known, but whose writings are still read with admiration all around the world. The same can be said of Turkish literature too. Hoca Ahmet Yesevi, Yusuf Has Hacıp or Edip Ahmet Yükneci for example... Where they lived, what kind of education they received, with whom they befriended, did they have children, where they were born isn’t known exactly. We are obliged to look at their works too in order to make an assumption. Because the historians are unable to make this sort of scientific and distinct observations, they necessarily focus on the names having authority. They divide the time into periods, categorize and try to catch “the spirit of age” through those names.

The ones who have authority thoroughly show the period in which they live. Besides, whether we recognize it or not, they don’t only carry the characteristics of their time. This part is very important: These people, moreover, possess the characteristics of the previous era too. How can this be? For instance,

the representatives of the 13th century in the fields of sufism and literature are Mevlânâ Celâleddîn-i Rûmî and Yunus Emre. If looked closely, one can see that these two names carry all the characteristics of the Muslim men of letters who came before them. Mevlânâ resembles Persia and Seljuq with his Persian poetry and Yunus Emre resembles Middle Asian Turks. Both of these names are an introduction to Ottoman literature. In order to understand the literature generated during the Ottoman period, we have no more reliable sources than Mevlana's and Yunus Emre's writings. They will be holding our hands as we make our way towards the writers who came before them. We can go on a journey through Mevlana towards Ferîdüddin Attâr, Beydeba, Firdevsî, Hakim Senâî and even One Thousand and One Nights. We can walk through Yunus Emre towards Ahmed Yesevî easily. Therefore the artists who have authority, carry within themselves the key both to the future and the former times. Hence, a detailed Mevlânâ research means researching the Seljuk period literature and the Ottomans. Likewise, a wide analysis of Yunus Emre is analysing the Seljuks, the literature of Turkish states before them and the literature of the Ottoman period.

Poets of Maraş in the Ottoman Period

That is why learning of the Mevlevi identity of Halili Maraşî who lived in the 16th century isn't surprising, nor is the fact that he belongs to an artistic family. As known, Halili Maraşî's grandfather is Hayrettin Maraşî, who is referred as "The Master of Masters" in the field of calligraphy. And Hayrettin Maraşî is the teacher of Şeyh Hamdullah who is described as a new ecole, move, style in calligraphy. Just as music, poetry, Ottoman illumination (tezhîp), miniature painting and paper marbling (ebru); calligraphy has leaped forward within Mevleviyeh and reached the peak in its line of development. A link can be made to Halili Maraşî from this point too. Halili Maraşî, through his grandfather as well, is a point of representation and landmark for the artistic activity of the period. Other arts have affected poetry. Poetry has a similar influence on other arts. Poetry is the form of art with the highest authority within the culture of the Seljuks and Ottomans. Indeed there is a relation and bond between the poets and musicians, musicians and calligraphers, calligraphers and illuminators. While the art of poetry is in its prime on one side, it can't be expected of music to be at its worst. Culture is formed as a result of collective move. All art forms feed and create one another. It's possible to keep up with these bonds and relations. The link between Shaikh Hamdullah and Abdullah Meragi is this kind of a cultural interaction. These names and artists meet under the roof of Mevleviyeh in private and Islam in general. On the other hand we can associate the same arts with architecture. We can look upon the Süleymaniye and Selimiye mosques from the peaks which Fuzuli, Nedim and Baki reached. These arts were born from the mutual roots of aesthetic concern, moral standing, understanding of life and worldview. There are inseparable links between the harmony which divan poets have caught in poetry and Mevlevi musicians have caught with tambourine, classical lute (tambur) and reed flute (ney).

Therefore it wouldn't be right to think of names with authority solely in their own fields. They symbolize the entire cultural environment which they reside in. The moral principles, thought of sufism, poetry culture, aesthetic knowledge, musical ear and worldview of the earlier Seljuk period can be discovered over the hymns of Halili Maraşî. The connection of the writers of Maraş with the times preceding the Ottoman period can thus be examined through Halili Maraşî.

We drew a line from Mevlânâ to Halili Maraşî. We may easily pass on to Hâmî Abdulgaffar Baba from Halili Maraşî now. Hâmî Abdulgaffar Baba, who created his works in the 19th century, is also a Mevlevi. He schooled the Masnavi in a Mevlevi lodge (mevlevihane) of Maraş. A correlation can be found between the divan of Hâmî Abdulgaffar Baba and every work that is somehow linked to The Masnavi culturally, poetically or philosophically. This is a traditional continuity. Culture emerges within these kinds of connections and is passed down through generations. It wouldn't be right to think of Gaffar Baba merely by the Mevlevi culture for certain. One finds traces of the Bektashi tradition in his divan. In Gaffar Baba Divanı there are odes (gazel) in the style of Nedim and wise sayings in the style of Fuzuli. Consequently, with his Divan, Gaffar Baba becomes the cultural heir and representative of the previous millennium. Just as the 18th century poet Şeyh Galib was the carrier of an entire divan literature and the Mevleviyeh tradition.

The Sultan of the Earliest Poets of Maraş

Halili Maraşî and Gaffar Baba weren't only the most influential representatives of the tradition of Turkish Islamic literature. They had become the representatives of the writers of Maraş in the time they lived. Thus we can trace the beginning of the writers of Maraş in the Ottoman period back to Halili Maraşî and extend it to Gaffar Baba. We come across some other great representatives in between. Sünbülzâde Vehbî, for instance, is significantly more known than Halili Maraşî and Gaffar Baba. Perhaps his authority is higher than them. Such that he doesn't only signify the Ottoman period of Maraş's writers but also an entire Ottoman poetry of the era in which he lived. This representation was acknowledged when he was alive. Sünbülzâde Vehbî was known as "The Sultan of Poets" during his lifetime. Sünbülzâde Vehbî lived in the 18th century. The 18th century is known by the name of Şeyh Galib. Vehbî achieving this title within a time Şeyh Galib was alive is a great accomplishment. Considering that his knowledge of Persian is as good as being able to create a dictionary, it is clear that he's not merely the representative of Maraş's 18th century writers. He gathered the qualities of the preceding poets who wrote divans together with his own period in his far-reaching Divan. Vehbî's Divan separates from his contemporaries and the divan writers of the former era in respect of his sensitivity of the Turkish language and usage of literary arts skillfully. Just as the Divan of Şeyh Galib, his Divan is noted for its hard-to-read qualification owing to its strong diction.

Let us not forget to mention the other divan poets of Maraş: Fevzi Çelebi (16. yy), Muîdî (16th century), Sebki (17th century), Ahdî-i Mar'aşî (17th century), Râşid Efendi (18th century), Arif Efendi (18th century), Tevfik (18th century), Hâşim Efendi (18th century), Hayâtî Efendi (18th century), İlmî Çelebizade Ali Efendi (19th century), Hayreddin Lâmi (19th century), Hayrullah Hayrî Efendi (19th century), Hayâtizâde Halil Şeref (19th century), Şevket Dede (19th century), Kalalızade Osman Efendi (19th century), Yusuf Kenan Bey (19th century), Mehmed Şem'î Efendi (19th century), Nadir Baba (19th century), Asım-ı Mar'aşî (19th century), Hâfız Veliddin Efendi (19th century), Hâdî-i Mar'aşî (19th century), Vecdî (19th century), Mustafa Nuri Bey (19th century), Hayderî (19th century), Veditâ-i Elbistanî (20th century), Kemâlettin Özalp (20th century).

Istanbul: The Dream of Poets

There is one more thing which Vehbî, among the writers of Maraş, is known for and that is his migration to Istanbul, despite the fact that he was born, raised and had his first education in Maraş. This tradition started with Vehbî and from that day on it continued unchangingly. Hayrettin Maraşî, the grandfather of Halili Maraşî, moved to Amasya from Maraş in the time of Bayezid II. Because in that time there were masters of calligraphy in Amasya. The environment has always been significant for artists. It's not in vain that the painters aspire to be in Paris, for they'll meet with the other painters there. They'll speak of painting, learn new techniques and be able to overcome obstacles more easily. As it is in many other arts too, Istanbul has long been the sole city which poets desired to visit. Fuzuli also somehow kept an eye on Istanbul. But he stayed in Baghdad. This can be understood from the complaint he wrote to Suleiman the Magnificent. It's undeniable that Nabi from Urfa hadn't kept a desire for Istanbul in his heart either. Surely the reason for this wasn't only that the poets were honored by the Ottoman Palace. The sultans of rhetoric resided in Istanbul at that time. Meeting, conversing with them, spending time together and competing in the end- is still a passion that poets can't seem to give up in the 21st century. Vehbî is the first name of this tradition that has been identified. To put it explicitly, every poet or writer who is born, has been raised and took his first education in Maraş and who then moved to one of the two great culture centers of Turkey, that is to say Istanbul or Ankara, is in fact a grandson of Vehbî.

We may think of Sünbülzâde Vehbî as in between Halili Maraşî and Gaffar Baba. But all these three poets historically, culturally and poetically stand on the same line. This line could be called "Court literature", as it was generated by poems from Arabic and Persian literature written in aruz prosody. The main feature of this literature is that it is created with complex, higher-up language and arts. In this literature, language is enriched with words and phrases from Persian and Arabic. It possesses an aesthetic which only the literate, scholarly and the ones who know Persian and Arabic besides Turkish can understand and appreciate. It's well recognized that the theme of this high literature is constructed

through wide associations. The writers of divan move in an intellectual field with wide borders stretching through Alexander the Great to Prophet Isa and from Buda, Babil, Persians, Socrates to Prophet Moses. The similes, symbols, images and the examples they use may require explanations making volumes of books. These rare samples of the divan literature are being tried to clarify with analysis, interpretation and research even today. Nevertheless a clear result cannot be reached. In these works it is seen how subtly the literary arts are used. For this reason, although they are subject to diverse definements the divan writers have a depth that everyone would interpret differently. And for this reason, poems that are clear, uncomplicated, written in a plain language that can be understood by anyone, which doesn't have far connotations and are more concrete when compared to the divan literature are named as "Folklore Literature". Fuat Köprülü doesn't agree with this denotation. His proposal is "Minstrel Literature" ("Aşık Edebiyatı"). Folklore literature, in the colloquial sense, means the literature which the folk can comprehend. However, it was realized over time that the literature appealing to the folk may come to different meanings and that poems of the sufi poets such as Yunus Emre aren't any easier to understand than the court literature. Thus the offer of Fuat Köprülü is conformable. Interestingly, the poems of Yunus Emre are gathered under the name of Divan. Still, it's undeniable that there are differences between the minstrel literature and the divan literature. It's possible for one to read Pir Sultan Abdal of the 16th century, Karacaoğlan of the 17th century and the Dadaloğlu of the 19th century without being in need of a dictionary or a language simplification even today, yet it's difficult to read divan poetry of the 19th century without using a dictionary. However, the poems of Fuzuli, who lived in the 16th century, can be read if only given attention to or in other words, by considering the Azerbaijan Turkish used by him. The same could be said for the poems of Halili Maraşî. Later on, the talent competitions of the divan poets from the 16th until the 19th century caused the language to develop to the point where it became incomprehensible. One of the rarest examples of this is the Divan of Maraşlı Vehbî. Following the 19th century, in the Republic period of Turkey, language would be simplified once again.

Yunus Emre, Ahmet Yesevi and Ahmed Kuddûsî

Simplification in the language is made through the poets of the minstrel literature. This preference is accurate, for the simplest form of Turkish is seen in minstrel literature. Traditional uses exist too in the minstrel literature. Through this literature, the words' differentiation and the change of pronunciation according to the regions can be followed. Moreover, the Turkish words that aren't used by the poets of divan literature can exist in minstrel literature. Apart from being the hometown of a poet such as Vehbî who is one of the most renowned names of divan literature, Kahramanmaraş is the hometown of the most reputed name of minstrel literature too. Karacaoğlan was born in Varsat village in Bahçe, that is a district of Maraş, and resided mainly in the borders of Maraş, Osmaniye and Kayseri in his lifetime. We deduce that from his poems. It is also seen in the historical sources that in the minstrel

coffeehouses of Maraş he learned to play the saz and propounded hereabout. The mountains (Ahr, Berit), plateaus (Başkonuş), districts (Göksün, Elbistan) and the streams (Ceyhan) of Maraş are often mentioned in his poems. His idioms are in the dialect of Maraş too.

Going back to the beginning, Mevlânâ and Yunus Emre of the Seljuks constitute two different traditions. An objection such as, “Mevlânâ wrote his poems in Persian.” is unnecessary. There is no need to mention that the Arabic and Persian languages were used along with Turkish both in the Seljuk and Ottoman periods and that the scholars and literary men of these times were articulate enough in these languages to write a book in them. Also Gaffar Baba, who lived in Maraş, had a great knowledge of Persian. As a consequence, we may speak of the presence of the two strong lines, Mevlânâ and Yunus Emre, in Turkish literature. The line drawn from Mevlânâ to Halili Maraşî can be easily drawn from Yunus Emre to Karacaoğlan and Kuddûsî Baba. After Kuddûsî Baba, this line continues partly weakly and partly clearly. Kuddûsî Baba gets a hand both from Yunus Emre and from the regional diction that is peculiar to the people of Maraş, becoming evident in Karacaoğlan and his associates. Following Karacaoğlan, the rarest examples of minstrel literature in Maraş can be found.

Recognizing the Ahmet Yesevi and Yunus Emre line in Kuddûsî Baba is inevitable. The heart, ecstasy and sight of the poetry of Yunus Emre exists in Kuddûsî Baba too. It's not coincidental that this ecstasy is seen also in tekke (dervish lodge) poets. There is the same state of trance in Bektashi and Mevlevi traditions, as well as Naqshbandi and Qadiriyya tariqas. That is why Maraşîzade Ahmet Kuddûsî is a strong voice and symbol of the sufi literature. Many of his poems are composed and sung as chants. Together with that, Kuddûsî, as also seen in Ahmet Yesevi, gives plenty of advice to those who want to pursue sufism. Similarly, narratives about the different ranks of sufism are found in both. However, the poems of Kuddûsî are compiled under the title of Divan. Then for the poets from Kahramanmaraş such as Kuddûsî and Gaffar Baba, the lines of Mevlânâ and Yunus Emre meet, similar to how Mevlânâ and Yunus Emre meet in the notion of vahdet-i vücud (unity of existence). It can be even said that they form the perfect synthesis of the two lines. One must not regard the religious tendencies in Karacaoğlan apart from these relations as well.

The Minstrel Literature Poet Who Cannot Be Exceeded

Karacaoğlan is a poet who has determined the boundaries, structure, aesthetic and the saying of the minstrel literature. There's one more thing we should pay attention to: In both Yunus Emre's and Karacaolan's poems, there is a social work. In other words, the principal of each poet is a social activity rather than the poetic work of a single poet. After circulating from mouth to mouth for a long time, both writers' poems were collected into a book. Therefore this can be said: Because one memorizes what the other says by hearing, and then

another listens and memorizes from the one who memorized with the same method, there can be changes in phrases during this interpersonal transfer, a new word is added or removed while the society circulates these poems. Thus we may conclude that these poems have been transferred from mouth to mouth until reaching their ideal form. This is observed in the poems of Karacaoğlan more specifically. He has hundreds of poems which start with the same line. Various versions of a single poem of him have been found. This is how a poem known as Karacaoğlan's in one region takes shape in another. These two poems can readily be used as part of a society read or a research project on qualities of Turkish language. Besides, we can easily say that the types of poems classified as minstrel literature or sufi literature are in fact shaped by society. As a result, when we say that Karacaoğlan shaped the form, structure, and borders of minstrel literature, we're referring to the impact of an entire society on this poetry. Again, that's the reason the simplification of language in the republic period has been successful to the extent that it was made through these two poets. Otherwise, when thinking of ending the use of Persian and Arabic words in Turkish it is observed that the language grew weak and dysfunctional. The simplification of the language through Yunus Emre and Karacaoğlan has also been a preview of modernism for the poets of Maraş. Karacaoğlan continued to exist with all his features in poets such as Ahmet Çıtak and Derdiçok. These two poets from Maraş were also fed by the poems of poets from other regions such as Pir Sultan Abdal and Erzurumlu Emrah. But the main sound and structure belongs to Karacaoğlan. Dadaloğlu is another name who was influential for these names. Dadaloğlu had also lived between Kahramanmaraş, Adana and Kayseri. It's known that he made visits to the towns, districts and villages of Kahramanmaraş as well. Thus the poems of Dadaloğlu aren't poems which are unknown, unrecognized or unremembered. The minstrels of Maraş learned to resist, rebel and to not submit to authority from him in some way. While love and nature spring to life in Karacaoğlan, it is a fight that we see in Dadaloğlu. Derdiçok and Ahmettak have traditional pronunciations, while Dostozan, Hayati Vasfi Taşyürek, Aşık Yener, Abdurrahim Karakoç, and Aşık Mahzunî Şerif have modern pronunciations.

In the 17th century, Karacaoğlan did not see the requirement to travel to Istanbul. He could perform his art wandering from town to town and village to village. Derdiçok and Ahmet Çıtak didn't feel the need to travel to İstanbul either. In fact, it is said Derdiçok has never left Elbistan and Afşin during his lifetime. However Abdurrahim Karakoç and Aşık Mahzunî Şerif went to Istanbul, or rather they made their way to improve their arts and reach out to more people. It may be thought that minstrel literature and divan literature had met in Istanbul during the republic period. The minstrel literature was dominant in Istanbul during the Ottoman period. Even the poetry of Yunus Emre was regarded as the weak circle within this literature. In the republic period this view was abandoned. The depth which Yunus Emre found in simplicity, the practicality and tangibility in his language was rediscovered

in the republic period. This situation allows minstrels to show their ability in Istanbul. Abdurrahim Karakoç and Aşık Mahzunî Şerif are two symbolic names at this point. They attain the movement which the 18th-century-poet Maraşlı Sümbülzâde Vehbî had given start as minstrels during the 20th century. Thereafter, Istanbul became a target for both of the lines. It's an authority, an environment, an abundance of opportunities where they'll show themselves better, make themselves heard by more people and take their arts a step forward.

Poetry in Divan Poets of Maraş

In the 16th century, poets, to which Halili Maraşî is included, perceived poetry as a means. They do not only see it as a means, poetry is a prayer in their language. For they have a lot of invocations. The reason they see it as a tool is to provide advice. They propound poetry to say words of wisdom, to give advice, for enjoining the good and forbidding the evil. That's how Halili Maraşî's poems are as well. His main topic is what to do in order to be a better servant of Allah. We come across the same topic in the poetry of Kuddûsî too. In his poems, the suggestions which the disciple must make to himself in the presence of the seduction of the world also draws attention. There are such poems in Yunus Emre's works too. The main topics of these poems are invocations, naat (poems praising Prophet Muhammad), epics of the dervishes, advices, the rudiments of sufism, moral principles, the cases which must be watched out in approach to humans and the world. Both Halili and Kuddûsî enter a state of ecstasy when they speak of the love for Allah and in their poems in which they turn towards Him. Emotions are dominant in these poems while the mind stands out in the others with sufi and hortative expressions. The poets are more moderate in those kinds. As to the poems with complaints turned towards Allah and love, the state of sekr (stupor) is gone through. Sufis prefer poetry for inducing such experiences. Moreover, as is known, poetry has an inspirational aspect. This aspect is used widely by the sufis. It is even a method for obtaining information just as what dreams represent in sufism.

Similar poems and sayings are also seen in the divans of Sümbülzâde Vehbî and Gaffar Baba. There is a mention of earthly love in both of the poets' divans. Gaffar Baba has such love poems that are equally as good as the odes of Nedim. Vehbî's satirical poems full of sarcasm are on par with Neftî. Many writers drew attention to the criticisms aimed at modernism in the poems of Şeyh Galib as well. Vehbî and Gaffar Baba, among Maraş's writers, can be seen as examples of gradually breaking away from tradition and adopting modernism. Afterwards, Tanzimat reform era and Meşrutiyet (constitutional) period will be experienced in Turkish Literature. Until the Garip movement (a movement defending the removal of stereotypical patterns and expressions), tradition and modernism will keep conflicting in Turkish poetry. Following the Garip movement, this conflict will change shape or dimension but the dispute of form will end at some point. Together with the traditional aruz prosody and the syllabic meter, the free verse will make an appearance.

The subject of love is strongly emphasized in the poems of Ottoman minstrels. Bravery, the temporariness of the world, fidelity, sincerity, honesty, justice, equitability and fate are some other topics which are dwelled upon. The poems of the minstrels being more tangible, they carry a lot of data concerning the situations, social conditions, problems and the current lives of the cities, towns and the villages which the poets occupy. For example, the most common topic is poverty. Subjects such as rain, thunderstorm and winter are often seen in the minstrels of Maraş too due to the earning of livelihood of the Anatolian people from agriculture and husbandry in the Ottoman period. Changes in the contents of the poetry began to occur throughout the 19th century, that is to say, around the time of World War I. Those changes weren't only seen in poetry of the minstrels but in every poet of the period. Everyone in the 19th century started to doubt themselves first, then their beliefs and truths. It must also be taken into consideration that the Ottomans began to lose great lands within the same century. All of these had a great impact on the poets of Kahramanmaraş.

Because minstrel literature has measures such as syllabic meter and rhyme, a similar modernization takes place with a smoother transition in divan literature when compared to it. Topics like homeland, martyrdom, war veterans have been included to the most underlined themes of love and poverty. The occupation of Maraş first by the English then by the French army in 1920 caused the poets to be welled up with the emotions of homeland and utter poems in such matters. This can be interpreted as an increase in political poetry. Poets utter heroic, loud-voiced poems over their social responsibilities, conscience and experiences in the 19th century. Yet they never lose the structure of minstrel poetry formed with syllabic meter, the minstrel line from Karacaoğlan or the base of belief from Ahmet Yesevi and Yunus Emre. The system of the century causing the individual to self doubt, brings with it a rise of question marks in poetry. Consequently, poets tend to stick to unquestionable themes and these themes are Islam and the native land.

The Sultan of Poets: Necip Fazıl Kısakürek

It's a characteristic which came together with period, that Necip Fazıl Kısakürek, another "Sultanuş Şuara/Sultan of Poets" from Maraş, did not leave the syllabic meter in his poems. There were names who used the syllabic meter in their poetry preceding Necip Fazıl. It can be said that this movement started with Mehmet Emin Yurdakul and Ziya Gökalp. Later on, poems about the uplands, mountains, brooks and the flowers of Anatolia were written, which I think were rather inspired by Karacaoğlan. Some of the names who write this type of poetry are Kemalettin Kamu, Faruk Nafiz Çamlıbel, and Ömer Bedrettin Uşaklı. The syllabic meter, apart from reaching its peak point, underwent a change of content and saying in Necip Fazıl. Because Necip Fazıl progressed not through Karacaoğlan but Yunus Emre. The poetry of Yunus Emre, with its inquisitive aspect, was more suitable for the factor of doubt that we indicated to be present in everyone throughout the period in which he lived. Necip Fazıl reflects his palpitations and his questions of human and life in his poems

such as “Çile”. Besides, when compared to the poetry of Charles Baudelaire and Arthur Rimbaud particularly, his poems including “Kaldırımlar”, “Otel Odaları” and “Takvimdeki Deniz” are the first western poems of the Turkish literature in real terms.

Necip Fazıl has a quite different position and effect on the “moving to Istanbul and Ankara” incident, which we believe began with Vehbî. Before going any further, I want to emphasize that the poets from Maraş who have migrated to Istanbul and Ankara have never lost their contact with their hometown. For every writer from Maraş, their hometown is “the place where the child's heart ignites” as Sezai Karakoç suggests. The movement which was started by Vehbî almost switched together with Necip Fazıl. The influence of Necip Fazıl from Maraş wasn't only on the poets of that town. In fact, his effect can be observed on every poet-to-be who is born in any city, town or village of Anatolia. And that effect is the ability of the young poet to say: “No matter where I was born, brought up or set foot in, I can utter poetry under my own steam.” His gain of self-confidence, in other words. This self-confidence already exists greatly in the poets of Maraş. That trait has spread among an entire Turkish literature through Necip Fazıl. Perhaps the greatest impact of Necip Fazıl was enabling the Turkish poets to regain their confidence in the face of the western literature and its representatives. Indeed every poet needed that confidence at the time. After Mehmet Akif Ersoy, the poems by which a loud sound can be heard belong to Necip Fazıl. We wouldn't be wrong if we assumed that disappointed poets, whose empires had collapsed and who could never help but feel of defeat, especially the young poets who arrived between Mehmet Akif and Necip Fazıl, struggled to write minimal poems with a hoarse voice.

Through the Büyük Doğu (The Great East) magazine he founded, Necip Fazıl demonstrated how a poet could create a movement of thought. Being born and raised in Istanbul, as well as adopting the Anatolian spirit of his grandfather Mehmet Hilmi Efendi from Maraş had a significant effect in his assertive and self-confident character. It is interesting that the mother of Necip Fazıl wanted him to be a poet too. Necip Fazıl started to write poems partly in accordance with this request. There was poetry in the air that Necip Fazıl breathed as a child, since he was the son of a family from Maraş. The quote, “A poet emerges from two of the three gates in Kahramanmaraş.” isn't a state to find odd. As in the example of Necip Fazıl, poetry relies on the culture base of people from Maraş. Every child from Maraş acquires the thought of dignity belonging to poetry and the poets firstly from his/her family and then the environment. Râşid Efendi, the father of Vehbî, was a poet during the Ottoman period. Vehbî's son Hayreddin Lâmi was also a poet. Coming back to Necip Fazıl, he isn't only a strong representative of the poets from Maraş in the republican period, but also one of the cornerstones of Turkish literature.

The Büyük Doğu movement carried several more movements within itself. The Diriliş movement of Sezai Karakoç, Edebiyat movement of Nuri Pakdil,

Mavera movement led by Rasim Özdenören, Akif İnan, Erdem Bayazıt and Cahit Zarifoğlu and İkinciyazıları movement of Nedim Ali are all directly or indirectly related to the Büyük Doğu movement. All of these names are from Kahramanmaraş. They established the intellectual and artistic formation known as "Maraş ecole" in Turkish literature with Necip Fazıl. The "Maraş ecole" not only bound Maraş, but also influenced several writers from the 1930s to the present day. Hundreds of poets, short story writers, critics and essayists have come out of the magazines mentioned earlier. They shaped and published their first writings and first passions in these magazines. Therefore the Republican period of the writers from Maraş must begin with Necip Fazıl. The history of the writers of Maraş, which had proceeded with some best-known names of the Ottoman period, has progressed altogether after Necip Fazıl and in Mavera magazine particularly. Although not directly, impacts of the Büyük Doğu magazine are seen indirectly on Dolunay, another literature magazine of Kahramanmaraş. This impact got remodeled on the identity of the person who established the magazine, Bahaettin Karakoç. In the same way that diverse, large branches, in other words, having taken root, different perceptions of literature emerge in this manner.

Before and After 1980

People began to turn away from divan poetry together with the Tanzimat reform era. This distancing can be expressed as a break with tradition and it doesn't entirely take place until Yahya Kemal and Ahmet Haşim. A complete break from tradition cannot be said to take place for these names either as of both form and content. Free verse was accepted in Turkish literature thereafter. Though it found its true shape in Nazım Hikmet and Orhan Veli. Although Nazım Hikmet's poetry is written with serbest müstezat (verse form that can be written in various forms of both aruz and syllabic meter) it consists of inner and outer rhyme. It is reasonable to think that divan poetry left its place to free verse. Poets who didn't write free verse poetry proceeded on their way with syllabic meter. Necip Fazıl did not abandon the syllabic meter. But Ahmet Haşim owns poems of free verse too. In the first poems of Nazım Hikmet, syllabic meter and aruz prosody are also found. He preferred free verse in his later poems. For the poet's needs were not met by syllabic meter within modern social conditions. "Monna Rosa" and "Yağmur Duası", the first poems of Sezai Karakoç were also written using the syllabic meter. Free verse has become widespread after Necip Fazıl. The reason behind why we think divan poetry left its place to free verse during the Republic period, is that in both poem forms, elements such as the topic, imagery, literary arts, intellectual background, the use of history is exercised at its highest level. The reason why the poetry movement named İkinci Yeni (Second New Poetry) which emerged in the 1950s quickly spread is also the same: The syllabic meter and the Garip movement together with it, being unsuitable for the spirit of the time and insufficient for the poet. For this reason, no matter how the poets who gathered in the magazines such as Diriliş, Edebiyat, Mavera and İkinciyazıları were bind to Necip Fazıl in the aspect of thought, they stuck

to free verse in the form of poetry. Akif İnan and Osman Sarı have written poetry in syllabic meter. The form of these poems are syllabic meter, yet their sayings are modern.

The activity of writers in Maraş after Necip Fazıl, the magazines they established and the books they published can be considered to be a milestone in Turkish literature. After these writers Turkish literature will never be the same again. The lines of Necip Fazıl, “We made a breach in the wall, sacred notably / O fickle fortune, blow any which way you can” can be used for the writers of Maraş at this point. Let us remember those names again: Sezai Karakoç, Akif İnan, Cahit Zarifoğlu, Rasim Özdenören, Alaeddin Özdenören, Erdem Bayazıt, Kadir Tanır, Osman Sarı, İsmail Killioğlu. They have been the brothers of some poetry generations with both their works and the magazines they publish. Besides, they have played active, effective and decisive roles within their own generation as well. Let us also mention the second generation writers of Maraş: Atif Dağ, Ömer Erinç, Ömer Aksay, Necip Evlice, Ali Karaçalı, Mevlâna İdris, Nedim Ali, Kâmil Aydoğan, Mustafa Aydoğan.

People From Maraş Who Are Not From Maraş

Let us tell why we refer Akif İnan and Sezai Karakoç as from Maraş too. Despite the fact that Akif İnan was born in Urfa and Sezai Karakoç in Diyarbakır, both of these names have been in Maraş and contributed greatly to the movement we name “Maraş ecôle”. If Necip Fazıl is regarded as the master in the “Maraş ecôle” based on his guidance, art, the thoughts he manifested and the magazine he published, Sezai Karakoç is considered as the second elder brother after him. Another elder brother is Nuri Pakdil. The relationship between these names aren't solely of brotherhood. Both of the names were seen as masters in art and intellect, and their guidance was taken as a base. Akif İnan studied high school in Kahramanmaraş together with Rasim Özdenören, Alaeddin Özdenören, Erdem Bayazıt and Cahit Zarifoğlu. This high school friendship continued with publishing a magazine and establishing a publishing house later on. Şevket Bulut wasn't born in Maraş either, but he created his entire works during the time he was in Maraş; he wrote all his books here. The places which he used in his stories were most often taken from Maraş. Another name from the recent era which can be included in the “Maraş ecôle” is Mustafa Köneçoğlu. Köneçoğlu contributed directly or indirectly to every literary activity which took place in Maraş specially between the years 2000-2020, and has been an elder brother for young poets. Hence, accepting these names as “from Maraş” hasn't any inconvenience in terms of literature history.

Meanwhile, let us mention other Republican period writers from Maraş: Adem Konan, Ahmet Cansız Güllü, Ahmet Ekici, Ahmet Kurnaz, Ahmet Sandal, Ahmet Özer, Ahmet Süreyya Durna, Ali Büyükçapar, Ali Haydar Tuğ, Ali İhsan Kuyumcu, Arif Bilgin, Asuman Soydan Atasayar, Avni Doğan, Bahtiyar Aslan, Bünyamin K., Celalettin Kurt, Cevdet Alperen, Coşkun Çokyığıt, Durmuş Ali Eker, Ertuğrul Karakoç, Fatih Okumuş, İbrahim Y. Zarifoğlu,

Kenan Seyithanođlu, Mehmet Akif Baltutan, Mehmet Akif Kireççi, Mehmet Aksu, Mehmet Gemci, Mehmet Güneş, Mehmet Taş, Mustafa Okumuş, Mustafa Önyurt, Mustafa Türk, Nevzat Kırkpınar, Nihat Yücel, Nurettin Ertekin, Osman Gökçe, Ömer Faruk Aytemiz, Raşit Küçükkürtül, Sezai Uğurlu, Sıddık Elbistanlı, Sıddık Özer, Şeref Turhan, Şevket Yücel, Tahir Görenli, Tanyal Sümbül, Tayyip Atmaca, Yalçın Yücel, Yaşar Alparslan, Yaşar Beçene, Yusuf Telci, Hasan Reşit Tankut, Mehmet Ali Zengin, Mehmet Alperen, Mehmet Göçer, Mehmet Gören, Mehmet Reşit Ayhan, Mehmet Taş, Ahmet Dođan İlbey, İsmail Göktürk, Esin Tepebaşı, Ahmet Maraşlı, Murat Aykaç Erginöz, Mehmet Işık, Mehmet Mortaş, Ahmet Taşgetiren, Arif Bilgin, Cuma Tahirođlu, Mürvet Sarıyıldız, Arif Burun, Fatih Bedir Köker, İbrahim Gökburun, Cafer Keklikçi, Hüseyin Burak Us, Necdet Ekici, Osman Alagöz, Ramazan Avcı, Recep Şükrü Güngör, Nusret Şan, Remzi Çayır, Salih Zengin, Salman Kapanođlu, Hacı Abdullah Kozan, Esmâ Yakar, Sema Maraşlı, Serdar Yakar, Salih Koca, Kadriye Kırdök, Vehbi Vakkasođlu.

When taking a glance at the *Diriliş*, *Edebiyat* and *Mavera*, one can see that world literature is followed closely by these magazines. Several translated works from many world languages, French, Arabic and English particularly, appear in every issue. Free verse is embraced, likewise for some researchers Sezai Karakoç has influenced the last century of Turkish poetry. After Sezai Karakoç, Cahit Zarifođlu is the poet who has been the most influential on both his contemporaries and the new generations. Erdem Bayazıt and Alaeddin Özdenören produced a distinctive but strong poetry with their unique sound, style, saying and imagery. While Erdem Bayazıt distinguished with his epic sayings, Alaeddin Özdenören created the most unique examples of lyricism. Cahit Zarifođlu's poetry caught attention with its imagist aspect and according to Ece Ayhan, he easily resolved the structure problem of poetry beginning from his first works. Although Sezai Karakoç and Cahit Zarifođlu remarked with their imagist senses, the harmony they caught in poetry, they have succeeded in creating a wide impact area in terms of the harmony they have achieved in poetry, and also the revival of cultural elements. Writers from Maraş -Rasim Özdenören, Kadir Tanır and İsmail Killiođlu- created the short story wing of the magazines *Diriliş*, *Edebiyat* and *Mavera*. Rasim Özdenören has proved himself of being the first Islamist short story writer of not only this movement but of Turkish literature. It can be even said that the understanding of short story has changed in Turkey with Rasim Özdenören. All three storytellers handled the conflict between tradition and modernism through the inner conflict of the individual. The books of these writers faced forward Anatolia in one way and tended to comprehend the modern world in another. In his book *Gül Yetiştiren Adam* (*The Man Who Grows Roses*), Rasim Özdenören reflects the tradition, the world of faith and the customs through the man who grows roses and on the other hand, he discusses a becoming westernized Turkey through the character Çarli. The same names filled the review and essay pages of these magazines. After all, essay writing has been another language form for them.

Cahit Zarifođlu wrote short stories, novels, plays and diaries apart from writing essays. And all these books are as impressive as his poetry. Likewise, the extensive research essays of Alaeddin Özdenören which argue the history of philosophy and which could be read as a criticism of modernism are remarkable. Writings of Akif İnan that discuss different civilizations and notions such as literature, culture, arts and religion are collected into a book. While arousing interest with his leading essays, Nuri Pakdil also wrote poems, plays and made translations from French. Rasim Özdenören, alongside his writings in the magazines, has written essays in daily newspapers regularly. The short stories, plays and essays of Sezai Karakoç had been just as effective as his poems. Therefore, the writers of the movement named “Maraş ecole”, also known as Yedi Güzel Adam (Seven Beautiful Men), were hardworking names who were intellectually educated and could create works of all kinds.

Who Are Yedi Güzel Adam (Seven Beautiful Men)?

Yedi Güzel Adam is the name of the second poetry book of Cahit Zarifođlu. In these poems, he does not seem to be telling of himself or his friends. Zarifođlu has created a new fiction in this book. Zarifođlu, who stands aloof from modernism as it can be observed in his other works, discusses the moral principles which he sees as the necessities of the time over different characters. In the TV series that was shot in 2014 on TRT-1 so as to tell the story of the writers of Maraş, they named these sincere literature lovers Yedi Güzel Adam although their number exceeded seven. Who the seventh beautiful man is, has always been a controversial issue. In fact, there is no need to discuss it. That name is Sezai Karakoç. Because people who claim the seventh name to be Ali Kutlay haven't realized that the denotation is among literature. Ali Kutlay doesn't have a published book. The reference principle in denotation isn't where the writer was born. If it were that way, we would have to consider Akif İnan outside of Yedi Güzel Adam. But there is no doubt about his name by no means. There must be no doubt about Sezai Karakoç similarly. When it comes to literature, Sezai Karakoç is also from Maraş and is one of Yedi Güzel Adam. An honorary citizenship certificate was presented to Sezai Karakoç by Kahramanmaraş Metropolitan Municipality in 2020. As a matter of fact, this denotation was also adopted in general and used in varied platforms. Yedi Güzel Adam Literature Museum was established in Kahramanmaraş in 2019 for instance.

From the Diriliş, Edebiyat and Maveria magazines, İkinci yazıları magazine emerged. All of these magazines can be viewed as structures that grew under the Büyük Dođu tree and eventually became trunks. The distinction and importance of İkinci yazıları is that it was published in the Andırın district of Kahramanmaraş. The other magazines were published in İstanbul and Ankara. Andırın was a district with a population of 6,000 during the time the İkinci yazıları magazine started to be published. The magazine was financially limited in terms of publishing and disturbing. Nevertheless it succeeded to be a magazine read at the national level and sent works to as a result of the efforts

of Nedim Ali Zengin and Kâmil Aydoğan. Another feature of İkinci yazıları is that it gives place to the poets and writers who aren't in line with Büyük Doğu. Thus İkinci yazıları isn't a gathering of chorus but solos. In fact, from this sense, it brought a new initiative and opportunity to magazine publishing. The magazine has been a school to so many poet and writer candidates as well as being the meeting point of several poets and writers throughout Turkey.

On the other hand, another literature movement arose in Kahramanmaraş. And that is the Dolunay magazine published by the editorship of Bahaettin Karakoç. Later on, Dolunay Publishing was established. Young talents published their first works here. Dolunay functioned as a school for the young talents in that period. Names that all are from Maraş, such as; Mehmet Narlı, İnci Okumuş, Hasan Ejderha, Şevket Bulut, Ali Akbaş, Ramazan Avcı, Yasin Mortaş, Mustafa Pınarbaşı and Arif Eren also take place in the magazine together with Bahaettin Karakoç. Mustafa Kök, İsmail Göktürk, and Ahmet Doğan İlber are some of the researchers who contribute to the magazine's thinkpieces. Dolunay magazine was published in Kahramanmaraş, just like İkinci yazıları.

Going back to the very beginning, the Büyük Doğu, Diriliş, Edebiyat, Mavera and İkinci yazıları magazines could be seen as the continuation of Mevlânâ and Yunus Emre lines and the Dolunay magazine as the Yunus Emre line in Turkish literature. Because Yunus Emre lived before Karacaoğlan, he mentioned him in the line which Dolunay continued although Dolunay stands entirely on the line which Karacaoğlan symbolizes. On the other hand, the lines of Büyük Doğu and the following magazines in Turkish literature do not only consist of Mevlânâ but also Yunus Emre. As noted previously, free verse filled the void left by the absence of divan poetry from Turkish literature. Especially Sezai Karakoç's Diriliş magazine and the subsequent magazines preferred the form, style and the depth of the free verse. To put it more explicitly, the poets of these magazines wrote the poems which filled the void formed by the disappearance of divan poetry. Dolunay magazine was launched in accordance with the line that had been attributed to Yunus Emre but which in fact shows itself in the poetry of Karacaoğlan. I'd like to draw your attention to a significant distinction here: Bahaettin Karakoç, Mehmet Narlı and Hasan Ejderha wrote free verse poems too. But within their free verse poems, special sayings, idioms, imagery, sounds, symbols and more importantly the modernised measures of the syllabic meter dedicated to the minstrel literature do not escape from attention. This feature was abandoned, and each poet developed their own poetic form and measure in Diriliş and the following periodicals. And there isn't any dispute between these two movements in reality. They continued their existence as movements which fed and supported each other.

Dolunay has been a magazine which is open to the Turkish world. It didn't completely desist from the minstrel literature. In fact, we might conclude that all the bards of Maraş are gathered around this magazine although they haven't published any poem or story in it. Dolunay was not modernized in

the same way that *Diriliş* and following publications were. That is to say, it gave more place to traditional content willingly. Both magazine groups, for example, meet in the line of Mehmet Akif Ersoy, as well as the poetry of Mevlânâ and Yunus Emre. Karacaoğlan is also the common ground for both of them. However, in respect of the pursued path, they occasionally meet and occasionally diverge. When it comes to Maraş's men of letters, this is a beautiful example of their unique characteristics, as well as the ability of people of all colors, patterns, and sounds to coexist.

The Parenthesis of Abdurrahim Karakoç

The last great poet of the Karacaoğlan line in Turkish literature is Abdurrahim Karakoç. Karakoç did not feel the necessity to act in unison with any magazine community. He struggled to develop his poetry technique from his early to late poems. He did not try different poetry techniques either; he acted within the syllabic meter and tried to expand its borders. For instance, he included dialogues, descriptions and narration of events to the poems which he wrote with the syllabic meter. He also had great success there. He used poetry in a variety of contexts, including love and politics. It could be even said that it is hard to find another like him who can put politics into the syllabic meter so skillfully. The political poems of *Âşık Mahzunî*, which are thought of having come to fruition with the union of the saz and the word can be regarded as a second example at this point. Perhaps the poems of *Aşık Yener* too. Yet none of them could reach further degrees as the poetry of Abdurrahim Karakoç in respect of the strong language usage, word plays, critical mind and diversity of topic. Abdurrahim Karakoç has produced timeless works with his characteristics of thinking in and with poetry before anything else. Not repeating himself albeit using the same techniques is another of his accomplishments.

The writers who got involved in minstrel literature haven't gathered around a magazine. Magazine publishing, in fact, is a bringing of modernism just as journalism. To put it another way, magazine publication has entered the poets' world with modernism and this has to do with the discovery and widespread usage of printing press. Publishing was never seen in minstrel literature. The minstrels met in the traditional coffee houses or weddings. They formed assemblies, one could also say. It's a tradition which has been ongoing since Karacaoğlan and it still exists today. The minstrels meet, play the saz then recite both their poems and the poems of other minstrels in the *türkü* (Turkish folk song) format. The minstrels engage in a verbal duel. The impromptu recitation of these poetry, aside from being entertaining, is an activity that displays the minstrels' verbal dexterity. It has not been seen that the poets came together and published a poetry magazine. They already -if they do- have poetry books. They publish these books through their own means. That is why it's hard to reach the books of minstrels. Despite being so well-known, loved and embraced throughout Turkey, a new edition of *Aşık Mahzunî Şerif's* poetry book unfortunately still hasn't been issued. Similarly, accessing all of *Aşık Yener's* books is difficult. All poems of the poets such as Dostozan and Ahmet

Çıtak have been published by Kahramanmaraş Metropolitan Municipality. Onikişubat and Dulkadiroğlu District Municipalities carried out publishing activities for the books of other minstrels.

The first names that come to mind when thinking of Maraş minstrels are: Ahmet Bulut, Ali Demir, Aşık Ali Ataş, Aşık Mechuli, Aşık Cimani, Aşık Devai, Aşık Hudayi, Aşık Hüseyin, Aşık Kalender Eren, Aşık Mahzunî, Aşık Mısdılı, Aşık Mucrimi, Aşık Nuri, Aşık Selami, Aşık Soner, Aşık Yener, Bulut Ozan, Durdu Yoksul, Ferahi, Figani, Giryani, Hacı Hasan Uğur, Haşim Kalender, Hilmi Şahballı, İsmail İpek, İsmail Kutlu Özalp, Kalender Eren, Kamil Bozkurt, Karaozan, Kul Ahmet, Kul Halil, Kul Hamit, Kul Hasan, Mahir Başpınar, Mechuli, Mehmet Ayar, Mehmet Gözükara, Mehmet Kiper, Meluli, Mustafa Zulkadiroğlu, Ozan Nuri, Osman Adil Uylukcu, Osman Dağlı, Osman Konak, Öksüz Ozan, Pehlil Ali, Ramazan Pamuk, Saltoğlu Rıfat, Süleyman Bulut.

Even though the minstrels haven't gathered around a magazine, they didn't entirely absent themselves from the publishing world. Pages and corners were reserved for the poems of minstrels in many of the local newspapers. We must also name the Alkış magazine at this point. Hundreds of writers and poets from Kahramanmaraş have published their works in the Alkış magazine that continues its publishing life in the editorship of Oğuz Paköz with a wide editorial board. This magazine features individual works rather than a chorus of works. The poets and writers acted separately rather than jointly in Alkış. It could be said that Alkış constituted an intellectual accumulation in terms of art and thought in Maraş.

A Novelist: Tahsin Yücel

Tahsin Yücel is another name among the hardworking writers of Maraş. Elbistan, in which he was born and raised, plays a part as setting in his short story books. The characters in the stories are also people who own regional features. Despite the fact that Tahsin Yücel was best known for his short stories, he later found success with his novels. Not only among the writers of Maraş, but all across Turkish literature he treated the period in which he lived from several aspects and made room for himself with successful depictions, narration of events, and above all, with situation analysis which could also be named as internal feud. The poetry, novel, short story and essay translations which Tahsin Yücel made from French also carry a great importance. These translations better reflect Tahsin Yücel's notion of language, which he adopted and struggled to develop. Tahsin Yücel is a writer who went to word production following the simplification of language. This way, he tried to fulfill the voids which would form in the language. His sensitivity of the Turkish language can also be seen in other writers of Maraş. Language is a field of occupation and interest in itself for every writer and poet of the Edebiyat magazine that is issued by Nuri Pakdil. There is a perception and use of language in all of these poets and authors that is not swayed, expresses its meaning as it is, and does not encounter the problem of harmony. Furthermore, Tahsin Yücel filled a great

void with the translations and works he made in the field of literary theories. Büyük Doğu was closed in 1978, Dolunay in 1986, Edebiyat in 1984, Mavera in 1990, Diriliş in 1992 and İkindi yazıları in 1994. There has not been a continuous magazine in Kahramanmaraş apart from these and the Alkış magazine.

2010 And The Following Years

The literary tradition continues in Kahramanmaraş. Lastly, we included a poem by Cafer Keklikçi, who was born in 1977, in our anthology. However, poets such as İbrahim Gökburun, Yeprem Türk and Hüseyin Burak Us continue the literary history of Kahramanmaraş and attract attention with their works. In the field of short story, Merve Büyükçapar and Hatice Ebrar Akbulut had their first books published. What we mean is that Kahramanmaraş has a long-standing literary heritage which hasn't lost its spirit. And new poets, story writers and novel writers still emerge from it. The writers whose works we couldn't include but felt it necessary to mention their names, stand out with their emphasis on existence and morals. This emphasis, which is more distinct in poetry, has reached the present day by taking root from the poems of Necip Fazıl. It's possible to explain the distinguishing aspects of the poets, who we could refer to as the new poets of Kahramanmaraş, from Necip Fazıl's poetry by the time period in which they live. We also come across the emotional extent of the destruction which modernism has caused in their poetry. Whereas Necip Fazıl approached the issues of existence and morality separately from the context of modernism, confronting with modernism and the city culture is more apparent in Cahit Zarifoğlu, Erdem Bayazıt and Alaeddin Özdenören. In the poetry of Kahramanmaraş's young poets, most of whom were born around 1980, this stage had passed, the confrontation had finished, and subjects such as the meaning of destruction and what could be discussed from now on were the key concerns. A similar association can be made between Rasim Özdenören and the new short story writers. In fact, the new writers of Kahramanmaraş have been the bearers of a new breath, atmosphere and the "urban sound". We must also state that we were unable to include them because our anthology is limited to 50 works.

We examined the names and periodicals with high authorities. The writers of Kahramanmaraş are indeed a topic extensive enough to require a doctoral thesis. Perhaps Kahramanmaraş hasn't produced more writers than other cities in number. Yet, the importance of the writers from Maraş in terms of quality, decisiveness, and effectiveness cannot be overlooked in Turkish literature history.

The Method Applied While Preparing the Anthology

Our aim in preparing this anthology is to introduce the literature history of Kahramanmaraş in general terms. We tried to find answers to the following: who are the writers from Kahramanmaraş, what have they written, what distinguishes their works, where do they stand in Turkish literature and what impact did they have. We cannot consider the pieces we selected to be their owners' most successful works. Frankly, nobody can say that. Hundreds of objections could be

taken to a claim such as, “I chose the best poem of Cahit Zarifoğlu and included it in the anthology.” After all, we’re talking about poetry, short stories and essays. Everyone would have their own criteria on this subject. Whether one criteria is better than the other is also disputable. To put it more bluntly, literature is a field where two and two doesn’t make four. For this reason, we do not have a precise and scientific approach for determining which writers’ works to include and selecting which works of those writers to publish.

Every anthology represents the taste, cultural background, prior experience, and preferences of the person who brought it together. Still, before preparing the anthology, numerous books some of which are Akdeniz’in Altın Şehri, Milli Mücadelenin 100. Yılında Kahramanmaraş, Karacaoğlan’dan Günümüze Kahramanmaraşlı Şairler, Maraş Meşhurları, Maraşlı Şairler Yazarlar Alimler, Kahramanmaraş Ansiklopedisi, Şuaranın Yaşayan Yüz’ü, Kahramanmaraş’ta Cumhuriyet Dönemi Öncü Şairler and Yazarların Şehri Kahramanmaraş were read comparatively. Furthermore, hundreds of volumes of postgraduate and doctoral studies on Maraş’s writers were consulted. In addition to this, the aforementioned authors’ works were read. In consequence of these studies, if we were to include all writers of Kahramanmaraş to the anthology even with only a biography or a work by them, it would definitely be a five-volume encyclopedia. My wish is that someday a study like this will be conducted and published. Our study is aimed at people who have never heard of or read about the poets of Kahramanmaraş but are interested in learning more. Therefore, we can say that we have included the writers who would first come into the minds of people who work in this field.

As you would appreciate, this is not a scientific method. As a matter of fact, our study does not make any scientific claims. Nonetheless, we hope that our book provides the readers an idea of the Kahramanmaraş writers.

We grounded on the birth dates in the arrangement of the writers. We did not find it necessary to separate the works into categories, either. The majority of Kahramanmaraş’s writers are involved in poetry; they either write or read poetry. There are also writers who wrote works in the genres of short story, essay, and book, albeit they are far less in number than poets. Because the arrangement is based on the birth dates, the examples which we chose of the short stories and essays are placed among the poems. Therefore, we believe we have created an anthology that will be pleasant to read from beginning to end. An anthology in which readers will learn about the poets, short story writers, and essay writers of Maraş, and will read the anthology in order of the writers’ ages...

Ömer Yalçınova

April 2021, Kahramanmaraş

HALİLİ MARAŞI

(16th century)

Halilî Maraşî is from a family of artists. His grandfather is Hayrettin Maraşî, who is known as “Üstâd-ı Esâtîze/ Üstatların Üstadı” (The Master of Masters). He is also the master of calligraphist Sheikh Hamdullah, who has been an ecole by bringing an era to an end and beginning a new one. He moved to Amasya, where many calligraphists had come together, during the time of Bayezid II in order to improve his calligraphy works. Halilî Maraşî, just as his grandfather, resided in several cities and received education at various periods. Because he is a sufi poet, he is also referred to as “Sheikh Halîl” in several sources. According to the determinations of Dr. Lütfi Alıcı, “The love of Allah and the prophet, commitment to the guide, the rules and conventions of the way of sufism are his poetry’s main topics. The amative and erudite poems which he wrote in the religious sufist valley are very remarkable and unique.”

ODE*

1. O soul! Come near, hereupon, wend your way to the Almighty!
Repent, from now on, dismiss the (indecent) desires from your mind!
2. Choose the path of poverty as the Fenayî, tear the gilded cloth,
wear the wadmâl!
3. Be from the people of unity, leave this universe of multitude!
Hereupon, let the corner of absence be your abode!
4. Try becoming sage, be the ascetic of the way of truth!
Hereupon, let the people of spirituality salute you!
5. O Halîlî! If you desire the fire of love to turn into the divine light,
hereupon, do not let your heart drain away here and there!

* *Divançe ve Etvâr-ı Sebâ*, Haz. Lütfi Alıcı, Ukde Yay., 2010.

KARACAOĞLAN

(17th century)

Karacaoğlan: the strongest voice of minstrel literature. Karacaoğlan is considered to be the forerunner of minstrel literature. Karacaoğlan's poetry, in fact, has determined the boundaries, aesthetic and structure of minstrel literature. Karacaoğlan had an influence on everyone who wrote folk poetry after him. In Karacaoğlan's poems, one can find repetitions of various verses and utterances. The purpose of such repetitions is that his poems were perfected by being read and sung by a range of minstrels from the 17th to the 20th centuries, when they were recorded. As it is in the poetry of Yunus Emre, the society's collective memory, sentiments and the mode of articulation are shaped through the name of a poet, minstrel or dervish in Karacaoğlan's poetry. Therefore, for both poets, debates about where they were born and where their graves are located are common.

COMES DOWN AND GOES THE ONE WITH EYES OF KOHL*

(The shelduck too, my mad heart, the shelduck too)
I abandoned hometown for my sake
Made the demoiselle crane my guide
Comes down and goes the one with eyes of kohl

When the fire does not light does the tobacco smoke
Does grass spring up over the white chest
Does the nightingale sing when it is not the time
Sings and goes the one with eyes of kohl

I stopped by the home of country by the morning
One cannot bear the suffering of that beauty
May it fall behind the snowy mountain
Escapes and goes the one with the eyes of kohl

Wore in her feet a wire yemeni
Search for it, let us lift off the suspicion
A silk salwar over the white heels,
Looses and goes the one with the eyes of kohl

* *Anadolu Aşıkları - 1, Karacaoğlan*, Haz. Prof. Dr. İsmail Görkem, Türkiye İş Bankası Kültür Yayınları, 2. Basım, 2018.

SÜNBLZÂDE VEHBİ

(18th century)

Sünbülzâde Vehbi's name, like that of many other artists who lived colorful and active lives, is remembered more than his works. He worked as a kadı (qadı, Muslim judge) in cities including Bucharest, Moldova, and Zagora, which is one of the reasons his name is well-known. Being sent to -Persia for example- as an ambassador and the satiric poems which they wrote to each other with another renowned poet Surûri. Other reasons include his being sent to -Persia, for example- as an ambassador and having written popular satiric poetry to each other with another renowned poet Surûri. Vehbi was also the contemporary of Sheikh Galib. He presented his work Divân to a sultan who appreciates art, such as Selim III. It can be said that Vehbi wrote poems during a time in which it was very difficult to create any novelty or prove any skill in poetry. Vehbi wrote poems at a time when it was exceptionally hard to generate ideas or demonstrate skill in poetry. He succeeded to be referred to with the name Sultanuş Şuara (The Sultan of Poets) in a compelling literary environment as this. Sünbülzâde Vehbi is not only a strong representative of the divan writers of Kahramanmaraş, but also of the 18th century Turkish literature.

ODE*

1. (O lover!) with your love I flew, come and see how soilless, homeless have become! How I am burning with your absence, come and see!
2. You converse with others while I am (wandering) all on my own. How estranged I have become of (my own) mind, heart and soul, come and see!
3. If you have turned (me) into a wreck with the torture you caused, heal me (once more), remedy, remedy! O the treasure of my heart's corner! How wrecked I am, come and see!
4. O cupbearer! Set foot to this assembly with glass in hand! I have the drunkenness of your glass of wine love, what kind of situation I am in, come and see!
5. I am the bewildered, despised, voiceless Vehbi. I'm a toy for children. The bewilderedness I am in, come and see!

* *Divân*, Haz. Ahmet Yenikale, Ukde Yay., 2011.

AHMET KUDDÛSÎ

(19th century)

His father is İbrahim Efendi, who is committed to the Naqshbandi tariqa. İbrahim Efendi moved to Bor from Maraş. Although Ahmet Kuddûsî's birth place is Bor, his name is cited as Mar'aşîzâde (Meaning "from Maraş") in the archives. The poet, also known as Kuddûsî Baba, received his first education of sufism from his father. Ahmet Kuddûsî's poetry displays the tenacity, struggle, and observation that he showed on his journey of sufism. He also owns books of prose about sufism and morals. Nonetheless, it is possible to find his entire thought of sufism, attitude towards life, approach to others and perception of love in the poems which were gathered under the name Kuddûsî Divanı. In these poems, Kuddûsî sometimes addresses Allah, sometimes criticizes the temptations of the time and enters into a reckoning, sometimes gives advice to the ones who have chosen the path of love and mostly makes a critique of life. Many of his poems have been composed.

ODE*

1. Lies in me a hidden longing, what it is, I do not know. I have become intimate with it, not for a moment I can absent myself from.

2. (This longing) is dearer to me than honey or sweets.
I have had the honour of it (this longing) from time immemorial.

3. This longing is my confidant and the closest friend.
It can never be without me and I can't be without it.

4. The longing is better for me than the blessings of this world and the world to come. I cannot incline to embrace anything they present to me (except for my Lord).

5. I have lost myself in a limitless, immeasurable sea.
(With the love of the sea) I got carried away (I became drunk) incessantly.

6. Like children, I amuse myself, knowing no shame. Sometimes
I laugh and sometimes I cry, never being able to wipe away my tears.

7. Kuddûsî says, Huda gave this longing to me. I cannot be pleased or smile if (The Almighty) gives me anything else than this love.

* *Kuddûsî Divanı*, Haz. Prof. Dr. Ahmet Doğan, Akçağ Yay., 2. Baskı, 2013.

HÂMÎ ABDU'L-GAFFÂR BABA

(19th century)

His only work is *Divan-ı Hâmî-i Mar'âşî*. There is a mirth in his poetry that is particular to Mevlevi poets. After bringing the *Çarşı Tekkesi* (a dervish lodge) back to life, he taught *Mesnevi* there. There's not much else known about the poet, who is also referred as Gaffar Baba in the sources. The *Divan*, which is an edition of his, is the only source of information available. It is seen that Gaffar Baba was very competent in a variety of religious studies and was knowledgeable in Persian and Arabic, to the point of being able to write poetry in both languages. Gaffar Baba was a poet who had a good knowledge of rhetoric and used the Turkish language subtly. He wrote poems on sufism as well as poems about a variety of issues, reflecting the period of time, the place he lived in, and the people he was with. While Gaffar Baba resembles Sheikh Galib with his sufic poems, he brings Nefi and Nedim to mind with his enthusiasm and *Sünbülzâde Vehbi* with his unconcerned saying.

ODE*

1. Because I am apart from you, my silent grief continues to grow.
For I remember your red cheeks, my bloody tears are of the tulips' colour.
2. O the most beautiful! I have been tumbling on the path opening
to you since the goblet of separation made me drunk.
3. My wounded heart is torn to pieces by the sword of sorrow.
With my tears streaming, I became engulfed in a sea of blood.
4. If the morning breeze were to guide me to circumambulate your
neighbourhood, upon my word, I would sacrifice my religion, heart and faith.
5. O (beautiful) fairy! Is it possible to be untethered from your hair? Owing
to the (chain-like) braids of your hair, my madness is constantly increasing.
My mind is continually blown by your braids.
6. Why do you turn your back on the lovers? Perhaps the reproach of the vile
enemies' dogs tore you out.
7. Please brighten up this melancholy heart upon a kindness!
From the burden of pain, my back was bent double like Hâmî.

* *Divan-ı Hâmî-i Mar'aşî*, haz. Lütfi Alıcı, Gülcan Tamdır Alıcı, Ukde Yay., 2013.

DERDİÇOK

(1874 - 1937)

According to an accurate determination of Fuat Köprülü, Derdiçok "could be accepted as one of minstrel literature's last precious representatives of our century with his poetry reaching the noble folk taste. And according to Arif Nihat Asya, "Derdiçok is the greatest folk poet of his time." Just like his father Hafız Mehmet Efendi, he worked as an imam for a period of time. Later on, he preferred to quit imamate in favor of learning to play the saz and performing improvised poetry readings. Derdiçok's poems can be placed in the same category as Karacaoğlan's and Dadaloğlu's poetry. While Derdiçok resembles Karacaoğlan in terms of his elaboration on love, women, and nature, he resembles Dadaloğlu in terms of his rebellious side, his insubordination and opposition to oppression, or in other words, displaying his anger in poetry. Many of his poems carry stories behind them. Derdiçok did not go beyond the borders of Elbistan and Afşin throughout his life.

POEM 80*

Once more news came from the lover today
I shall afire my chest she said
Not in the slightest I am cured, I swear
Like the raging waters I shall cascade she said

It is true friends now I say it
My entire essence is burned by the flames of love
I am waiting for my beloved, for she will come today
I am not unaware, I will set off she said

O beloved I love you truly heartily
Those who are going, are always going all day
Send my kindest regards to that beloved most especially
If he laughs I will embrace him she said

I cannot sleep from the wound on my chest
What would happen if the obstacle would disappear
If I see a friend passing from here
I will shake myself and stand up she said

Does not these words of yours get me into trouble
An unopened veil exists in between us
I do not know where you are my lover
Derdiçok said I will lookout

* *Derdiçok*, haz. Yaşar Alparslan, 2019.

AHMET ÇITAK

(1893 - 1963)

In his own words, Ahmet Çitak's poetry journey is based on two dreams. One of these is a dream which his father had in Aleppo while the other is a dream which is seen by him. In his own dream, Ahmet Çitak saw the people who appeared in his father's dreams. These people poured darı (pouring millet above women's head is a Turkish tradition that is believed to bring abundance) above his head. His mother interpreted this dream, saying: "You will become a mighty poet, son." The poet's collection of poems was thought to have been lost after his death in a car accident by the year 1963. It was rediscovered in 2014 and published in the form of a book. It contains nearly 500 hundred poems. Interestingly, 100 of those 500 poems are written to Naciye, who might as well be defined as the "Layla" of Ahmet Çitak. The poetry of Ahmet Çitak who is distinguished as a strong voice of the minstrel literature, refers to social issues through criticism, word battles, and praise in total.

BEAUTIFUL*

I want to see the delicate lover most ardently
Does this happen to you too, beautiful?
Your ruddy cheek is the spring of Adam's ale
Does anyone who drinks a drop perish, beautiful?

What would happen, o cruel, if you wondered about me for once
If I was stabbed by you, my blood would run out
If you marry the son of the prince, the vizier
Would they know your worth as I do, beautiful?

If I see you I am going to lose my mind
If I hit you with a flick, may my hands break
Heaving a sigh, if I die with this agony
Will your aim be fulfilled, beautiful?

Dungeon is a trough, the world is restricted to me
Your unbearable lesson is harder than death
I have Allah by me against your cruelty
Will you get away with what you did, beautiful?

Ahmet Çıtak has consented to die
I cannot reach to laughter from crying
She does not even send greetings to placate
How can it be as unfair as this, beautiful?

As I sang this poem with its composition, Neciye listened to it and recollected, they said. When I heard that, I could not eat the food which Hacı Bektaş had brought. I was not acting consciously any longer. I wanted to return to Akpınar, where I came with the intention of not leaving. After a few days in Akpınar, I started to burn again with the longing of Naciye...

* *Hayatı ve Şiirleri*, Haz. Serdar Yakar, Kahramanmaraş Belediyesi Kültür Yay. 2014.

NECİP FAZIL KISAKÜREK

(1904 - 1983)

Another “Sultan of Poets” from Maraş is Necip Fazıl. He has made a name for himself which later became controversial first with his poems, then with his ideas and the *Ağaç* and *Büyük Doğu* journals which he published. He has around a hundred works in his collection. These works are varied in fields such as history, literature, sufism, philosophy and politics. The poetry of Necip Fazıl is unquestionably among the finest examples of Turkish literature during the Republican period. An improvement was seen in the aesthetic of Turkish poetry with Necip Fazıl, just as it had been with Yahya Kemal and Mehmet Akif. With his clear Turkish and the harmony he achieved, Necip Fazıl's poetry was the second turning point in the syllabic meter after Yunus Emre's. Existence-nonexistence, death, loneliness and the meaning of life were among the dominant topics of Necip Fazıl's poetry.

THIS RAIN*

This rain, this rain, pouring down,
thinner than a strand of hair, softer than breath, this rain...
This rain... this rain... when it stops one day
Mirrors fail to recognize my face.

This rain is a thread suffocating my blood
A knife, painlessly lying on my skin
This rain is a stone on the ground, a bone on me
Gently it will rain, as long as it lasts.

This rain is superior to the delusion of madness,
To the dark, ruthless thoughts.
It is the wedding which genies hold in my mind
Through the waters, sounds and nights.

*Çile, 89. basım, Büyük Doğu Yay., 2018.

ÂŞIK YENER

(1928 - 2009)

Âşık Yener is the songwriter of the famous ballads “Kız Sen İstanbul’un Neresindensin?” and “Yol Ver Dağlar Yol Ver Bana”. He belongs to a family of poets. In his own words, his great-grandfather Yazıcıoğlu Osman Ağa hosted Karacaoğlan and Dadaloğlu in his country room. These are also the two poets that Âşık Yener loves the most. The interest which he shows in poetry is based on the poems of Karacaoğlan that he read in childhood. He touched on social issues in his poetry. Love, separation, unemployment, poverty and contempt are the major topics in Âşık Yener’s poems. About 200 poems of the nearly 3000 poems which Âşık Yener wrote have been composed. His poetry is related to those of Pir Sultan Abdal, Yunus Emre, Âşık Mahzunî Şerif, and Âşık Veysel, in addition to Karacaoğlan and Dadaloğlu.

INCOMPARABLE*

With her eyes, a beauty sends greetings
Her post from a heart to the other is incomparable
My heart melts in every gaze of her
The patient of this love malaria is incomparable

She makes the lovers who see her suffer, mercy
Hard to conquer, as if she were a castle
Her eyelashes are of plectrum, eyebrows of violin
The melody of the song she keeps on singing is incomparable

A silken handkerchief in her hand
Like the silver string of the crane she looks
Hair of hyacinth descending down her thin waist
The melody falling into her face is incomparable

Eyes signify a profound meaning in my language
Well done, say everyone who listens
It is written by ÂŞIK YENER
The master of this beautiful poem is incomparable

* *Binboğadan Marmaraya*, Can Yay., 4. Basım, 2008.

BAHAETTİN KARAKOÇ

(1930 - 2018)

The “white eagle” of Turkish literature: Bahaettin Karakoç. He expressed every emotion and idea by means of poetry throughout his life. For this reason, he owns a voluminous archive of poetry. His collected work was published in five volumes. His hardworking nature and the extensivity of his world of thought and emotion can be understood better when the fact that every volume consists of approximately 400 pages is considered. In his poems, the modern and the traditional coexist. It's fair to say that the traditional has the upper hand. Bahaettin Karakoç is a genuine 21st century person with his preferred subjects. Traditional in his view of life, way of speaking and imagery... Symbols inspired from Kahramanmaraş's unique nature appear frequently in his poems. He grew up in a family who were engaged in poetry. All his five siblings are poets.

ALL THE TIMES ARE ALIVE WITH YOU*

It is not possible for me to lose track of you
Clouds cry on the mountains which you pass by
You lighted fires wherever you spent the night
Even the cold ashes speak of you

You stepped on a flower and crushed its neck
You sat on a stone and wrote your diary
You leaned on a rock and gazed into space
That rock remembers you, smiling

You set a table by a spring
You took a handful of the water and drank it, shot the prey with your eyes
Neither the scent of moths nor of naphthalene exist
O the lovesick water rolling over the shadirvans
Flowers fall to the earth when you smile

* *Ihlamlar Çiçek Açtığı Zaman*, Nar Yay., 2017.

ŞEVKET YÜCEL

(1930 - 2001)

Şevket Yücel is another author of Kahramanmaraş who published works in a wide range of literary genres. He emphasized love and peace not only in his poems, but also in the children's books, essays and novels which he wrote. According to Şevket Yücel, the inevitable pain, gloom, torture and loneliness of life can only be tolerable with an affectionate attitude as such. Şevket Yücel preferred an unsophisticated wording. His poetry contains a sense of humour as well. With all of these characteristics, Şevket Yücel's poetry is reminiscent of Orhan Veli at times and Fazıl Hüsni Dağlarca at other times. He worked as a teacher for many years. A didactic quality is seen in his poems, short stories, novels and essays which we assume to be a result of his teaching practice. He influenced several poets and writers with his artistic personality.

A COLOURED LONGING*

Whether you come to me green, whether blue or white
It does not matter
But do not come to me black

If you shall come
You may come as a summer wind
With a branch of basil in your hand

One day come by flying
Like a partridge

Come unannounced one day
Come
And do not go again

Your face blends on my eyes
Your voice in my ears

Come gliding
Under the sun of a spring
Add some colour of orange to your arrival
Some odour of lilac
I miss you

**Kahramanmaraşlı Şairler*, haz. Ramazan Avcı, KMBB Kültür Yay., 2015.

DOSTOZAN

(1931 - 2012)

Dostozan is known for his love of Kahramanmaraş. He composed a large number of poems for Maraş. And in his other poems he enjoys mentioning the routes of Maraş, whether it's a village, neighborhood, or district. He locates both himself and his poet persona in Maraş. In Kadir Tanır's words, Dostozan is one of the few poets who reached the universal within the local. His poetry ability is inspired by more than just his love of the city. Dostozan approaches the people, streams, mountains and grapes of the city with the same fondness. Despite the fact that he has some free verse poems, he is most successful in syllabic meter. Although his poetry has effects of the minstrel literature, he takes place within the move which could be classified as modern syllabic meter, just as Arif Nihat Asya, Ömer Bedri Uşaklıgil and Ahmet Kutsi Tecer.

NYMPH*

Clung to the mountains, thin and long,
As the threads of a ball of colour,
Blooms the road's flower in the plain,
As it were the vineyards of heaven.

Does the creek that runs through the forest's heart
Sing a song of reunion to the river?
The traces in the ground caught my eye,
As it were the hands of a nymph.

I lost my consciousness in the realm of the imaginary.
I leaned and drank from the "shepherd's fountain".
I caught the saz and chatted with the roads,
As I were the singing tongues of the forest.

My eyes pictured in this pool of colours,
Over every branch and flower they glanced,
The road goes, the trace goes and I go too.
As it were the word of Yunus, I have a word to say.

This heart is ablaze with the flames of love,
This heart dived into the fountain of love,
This heart made its way to the branch of affection,
As it were the guest servants of God.

I am DOSTOZAN, I write songs for my brothers,
I write my destiny and spoil it myself,
I run wild, even if I were an angel in this world.
As it were the tongues of snakes, they have tongues.

* *Dostozan*, Haz. Serdar Yakar, Kahramanmaraş Belediyesi Kültür Yay., 2012.

HAYATİ VASFİ TAŞYÜREK

(1931 - 1990)

He published his first book when he was only 19. Kahramanmaraş had been a seat of culture to Hayati Vasfi Taşyürek for many years. Everyone who is interested in poetry, literature, or the saz found him and learnt or improved their saz and wording abilities, including the elderly, the young, and students. In addition to this, Taşyürek worked as a journalist, mayor and provincial council member. He is of the bardic writers, notwithstanding his ability to play the saz. He did not hesitate to engage in a verbal duel with several poets. He also wrote ballads with a story such as “Ebesinin Oğlu” and “Afşar Kızı-Türkmen Beyi”. Topics such as separation, homeland, heroism, loneliness, love and longing are covered in Taşyürek's poetry, which is distinguished for its straightforward and fluent language.

A HIDDEN PASSION IS THE SPARROW IN ME*

You have had enough sleep, wake up, do you say
My eyes are not shut yet, sparrow,
Look, with your lover you amuse yourself,
I watch for an unfaithful, sparrow

You have your child on one side, your spouse on the other
You are aware of the rising, setting sun
And me, in which situation am I, just think
My cinders are incapable of cooling, sparrow

To one another, my eyelashes are offended
The longing is hale and hearty, rather than being asleep
I have not coincided what they call spring
Worse than winter my summers are, sparrow

While my merry brothers wander around,
Not out of envy, but yearning I turn green,
At times I endure, at times I let loose
That is the reason behind my odd attitude, sparrow

My lover, too, has a heart
Yet if I seek remedy, a mountain she rubs into my wound
My grief extracts it, do not blame me
Do not let my words break your heart, sparrow

Do not bother about Hayati, as yet he will catch up
Pangs of love calm down on teneşir**
If the wind touches my lament, it will ignite
I cry, wail and ache, sparrow

* *Barişa Hizmet*, Haz. Abdurrahman Gündoğan, 2009.

** the surface on which corpses are washed

ABDURRAHİM KARAKOÇ

(1932 - 2012)

He composed all of his poetry in syllabic meter. He was affected by two strong poets in manner; by Dadaloğlu in his political poems and by Karacaoğlu in the other poems that he wrote. Abdurrahim Karakoç can be defined as the rebirth of these two legendary poets in the 20th century. His poetry turns into a rose before the lover, a sword before the oppressor, a satire before the instigation and a saz when he is by himself. There has not been another like Abdurrahim Karakoç who could use the syllabic meter to express the current topics, arguments and the intellectual problems. The syllabic meter and the rhyme has almost turned into a speech in Abdurrahim Karakoç's poetry. In his political poetry he emphasizes intellect, whereas in his lyrical poems, he emphasizes emotions. Another of Karakoç's achievements is that he combines these two areas in his poetry, capturing the same strong Turkish and musical quality in both.

MIHRIBAN (LOVE)*

They have entwined my mad heart
To your blond locks, it does not untangle, Mihriban.
Do not think of death as being harder than separation,
It is not perceived when unseen, Mihriban.

When the lover is mentioned, the pencil falls from hand;
My eyes turn blind, I lose my reason.
The flickering flame of my lamp freezes...
Love cannot be written down, Mihriban.

Coyness first, then words and tricks later...
The beloved makes the lover notorious.
Even as the years, centuries pass altogether,
The old practices remain unbreakable, Mihriban.

My wound has no remedy;
Do not seek for beyond when you utter love
Every object has an end, yet,
Love cannot be bound, Mihriban.

It is in vain the nightingale fell for the rose;
When bathed in the ash of love, the snow turns to ember...
By the bearing of the black destiny, bewildered I am;
It does not crush, even if I stub it, Mihriban.
Love bears an indefinable meaning;
Only the one who suffers is cognizant of this woe and worry.
A deadlock in its entirety...
I could not untangle, it is insoluble, Mihriban.

* *Dosta Doğru*, *Kadim Yay.*, 3. Baskı, 2019.

SEZAI KARAKOÇ

(1933 - 2021)

If many writers and poets of Kahramanmaraş regard Necip Fazıl to be the master, then Sezai Karakoç is one of the two names they consider to be the brother. The other name is Nuri Pakdil. These writers who had read and known each other through the poems, short stories and essays that were published in the *Büyük Doğu* magazine of Necip Fazıl, later became very close friends. Following Necip Fazıl's works, Sezai Karakoç's notion of "resurrection" had a great effect on shaping the world of thought and art of writers such as Cahit Zarifoğlu, Rasim Özdenören and Erdem Bayazıt. In Kahramanmaraş Sezai Karakoç spent his middle school years. Kahramanmaraş, which he describes as "the place where my child heart ignited," has a significant place in the collection of poetry that he brought together under the name *Gün Doğmadan*.

WOODEN HORSE*

I

Our brothers came and some trippings
We gave them candy we took the lion's manes opened forty doors
We opened forty doors Bluebeard died
Beautiful lions laughed within the forty rooms
You laughed Asia laughed the trippings came

Come make a clock out of your heart for our room
Write holy words inside the clock
The beautiful deaths quiet deaths make them a sun for love
Come be solved in merry rooms beautiful puzzle
Beautiful and proud and murderer

Do not divide my inner world with couple silences
Poetry is our everyday language
A curtain woven from my envy
I have not the power of five seas hitting the curtain
Before the right of accusation

**Gün Doğmadan*, Diriliş Yay., 13. Baskı, 2012.

II

Our brothers came, solid tracks they have on the snow
Performable is what they desire to perform, it is taught them well
And into solid boxes they placed their shadows
A complex sound is Londra over the strings
Come something exceptional will happen tonight

If a wrong water seeps under a wrong mountain
If a cloud of stone bringing stones within stones gets lost
Hang on the lined boat in the bandit's bag
Bandits are the known source of compassion
Forget the bit of distorted data
Silent deep infinite gloomy walls in front of you
Sing the merriest of all songs the one that is most yours

III

Delicate as love true as a clock
A nightingale looks towards me
Restless as an empty room beautiful as danger
A nightingale is covered with pearls in me
What will fall to me is a matchless torment I am afraid

Our brothers came and died the sorcerers
In a low sound somewhere between human and prophet
Terrifying interests pulled tricks
In spite and pride of pearl

May it bring you to me in my death bed
The wooden horse with broken legs

TAHSİN YÜCEL

(1933 - 2016)

Tahsin Yücel is known for his novels as well as his French translations. He often mentions Elbistan, where he spent his childhood, in his short stories. Besides, he also has intellectual works. Critical theories carry a great importance among his academic works. He paid attention to social topics in his novels. After Nurullah Ataç, Tahsin Yücel was the one who most consistently defended and conducted language simplification. He wrote all of his books with an understanding of pure Turkish and embraced realism in his novels and short stories. He particularly depicted social issues from the perspectives of different characters. Tahsin Yücel translated the books of novelists such as Honoré de Balzac, Gustave Flaubert, Émile Zola, Guy de Maupassant and Georges Simenon, together with the works poets such as Charles Baudelaire, Paul Valery and philosophers Roland Barthes and Albert Camus.

BEYOND*

When the awful debate started between Sister Döndü and Sister Nevruz, my mother had newly come to Ötegeçe as a bride. And when it came to whether Sister Nevruz really lent five liras to Sister Döndü, and if she did, how, when and where it took place, not only my mother, even the eldest could not say anything for certain on this point. If there was one thing that the neighbours remarked, it was that they were very close to one another until the incident happened: they were bonded by a friendship that had lasted through the worst of times with no ill effects. As such, when her husband had seen Prophet Muhammad in his dream and went on a long pilgrimage in the first year of her marriage, and when it was not over a week since Sister Döndü shouldered her bed and moved to Sister Nevruz, to the opposite shore of the brook, the husband of Sister Nevruz, with the urge of a tough love, had anchored over the bed of Sister Döndü and did not look at her wife's face, not even a squabble had happened between the two women. Furthermore, they did not say a single word about it, whether it was Sister Nevruz or Sister Döndü, even at their most enraged moments. Only the husband of Sister Nevruz would talk about this matter, had he been alive, perhaps he would also enlighten us about the receivables and payables. But when the complication arose, he had already changed his world.

Many times my mother told me: This issue had erupted following a fight between Sister Döndü and their neighbours. The famous conflict had lasted at least two hours: men were fighting hand-to-hand, throat-to-throat and from door-to-door, window-to-window, women were pouring out curses and swear words that are unheard of. Finally, the notables of Ötegeçe came together and broke up the fight, but the most beaten, who are the husband and in laws of Sister Döndü, got to the court in no time flat and presented Sister Nevruz, who, sitting on top of a wide pile fixed near the shore of the river, watched everything from the beginning to the end, as a witness. No one could doubt that she would do anything to prove Sister Döndü and her family right. Yet Sister Nevruz had not stepped in the government's door for once in her entire life, and was not of the idea to do that thereafter. She arrived at Sister Döndü's house after crossing the thin wooden bridge that connects the

* *Ben ve Öteki*, Can Yay., 2000.

two sides of the brook. She requested that her witness be renounced in a sharp and aggressive manner. Sister Döndü changed her tune, “Let me tell him to declare it off,” she answered. But the thing was over Sister Döndü now: when the trial day came, the gendarmes took Sister Nevruz forcibly.

Looking at the things told, such a trial is not often seen: When a woman of Sister Döndü’s side got called before the judge, Boş Osman, who had joined the fight rather with his mouth than his fist, jumped to his feet at once and with the ease of an experienced lawyer, said: “Sir, they are temperamental, perhaps they have brought somebody else: let her unveil so we can see who it is.” And when the judge, conforming to him, got them unveiled, the poor women with their faces shown petrified as if they were left naked, they had forgotten everything they had learned and were unable to utter even their own names. The same thing happened to Sister Nevruz too but she did not intend to speak anyway: no matter what was asked, she cut it off by saying: “I did not see anything, I wasn’t there.” But when the judge asked, “Then where were you during the fight, m’am?” Sister Nevruz answered aloud, “I was by the s-t-a-k-e!”, telling the truth for the first time. She had no chance to retrieve anymore: the judge quickly learned which stake it was, and when he did, he scolded Sister Nevruz severely. At that point, Sister Nevruz began to cry uncontrollably, and to explain, at the same time. Her hands had fallen on her two sides, her eyes had closed, and had forgotten where she was or who she was talking to. All of a sudden, it was as if she found herself in the heart of a very old and strong friendship, she was singing the song of this great bond: yes, while she cried her heart out on the one hand, she was shouting out loud with her harmonious voice, cursing the ancestors of Boş Osman. She’d disturbed the atmosphere, but she wasn’t able to speak differently: because her closest friend Sister Döndü was hard of hearing, Sister Nevruz was accustomed to speaking loudly as such. The judge was tired of her shouting: “Enough, old lady, all right already!” he said.

Sister Nevruz didn’t even hear that: she resumed her song once more. The bailiff hauled Sister Nevruz off after the judge’s exclamations were in vain. She kept on telling and sobbing even on the way. Hadn’t the sounds coming from downstairs bothered her, maybe she’d sob even more: the seventy year old mother of Boş Osman was beating on the kerosene can with a piece of log at the door of their opponents, and it was the turn of Sister Nevruz now. The crone, after playing her tin drums for a long time, was shouting “Look! Look!” as she was beating her buttocks, and yelling “We unveiled your face! Unveiled!” When Sister Nevruz understood what had just happened, she dumped the bucket of dishwater from the corner of the wall all over Boş Osman’s mother from the window. Then she layed on her cushion again and drifted into a sound sleep.

Nobody could deny it any longer: the great friendship had also passed this test. The other day, people who saw Sister Nevruz entering through Sister Döndü’s door thought that the two friends were going to have a long heart-

to-heart talk once again. They gathered under the window before two minutes had passed after hearing each other yawp: a heated argument had broken out between the friends; the topic was unclear, but they were debating strongly. A few minutes later, they were joined by another sound: a pair of patten. It was obvious, her friend was up and leaving but Sister Döndü was staying put. On the other hand, Sister Nevruz had gotten out but hadn't kept quiet, she was shouting a good bit: "You won't even have my five liras to spend, Döndü!"

From now onward, Sister Nevruz wasn't going to visit her friend's house for years, she did, however, send a woman in her place the next day. When the woman arrived, Sister Döndü was sitting with the neighbours in front of her door. "Matron Döndü, you have five liras of Matron Nevruz, as I have heard, she asked for it yesterday, but you said 'No,' today you'd pay, I came to take it." the woman said. Sister Döndü, knitting her eyebrows, said "No," in a very assertive and decisive manner. The woman insisted, "Matron Nevruz asks you to give it, she says it is five liras after all." Sister Döndü grew angry and pushed go-between from her chest: "No," she said, "I said no!" Although it looked precise, that was a very unclear response in fact: was it because Sister Döndü hadn't got enough money or any debt, one couldn't say. Later on, she insisted that in no way she was a woman to degrade herself by borrowing from a sleaze-bucket such as Nevruz, but wasn't she supposed to indicate this in the beginning? Instead, she spent months scolding and saying "No" to Sister Nevruz's intermediaries. If you ask her, the reason behind that was apparent: She hadn't understood Sister Nevruz was such a bad woman back then, she hoped everything would get better in time and didn't have the heart for making her look like a filthy liar.

Sister Nevruz, on the other side, was not the type of woman to worry over subtle details. She had gone against her, and now she was trying to take back her five liras no matter what it took, and she was furious as she couldn't. As if the intermediaries she sent weren't enough, she kept showing up to Sister Döndü's door, and was asking for her money amid a shower of woes and curses. Sister Döndü wasn't even looking out her window, let alone responding, as she wore herself out. As her old friend's curses came to her ear, she sat unconcerned on her cushion, blowing the smoke from her cigarette out the window and grumbling, "May her curses enter her breast from her mouth." And above all, that is what was driving Sister Nevruz mad. But the fact that the great negligence of Sister Döndü remained unfulfilled was beyond doubt: she had had grown pale and become very thin lately, it was as though even her height had decreased, moreover, she had started smoking after this age: her cigarette case always in front of her, she would puff at thick cigarettes every now and then. Sister Döndü coughed a lot until the mornings, according to the neighbors who woke up at night.

Was it worth being so troubled for only five liras? Whether she was debited or not, couldn't she just give and get rid of it? How many times they had told her, "Sister Döndü, give it and you'll be free," they said. She answered shortly

all the time: “I said no!” A similar advice was given to Sister Nevruz too: it was her duty to put an end to the issue, thinking that her children’s conditions had improved and that they had become the wealthiest people in the district. But where! Sister Nevruz was extremely obstinate. Years passed, yet her obstinacy did not: every week she’d send someone to Sister Döndü and to ask her due, and would come under their windows with the neighbors she gathered and talk about the topic that how the vile and dishonest people who do not pay their debts were going to give account in the hereafter. When Sister Döndü’s husband, Haji Selim Effendi passed away, the respected neighbors approached Sister Nevruz and advised her to put an end to their long-standing conflict and condole with her old friend, even if it was only for five minutes. Sister Nevruz did nothing but laughed mockingly: “For a dead dog?” she said. “It’s not worth my feet.”

Nevertheless, another death caused her to get to her old friend’s house: Sister Döndü suffered the grief of losing her son before six months had passed until the burial of her husband. Squirming out of the women’s arms that were trying to hold her, Sister Döndü started running like blue murder around the streets while İbrahim Agha’s coffin was being carried. She was moving so fast that even we couldn’t catch up with her. Then, out of nowhere, we noticed her thrashing about in the dust like a shot bird. We held her from the arms and hardly took her home. An indescribable heaviness was surrounding us as we saw her toss and turn on her knees. But when the door opened and Sister Nevruz appeared, all of a sudden, that heaviness cleared away. It was a kind of solace: İbrahim Agha had passed to the underworld in his forty-five, but he had caused a friendship older than him to emerge like a spring buried beneath the earth. Sister Nevruz approached with a sad expression on her face, sat by Sister Döndü, and “I am sorry for your loss, sister,” she said. Sister Döndü answered back with a word which every woman uses during similar situations: “I wish I was lost!” There they had spoken, everything was okay. However, before we were allowed to enjoy our delight, Sister Nevruz said those words which once more overthrew everything: “May you be, but after you give my five liras back!” At the very moment, we saw Sister Döndü leaping up and lunging at Sister Nevruz. She had Sister Nevruz lie face down and sat on her back, thumping randomly with her right hand and pulling the white hair of her enemy with her left hand, with a promptness and toughness not expected of such a small, skinny, miserable woman. No one could believe their eyes, we kept on watching them out of astonishment. But, to be frank, even when our astonishment had passed, nobody could dare to hold Sister Döndü: Sister Nevruz might not have survived this fight if Sister Döndü hadn’t been overwhelmed and collapsed next to her enemy.

She had passed the corner, but after they took her back home, she didn’t appear even at the window for a month at least. Her grandchildren and daughters-in-law were saying that she didn’t leave her bed, kept moaning and humping night and day. However, now, she had made a decision as to not only take her debt back, but her revenge too. The running off of İbrahim Agha’s wife

to a hobo when twenty days hadn't yet passed after his death, was explained to have come out of the same decision by the neighbors. The same year, during Ramadan, the big noise in the mosque was also the consequence of that decision: Sister Nevruz and a few accomplices attempted to expel Sister Döndü from the mosque, interrupting the taraweeh prayer. She was asserting an indisputable reason in her own way: Sister Döndü had loudly ruined the air of the mosque, and she had done so three times in a row: she had both committed a sin and had to renew her ablution: she had to shove off. Because there were more children in the women's area of the mosque than women, such kinds of sounds were frequently heard; it's possible that these sounds came from the children that evening as well. But when the abettors of Sister Nevruz walked up to her, Sister Döndü went out, crying her heart out.

Thus, Sister Nevruz had taken her revenge once again. Still, she hadn't calmed down: whenever it flashed into her mind, she'd wear the burqa casually and go from door to door, she was leading up to the pain of Sister Döndü whoever she talked with, and, "Thank God, He took my revenge! But I also asked for that filthy slut's other son, daughter-in-law and grandson from my Almighty Allah. He'll give them to me as well. Yes, my black eyes will see those too, soon they will see," she was saying. Then drawing a line on the ground with her foot, "Look," she was adding, "I am writing here, look: those black eyes of mine will see the others too, soon they will see."

Everyone would be scared of such words in our neighborhood. For this reason, the good people of Ötegeçe tried to end this long standing debate yet again. They went to Sister Döndü: "Sister Döndü, let it be the charity of the head and the eye, return the money, let that woman clam up." Sister Döndü brushed them off: "I don't have such a debt, to the poor I will do the charity." They went to the son of Sister Döndü: "At the very least, you must put an end to this situation Hüsnü," they said. And he answered: "My mother made me swear, I can't break it." Ömera tried to pay the money from his own pocket: Sister Nevruz refused the five liras strictly: "She must come knocking at my door and give it with her own hand, the Almighty Allah will take it from her in spades already," she dogmatized.

We later understood the reason why Sister Nevruz spoke of God as if He were some kinfolk of hers: an elderly and forlorn woman who ran for her every need, had sacrificed an animal for God out of the blue, and brought the enormous ram's leg to Sister Döndü with her own hands. We weren't surprised at all, and "Even Dudu took up for Sister Döndü," we thought to ourselves. Our mouths fell open when we learned the essence of the matter: it was the doing of Sister Nevruz as well. She told everyone she encountered: she had paid for the ram, and that when it came to the leg that was carried to Sister Döndü, things were written on it with hoopoe blood, prayers were said, and it was immersed in water forty-one times. In short, the leg was hexed: any time soon, the grandson, younger son and daughter-in-law of Sister Döndü were going to kick the bucket one by one, and after burying them, it was going to be her turn.

This game curdled our blood. Days had passed and nothing happened to anyone, but we were having goose bumps whenever we remembered those words. When we saw one of the two, we were terrified and glanced at their faces, as if looking for a sign of death that they were getting closer to.

Although we had never seen that sign, our suspicions were confirmed when Sister Döndü's sallow daughter-in-law died shortly after giving birth to her first child, seven or eight months after the awful game was revealed. The daughter-in-law of Sister Döndü had been sick since she came to Ötegeçe, "Hers is white plague, she'll dry the entire house," some people said before, and her condition was attributed to the fact that she fell pregnant barely seven years after marrying. But as we saw Sister Döndü's other daughter withering away day by day, believing the hex of Sister Nevruz seemed more reasonable to us. She was doing all she could in order to make us believe that. "I trust in my Almighty Allah, I am patient. I wait for the others." she was saying around.

Her sons were wealthy people now, their children had started to call their mamas 'mother,' and their fathers 'sir,' their father's brother had become 'uncle' altogether. They bought bed stands, tables and chairs for their house, and it was rumored that they ate on the table, on different plates when there were guests at home. They often had guests. Those weren't the old guests, but the respectable people of the town: they were being friends with people such as the mayor, prosecutor, and head of the finance office. They had disengaged with Ötegeçe, it was only Sister Nevruz who didn't break her bond with them. However, her visits to a few houses everyday were based on her desire to speak of her great enemy: "Do you like the situation of Kös Hüsnü?" she would ask. "His end is near: soon he'll depart." When the neighboring women attempted to say, "Come on, for the love of God, don't say things like that; you have children as well, stop it," Sister Nevruz would shrug and "Who cares?" she'd say. "Let that slut think of it. She gave away a son and a daughter-in-law for five liras. It can't be helped: she'll give one more son and two grandchildren. Had she paid my debt..."

As for Sister Döndü, she was worrying about the bane of her life. When we passed by their windows at night, we heard Hüsnü Agha coughing his head off and Sister Döndü lamentingly singing a lullaby to her a few months old grandchild. From then on, the baby was her entire concern: she was singing lullabies nonstop to comfort the baby, and was nursing the baby with her shriveled breast in pretence. Sister Nevruz got to the door of Sister Döndü in no time flat, and said: "Did you hear, neighbors?" aloud. "The eighty-year-old woman has milk on her breasts. Kös Hüsnü hasn't been going out. Why is it? The black mule is unpredictable: she is a mother to her grandchild, and what if she's a wife to her son?.."

"Don't you fear Allah, Sister Nevruz," said a woman.

Sister Nevruz, with a spoiled assuredness:

“No, girl, I’m kidding,” she answered. “Don’t I know: does Kös Hüsni even have the liveliness to go up to her mother? He bit the dust, he’ll also depart soon.”

The door of Sister Nevruz was opened in the meantime, Hüsni Agha appeared with a big stone in his hand. He was too skinny, and had become hunchbacked like the very old people. He walked to Sister Nevruz, gritting his teeth. Sister Nevruz cut in on her word and began to run away, she ran as though she was rolling like a giant ball, passed through the wooden bridge, and threw herself to her house. Let alone running, Hüsni Agha was hardly walking. Still he didn’t return, he passed the bridge as well, he swung the stone to the door of Sister Nevruz, and started to wait, placing his hand on his waist. There was no sound coming from the inside. Hüsni Agha shouted, “Look here, isn’t there a man in this house?” We had seen the two of the five sons of Sister Nevruz at the window shortly before, but none of them got out.

When Hüsni Agha yelled once more, a grandchild of Sister Nevruz came out to cover up, “What do you want, man?” he asked. “Tether your dog!” Hüsni Agha shouted out. Then all of a sudden, he collapsed under the weight of a bucket of water poured from above, soaking wet. Before we had time to raise him to his feet, we saw his nephew Mustafa ending up at the door. He was as much as us, that is fifteen or sixteen, a thin and brunette boy he was, but he appeared much elderly with his brightly burning knife under the sun. “Get out!” he was yelling at us with a voice tinkling, “get out, I’ll kill all of you!” Many times he shouted like that, but nobody went. He started to attack the windows of Sister Nevruz, and after breaking all the glasses, he casually walked towards home as if nothing had occurred. He was so enraged that he hadn’t considered helping his uncle up off the ground. We helped Hüsni Agha get up, then clasped him and took him home: he was as light as a bird.

Sister Nevruz installed herself on that famous stake again a few hours later, when new glasses were mounted to the windows, and she was talking to some women on our side, “It’s a good thing the glasses are changed.” she was saying: “I’ll bring the bride of my Halil sometime soon. We were going to hold the wedding already but Kös Hüsni belated us: he couldn’t just die. I’ll start the wedding as soon as he craps out, and while slut Döndü hovers around in her house, we’ll be loudly beating drums on her door.” Shuddering, the women got off from where they had crouched. As they moved away like someone was after them, “Dear me!” they were saying. “It’s a lie! Not even a Greek would do that! They can’t, it’s a lie!” Yet, in a few months, during a midnight, while we left some old women by Sister Döndü who had lost his dear Hüsni too, we saw that the windows of Sister Nevruz were lighting up in the dark. Sister Bride clenched her fists and reached out to the windows. “Those godless people have sent news to the musicians, the wedding is beginning tomorrow,” she grunted.

The next day, when we were talking in front of their door after returning from the funeral, there were indeed hard drum beats. Then we saw the two doors

of the wedding house being opened; the suited men who came out after the musicians and a lot of women, partly veiled and partly overcoated, coming behind them were wending their way towards the wooden bridge: to the bride's house they were going. But they could have chosen a wider and shorter way there, it was apparent what they wanted to do: the drummer stopped by the door of Sister Döndü, and then, with all his might, swung the drumstick on the drum. He was jumping, leaning back, bending down and lying back, he kept on beating and beating the drum. We didn't know if there was anyone other than him who made noise: we were standing aghast, we had only him in our sights. Memedali was the first one to get out of the numbness: he delivered a great blow on the back of his sister and knocked the child down, the five-year-old Meryem who was dancing, having adapted herself to the drums. When he got back next to me, he held my arm and pointed at the back. I looked: Sister Nevruz was belly dancing with an agility unexpected of her age on the porch of her house. Only, we instinctively turned to the side of the drummer before having the time to talk; we first noticed Mustafa, who was holding a revolver and standing upright in front of the door, seeming vast amid the silence that had descended. The bullet he fired had pierced through the drum, and landed in the shrill pipe player's stomach. The musician had dropped his shrill pipe and was stumbling around in the dust. Mustafa, like the rest of us, watched him for a while before raising his right hand, which was clutching the revolver: first, the older son of Sister Nevruz fell down, then a grandchild of her. In the suited crowd, there was a wriggling. Keeping his finger on the trigger, Mustafa backed up with the ingenuity of a gangster, then abruptly turned his back and vanished like a ball of cloud. "All aboard the Şar Mountain," Memedali whispered.

Sister Döndü abruptly stopped crying when the neighbors informed her of the situation. Thereafter, not a tear dropped from her eyes and a word came out of her mouth. She pointed out places to the visitors with her eyes, answered them by shaking her head and she never spoke. The baby was always in her arms, if the baby laughed, she also would, if the baby cried, she'd breastfeed it. And she was going out to the porch, gazing upon a point on the mountain for moments without moving whenever it flashed to her mind. She didn't say it, yet it was obvious: her eyes were looking for Mustafa. But finding Mustafa wasn't simple: they found him three weeks later, and shot him as he didn't surrender.

Sister Döndü maintained her silence even when they brought the dead body of Mustafa to her: remaining still, she looked at with senseless eyes for some time, her wrinkled breast in the baby's mouth. Long afterwards she reached forth, wanting to hold his hand. In the meantime, Sister Nevruz, her sons, daughter-in-laws and grandchildren started an uproar downstairs: they had surrounded the door. Sister Nevruz was in the forefront, she started shouting,

"Come out, you mule, come out!" she was saying. "Come out, the reason for seven people! Bring my five liras, quickly!"

There wasn't a sound to be heard from the inside: Sister Döndü was toying with Mustafa's fingers. The grandchildren of Sister Nevruz started to lash the windows, the glasses crashingly to the ground. Sister Nevruz yelled again:

"You whore! Bring me the fiver! Don't let my sons end up in your bed!"

No sound came from the inside: Sister Döndü was tidying Mustafa's messy hair. The grandchildren of Sister Döndü began to break the door. They were almost going to break in altogether. Meanwhile, leaving Mustafa, Sister Döndü appeared on the porch with the baby in her arms and just stood there.

"Slut! I want my fiver!" Sister Nevruz cried. "Don't you hear me, you whore? Did they pour lead in your ear?"

Sister Döndü bent down suddenly, placed the baby at her feet. When she straightened up, she lifted her skirts along, took out her dress, slipped it from her head and threw it over the face of Sister Nevruz at a lick. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, she took off every piece of cloth she wore including her underpants, and threw them down. Then, she stood unhappily under the fall sun that was about to set, as if she were standing in front of God. She was all skin and bones. We could see her heart under her skin if we had kept looking at her.

But she was the first naked woman we had seen in our lives, we were lowering our gazes.

I*

She wasn't tired, nobody had told her to sit still on the only wooden chair in the room while there were many chairs in her right and left, again she was sitting still at the same place, on the same wooden chair, and staring at the men in front of her in a state of fear and confusion. With their wide shoulders, short heights, black hair, narrow foreheads, thick eyebrows, small, round eyes, crooked noses, drooping moustaches and pointed chins, they all looked like each other, their black suits, white shirts and pointy-toed, pointy-heeled shoes like their chins were increasing their similarities. They were standing up around a long table, and speaking sometimes after each other, sometimes at the same time, sometimes in an undertone, sometimes out loud. But, even when they spoke aloud, things that they said were incomprehensible. It was impossible to draw any definite conclusions concerning their numbers: they were moving at a speed which the human eye couldn't perceive, was it that the one in the front went to the back, the one at the back came to the front or did new ones join them or some sneak out when passing into the middle. He was always in the same place, on the same wooden chair, and sometimes counted them eight, sometimes ten, sometimes nine, and sometimes seven. Long afterwards, they alined in front of the long table, in a single file. Then, swiftly again, the man in the middle stepped forward. "Look here, Can Tezcan Efendi, I want an accurate response to my question," he said. "What day, what month, and what year are we on today?"

The man hadn't got a very sonorous voice, it couldn't be said that he shouted either, but his words echoed in the ears of Can Tezcan for at least ten times.

Can Tezcan shivered from head to toe and wasn't much shocked, he was waiting for the resonance to end in order to answer the question. Only when the resonance ended, he perceived that he was sitting in front of these black suited men with very tight and old pajamas, that the right hand of the black moustached man who asked the question was landing over a huge gun on his waist, and that he didn't know the answer of the question. He glanced down then, and started to wait like the guilty children.

The gunman also paused for a moment before repeating his question in a more louder and harsher tone than the first:

"Can Tezcan, I'd like an answer to my question from you: What day, what month, and what year are we on today?"

Can Tezcan felt his heart pounding against his chest, as if it were attempting to break it apart. He looked around faint-heartedly. He was surrounded

* *Gökdelen*, Can Yay., 2006.

with high walls all around, not a door or a window could be seen, and the men, unknown if they were eight, nine or ten, were standing against him, landing their right hands over the guns on their waists, waiting for the answer that he'd give, and looking more stern, more furious every second. On top of it, they increased all of a sudden: several dozen men on the right, left, front, back, with identical clothes and droopy bears, the right hands above their guns, the brows knitted, were staring at him perpetually. He was about to pass out.

(...)

NURİ PAKDİL

(1934 - 2019)

Nuri Pakdil began his writing and publishing professions when he was still a student at Kahramanmaraş High School. Many well-known Turkish poets and writers, such as Alaeddin Özdenören, Erdem Bayazıt and Cahit Zarifoğlu, had their first works published in Nuri Pakdil's Hamle magazine. Nuri Pakdil also published the Edebiyat magazine with these names. Edebiyat was founded at a period when other authors, including Nuri Pakdil, were releasing their mature works. Nuri Pakdil's leadership and brotherhood were crucial in the Edebiyat movement, which may be defined as indigenous thought. While the fixed feet of these artists stand on local thinking, their mobile foot wanders all over the world literature and philosophy, to use Mevlânâ's metaphor of compass. Nuri Pakdil continues to influence the new generations not only with his copyright works, but also his French translations.

YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD THE ECHO OF YOUR VOICE THIS DARK?*

The subcutaneous operation of the text while being formed :
an awareness raising progress.

Certainly, the pleasure of transformation is felt depending on how much the next sentence is completed : 'Is it a prophetic vision? It comes and then it goes: as if art is a pendulum between existence and nonexistence : the soul of oneself cannot simply be observed, yet, is there another method of proceeding deeply in one's own cave?

Do you think you will turn brave when you play the brave?

We must start off from the essence of our soul.

* *Kalem Kalesi*, Edebiyat Dergisi Yay., 2000.

FLOWERS SPRING EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK*

Just as what Necip Fazıl Kısakürek says in his poem named 'Feza Pilotu', (Space Pilot) 'The moon is an inch away from the world.' You slowly come down from Gâvur Mountains and this is a place to enhance your dreams. A Sunni night embraces the Gâvur Mountains. The roads of Gâvur Mountains are like those of our inner worlds. You are not inside of the car but it is inside of you: the cars run on dreams instead of gasoline. Flowers spring everywhere you look: the night flowers. You come down: Gâvur Mountains come running after you.

Have you ever seen a mountain walk? The Gâvur Mountains are a speck compared to an old Turkish villager's vast soul. The soul, inner world of a Turkish villager is wide: we can all exist there. The European could not fathom the boundlessness of our souls yet. We could not interpret it enough, that is why. Leaving the small hills on your left, you are moving along a flat area. Mevlânâ walked ceaselessly towards the depths of human souls: his Mesnevi is an attempt to occupy the human soul and acquire new places in the mysterious regions. You also pass a small residential area called K m rl r. Honourable people reside around here. The dim lights that are reflected from the windows are the signs of presence belonging to their shy souls under the moonlight. Our souls gleam too, say the residents of K m rl r. Moonlight on one side, and ablaze souls on another.

While coming close to a river bridge after passing other small residential areas, such as the sacred watchman of the town, such as the belief sign of the town, the grave on the hill waves to you: Malik Ejder: you tidy yourself up and pay your respect. This brook washes the town every night: the ritual of the washed town embracing the moon is performed often.

Because the human soul will eventually get clear due to the divinity in its roots no matter how scattered it has gotten, our town requires to be clean and stay clean. The harmony in the human soul and the harmony of our town is compatible: every now and then it rebels and later it pulls its head in: now it is going through the melancholic era.

The town walks towards you, you walk towards the town: you encounter the dead and the living one by one. The night is a night you know, it turns into a day: somewhere inside you is shaken like an earthquake by the memory of the dead. The joy of living is born out of these quakes in the middle of the town: you giggle as you walk along the roads and the streets. A house grows within my memories: The house where I opened the Bible and read the first line in its first page: our old home: the house where I was born, the house which God created me.

It will soon be morning in Maraş.

July 1976

* *Biat II*, Edebiyat Dergisi Yay., 3. Basım, 2015.

NEW WORDS' ELEMENTS CONSIST OF THE HORIZONTAL INTERPRETATION OF THE EYE LOOKING AT A PEN*

Following a showy peek : the letter stands at the end : the pen between the fingers : if the pen drifts apart from the paper which captivates it, the subconscious rushes to help.

Reminds an unbelted horse : the transformation of the commas into roses from that state.

Every writing : a foundation excavation : for approaching the secret fields of existence.

And the radical stubbornness : if you are looking for a lifebelt : n o w.

The rat-tats of the writing machine contain the meaning that the qualitative values started their walk to open a period: if the sentence which one writes is, 'My politics is my belief, my belief is my politics.'

Faith is what carries the voice, yet, to eternity.

* *Kalem Kalesi*, Edebiyat Dergisi Yay., 2000.

ŞEVKET BULUT

(1936 - 1996)

Şevket Bulut is one of the hidden values of Kahramanmaraş. It is said that he also owns a novel that is lost. *Al Karası*, which is his first short story book, was published by Hareket Yayınları in 1971. Şevket Bulut is an unsparing realist in all five of his short story books. He tells the stories of those who don't see their personal reality as separate from that of society. For this reason, social issues have a place in his short stories. Şevket Bulut prefers to observe things from the inside rather than outside. Thus, his works do not carry an unnaturalness, a sense of life experience is distinct in them. He writes event based stories and develops them with successful dialogues and depictions. In this respect, he is an important representative of the line that is drawn from Ömer Seyfettin to Sabahattin Ali, Refik Halit Karay and Mustafa Kutlu in Turkish storytelling.

TAKOZ AHMET*

Takoz Ahmet, sitting above the fender of the truck, was selling tickets and shouting at the same time:

-Cüceli, Fatmalı, Kızıldamlar, Yolyanı, Döngüle... Come on, it's leaving!. The Yellow Canary is leaving...

It had been three hours since the noon prayer had been called. Sarı Kemal, the driver of the truck, was drinking tea in front of the barber shop. He shouted furiously:

-Oh son, Takozz!!

-Here you are, master.

-Son, it will soon be evening. The women teachers that you mentioned have still not come... Many passengers are waiting. Don't piss me off... "Let's wait for half an hour," you said; hah! It's been an hour and a half... There's no one around...

-Oh master, do not get mad at me... They're about to come... They were going to stop by the shawl shop... You're an understanding person, master... Today is the first day of the month... They received their salaries... They'll pay their debts... They come by Maraş once a month... Please tolerate them, my master... Isn't it that we will sleep in the village already? Let us wait a quarter hour more...

-But it is getting dark, son... All of these passengers cannot be kept waiting for the two women teachers! Look at those poor people! Look how they crouch in the car's bodywork! The Fatmalı village got darker... The rain is nearly here... The passenger has got to be in his way, son... You know, the Yellow Canary is sick from the lungs...

-Alright, master, alright... Come on, it's leaving... The Yellow Canary is leaving... Come on, it's leaving...

A young girl and an elderly woman approached. The old woman asked with a trembling voice:

**Dilek Çınarı*, Türk Edebiyatı Yay., Kasım 1975.

-Does it stop by the Kızılseki village, my son?

-It does, mama, it does! But you will get off at the crossroads... You will be walking upwards for about a quarter of an hour... Come on, get on... The last round, the last...

Come on, it's leaving... The Yellow Canary is leaving.

The tailgate of the truck was open. Takoz Ahmet had put a chair on the ground. The old woman stepped on the chair and got in the car. She reached out to her daughter and pulled her up too. The truck was full to the brim with passengers. The loads, sacks and people were stacked up. With each foot, the elderly lady stepped on one or two passengers...

-Hey mama, are you blind? Watch your step! You just stomped on my calf...

-There's nothing to do, son... The bus conductor preserved everyone in like the preserve of the dry meat... It's bursting at the seams.

-Then why did you get on mama... Have we sent you a stamped petition?...

-My son Takoz Ahmet, who were we waiting for? It's already evening!...

-Look, my dear. May it be your coquettish teachers who we are waiting for? By God, whoever travels with them will be unable to marry for seven years...

-Their heads are bare, their butts are bare... I swear to God, if they get in this car, we will get in trouble.

-No offence to teachers, aunty! Have you eaten your heart out? Wait a little more...

Old women, brides breastfeeding their children and young girls dressed in colours began to murmur. Takoz Ahmet had grown more impatient than the passengers. "How could they have been so late?" he grumbled. "It's all the fault of Sebahat, the new teacher from Kozan. Ours is swift-handed... She would be here by two and half... The manner in which she walks... If only she'd show up on the other side of the road!..."

-Hah, they're coming! he shouted excitedly. Really, two female teachers were approaching the truck with quick steps. They both had packages under their armpits. Güler was tall in height, wheat-skinned and blond. She was dressed in a pair of wide-cuffed trousers. Sebahat was a brunette with a short height and a round figure. She had worn a leather jacket and a short skirt... Takoz Ahmet trembled to the bone. His heart started to beat rapidly. That's what he'd feel whenever he saw Teacher Güler. He'd be parched, unable to say a word. He was madly in love with her. He had not spent a second without her for two years. On the road and the pathway, in the market and the bazaar, he'd always think of her... "O dear Allah, did you create this beauty to crush this Takoz servant for yours? Look at that figure! Look at that stature! Look at that hair, soft as silk..."

That neck... Those eyebrows... Those eyes... Oh man, Takoz Ahmet! This love will kill you my son... You cannot feast your eyes on hers... You write a letter and cannot address it..."

-We are late brother Ahmet... We are sorry... We stopped by Bookseller Şeref... Some documents for the school were missing... We met some of our minor needs too...

-It's all right, Ms. Güler. We'd wait for you until the end of the day...

-Thank you very much... We can move now, right?

-No wonderrr! All of the passengers got on the bus... We were waiting for you...

Looking at Takoz Ahmet, Sarı Kemal was tittering. He winked at the barber:

Master Cemil, this boy of ours will die of the love of that female teacher... He is captivated by her! He calls her name in his sleep, would you believe.... "Güler... Güler... Let me be at your feet, Güler..." he wails in his sleep... What is worse is that she doesn't even know the boy is yearning for her!" You scoundrel, who the hell are you comparing to the village teacher? He has bought a book, named "Love letters"... Reading from it, she writes letters to the girl... And what about his poetry writing? Several times I reprimanded him: "Son," I said. "You are a nasty bus conductor! Birds of a feather flock together.. Your parents' status is obvious... Why would an educated girl care for you? You're neither handsome nor wealthy! You barely gained a diploma in seven years! My lad, you must live from hand to mouth first things first! The girl's father is one of the millionaires of Maraş... If he's allowing her daughter to study as a teacher, it is because she doesn't listen to advice. Her salary doesn't cover the expense of her lipstick... And who are you? Who would give her millionaire daughter away to the son of a barren land?" Are you even listening?. He will go to Germany, supposedly... He will get rich and return, supposedly... You stupid, would a marriageable girl wait for you to become rich? That issue of Germany enriched many, yet also destroyed the family of many... In the past, our people wouldn't chase dreams, oh boy... Many families broke up because of the love of Germany...

-Come on master!... We're ready...

-I'm coming, Takoz... Hang about! We've been waiting for you for three hours.. Wait for three minutes, son...

-Let us not be late, master! It became quite dark...

-Alright alright!... There I'm coming! You seat the teachers! Just like that Master Cemil... Our Takoz will turn mad from the love of Teacher Güler... Today we decided: I will pull the car backwards on purpose... "Oh Takoz, save us!" I'll shout.. Takoz will throw himself in front of the reversing tire to win his loved one's favour... Secretly, I am going to step on the brakes of course... Then he will be saving the passengers and the female teachers... Isn't it a good trick, what

do you think? Taking advantage of the situation, he can give her the poetry he carries in his chest...

-Hey, master, you took the word too long... Come on, let's go...

-Here I am, my son.. Here I am, my man... Get ready for your time! Goodbye Master Cemil... Our Ahmet is very cool nowadays... Let him dream as he wishes! See you again tomorrow...

I'll tell you the rest of the story tomorrow...

Sarı Kemal got behind the wheel. He started the car. Sounding the horn, he slowly drove the scrap truck... The car heading in the direction of Andırın was making weird sounds. Passengers were piling up at each bend's entry. Two of the female teachers were sitting in the driver's cab. Teacher Güler was sitting in the outer part. Tako Ahmet was standing over the fender at her side. He was trembling, something warm was flowing from him as his elbow touched the arm of the female teacher. He was still shouting excitedly:

-Cüceli, Fatmalı, Kızıldamlar, Yolyanı, Döngeler, Yenice kale...

He was peeking at the open breast of teacher Güler on the sly and inhaling her overpowering scent. "If I marry such a girl, I won't ask for anything more from Allah. Let me beg.... Let me starve. Let me go around naked... Let me have nothing but a wife as beautiful as this..."

-Son, Ahmet...

-Yes, master?

-Son, what is it that we suffer from these female teachers? They are always late like this...

-It's no problem, master... Let it be late and clear... Look, we took the road. All of that waiting is already forgotten...

Ms. Güler smiled bashfully:

-We are sorry, uncle Kemal... We didn't wish to make you wait... The pay clerk handed out the salaries too late. We batted around... The day ended in the blinking of an eye...

Anyway... It's all right! I'm joking... Our Ahmet is your backing...

-He would make the car wait even if you hadn't come for three days...

-Thanks to him... He sets our place at the front row every time...

Gulping down, Tako Ahmet spoke from between his teeth:

-It's my duty, Ms Güler...

Teacher Sebahat called to Takoz Ahmet:

-Hey, brother Ahmet!

-Here you are, sister?

-Why do they call you "Takoz" (meaning: "chock")? This nickname offends me... Yet, you never get mad... It's as if there is not one person who doesn't have a nickname in Maraş...

Kemal Usta, who changed gear after passing the Regional Directorate of Forestry, joined the conversation:

-Do you really have no idea where the name "Takoz" came from, Misses?

-I don't... He doesn't look anything like a chock! He's as thin as a rake, God forbid...

-Misses; Ahmet is a bus conductor trained from the cradle. Let me tell you where the Takoz nickname comes from: Five or six years ago, our Takoz was working on the path of Elbistan-Maraş. The Zedeliler owns one or two buses. Ahmet was working as the bus conductor in one of those... One day, while the bus was going up the mountain pass of Saraycık, it started to run backwards... It was winter... The weather was cold... The driver didn't bother to put chains on the tires. There's a really tough place called Ardıçlırampa... It's a very cruel slope.. It trembles even the hearts of the adept drivers... When the bus started reversing, the driver shouted: "Help Ahmet, get the chock fast..." Ahmet jumped on the ground, hopping like a partridge... And placed the huge chock before the hind wheel... But alas! The wedge sunk under the snow... The bus went over the wedge... Ahmet tested one more move... To the caravan again... Come on, help butler!. Again and again... He saw that the intention of the bus is the opposite... Then the bus, going slowly, faced forward to the cliff. All of the passengers said salawat... Death fooled around on top of them... At that moment, our Ahmet came to their rescue as if someone who's godsent: Together with the chock he threw himself under the back wheel... The bus stopped just on the edge of the cliff... The left arm of Ahmet got crushed under the wheel... One or two of his ribs broke... But he saved the lives of about fifty people... The ones who kiss his face... The ones who tip... Out of joy, the people didn't know what to do. As a result, Ahmet's name became TAKOZ among the drivers after that day..

Ms. Sebahat was looking at Ahmet's face respectfully. Ahmet had bowed his face, embarrassed. He would become uncomfortable like this whenever people talked about him. Teacher Güşer didn't get excited because she had heard this story before... She peeped at Ahmet: He had a thin-long face. His black, curly hair was in dirt. There were oil marks in some spots on his face. The bushy hairs on his chest were gushing from the collar of his shirt.

Misses Güler asked jeeringly:

-Uncle Kemal, is the face of Ahmet always dirty like this?

-Look rather at his heart, teacher... His heart is as clear as a diamond...

-”The face mirrors the heart,” they say...

Ahmet blushed to the roots of his hair. He secretly grumbled: “Oh scoundrel... O filthy Takoz... Did a bowl of water make a thousand liras? You come to no good man...”

-Our Takoz Ahmet is a really self-sacrificing boy, teacher... He feeds the seven main households... His mother, father, the wife of his brother and her children... The late brother of his was also a driver. He died in a traffic accident... Takoz gives his salary directly to his father... He doesn't smoke! He doesn't drink! He's unfamiliar with gambling and women... Now he's trying to get a driver's licence... He passed the engine and traffic tests.. There is only the driving left... The traffic men are forcing a bit... Thatttt issue... Though, the driving of Takoz is also very good... He excels even the most practised drivers... But come on and tell those to the guys with net hats!...

-Don't overpraise me, my master...

-It's not overpraising, son... I'm telling the truth... Our Ahmet also registered for Germany, Misses Güler... He'll work for three years and return to the homeland with a Mercedes... God forbid him from falling in love with German girls... He has a fondness for blonds...

While master Kemal was uttering the last word, Ms. Güler had a glance at her own hair. The female teachers kind of sensed something. Ahmet covered his face with his arm. “Don't put me to the blush, master!” he murmured...

They stopped by Fatmalı village's turnout and unloaded some passengers. It had gotten really dark and was drizzling in the meantime. The women and children were huddling together... The fresh cold of fall was starting to show itself...

Ponds of mud had formed along the way. They arrived at the border of Öşlü village while it was getting dark. Ahmet was getting more excited every moment. He listened out for his master's voice. Once he said, “Ahmet, get the chock quick!”, he was going to throw himself in front of the hind wheel together with it... His heart was outgrowing his chest cavity. He was panting and sweating a lot although the weather was cold...

The blurry Ceyhan River was meandering from the right side of the road... There were very steep cliffs between the road and the river. The left side was all precipice... The scrap Cemse was grunting and trembling like someone who is paralyzed while going up the steep slope. Master Kemal had bought it six years ago from the military... He had painted it yellow and carved the name “Yellow Canary” on it...

Master Kemal took his foot off the gas right at the end of the steep ramp. He shifted the gear to neutral. The car was slowly reversing when he took his foot off the brake. He winked at Ahmet, as if asking if he's ready for it. Ahmet nodded, cueing: "Yes!" Master Kemal, pretending to having gotten excited, shouted all out:

-Help Ahmet, get the chock... The car is reversing!...

Ahmet, who was on the alert, threw himself on the ground. He grabbed the chock and ran to the back of the car. At that moment the female teachers turned pale. They screamed out of fear and cuddled each other... All the other passengers understood that the car was reversing. A panic had started all of a sudden. The men began to throw themselves on the ground. The women and the children were crying...

After master Kemal understood that the car was completely speeding, he stepped on the brakes with all his might. Although he pedalled, he found that it had no effect... If the car slipped towards the cliff's way, they would run there. He turned the steering wheel to the left in fear. "Alas!.. A foul joke will end in a disaster!" he thought, clenching his teeth.

-Ahmet, my son! Move away from the back! The brakes are really not holding... he yelled. However, Ahmet didn't pay attention to the voice of his master. He was riddled with teacher Güler... "When I lie before the wheel with the chock and then stop the car, I will win the love of Misses Güler... She will embrace and kiss me... I will hand her the letter before anybody sees..." he thought. He threw himself under the truck that was sliding into the ditch...

THE RUINED HOUSES OF KAHRAMANMARAŞ*

Who will mend those ruined houses, dear? Those houses with doors and windows burning? Who has ravaged the beautiful houses of Kahramanmaraş? Those vacant, two-roomed slums with no water and electricity? Those branches, those juniper rafters were brought all the way from the village of Ambar in Elbistan. Moreover, having crossed the Ahır Mountain. Moreover, on top of a mule. Turn around and look at your surroundings, my journalist son: Instead of taking a picture of me, picture those unhappy houses with wrecked walls and chimneys! Take a picture of them and post it in your newspaper, so that everyone can see our miserable situation... Let them see in order to draw a lesson from our misery...

They shot my late husband Daşo and dear son Hamza just right here. Their blood became a puddle on top of that gunny. My white breasted Daşo... My hawk-eyed Hamza!... One of them was my husband and the other was my son. They were drinking the tirşik soup. What is tirşik soup? Oh my, ashes on my head! There are people who don't know about the tirşik soup in the land of Maraş!... So you don't know it? Tirşik soup is made with the infidels' beet. In mountains' rock caverns, there are single-branched wild beets with green leaves. We climb the mountains and pick these beets one by one. We bring and then boil them in black cauldrons. To make it sweeter, we add bulgur flour into the basin and press it under. It ferments... And foams a good amount... We add wheat and blend it. This tirşik soup is cure to all diseases, it sheds all the worms in the sacrificial animal's stomach and intestines in one swoop. Pinworm, tapeworm, stomach worm... Whatever... My husband, sitting on that corner, was eating tirşik soup. It was mid-morning. My son Hamza was trying to take out the Turkish flag from my wedding chest. His intention was placing the flag over the staff and showing it to the crowd at the door, saying: "See, we too are Turkish and Muslim as much as you are. We also have a flag with a crescent and a star... Spare our lives. It is Allah who gives lives. He is the one who will claim it!" Poor person, he couldn't find the flag... He couldn't think of opening the fardel at the bottom. If he had shown the Turkish flag, would he be saved? Would his sweet life be spared?

First, some noises were heard from the earth roof. Then, the sounds of digging tools... The next thing we knew was the hole made on the roof! The sky is seen, all blue. They poured fuel from the hole with a splashing sound. They threw cloth inside. Carpets-rugs, quilts-mattresses, whatever we had ignited all in one breath. My husband, the head of our household, made his body a shield to me: "Be careful Güley," he said: "Beware of the fire! Fire is a monster with seven tongues; it has no mercy for anyone... Otherwise the legs of your shalwar will blaze, you will burn furiously..." He came face to face with death, yet still didn't leave joking aside... I lamented, saying, "What do these young men wearing masks want from us, husband? Who are we aside

*Baharı Göremeyen Çocuklar, Dolunay Yay., 1996.

with, who are they from? What is the separation between us?” Tears flowed from my eyes. My lanky Hamza, the shotgun that came from Germany in his hand, ran towards the door: “Don’t go my Hamza,” I said. “The ones who surrounded our home are armed... Those who came are the second run... Be careful, they have no pity. It is no use taking a stand against the crazed: calm down first. Let me get out the door first... I am only a woman: They may not hold a gun against me...” I threw myself out before my son. It was almost like a doomsday in front of the street door. Pickaxes in the hand of some, and shovels in the hand of others.. They were hitting right at the sides of our house. The house which we built with all sorts of toil was shaking like a sapling. I got caught in a stone rain:

“Mountain men, you bloodthirsty... Runners of the village!...”

“Come out.. We are here to claim your lives...”

(...)

ARİF EREN

(1938 - ...)

He worked as a teacher of literature. He is a poet who has won the love of the people around him with his good company, modesty and courtesy. These qualities which can be observed in his personality are also reflected in his poetry. Like Yunus Emre, he has spoken of, united with, and attempted to spread love, friendship, and peace in all of his poems. His poetry has a didactic tone to it, which might be attributed to his background as a teacher. Arif Eren has written short, individualistic and minimal poems such as Behçet Necatigil. He avoided talking assertively in his poetry. This does not necessarily mean that he was indifferent to social issues. On the contrary, social concerns and a sense of responsibility shows itself in his poetry that is not loud. He treats every topic by approaching all people with a similar fondness and interest.

THE STAIRS OF AUGUST*

The time climbs up the stairs of August
Tired, having burdened the heat
Please do not grumble to August
Because he is trudging along

The last memory of the most fruitful season
A guest is every dawn
You know the third season
It comes down in the dumps

It seeks with mournful eyes in the branches
The cicadas whose songs are interrupted
Day by day they wither
The gardens of stars in the sky

The mad sun, the still water
The blue which fills in the eyes
When it wakes up every morning
Have the lifetime of a smile

* *Hayatı-Sanatı-Şiirleri*, Öncü Kitap, 2010.



ERDEM BAYAZIT

(1939 - 2008)

Erdem Bayazıt wrote his poems in a speaking tone. Because of this quality of his, one can think of him as having written these poems easily. On the contrary, his poems are difficult for the same reason. Although his poetry is thought to be coherent through the first reading, the different layers of meaning are recognized as it is fathomed. Erdem Bayazıt's personality and life are equivalent to his poetry style. For a time, he worked as a literature instructor and afterwards as a library manager. In another period, we find him among the deputies of Kahramanmaraş. Thus, Erdem Bayazıt has a leading and sophisticated character. Traveling notes which he made for Afghanistan are also one of his works. Even though his books are few in number, they have had a wide repercussion and influence. Erdem Bayazıt has also shown himself with his constituent side within Yedi Güzel Adam. He is one of the founders of the magazines Edebiyat and Mavera.

THE MAIDEN'S TOWER*

A lamp in the dungeon of the dearie
Maidenhood sentenced to life
Motherhood trapped in the wall of longing
Has it become a tangible symbol,
This plainness?

Taking heart from the laws
From the tent of Genghis Khan
Having blown in from the Great Wall
A saddle brimful of jewels above her head
Is this tower the residual exclamation
Of an odalisque in her seventeen?
Above the waters, it has settled.

Üsküdar has opened its outercoat
As an aria from the opera of a different universe
The weather evokes a purple pink spring gushing
From the shores, from the sides
And the pure seagulls
Shouting and screaming as they fly!

A Ukrainian has opened his eyes
It is the Bosphorus
He watches from the top of a freighter sailing

The mansions pavilions flow away time after time
Mihrimah, Valide, Şemsipaşa, Ayazma flow away
A crew in a ship registered to the port of Odesa:
Their poor hands have taken shelter in their pockets
Landing one by one the delicate minarets!

A choke in the throat, all of a sudden:
The Maiden's Tower!

*Şiirler, İz Yay., 2013.

ÂŞIK MAHZUNÎ ŞERİF

(1939 - 2002)

Another Karacaođlan of the 20th century is Âşık Mahzunî Şerif. He began to play the saz when he was only 12, and by the age of 20, he had published the music album "İşte Gidiyorum Çeşmi Siyahım," which was well-received throughout Turkey and is still liked and listened to today. He studied the memorization of Al-Quran Al-Kareem in his childhood years. He graduated from the military school and served in the army for a while. The remarkable element of his poetry is the touching diction. This aspect of Mahzunî Şerif is noticed right away when his poems are being read or the composed version of them are listened to. The rendering of Mahzunî was appreciated by Âşık Veysel. He was also a close friend of Davut Sularî, who is another legendary name of the minstrel literature. He wrote about 3000 poems, got his songs read to more than 400 records and 50 tapes until his death.

THIS YEAR, MY*

This year my green vineyard has dried
It hailed my leaves have rotted
I had a hand which could hold the saz
Now lying on a corner I cry

The ones who eat and drink with me
The ones who sit under my shadow and leave
You the cruel who ran away in my hard times
I haunt myself and cry

Struggling over and over I started a family
I did not see the baby I saw the swaddle
I got drowned in the sea then washed up onto a shore
From one suffering to another I look and cry

I am Mahzunî Şerif this is the state I am in
The times have changed the people are villain
Until the doomsday will continue my bearing
I bide my time, mourn and cry.

* *Dolunaya Tül Düştü*, Ürün Yay., 1995.

RASİM ÖZDENÖREN

(1940 - ...)

Rasim Özdenören, a short story writer, would sit with his twin brother Alaeddin Özdenören, a poet, and read the same book. Both of the brothers kept up with their reading habits throughout their lives. It's possible that their shared interest in philosophy comes from the books they've read together. Similar to what he does in his essays, Rasim Özdenören questions things and reviews the different answers also in his short stories. He impacted many short story writers after him with this characteristic of his. The inner conflicts, dilemmas and the quests of the individual who moved to the city from the countryside are among the most marked topics in Özdenören's stories. Publishing short stories and articles in journals and periodicals every week for about sixty years, Rasim Özdenören has been a productive writer.

JANUARY*

It has rained-

The earth is wet

The poplar trees.

Earth coloured leaves. Their crackling is heard under the wheels. Fall.

Was it on a day like this again? What was it that was missing, depleted? The thing that broke me

-what was it?

The fields of red pepper are already removed. A belated season. Though tiny areas in groups are built on the hillsides: it is under the downpour of a boundless breeze now. The barren hills are purified. Glaring rubbles.

I knew what I was going to encounter at home. But what was it that is missing? That is hereabout, but is still not itself... which I found that I knew, but still those things I know/that stone, bulge, that hump I mean., the stone that does not remain as it is, purification, the moss of breeze, the milky breasts of towns, mountains/the missing, unfound things

What was it?

Smoke arises from the roofs' adobe chimneys and it disperses hither and thither together with the breeze. Hillsides in the state of ethel winged doves ascending to the sky, in the colour of ash gray, flappy their feathers are. An indefinable sorrow lies in this flight: as though the skirts of a hanged man were flying.

It is the time ovens begin to light. Goods carriers on donkeys are more frequently observed in street alleys, they demand unreasonable prices. They are heating bricks in the hearth of our house. My father's backache intensifies during moist fall days.

* *Denize Açılan Kapı*, İz Yay., İstanbul, 2008, s.27.

The poplar trees by the stream seemed to be complete. The weeping willow over the site. The time-worn mulberry tree. We would engrave bloody heart pictures on its trunk. The sparrows among the darkened leaves of mulberry. Do not they ever die: because they are always the same sparrows whenever I see them. Their singing. Stairs of the roof leaning against the neighbor's door: have not been moved for years. As if.

With the flapping of the wind, the water drops gathered on the grizzle leaves fall onto my face. The driver must have been an acquaintance but I could not remember. It was only Haydar that had an interest in being a driver, it might be him. Was it? His coal-black mustache was carefully fixed and his hair was oily. He would walk like John Wayne. The path which the car passed is asphalted now. Haydar drove the taxi through the shortcuts despite not asking where I was headed. Is this Haydar the very same person?

This must have been the first rain of fall. From some places, from between the old houses' perhaps, from the lights of the nonexistent lanterns, from the nonexistent streets, from the inhalations of plants, from the bosom of the world, from the winter days, from the haircloth which we spread under, from the rooster feathers, from the burst bubbles, from such places were pervading the scents of dried ivy and honeysuckle. From our past gardens/ how deep gardens they were, belonging to our childhood: with their dwarf loquat and lemon trees and the fallen, putrefied gas plants/this scent would pervade. Something was not right about this. But: -what?

Was this ignominy something to yearn for?

I hit the chamber of the door, the chamber's contact area is cut and melted. In fact, I can open the door by shouldering it, but I cannot shake off the strangeness and oddity which I have gotten accustomed to or that unusual timidity developed towards my own house, my father, my mother and everyone else in the house. I must pull myself together and calm down until the door opens. However I am aware that they are waiting for me, that they have seen me as soon as the sound of the taxi in front of the door was heard, that they know who the driver is together with the owner of the taxi. All of this was most likely being watched from the porch. From the back of the door, I am waiting for the rope tied to the handrail to be pulled from upstairs. The rope is being pulled.

It is my sister at the end of the rope. Leaning from the landing, she looks around. She descends a few steps and waits when she sees me. "Welcome" she says with a kindly voice. A sharp baby squawk is heard at that moment: my son. "Thank you son", my inner voice says, "thank you. You are also welcome" For a moment, we come face to face with my sister at the top of the stairs, in the distress of not being able to find something to say. Has she lost weight? Borrowed smiles settle on our faces. I take off my shoes at the stairhead. My sister reunites the pairs and places them next to the other shoes

with a femininity accustomed to serve. Oh how awkward I am in such cases./ Come on, say something. Speak./ “Are you fine?” I only ask. The rag which she got to wipe my shoes in her hand, with a bright face she eyes me from head to foot. “I am fine, you see.” How much we would run about on this porch, how many hidden points it had. We would play hide and seek when the neighbor’s children came. How would I fit under that couch that is now thrown down in the gizzard. “Is my uncle here?” I ask. “He will come in the evening” answers my sister, “he was also asking about you.” There is my mom. The skin under her chin has sagged and wrinkled. I kiss her hand. First she embraces me faintheartedly, then she ties her arms around my waist. I hear her sobbing while she sighs. “Let your mother die, let your mother die” she murmurs. “I had seen it in a dream, but when you became late...” She does not end her word. “Come inside” my sister says, “in the cold.. dad is inside.”

As soon as the door to the room is opened, a sour, tired smell of sweat fills my nose. The smell of pee and soil. They hung the boy’s diapers over the hangers that are placed on the stove pipe. Only I cannot see her: his mother, who has turned her back in the corner, is breastfeeding him: the end of her muslin scarf tucked in her mouth, she turns her head and gives a look, for a moment/a very short moment/we catch each other’s eyes. That means hello. I pretend to have not seen and head towards my father. My father is in the bed, sitting, having wrapped his quilt around his knees. I bend my knees and catch his dry, callous hand. Without resisting, he extends his hand. “May Allah bless you, may you be prosperous.”/And that is it, that is about all the entire ceremony./

So this was my father. That ill-tempered, incorrigible man. Years. Everything that was crushed. Destroyed. Worn away. Lost and gone. My grandfather was alive then. He had come at my father one day when he was beating me. “Have you become a man to beat a child!” he had jumped on. I guess it was a hot noon on a summer’s day. In the yard, my father was fixing the donkey’s saddle while sweating buckets. Asking my mother for punch, for beeswax, for paste and for bodkin; he was making a lot of noise. He was tinkering around with the donkey’s saddle, standing in front of it, as well as fixing it and trying to fill in the reeds that leaped up. We did not know the reason behind his anger as he waxed the twines. We could never know that. He would curse violently even at the times he wanted to take care of us, his children. That is the sort of man he was. He brought us shoes on the nights of eid. The shoes he brought would exactly fit our feet as though they were measured, I do not recall any of us feeling the need to exchange them: I am still amazed at how he could manage it. We were six siblings, three girls, three boys; and there had been two more, they say, but I am unaware of their deaths. Some people came at the door one day, whatever for, they were asking for the household. When my father mentioned only the three children and counted their names, our next door neighbor warned my father by saying, “You have six children, not three, Bekir Effendi”, and my father bewilderedly mumbled some things such as, “Huh, girls are also included?” I could tell he was offended because of the

harsh look he gave the next-door neighbor. In fact he was more fond of his daughters than he was for his sons. While he was taking the shoes tied to each other out of the bag in pairs, no matter whose shoes they were, "Wear it pander!" he would say. Those were his affectionate words. We would almost get spoiled when we heard that. He clamped one end of the twine between his teeth, his blue, black veins swollen on his arm with rolled up sleeves, he was covetously waxing the twine. He was going to fix the donkey's saddle. Something of the sort.

The kettle over the stove is boiling. In the past there would always be a water pan over the oven but the oven is not there now: when this floor was added to the house, it was left downstairs, in the place used as the storage of the shop. All of this happened when I was not around. The boy still picks his mother's breast, muttering. What have they named him, I wonder. I do not turn that side. The room is filled with the sound of his slurps. My sister moves the fire from the stove to the brazier, runs the tea kettle over the ashes, and stacks the cinder around it. As if having remembered it at the very time, "Are you hungry?" she asks, turns her head and looks at me. No, I mean with a shake of my head. "If you are..." she insists. "No.. I am not..." comes out of my mouth almost immediately. Together with this word, other things also spread in the middle of the room, here and there. They did not tell me my father was unwell, I find out. "Halil transferred the roof" he interjects, "he was the one who came last year." Halil... Who is this Halil? I cannot recognize, yet I do not ask. Perhaps I will be told off for long, if I ask / about how quick I have forgotten, "I have grown too big for my boots" et cetera./ "You are capable of doing those" I say. He looks rather oddly at me when I say this. But he does not say a word. My wife moves to put the baby in the crib. He ate enough, he is done, I read. My father calls out before she reaches the crib: "Get him to me if he has not slept, daughter." I had never seen a child, especially a baby in my father's arms before: It is rare to find a man who avoids children as much as he does. My wife, always with the end of her cheesecloth tucked in her mouth, hands the baby. "Kadir" my father calls him, then articulates and stretches out: "Abdülkadir." He takes the baby in his arms. I get it; he is doing it to show me the baby. It must be because he cannot think of anything else to say: "Abdülkadir, Abdulkadir," he repeats, his small finger brushing the baby's lips. / They named the baby after my grandfather. / Then he puts his finger in the baby's mouth. The baby's lips struggle to suck this dry finger as they search for it. "You rascal!" my father says, then without lifting his head: "Feed him with milk generously, daughter", "do not withhold it, let his root be sturdy." "Stop babbling," my mother says, "give him back." She takes the baby. The baby is now in her arms: my mother is standing aghast oddly in the middle of the room. "He looks like his name's owner," she says. The boy does not have hair, there is not even a single strand on his head, he is all bald. He opens his unnoticing eyes for a moment: his eyebrows are knitted, he is down at the mouth, furious. What does he see? I am struggling not to exclaim, "Oh boy!" and grab him in my arms.

“He sleeps sixteen or maybe twenty hours a day, this pander” my father says.

This sentence dangles in the void.

Long afterwards we drink tea, I take out the prison work prayer beads, the purse, the humidor and the bead snakes from my pocket which I hand-knitted.

“Did you even bother doing these?” he says, grimacing.

I keep quiet.

“If only you had learned carpet making or something,” he continues.

“Do not start again” mama says, then turns to me: “Go wash yourself, change your clothing.”

I get out to the hall.

The downpour has ended.

The wind hurls the gentle rain from above the zinc eaves.

My gaze was drawn to the carpet, which was framed by a picture of the Kaaba that my father had brought back from Hajj and posted on the hall's wall.

To wash my face, I enter the partition that we use as a toilet. My wife stands in front of the wall with a towel in her hand. She hands it to me when I come out. With a voice that she wants nobody to hear:

“Betrayer”, she mutters.

I can never make out whether this is a longing, a late greeting, or something else.

I gaze at her face just like that.

Absently.

ALÂEDDİN ÖZDENÖREN

(1940 - 2003)

Alaeddin Özdenören's philosophical books are as impressive as his poetry. A unique daintiness and courage is seen in both of the fields which he works in. He has a pleasant character, as shown by the memories of his contemporary poets and writers, as well as the explanations given by his youngers on various occasions. A heavy questioning is present in Alaeddin Özdenören's poetry. Life, modernism, history, religion and humanity are questioned in detail. Together with that, he has a strong sense of decency and religion. He has greatly benefited from the critical and opponent aspect of modern poetry towards modernism. The music heard from the depths of Alaeddin Özdenören's poetry is lyrical, despite his philosophical side being dominant.

THE BAG OF KEREM*

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

**Bütün Şiirleri*, İz Yay., 2017.

CAHİT ZARİFOĞLU

(1940 - 1987)

Cahit Zarifoğlu is a pioneering figure. He is the "artist," in Necip Fazıl's terms, as well as being crazy and free spirited enough to hitchhike across Europe. His poems are of the same characteristics too. Zarifoğlu does not listen to anybody else other than himself in his poetry. He fills his bucket with water from both the well in his inner world and the well in the outside world. And he surely pulls something from the bucket in the name of poetry. Cahit Zarifoğlu is one of the two most important poets following Sezai Karakoç. He has a poetic style that has never been adopted before or after him, and that immediately becomes apparent when tried to imitate. As a result, he was given the name "şairi maderzat," which means "poet by nature." His poetry is rich with images. It takes time and patience to enter the world of Zarifoğlu. And when it is done, you will find yourself in a colorful and gracious universe.

THE IDLE EYE*

Early he wears his love away
Sits in the corner of rooms unendingly
If hears a child
Being called from a game

The gambling which he gets dizzy from every time
He wins while drying off his heart in a style
If he finds out the neediness
Of a woman who got defeated

A fugitive of friend by oneself
Looks at what he does from time to time
He sits back, engrossed in paintings indefinitely
And when he sits on a table
He gives the due of drinking tea

This man is a picture
Drawn and pushed in the corners of books
He laughs softly lives unafraid
Takes over the watch with his sober mind
Escapes from the mountain looks after the town
And looks around his heart for a greyhound leap

Early he wears his love away
He does not make of a woman's
Engrossed in paintings sitting back
Soft laugh while loving
He parts from the mountain with his sober mind
Takes over the watch and topples the town

* *Şiirler*, Beyan Yay., 2004.

MEHMET AKİF İNAN

(1940 - 2000)

Akif İnan came to Kahramanmaraş during his middle school years. He studied in the same class with Rasim Özdenören, Cahit Zarifoğlu and Alaeddin Özdenören. Their literary friendship started in those years. They became acquainted with Nuri Pakdil in that same year. Akif İnan's earliest poems were published in Pakdil's magazine Hamle. They were first split in their ideas regarding artworks with Cahit Zarifoğlu. Nonetheless they both approached each other's poems with respect. While Zarifoğlu wrote modern poems full of images, Akif İnan wrote clear, touching and lyrical poems by benefiting from the traditional books. The Büyük Doğu magazine, founded by Necip Fazıl Kısakürek, was the field that had influenced both of them. The dedication of Akif İnan to Necip Fazıl was far greater than that of the others. Akif İnan had never left writing his poems with the syllabic meter. However, the traditional and modern meet in his poetry, which cannot be overlooked.

ODE OF HEART*

Every evening with your memory
my heart purifies me of the dirt of world

The findings of my dream excavations
my heart displays in the exhibition of hope

It is the entire entity of me
my heart paints into your crystal voice and pure color

On the full moon flower and the clouds
my heart carves the dream of paradise

You are the wings of my rivers of time
my heart counts the days by you

To your echos surrounding me
my heart conforms to the traces of your love

Not only the words flowing from your daydream
my heart hears what passes through your mind

If I happen to sense your disappearance one day
my heart bares me to blind rages

**Şiirler -Hicret & Tenha Sözler-*, 5. baskı, İz Yay., 2017.

ALİ AKBAŞ

(1942 - ...)

He has been granted many awards at the national and international levels and worked as an academic in various universities. He appears to prefer the colloquial language in the majority of his poems. Only a talented poet such as Ali Akbaş is capable of extracting poetry from everyday discussions and current events and integrating them into a poem. For this reason, the poems of Ali Akbaş look familiar to many. It is found exceedingly simple by those who do not have a grasp of his depths and graces. Whereas Ali Akbaş can manage to draw out even a carpenter, tailor or a caretaker. His poetry is a robin's pocket at times, an ironmaster's hammer or a rose in the hand of a young man in love at others. As a consequence, Ali Akbaş' poetry can be found wherever Anatolian people are.

TRIBUTE TO COPPER*

Maraş rouses before the sun rises
Rouses and reposes to the purple mountains
A hazel-eyed Seljuk ruler
The yoo-hoo of a dove and the call to prayer
Ökkeş forges copper early in the morning
On a copper tray the sun rises
Along with the hammer sounds, elbow grease
The rain, which is god's grace, falls on the modest mongers

* *Erenler Divanında*, Bengü Yay., 2011.



OSMAN SARI

(1947 - ...)

Osman Sarı is a poet whose two poetry books have extended his influence in waves. He combines the traditional and the modern like Akif İnan. In both of the poets' works modernism is criticised on the basis of tradition, yet the poem which emerges is in fact modern poetry. Modernism alters the conventional in some sense through their poetry. Ethics and custom-blend thoughts are the determinants of both Osman Sarı's and Akif İnan's poetries. This element is also the base of their modernism opposition. Thus, it can be said that the aesthetic and musicality of Osman Sarı's poetry is shaped by his view of life. Not surrendering oneself entirely to modernism has become an aesthetic in the poetry of Osman Sarı. He captured the sound of life's struggle in the poems he wrote using rhyme and aruz prosody.

ODE OF THE RESENTFUL HEART*

I lost the seasons neither summer or winter reaches to me
The gap is faraway, not a look reaches to me
It pours down from the sky washes out places
I burn to a frazzle not a drop approaches to me

O mountains regardless of how far you turn to my side
It is a path of your almighty top it does not outreach to me

I fell into the middle of this town for once
Not a soul raises their head and looks up to me

What kind of a hum is it boulevards stretch out to me
Why o skies the sound I wait does not pitch up to me

A herald is my heart I know it well
Writing such poems does not apply to me.

* *Şiirler*, İz Yay., 1995.

İSMAİL KILLIOĞLU

(1947 - ...)

He started writing in his high school years. He published a literature magazine named Gonca together with Osman Sarı. Although the magazine lasted only for a year, it opened the doors of the world of literature for both İsmail Killioğlu and Osman Sarı. Following that, İsmail Killioğlu wrote for a variety of art, literature, and thought journals, as well as taking on some of their management responsibilities. Furthermore, he had academic studies in the fields of law and philosophy. İsmail Killioğlu talked about the conflicts of traditional life and modern life in his short stories. His short story characters have been noteworthy in their thinking, inquiring, and searching for answers in the rapidly modernizing city life. Killioğlu pictured a panorama of the city and the individual getting stuck in between the traditional and the modern through the eyes of his thinking characters.

THE FIRST FRIEND*

This wooden floor called pergola was great. I could see downstairs from the thin lined space remaining in between the two wooden sticks as it is. I immediately created myself a game from it. I was running following the line between the wooden floors, and the ground below me was flowing speedily in the opposite direction. No matter how many times they were caught, some children of the village could manage to snuggle under the pergola. We were darting around, them being down and me being above.

That was the time I met Ali. I was running above, but I thought of playing a prank. There were two wide holes in two parts of the pergola. One way or another, I was making the kids gather under these holes and was spitting at an unexpected time. My spit was usually falling on one of them. Besides, they were okay with it. Even though they wanted to protect themselves, what they did was kind of playing hard to get.

While waiting, having held the spit in my mouth, a very thin, small and short, dark-skinned kid came and stopped just under the hole. But the other kids swooped down on him. He became invisible under the kids who suddenly had a grip on him. I felt as if I was the one suffocating under the kids. I ran fast, went down the stairs almost about to fall, and reached the kids under the pergola. In an afraid and tearful tone;

-Leave him, I shouted.

The kids, who had made a ball by stooping on top of each other, disentangled one by one. They formed a circle around the kid that was left at the bottom.

-Are you going to kill him? I said.

He knelt and remained in place. It was obvious that he wasn't expecting such a thing. I went up to him. In an ordering manner;

-You too, get up! I said.

He slowly straightened up and then arised. With a touching voice, quietly;

* *Hayata Uyaniş*, Ekin Yay., 1984.

-They don't let me play!

-Oh wow! The other children shouted all at once.

-Are you letting me? Tell me. He said.

-Oh wow woow! They said again.

He suddenly started to cry. His tiny face almost disappeared from wincing. He wanted to cover his eyes with his thin, long-fingered hands. But he moved his hands from his eyes as if he newly noticed the tears running down his face. When he came to the crease of his nose, he wiped the tears away with his wrist.

His sobbing filled my heart with an indescribable sadness. I wanted to help him, to do something for him. That's what I intended to do. What could I do, though, to make him feel better? I didn't know, I couldn't make it out. Let alone, I was the one who actually needed help here, in this village. Who knows? Maybe he was going to help me, and he probably already was.

Then I realized that the kids who made him cry were walking away. I slowly approached him. There was an unclear moistness in his eyes, the tears had dried and left a mark on his temples. Maybe it was the dirt of his face covered in dust. Anyhow, his coal-black eyes were sparkling. That is how he looked at me. But he quickly turned his eyes away.

-They, he said and as he tucked in the spathe of his shirt that was hanging out, added:

-You are my enemy, they say, he said.

I shouted all of a sudden, having lost my consciousness:

-And I am their enemy!

I held his arm as if dragging him;

-Come on, let's climb up. We'll show them. My father had bought me a sword, it even had a sheath. It extended to my feet when I hung it on my belt. Let me take it from my mom, we'll cut them.

He tagged after me in silence.

At that moment I realized, I didn't know his name yet.

-What is your name?

-They call me Ali, he said.

-Ali... And mine is Emre, I said.

Ali was indifferent. While I was thinking whether he liked knowing my name or not;

-I know, he said, everyone knows your name.

I secretly enjoyed the fact that my name was heard by everyone at once. Besides, I was proud.

I was proud of yet one more thing, and my pride grew with each passing day; Ali was my friend, my first friend.

KADİR TANIR

(1953 - 2011)

An excerpt from Rasim Özdenören's essay "Ah, Kadir Tanır," published in Yeni Şafak newspaper on December 18, 2011, on Tanır's death: "The person whose heart is filled with compassion and kindness... Perhaps he wanted to be a writer, stay a writer and earn his money from writing throughout his life. At the age of thirteen, he began writing poems and short stories. He started to publish his short stories in *Mavera* starting from the beginning of 1980s. Shortly afterwards, his first short story book *Alagün* appeared on the list of *Akabe Yayınevi* (1982), where all of our books were published from. I have seen an architect's carefulness on geometry in both the short stories and novels of Kadir Tanır. Valid reasoning, precise fiction, neat word work, concentration, and elaboration... All of these are distinct features in the texts of Kadir Tanır. While giving voice to the reality of his time, the writer puts his own signature of witnessing under them.

AUTUMN RAINS*

-What is left from our childhood that cannot be forgotten!

What a merciless dark, the keeper of our bright - short - beautiful days!...

I.

I am running. It is as if I am at the roofs of the houses which stand like cliffs.

I am running. It is as if I am at the summits of monstrous mountains stretching out on the ground from end to end, which reach the sky and disappear. I am running. It is as if I am at the surface, size and speck of the infinite waters that are slowly, twirlingly washed and burned under the strong rays of the generous sun... And I am running: the streets sparkling, the sky is clear; my breathing is regular, alive, pure; the weather is good: Spring...

II.

“Come along!” my grandmother says.

I step back again. A school bag in my hand, looking down breathlessly standing aghast.

“Come on, come on!” my grandmother insists, pushes me from my back.

I approach her timidly with a solemn expression.

Then I feel the licking of her breath on my face. I give her the side look, filled with terror, rage, shame and shivering... How can I hug someone I have seen for the first time!..

“Here we go, don't you hear! Why are you standing like a pile!” my grandmother says.

“Oh come on mom!” my mother says.

There, she watches me with her gleaming eyes, bending down a little, with interest but not as if delighted or concerned. Blonde, large and fleshy; she stands.

* *Güz Yağmurları*, Ukde Yay., 1998.

In a light manner, yet she also breathes often.

“Come,” sister Güldane says.

“No, no!” I answer.

“I say come on! Come on!” She insists. Her breath is cool, nauseating and fragrantly; her breathing is regular; her breast heaves in the vitality of a consciousness as if absorbing life; like sipping a glass of water while savoring it... Her slanting, greyish blue eyes which the sunbeams sheet on between the sparse branches, and moist on her clear, sparkling lips.

“Don’t forget, you’ll wait for me!” she says.

“How can I forget?” I say.

“Not even for a moment?” she says.

“Not even for a moment,” I say, panting, “Yes, not even for a moment...”

We slowly walk next to the mock oranges. I look at the sky with a face aflame and sweat on my palms. The shadows of the bays round our foreheads, moving secretly. The wind blows in whispers on her skirts, her cuffs flutter, her hair flies, the smell of it dissipates and gathers consistently, filling in my nose.

She reaches me from the side, smelling around:

“So come on!” she says, breathing quickly.

“No! No!” I say.

“Come on you dope, come on! No one will see, come on!”

Now her breathing is bated; her eyes half-closed; beads of sweat above her lips.

“Nay, nay! I say, strongly shaking my head. “Nay, no no!”

My mother stops and gives her a sidelong glance. And she slyly looks at my mother with a salow, anxious face from where she kneels. Her head is bent. It's as if she's boogered, watching her enemy, crafty, sneaky, stealthy as a cat; and grinning.

“She has grown up with affection and blessings, she hasn't suffered any hardship,” my mother says to my aunt.

“Look, your height reaches only until here,” my cousin sister Güldane says, “Look, look, only until here.” She presses my head on her chest and rests it there. My eyes are bathed in the light of glistening delphiniums, baby's breaths, and sunflowers.

“Look, right there!”

My mouth and nose are clogged again with strong and stretched lumps wrapped by tight clothes, my throat absorbs strong odors, my face is ablaze with the heat of my breath; along with them, my head quickly rises and falls.

“What she undergoes is due to coyness, blessing and the temptation of the devil.” my mother says.

“How old are you,” sister Güldane asks.

I answer; “Twelve.”

“You don’t look like a child,” she says. She runs her fingers over my lips and the fuzz above.

“She’s only sixteen though,” my aunt says.

“May she not grow more!” my mother grouches.

Just then, my cousin leaves the room; my mother and aunt quiet down. I feel her skirts licking my face like a cool breeze as she slips away next to us. She walks towards the garden, releasing a pleasant odor as she carelessly touches the hedges’ flowers.

“Oh you young woman, you young hussy,” my aunt utters from between her teeth.

I look after sister Güldane.

“The path she walks leads to a time when people will ravingly overflow from their homes and rush through the streets completely naked,” my mother says.

“May God forbid us from witnessing those days,” my aunt says.

“Neither the dead nor the ones remaining horrify her,” my mother says.

“They shall be horrified when the sun sets, the mountains disperse and the waters meet,” my aunt says.

“Oh you calamity howler,” my mother says. “You doomsayer, sink of corruption!”

I still look after sister Güldane. Then, with my mother, we catch each other’s eye. I quickly lower my head, my face is flaming as if about to fall on the floor.

“Stay away from her!” my mother says, gnashing her teeth, “She is not in your league, do you get me, stay away!”

“Ugh! Ugh!” I say to myself, “Why are my mother and aunt as hardhearted as this!...”

The summer comes and goes; the leaves on the branches turn yellow, one by one the gorgeous flowers of spring fade. And all of a sudden something happens to sister Güldane; she weakens, deteriorates in front of our eyes day by day.

But in such a manner that all the mirrors of the house are broken or that how she has become is a very ordinary situation, she either doesn't know or doesn't care about the horrible changes in her body. With an enthusiasm that is increasing more and more:

“Don't forget, you'll wait for me!” she says.

“How could I,” I say.

“Not even for a moment?” she says.

And she suddenly catches a fit of coughing. She coughs with a shrill hissing, her hands over her neck, as if vomiting her lungs. Then she takes a word, wiping her lips with her palms and laughing genuine, wheezy laughs as though nothing has happened:

“Come on then! Come on then!”

“No! No!” I say, observing the scary color on the edge of her lips with frightened eyes.

“Aren't we engaged?” she says.

“No! No!” I say.

“Didn't we get engaged? she says upsetly.

“No! No! I say stepping back, “No! No!”

The doctors visit the house often one day. Sister Güldane is being laid up. Grandmother cries. My mother and aunt are looking about thoughtfully, their concerned expressions on their faces, as if they are scared of looking at each other. Then the rainy days also begin. The garden gets ruined. When their last efforts fail, they return to the rooms, where a melancholy dimness settles within them. The heads are still, the hearts are gloomy and the days are mournful in their corners now.

My mother and aunt cry in silence sometimes.

“Her illness is caused by the devil's deception,” my mother says.

“Don't forget, you'll wait for me,” my sister Güldane says.

“I told you to stay away from her!” my mother says, “She doesn't suit you, stay away!”

“To be honest, I would want to be in this naughty boy's shoes,” my aunt says, “to understand what he makes of this relationship.”

“What, how will he do,” my mother says with a trembling voice.

“With the burden of sins on his back as heavy as lead...” my aunt says.

“No! No! sister Güldane yells. She coughs and coughs... And blood in her palms.

“Disease is a redemption for one’s sins,” my mother says.

“Whether you wish it or not, the groans of your unsatisfied passions that will be taken away, will be stifled from all the pleasures you feel with your tongue, palate, pale nose, your heart and skin,” my aunt says.

“Don’t forget, you’ll not forget me,” sister Güldane says.

“How can I!” I say.

“Not even for a moment?” she asks.

“Not even for a moment!” I answer, “Not even for a moment! Not for a moment!”

I suppress my face to her bed with all my might. My face becomes warped, and I get out of breath.

She opens her arms, stretches and groans shudderingly. Along with a shameless laugh and a voice wobbling:

“No no, it’s not on,” she says, “Not that way! Not that way!”

She gasps, her face is pale and ruddy now.

I recede.

“No no” I say, “No! No! No! No!”

“No! No! sister Güldane cries, looking at her blood in disgust and dismay! “O God! O God! I am scared! This is ghastly, oh mommy, mommy, I don’t want to die, I am scared!..” She flounders, struggles in her bed, fights with her quilt shouting and screaming, scratches her bed and puts the squeeze on it. “Mommy! Mommy! No! No!” She reaches forth to the faces who can no longer help her, wheezing and coughing in the meanwhile... They take me out.

“When the earth shakes off and clears all of its burdens,” my mother says, “they will bewilderedly rush out from their tombs like grasshoppers and will wait under the weight and shame of their sin and pus while looking down slavishly...”

It’s pouring outside, the rain is pelting the roofs as if howlingly.

And cries that remind the yapping of a dog are heard from the outside, long and cut out.

The garden is wrecked. The roots are dead. The leaves are for the use of topsoil now. Herbal essences are perhaps sucked away. The seeds are as they were dreaded on the ground.

The bellows come to end, and then they begin again... And then the rain stops. Now all that’s left is to wait for spring to arrive.

KÂMİL AYDOĞAN

(1956 - 2018)

Kâmil Aydođan (also known as H. İsmail Yasin) was one of the two editors of İkindiyazları, one of Maraş's most renowned literary journals. The topics, characters and issues which he mentioned in his first book Köy Yazıları, is also seen in his poems, novels and memoirs. Kâmil Aydođan's distinctive feature is his ability to transcend a set benchmark regardless of the literary genre he prefers. His novel Kısık Vadisi has been favored, read and has gained a place in the market. The title of his other novel is Atlık Dađı Türküsü. Kâmil Aydođan preserved the lyrical and realist manner which he showed in his diaries gathered under the name of Arta Kalan as well as in his novels and poems. In his books, the poet, who also served as the Director of National Education for İzmir Province, attempted to avoid including anything that does not elicit an effect in people.

ANYTHING APART FROM GLOOM*

the one who whisks away
like a journey that is not taken
soaking with the train whistles
passing by the reeds, the gardens
the one who is merely a friend to the mountains
i am leaving my eyes to you Mehmet
leaving you what is heated on copper braziers
my heart

and here he asked about the mountain, Mehmet
about the rustle coming from the road
Mehmet asked about the longings behind
the dazzling ants
running off the snake's back
the wheat, the earth and the sweat
the glorified loneliness

you are asking about the evening's patience Mehmet
the patience of my emotions having become as delicate as a wheat
and of
the bazaars carrying their mournings
within now
of the spoiled girls and the lovers

let it be theirs Mehmet
anything apart from gloom

* *Yük*, Esra Yay., 1986.

YILDIZ RAMAZANOĐLU

(1958 - ...)

Yıldız Ramazanođlu is a sophisticated novelist and a short story writer. She has been a columnist in the newspapers Yeni Şafak and Milat ve Karar, discussing the role of women in society, in addition to being a novelist and short story writer. Her city and travel writings were shaped following these works. In her short stories, she used a subtle language and mainly used monologues and the stream of consciousness technique to search for the unseen. Despite the fact that her stories are filled with ideas, they are based on emotions; she relates experiences that make an impression on individuals, as well as miseries, conscience reckonings, and dilemmas. In the short stories and novels of Yıldız Ramazanođlu, incidents are approached from many perspectives and intended to be told in their entirety. She discusses and dispels social prejudices to a significant extent in her works, pushing the reader to confront certain truths.

THE MIDDLE SEAT*

You are wrong in reprimanding and mocking, claiming that it is pointless to leave the house at 9.00 in the morning for a flight that is at 1:00 p.m. You see, things started to happen because of the single-lane closure caused by highway maintenance and repair work, as soon as we arrived at the road from the house's street. This means that at least one and a half hours will have elapsed. The place where the airport services depart has changed, the driver was not wrong in saying he can take us to the airfield if we wish, aftering wending our way back to the lane in the opposite direction with the taxi. It must be considered normal that I leave the house for hours beforehand even for a two-hour flight since the airport has been moved far away. If we do not have the power to question anything any longer, then we shall make our continuously alerted souls experience the comfort of surrender. Everyone is busy with their phones in the luxury shuttle vehicle. I take a look for the last time at my earlier traveling notes of Belfast's past, social history, the chronology of those and the mutual claims of the conflicting groups. I remembered the man who gratefully spoke of the women's efforts, his tattoos covering his arms entirely swam before my eyes. The names which the old militan imprinted on his arms, let me guess, might be his killed kinspeople, friends; an Irish flag, a little blackened poppy, everything is coloured and intertwined. Even the jail bars can be seen in his tattoos. I recalled a painting, it expresses the resentment felt by those who were imprisoned for a long time, although they were released. The painter had represented the struggle of the wives who have waited for years to reconnect their released husbands with life. What was its name. Coleman, yes. Nobody knows when the two man-height walls separating the neighborhoods will be removed so that the people shooting each other in the streets could find some peace. They threw the water, perfume and the nail clippers at the security gateway. They ask me to choose a seat from the middle on account of the fact that I did not confirm my seat by the window -which was checked from the house- in minutes when the time had come. What does it matter now, B or D, give me whichever. If people are able to pay their attention to the very first seconds of twenty four hours before the flight and can fill all the seats around the window edges and corridors within three minutes, and if you are careless, you will be placed in the middle seats by fate.

* *Cam Kenarı*, İz Yay., 2021.

The gateway once more, no sir I do not have any bottles with me, how did you not see the nail file, the small bottle of perfume, passport control, the exit stamp is still available and I forget it once more thinking it must have been ended anyway. It costs in getting out of the queue. And it is interesting that it has increased to fifty from fifteen, the prices stabilizing instead of being removed. I must focus on Belfast, it is important to gather and be in solidarity with people all over the world who have come to hear about the path which leads to peace, and to discuss it while comparing it to their own country. Are the mountains of fear still remaining nonetheless of the conflicting parties signing a peace treaty, or have the spirits calmed down, the ghosts faded, has trust been built up to this point? As fifty civil peace participants, we will once again talk about living humanely, peace, equality, creating a richness from differences and respecting them.

The middle seat seems fairly wide and reasonable. The choice of being a sandwich between two large men gets out of my sight. An elegant woman at the window edge, a thin man by the corridor. Before taking off, eight ayatul kursis to our right and left, front and back, top and bottom sides, also to our hearts and around the plane. I realized the plane took off, looking out at the corner of my eye from the window. It does not fit to look that much, after all the young woman took her phone twenty four hours ago in the nick of time no matter what, and earned the right to look out the window.

In order to feel the moment of getting off the ground, that dreadful disconnection, I close my eyes. The plane raising its nose and lifting off is unquestionably a straightforward solution to a clear physics problem outlined by mathematical calculations, yet why does it signify the existence of another world, why is it a rehearsal concerning the replacement between the world and the hereafter lasting the blink of an eye. I used to breathe deeply, chew gum, close my eyes or at least hold on to the front seat with one hand before. Now I like to surrender and feel the huge cylinder's sky-piercing slope and to conceive the departure as riding on a space shuttle that goes towards the unknown. I would read books, practice my speeches and would even write stories on the plane. Reading and writing are more difficult now, and my blood pressure is out of balance, causing me to feel nauseous or my heart to beat faster. Although the zipper hit my face while the young woman took off her coat that is ornamented with metals as though hurling it, there wasn't any blood when I touched, it hurt and that is all. Naturally, she will remove it because it is especially hot inside the plane, as the air conditioner has yet to cool it. Half of her puffy coat landed on me when she removed her shoes and laid it over her lap. It's understandable; fitting all of one's belongings into a small seat is hard indeed. Still, I remember the song by Bülent Ortaçgil, 'Someone explain to me what is normal'. Everything is pretty normal.

I was going to say that if I can't read, then let me watch movies; that way, I'll forget about my surroundings, but I can't say that the company's selections are good. There is nothing I can watch among the Turkish films. Passengers

surrendering to populism. Let action, adventure, and whatever else stay away from me; I lack the strength and spirit to watch far eastern films. My mind is full and wounded right now, as I fly towards the pain, lack, and violation of human rights. Awarded dramas with little violence are the best. Matrix or The Life of Pi will probably be hard on me, Natalie Portman makes Black Swan bearable however... Passing through Gravity, Revenant, then my hand clicks Casablanca. I forwarded it to the famous song's part and closed my eyes.

The screen was quite close to my face, at least to my nose, when I opened my eyes with a feeling of constriction. The tea served shortly before was bending and spilling all over me. My heart started to throb. The seats were manufactured with a capacity of tilting, it's natural. When the seat with a tilting capacity is tilted over a person in its full capacity, shouldn't that person be equipped with the capacity of tolerating this? The poor woman shall bear it, she must bear it, the two delicate people must be thinking on both sides since they do not wake me up even when the hot tea pours on me. They give me a sidelong glance and press the earphones on their ears. We keep travelling calmly and normally even when I hardly unbuckle my seatbelt while holding the glass with one hand, as well as when I struggle but cannot manage to press the hostess button; trying to get rid of the backrest that has got quite close in the meantime. Apparently, the earphoned-stillness will remain unbroken even if I have a heart attack. This is my problem, okay this is my problem. The struggle lasted maybe two minutes, maybe two hours, and even if the feeling of dying gracefully amidst well-read people who are engrossed in books, songs, and movies while our shoulders touched is reasonable..there you are. Students I feel have chosen Dublin for their career planning are a source of inspiration. One can make a short film of daily life or death from here, a plain film as well as being unpretentious. The Museum of Innocence by Orhan Pamuk is half finished, right by my side. The gentleman at the corridor side isn't Turkish, he had spoken English when the catering truck came. A blood bath is present on his screen. There are biceps in the middle which fill the entire screen. The Korean man who is at the peak of body building smashes through everything, tearing down the other ten men as his size every second.

Years went by before the hostess arrived. In the meantime, I was trying not to open my eyes since the proximity of the distance and the smell of the man's oily hair was making me sick. He explained to the hostess that it is his natural right. He had the right to make anything recline or tilt if it could recline or tilt. If a seat was reclined on a woman who couldn't move to the right or left, then she had to do it backwards. The man was utterly philosophical. He was giving a speech within a series of logic on how being able to do something was an enough reason for doing it. I requested permission from my right side to continue my flight standing. The file which the philosopher was reading caught my eye, we were trying to get to the same meeting: The role of non governmental organizations in peace and reconciliation, Belfast.

ÖMER ERİNÇ

(1958 - ...)

In both poetry and prose, Ömer Erinç takes a firm stance. The sensitivity he shows toward language and thought is what is meant by a firm stance. He writes his poems not word by word, but almost letter by letter. He doesn't want any roughness in the sound, pronunciation or the transitions between the verses of poems. Therefore an elaborate work and diligence is seen in all poems and essays which carry the signature of Ömer Erinç. His poetry is based on a civilization and literature line which started with the Büyük Doğu literature magazine and continued with Diriliş, Edebiyat, Mavera, İnkıyazları and Hece magazines. He managed to be one of the original writers of this line. He also has works of selections concerning reading, writing, city and place, along with the biographies of Necip Fazıl, Nuri Pakdil, Rasim Özdenören and Cahit Zarifoğlu.

THIS IS MY LAST PICTURE IN EXILE*

this is my last picture in exile
the roads hit the road now
from the land of africa to the country of whites
daily language and the doomsday
festivals the middlemen of gloom
death is a scarf that is clothed on us

the lover who reveals her breast to the breezes
if the asphalt is licking your eyes
there
if the houses do not open into the sky
keep in your mind love is
the geometry of the rain in me

the defeat of which i celebrate its victory
get out of the way
let the rains wash your tears
in reverie's wild waters
time is a prize from your eyes
to be myself as my awe grows

everything that begins with the act of loving
is as strange as a cavalry who has lost his horses
the loneliness i watered with my ambitions is
a boil on the face of an expatriate going on a voyage
extrajudicial execution
is the fate of the crimes loved to death
a fearsome journey is your smile now

* *Hece Dergisi*, sayı: 20, Ağustos 1998.

although the skies are shaped by the trees
my forehead is the secret bed of maps

gathering aizles from its folds
it is a delicate leaf
which shoots itself in the branches

blazed papers seal and signature
that is to say the beauty of your lips
the last point under a picture
as my heart falls for the marker stones
for the streets of a town which changed its clothes
as it reaches out to the streets facing itself
law on the maintenance of order is played
the locks of a bespoke earthquake

look my soul
at your passing of quick time exams

WITNESS*

my master
tells of that book every time
before lowering the shutters

we all see
the one who defrauds
through the hook

turning back home
it is the latest words
we plant on the roads
before the dusk falls

* *Edebiyat Dergisi*, 5. Dönem, Sayı 38 + 68, Eylül 1980.

ALİ KARAÇALI

(1960 - ...)

He received an education in literature. He worked as a teacher for a while, and afterwards served as an administrator in several government institutions. Ali Karaçalı was a member of the group that founded the Hece magazine and, for quite a while, the editor of the Türk Dili magazine. The usage of his Turkish language is the most distinguishing feature of Ali Karaçalı's short stories. He has adopted a fixed, poetic language. The short stories of Ali Karaçalı progress through a few representations. Another distinctive aspect of his stories is the frequent use of monologues by characters reminiscing about their childhood. In his fictions, the character who recalls his childhood days wanders around the villages, towns and streets of Kahramanmaraş. Thus, Ali Karaçalı includes a sense of place to the event and time which he tells. Ali Karaçalı, who assumed the editorship of the magazine Hece-Öykü after being retired, completed his master's thesis on Maraşlı Âşık Behlül Ali, a minstrel from Maraş.

THE ALMIGHTY PLANE TREE*

A bird sang.

A bird sang incessantly.

Was it a dove?

Leaves of the almighty plane tree, the tree which opened its big and magnificent arms to the deep, blue void of the sky, shook as they mingled with each other, howling slightly. An intense chillness descended between the leaves and spread across the earth. The waters which increase in amount as they are combined with minor streams and creaks in the foothills of the Ahır Mountain, and which spring thrummingly among the dry and naked slopes, flowed hurling their foams between the trunk of the almighty plane tree that was separated into two.

The bird fell silent.

The bird fell silent incessantly. A mystical silence filled the void. The waters babbled. As they hit the plane's separated trunk, they foamed, fused, and white bubbles wiggled in the whirlpooling waters. Crystal drops sparkled over the leaves of the green grasses in the waterfront. The man halted. He held his breath to ensure that no sound could break the enchantment.

The sounds belonging to bugs and wild birds filled his mind, which he could hear right in his ears and far deeper within, as though with a perception beyond organic sensation. The sound rose, fell, echoed in waves, and the flappings whistled and shaken in the emptiness, blending with the wappings.

He was only a child.

He couldn't have been more than five years old. They would come and sit by the shadow of the almighty plane tree. He'd have his black, long coat always on his shoulders. He couldn't recall ever wearing it all the way around.

* Kamçı, Hece Yay., 2016.

The coat would be on his shoulders all through summer and winter. It was old, worn and partly patched up with different fabrics. He'd meticulously take the coat off his shoulders, then after clearing the large pebbles on the ground and ensuring the inside of it faced the soil, he would lay it near the plane's trunk whenever he came here. Afterwards, he'd lean his hunched back on the wide trunk of the almighty plane tree that is cracked with layered barks, he would pant, praise Allah and whisper incoherent words. The creases on his forehead would deepen and become more prominent.

Would this bird sing before they came and sat there, would it start to sing before they arrived or would his grandfather come here knowing that it was where the bird sang, he couldn't make sense of it. It was as if they had developed a secret language with the bird, and whenever they approached, it would begin to sing. Or that's how he read it. A touching, soulful sound it was. The babble of the streams, the profundity of the almighty plane tree, and the quietness caused an eerie shiver and an overwhelming melancholy in one's heart. The almighty plane tree was chilly. It was broad, and full of vastity. His grandfather had almost become one with the sound of the bird, which he desperately tried to see through the foliage but couldn't. He spoke as little as possible. Had all the words vanished? Or was he talking in the language of a secret world? Was he talking to the earth, water, tree and the bird in his own way? Had he learned the secret language of nature? He would often gaze upon a point and get lost in thought. There were also times when they played games and behaved childishly together. When he was playing with his grandfather, his eyes would sparkle and he would feel a glimmering enthusiasm run through him. Sometimes his grandfather would tell, and he would listen, such as a fairy tale. At those times, he wouldn't fathom everything his grandfather tells. But as he listened to his grandfather's solemn narration as if there were a great man in front of him, he imagined men with horses and rifles passing through his imagination like pale, faded pictures, as if these men were battling and fighting in far away lands, in sandy deserts, on impenetrable mountains, with hunger, thirst, and exhaustion. He would imagine everyone including the children, elders and the ill fluttering around, leaving their houses behind. What type of a person was the man who his grandfather mentioned as his older brother, he wondered. Did he look exactly like his grandfather? Did he also have a white and bright beard as his grandfather's? Hadn't he battled the enemies as well, even in the front row? Why was he taken then? Why couldn't they receive any news? What does a great scholar look like? When his grandfather remembered him, why did he cry? Was this really tragic? Was he unable to forget?

His eyes would water without him even realizing it. A clear drop would shine on his trembling white beard. He wouldn't open his mouth again that day. He would gaze into space. His brow creases would develop and deepen. With the reasoning of a child, he'd think that he shall also look at the corner where his grandfather looks, then he would glance over that place, but he wouldn't see

anything other than grass, stone or a piece of land. He'd try to discover and interpret what his grandfather sees there, but he'd fail miserably. He'd finally come to the idea that seeing something other than a piece of land, grass or a stone was a skill about being an adult and he'd give up looking for other movements or sounds in the objects around him.

Bird and bug sounds, which he couldn't place, would flood his ears in the middle of these silent times. It would sing tinklingly. He'd be engulfed in this magical, fictitious realm of birds, and the allure of it would possess his heart. Where the birds and the bugs sing endlessly, the sounds combine and become one, whistling in his ears, in the deserted areas of his heart. A light would fall all of a sudden, then a blue world would pour out to his palms.

The almighty plane tree had grown enormously since those childhood days. It was difficult to perceive that. He had rested on its thick, blunt, crusted trunk. The waters were babbling inwardly as they threw their bubbles and hurled their foams. He heard the water. He heard the plane. And the bird sounds. He heard. The flowing time. The secret language of the birds. The glorifications, the tears of his grandfather. He was a bird in his memory. In a gray sky, he was flying. Towards the blue. Towards the unknown edges of time. Towards freedom. Then, the bird was being shot from its wings. It was descending towards the ground with its broken wind and wapping sound. The man was seeing blood raining from the sky. He was seeing how each and everything was getting wet under that rain. Even the time and place.

The man looks at the almighty plane tree. Why is it named almighty, he thinks. Why, among all the trees, is almightiness unique to you? How long will you endure? Who knows what you'll witness? Which agonies, the laments and the strengths such as the almighty plane tree's of whom.

The man engraves a history to his mind from the witnessing of the almighty plane tree. He tries to determine a sound from the infinite sound waves. Infinite gallows pass through his imagery. I shall sit and think carefully, he thinks.

NEDİM ALİ

(1961 - 1998)

There is an agony in every poem of Nedim Ali. In his poetry, the reader is made through various images, symbols and scenes, yet misery is found again in the end. His starting point is also agony, however. The reader hopes to reach relief, joy and comfort in his poem, but the contrary occurs. Nedim Ali surprises the reader too. His ironic sayings and solid stance catches attention in many of his poems, and those characteristics constitute the center of his poetry. As a matter of fact, Nedim Ali wrote his poems for this specific center and resistance. He displayed the same endurance in the *İkindiyazıları* magazine which he published for years. Even today's readers can benefit from the literature magazine. Nedim Ali stands out with the different literary genres he wrote, such as essays, letters, diaries and short stories in *İkindiyazıları* magazine. This demonstrates Nedim Ali's dedication and hard work, as well as his talent. He has a strong writing ability and a subtle narration.

BOIL*

-To Yunus Develi-

i ran away from love wore combat boots climbed the mountain
hundreds of don quijotes in my back and front
i appeared on the newspapers they could not believe

you are asking about us the two of us
we are here
together to the gentle books which understand of love and death
from the discreet women who have residual yearnings
to whom the secret loves were told privily
in the small teahouses with tripe -in the towns-

we
both
love each other at the same time -that is how we love-
we drain down to the cowardly teahouses
the blues that people abandon to an insidious loneliness and
experience on behalf of others

then
making the private romances bleed on the streets
cowering down we pass the corners and coffins
so as to ease our tiddly hearts with an untried suicide
even if it rains we do not include it to our diaries

you are asking about us
we shouldered a soft and contented life
let the unpassionate boys' glorified solitudes be theirs
do not write such blond letters again
do not ask about us again

**İkindiyazuları Dergisi Tıpkıbasım*, KMBB Kültür Yay., 2020.



ÖMER AKSAY

(1961 - ...)

Ömer Aksay bases his poetry on a broad intellectual horizon, ranging from the sufi Ibn Arabi to the philosopher Spinoza. His spectrum of topics is considerably wide as well. His poetry has the voice of an epic, which talks between the images, expresses thoughts, defines the universe, argues and fights. Interconscious communication, which Mikhail Bakhtin defines as dialogical, appears in his poetry as well. Another noteworthy point is that Ömer Aksay preserves his poet identity and approaches everything from a poet's perspective, even while he continues to paint or write poetic and critical essays. The images, symbols and portrayals which he uses in his poems are most likely based on his painting profession, for they create a scenery, or rather a still-life painting effect, causing the reader to think about the matter of existence.

REDUNDANCY*

this is too much i say, the sea is too much
the clouds as well; too much calm is the summer season. July
hardly flows through the veins like the cruor

for long i have been prohibited to say perhaps
a meaning beyond me will arrive with the exiled breezes
from which forgotten season of history who knows
why do the tailors not sacrifice from the redundant fabrics
how do the words melt for the consistence of the scissors before the silk
the rain behind a child is too much
and besides do you know
bright is the rain of an orphan
waiting prepared before descending to the earth undiminished
to pawn fear for love at the threshold of the door
primitive grumbles ignite in their hand
sleepless songs ignite in their eyelashes with the first spark
much like an an ecstatic and unwided flame
and like a pitiful brook and a chilly cheek at all times
igniting with the first spark, which festival is it that horrifies us
defeat at the top of my lungs
the defeat ends in the morning the words come off the cliff yes
i try all the tailors with a small marrow for now
for some reason i become suspicious of the buttons
out of the blue
i complain about something white on my shirt
irritated i get like an unironed sea
from the rain
lie lie lie
from the news, from all goings-on
alas.

* *Sahte Siyah*, Hece Yay., 2013.



HASAN EJDERHA

(1962 - ...)

A breathing and overflowing poetry Hasan Ejderha has. It embraces the towns, villages and finally the city, crosses the mountains, passes the brooks and weeps with a gazelle, it could also be said. Sobbing sounds are heard in Hasan Ejderha's poems, even the ones in which he speaks with rage. Similar features are seen in his novels and short stories too. He acts with love no matter what genres or topics he writes about. Many things that appear unpleasant become interesting, appealing, pleasant, and lovely through his pen. That is where the success of Hasan Ejderha comes from. And, certainly, his astonishment at every incident, person, and location... Owing to this perspective, Hasan Ejderha's poetry and short stories embrace almost the entire globe and individuals.

THE FALL IS CHARCOAL YET YELLOW IS THE LEAF*

The river flowing billiously is a slap towards life, blood fell on the street
-We bled son- it was ordered to children, the earth has cooled
Her lament has ascended to the sky; the mother is exhausted, seed at harvest
The fall is charcoal, yet yellow is the leaf
In the silversmith the rosary is on the window, merely the prayer rug on the wall
Your fortune and curse availed, as much as a journal cover only
-Mustafa Reşit is shouting, look- the year is one thousand nine hundred ninety nine
Mother-daughter are alone at the Gülhane Park; many or few we are, what does it matter.

Now poetry is in charge of shouting out an impending moment before it comes
If the bill returns from the finance, a lonely mansion, we are strangers to here
The heart burns to a harsh word, let us return while we still can
Walking is expensive, tomorrow is still a long way away, let the birds fly, that is enough

Let the peasantry swarm in the buses, let the plane tree remain green
You exist, and if you do, "My red crane, if you reach our region"
"The lover who goes and leaves her pals behind"
This head I took about everywhere is a sacrifice for which fellow I do not know
How many dollars will my dignity rise, how many dollars will my honor fall
The ballad fell down the donkey, the horse carrying it is noble binding hothead

You cannot find me where is the amber yellow forehead
Cigarette ends fill the ashtray the history does not record, there is no window!
It has become history there even if I go, plenty of loneliness, illusion maybe

A glass of tea, maltepe, the showy stilo pen
The usher is astonished, the corridor of iron, overthrown files
Time hurled all things like the wind
If I get afraid tell me: -he is scared- for you cannot say I was not afraid
I arrived and they saw me, the stones were not for me
The crop stooped, the cloud stooped and my grandfather stooped.

* *Marallar Oymağında Bir Ceylanla Oturup Ağlamak*, Sage Yay., 2. Baskı, 2014.



TAYYİB ATMACA

(1962 - ...)

Although he has free verse poems, he is best known for his use of syllabic meter. He established several literature magazines and took part in the editorial board of many. Tayyip Atmaca believes that the arts should be used to enrich the good and beautiful. He composed his poetry through a similar understanding. He's also written works in the genres of letters and essays. In those, we can see that he has preserved and developed a similar vein. Despite being written with syllabic meter, Tayyip Atmaca's poems have a modern feel. In different words, he has written modern syllabic poems. He picked up the syllabic meter where Abdurrahim Karakoç had left off. Even so, it is undeniable that the taste, smell, and color of minstrel literature too have infiltrated his poetry.

IF YOU GET HUNGRY, MY HEART IS A TABLE FOR YOU EVERY MEAL*

I met with the aizle and beyond the flame I passed
A wall of skin between us beyond death I passed
Beyond this Yunus-like hive beyond my honey I passed
I am not afraid of the tempest I got caught by the storm

The clouds of my sky is a mother with a filled bosom
Every drop ferments from elixir to a heart
If you get hungry my heart is a table for you every meal
I am not afraid of the ones who see with the mind and be satiated with it
In the sky of my own heart my bird of life flutters
From the eagles I espace a gerfalcon flutters
The ruthless hunters shoot wings with dual-purpose weapons
I am not afraid of pestilence I was not annealed with illness

I got tested with poverty the door of gratitude opened to me
I got tried with ignoramuses the door of thought opened to me
The almighty came and the door of humbleness opened to me
I am not afraid of an unseamed groom's suit or a ceremony

* *Uzun İnce Bir Türkü*, Yediharf Yayınları, İstanbul, 2010.

MEHMET NARLI

(1963 - ...)

The touch of a poet, together with a language and deliberateness which only a poet can develop, can be seen throughout Mehmet Narlı's novels and poems that were written in an academic discipline. He published first poetry book *Çiçekler Satılmasın* in 1988. All of his poems have a gentle tone in them. Nonetheless, he treats topics through theoretical notions in the philosophy and sociology fields in some of his poems. That is a new language structure, because it develops on the delicate sound of his previous poems, catches a stronger sound, enhances his rhythm, and, in other words, exceeds his own voice. In his book *Dil Kapısı*, Mehmet Narlı gathered his poetry of this type, which contains a critical stance and partly an anger. However, it is possible to find poems written in the same manner in his other three books.

LANGUAGE*

let me say sleeping in the desert and you say waking up in language
understand the reason why every defeated embraces language

the words and the people who have come to you have stayed with you
the place you will fall is desolate whichever you hold on to
you will ring in the desert ear the world/is like this
keeping quiet is my widest land now
a long time is even a sigh
repeating it endlessly that it resembles the first saying
you call it love but you know it is fire an excuse is the former
in your mouth was the sentence you have waited a lifetime

not water not desert not even an infant sleeping
nothing can withdraw into oneself as language

* *Ömürlük Yara*, İz Yay., 2017.

MUSTAFA AYDOĐAN

(1964 - ...)

Mustafa Aydođan's poet identity is visible not only in his poems. His essays include elements which only a poet could provide. When one encounters him, one can sense his artistic state by his gestures, words, and mimics. Mustafa Aydođan has created a poetry that captures the moment and helps the reader notice it as well. However, Aydođan doesn't stick with the moment. From that point, he moves on to the issues of existence. He discusses all the topics which he treats in his poems such as love, separation, loneliness, yearning and poverty by carrying them to the base of existence. However, he achieves results that can only be reached through the leadership of a poet in a single poem. Mustafa Aydođan has written poems in a line which started with the *Büyük Dođu* magazine and continued with *Edebiyat*, *Diriliş* and *Mavera* magazines. Finding his own voice within this movement, he becomes one of the strong voices of the movement as well.

SHORTLY BEFORE*

To the void I tell my word
The air swallows it
Birds pass from the front and back
The snake senses
The scorpion hears
The wolf knows
Human beings are the shortly before of everything

Nobody could reach it if there were no voids
If we have converged it is to ourselves whom we arrived
It is those who are close to their bosom one yearns for
A man is the shortly before of a woman

The soul has edges to the windows
Those who are hearty will open
Curtains are drawn by the worn
It does not matter whether close or far
Every path is the shortly before of death

* *Bugün Konuştuklarımız*, Edebiyat Ortamı Yay., 2012.

YÜCEL KAYIRAN

(1964 - ...)

He published a book named Felsefi Şiir with the subheading Spiritual Poetics in 2007. Not only for his poems, but also for his opinions on poetry, he has been a commonly discussed name in literary magazines. His first poetry book Hayaline Firar Edemeyenlerin Afsunu was published in 1997. Beginning from his first poems, Yücel Kayıran dealt with his own existence in his poetry without differentiating it from the social existence. Philosophical readings and research plays a significant role in this. Kayıran wrote the poem of an incessantly thinking and questioning persona who searches for answers, and therefore does not abandon the quest and the struggle. In his earlier poetry books, he developed his poetic thoughts through images, but he preferred a travel-themed, more tangible saying in his book Efsus'a Yolculuk which was published in 2017. He continues to publish book reviews, criticisms, and poetic essays in literary magazines, newspapers and newspaper supplements.

CORRIDOR*

It was raining, then I returned home
miserable about leaving myself outside
letter by letter i watched the time falling
bulging with the empurpled face of the sky

Red Army Choir, Mahzunî Şerif, Kitaro
unable to return to myself from the high volume
i constructed a wall out of the spell in the sound
a lantern, in order to touch my hand

i bunked down, waking up is something of the sort
to sail with a boat of body to the dreamy waters
but how about waking up? being besmeared with light
by bumping into that meat wall once and again

i drank water staring at the bottom of the glass
drew a figure then stuck it on my skin
cutting out of the fabric in the mind repeatedly
every person constitutes a fate for themselves

I guess I was washing my face, my hand in water
miserable about returning home
i glimpsed at myself from the window: breath!
a draughting storm in my chest

* *Çalgın*, Metis Yay., Mayıs, 2006.

ÂTIF BEDİR

(1965 - ...)

He enjoys listening but always has a word to add in every conversation. Âtîf Bedir's poetry is a reflection of his personality. He almost listens to Makkah, Madina, Jerusalem, İstanbul, Bosnia, Skopje and Kahramanmaraş in his poems. He has written essays about these cities as well, in his book *Yarasını Saklayan Şehirler*. Beginning with his earliest poems, he has put emphasis on tranquility rather than enthusiasm. He has chosen the words and constructed his verses with a similar sensibility. It is difficult to find sound and grammar mistakes in his poetry. He has played an effective role and published his works such as his poems, essays and interviews in *Edebiyat*, *İkindiyazıları* and *Hece* magazines. Thought is prominent in Âtîf Bedir's poetry, but it is his emotional and spiritual world that guides the thought.

THE WINDOW OF A TRAIN*

Now this is where the heart throbs
Based its fate upon the wild burns
Out of its blues, did not know what to do
Do not be misled by its stillness
Inside the heart, all hell breaks free
It cries for days if it rains
If it sees a brook close by
A tree at a distant
Goodbye it says and goes far away

Its eyes are windows to the trains
On the desolate steppe roads it collides
The bodies scatter
Knows nothing but the pangs of love
And of separation

* *Har*, Hece Yayınları, 2017.



MEVLÂNA İDRİS

(1966 - ...)

He has attracted notice with the children's books he has written. The poetic side of Mevlâna İdris is evident in his tales. He expands his only poetry book *İyi Geceler Bayım* a little bit more with each edition. Mevlâna İdris has caught a melancholic, yet an unbending solid stance in his poetry. Mevlâna İdris, who also worked as a columnist in various magazines and newspapers, managed to create a world of his own both in his essays and poems. In his poetry, he begins with the present and moves through time. Loneliness is the most prominent among his topics. He has never lost his childlike perspective in his poetry and short stories. The childlike perspective means observing everything through the eyes of a kid, as though encountering it for the first time and being amazed, delighted, hurt, and sad without losing one's naivety.

THE HISTORY ENDED*

To look at you was as beautiful as looking at the land
Hard songs were on your cheeks

I loaded the morning's mist over the abstracted horses
Your town I reached, sought your hair in vain
You were not there and nothing else were
I lied in every language in order to believe you

You are gone the history ended what could the milestone explain
To look at you was as beautiful as looking at the land

* *İyi Geceler Bayım*, Başka Kafa Yay., 2016.



YASİN MORTAŞ

(1967 - ...)

His first poetry book *Güvercin Vadisi* was published in 1997. During the following years, he continued to publish his poetry in a variety of literary periodicals, but he took his time collecting them into a book perhaps because of his meticulous character. Yasin Mortaş is one of those people whose poet identity is recognized by the way they sit, stand, walk, talk, and even move their hands. He enjoys mountain climbing and would walk for hours only to glimpse a winter aconite. Even the dry leaf of a plane tree has a place in him. In this way the view which the poems of Yasin Mortaş have towards the world is different. This distinction shows itself as sound, image and wording in his poetry. His poetry has a heart that beats in unison with the rest of humanity.

ACRID*

I.

I sifted the stone
wove the steel

O
my bird of plea
i gave out

Still ache
the parts of me that got bent

II.

That
evening of being acrid
thron apple desolation
my trampled realm
got stuck on my face

Along with a complex
emotion haste
the summer driven away

is left on
the cherry trees

* Yakında yayımlanacak olan *Kan Çerağı* adlı şiir dosyasından.

BÜNYAMİN K.

(1970 - ...)

Bünyamin K., a poet, also draws notice with his artworks. In both his paintings and his poems, he has a distinct style, aesthetic, understanding, and tone. It is possible to come across many places of Maraş in the poetry of Bünyamin K. Similarly, he adds a new color to the mansions, roads and the streets of Maraş with his paintings. An outside-in movement is present in his poems. To put it another way, Bünyamin K. integrates life into his work by internalizing it. In his poetry, life undergoes changes and takes on a new appearance as a result of what he adds and removes. Topics such as separation, longing, love, rage, friendship have turned into images, regards and stances in his poems and paintings.

THE MAN WHO PLAYS THE QANUN*

good morning monsieur courbet
and
the sum of my life's last seven years
good morning

.
i am the qanun performer son
whose pictures burn before being drawn
who stumbles on his past and gets his nail broken
plays the role costlessly and reads bergson
of the woman sifting rice on a tray
on her laps for the day after

the sound crawling costlessly swelling on my elbow
lament sounds o wily'n bend o the sound of log
good morning and
here it is the best vein i have
take as many units as you require

i must wake up and leave you
my arm that dried on the marble of the window
the location of our former house
sour black mulberries coloring the honeysuckles
i am the husband who plays the qanun every other day for years
of another woman sifting rice
in which wilderness will come across a cloud and dry
my chopping a watermelon while a knife whirls in my mouth self

* *Dün Biriktiren*, Okur Kitaplığı, 2012.

BAHTİYAR ASLAN

(1971 - ...)

He studied Turkish Language and Literature at university. As an academic, he continues his works in the field of literature. He worked as the editor of the Türk Edebiyatı Magazine for six years. His poetry books' names are: Su and Kalaycının Dediği. Even in his short story novels, Bahtiyar Aslan continues to write poems. Because the emotions evoked by his books are similar to the feelings evoked by reading a poem. He has an unique language and storytelling style that is vivid, fluid, and full of imagery and metaphors. This language belongs to the poet aspect of Bahtiyar Aslan. He uses the same language in his short stories too. He collected his short story books under the title of Sessiz Hikâyeler (Silent Stories), including the books: Kentin Haberi Yok, Cennet'in Son Saatleri, Sancı, Kar ve Dügüm.

ASH/H*

An ash gray woman... She sometimes sways in the void, scatters, and waits for the rain to descend into the ground. Then the clouds pile up above the mountain across, I write poems, she dyes her hair to gray and enters through the door with a bag which reminds me of Eskimos for some reason. Then her shoulders turn bare, I look up the vaccination scar on her left side, she starts humming while throwing her head back, disperses and gets lost in a sound, in a rhythm, in a tune thus and so. Everything turns into ashes. "Ashh" I say, duplicating a letter. Everything becomes ashh, ashh becomes everything...

Had it been in the past, I would sit, facing the mountains, glance at her empurpled back while looking at a cloud having freed from a breach, which turns into a handkerchief, a veil -a white veil-, a wedding gown -a white wedding gown- then I would lament to the fate of a woman who dropped her handkerchief, a lonely mother who lost her veil to the wind, and a poor maiden who could never wear her wedding gown and cry. Afterwards, a poem... A poem more or less, you see. I never pretended to be a master. I did not favor the masters of poetry. The novices of life, love, songs, and poems have fascinated me. I always regarded the novices as my friend. That was how she also was. The novice of loving and kissing... Then I went to Bursa. Was it necessary? I don't know, but it was a departure full of inexperience. The rain was hitting the bus' windows. I knew, silently it rained, even when the noise of the bus was covering its silence.

I landed in Bursa during the morning prayer time. Ulu Mosque directly. Why? I hadn't prayed even one of the five times before. Regardless of the rain, I performed ablution. Then I went to the fountain in the middle of the mosque and prayed a two-rakat prayer. I made dua too. "Ashh" I spelled. And went out of the mosque.

I watched the raindrops that were falling over the reddened leaves of the chestnut trees as I climbed Uludağ. I watched the raindrops fall over the reddened leaves of the chestnut trees as I climbed Uludağ. I watched the raindrops fall over the reddened chestnut leaves as I climbed Uludağ.

* *Sancti*, Ötügen Yay., 2020.

The raindrops falling over the redness of the chestnut trees' leaves as I climbed Uludağ... I'm not sure if I needed to lean my head against the window to distinguish all of these meanings that are integrated in one motion. But I started to weep when I leaned my head against the window. My cheeks rotted from weeping. It was still raining when I got off the bus. Weeping and weeping... Weeping, which has taken place in me as some sort of meaning. Which wears, adopts, and suits me into itself... Yes, my cheeks rotted. They rotted from salt... They rotted from the meaning that lies behind weeping... I wept for the ash grey woman behind me, who I left behind, who stayed for wanting to be left behind, who was left because that was what she desired. I wept because I knew she wouldn't be able to stand such a bitter, silent rain, and I knew she'd mingle with the flowing waters.

I was a poet back then.

Then I checked in a hotel which had resembled the clouds as it waited, wore out and aged over years. There was something which increased the room's quietness. I looked down from its balcony some time. I recognized the painting that was being made on the stone wall either by the light passing through the waters that leaked from the roof, or the waters which passed through the light. I wanted to reach and touch it. A wall that moved away as the desire within me grew... Climbed by a tiny staircase in the dreams of the ash-colored woman, covered with ivy... That would certainly be the case. Then it told me its dreams. The wall and the dream... The dreams of the wall... The wall of the dreams... "I", it says, "came and installed myself here, for the sake of the roses across." I look over, the red roses perpetuating the evening of their lives in the flower bed are seeking for stars in the sky with a piercing look in vain.

"I wouldn't talk like that."

"Who are you?"

"Remind me of yourself", I beg. The tragic scream of time has passed over it. "Remind me that I have cried for you"... Over there - where? - there is a flower that's so fragile it'll break if I touch it. It has a neck like every flower, worthy of its delicacy... And pomegranate flowers further on... It is spring. "Remind me of yourself... Of your presence meandering among the grape vines like a poem... Then of your charmed fingers over the thin neck of the flower... Remind me of your heels caressing the waters... Of your hopping from lilies to violets, lilies to orange blooms... Remind me I am alive..."

I told you, I was a poet back then.

Maybe I'll die as an old poet one day. On my tongue will be the last poem I wrote for you... Fallen on my forehead together with my grey forelocks... Just as the clouds crashing into peaks. Will it really rain? Will it carry away the ashes? The ones with an ash grey color... If you go, will there be any ash left behind? My voice will be hoarse. Maybe no one will understand the poem I read.

Thus and such I will die. You and your ash in my mind... But even so, quickly remind me of yourself, today, now. Remind me, regardless of how far you are. Regardless of how impossible it is...

You're now a half-photograph. A half on the left side of your cheek that is me... Your smell would remind me of a gazelle. Moreover, a gazelle with the remainder of the poems... I would fall asleep watching the ash as it encircles the black of your eye. Maybe it had always been a dream. Maybe it all was a dream. I beg you, remind me of that dream!

I fell down from the hotel's balcony. Noiselessly, like a drop of water. A drop of water falling on a handful of ash... There, the ash was as dark as a drop of water. It was all a meeting as short as this. Then a quick hand wrested off a table. A slight breeze in the void. The reminiscence of white plague... Colored in death... I died a thousand times. I was reduced to ashes, to your ashes. I revived a thousand times and looked for you. "Remind me of yourself!" I screamed under the domes. I witnessed the disruption of the skies. I went off and sat by a lakeside, a foothill. My right hand touched a lily. I had a red bottle with me. It was evening. In a little while, both the dreams and the memories were going to descend into the water. Then I made a ruby out of the little shivers of the waters. You came and sat across from me. I left it on your palms as though it was cinder. "I can't do it!" you said, "I can't do without you." You wept. Your tears fell on the ruby in your palms. Everything darkened all of a sudden. The fire went out and was reduced to ashes. Ashh... "Then don't go," I said. I beseechingly uttered a conditioned linger, your linger, the condition of your linger. I wept. Into the depths of an ashen mirror, I threw the bottle in my hand. It broke and scattered. I saw the fire-colored water burn the ashes. A fire started over the lake. I wept. I got exhausted from weeping. There and then I slept. I dreamed of a kiss from the moon waking you up.

My mother told me a story of a partridge when she reminded me of you. Though you had to remind me of you. The story of a partridge who bleeds by pressing its nails against its chest. Had it lost its nestling? My mother remembers the fallen feathers of that partridge on water. How strange! Recalling the feathers -were they bloody?- of a partridge who has a story, and maybe is merely a story... Like ash... Like the recalling of ash. Like the ash reminding itself.

I was a poet back then.

I am now capturing your voice. I took shelter in a cistern with marble walls. On its poles I recline and refresh. I told you, my hair turns gray and like the clouds, falls over my forehead with forelocks. Here, I am awaiting death. It is imminent. Near to hand. As I wear off, all of a sudden I'll be reduced to ash and scattered where I sit, with a slight breeze or drop of rain helping me along.

Maybe we'll meet again. What do you say?

Ash ash. As ashh...

İNCİ OKUMUŞ

(1971 - ...)

İnci Okumuş is a poet who grew up in the same poetic environment as Bahaettin Karakoç. Her first poetry book *Düğün Gönüle Kurulur* was published by the Dolunay publications in 1999. She has had a partly quiet, partly gushing and overflowing poetry from her first book to her second book *Aşkın Elif Hali*. She is able to distill poetry from anything -nature, a bride's veil, a subtle saying, a glance or a scenery. We can conclude that her sensitivity to both the craft and the heart of poetry has helped her achieve this. Regional expressions, cultural elements, and proverbs take on new meanings in the poetry of İnci Okumuş, just as they do in the poetry of Bahaettin Karakoç, the master of sayings.

TO THE LOVE-KNEADING HAND*

To our women...

You are beautiful in every eye
Although with the aching rains you fall into the ground
The love-kneading hand you are
A heaven is upholstered wherever step on the ground

Through your wounds I can hear your pain
It is your voice singing among the twitter
In your screams which I give an ear
Why do you still want to be a mother?

Nailed down on the sky are your prayerful hands
Tears in your handkerchief, love in your viaticum
In your own songs you shout out to life
Your eyes become a beam of light that pierces the clouds

On the clove folds is your determination
A reunion it becomes and comes in my arms
O woman do I not love a flower such as you
It is you who loads spring on my branches

Blossom in your hands, dew on your hair
Say it, will you be the ember of heavens and fall to my earth?
You are a grass on the uplands, a burn on the plains
O woman who is the light of the Protector
Understanding you means understanding the Creator

* *Aşkın Elif Hâli*, Kumrum Yay., 2013.

RECEP ŞÜKRÜ GÜNGÖR

(1971 - ...)

He worked as a teacher for many years and played an active role in the editorial boards of various literature magazines. Recep Şükrü Güngör's short stories reflect both of these facets of his life. In the majority of his short stories, the protagonists are high school students. Apart from that, in his stories he has spoken for the people who read, write and think. He is adept in the monologue technique, event narration, third-person singular narration, and depiction. He also has modern stories (known as "situation stories" in Turkish). He has often used various streets, roads, bazaars and districts of Kahramanmaraş as the settings of his short stories. Recep Şükrü Güngör envisions within his stories and constructs them as he writes. Thus, he includes a large number of minor fictions with varying features in his larger fiction.

THIRSTY*

While leaving the flat, "I am going off to the meeting," he said.

He was going to walk. He was only going to walk.

He didn't want to enjoy himself in the holding's tower while Damascus, Baghdad and Cairo were bombarded.

If only he could handle his dagger, pursue the leader who has girded his shield, then sweat, get hungry, thirsty and exhausted...

But none of them...

He even had a belly. He was tall and blond with blue eyes and a thin face.

One out of three women would indeed look at him in the eyes wherever he happened to pass.

He had forgotten to turn off his phone. His entire body was vibrating due to the vibration in his inside pocket. As this awful thing was being developed, freedom was vanishing. The major partner of the holding was calling. "I am in your room. Let us meet when the meeting ends."

"Sure, sir. I will be there as soon as the meeting ends."

He hung up the phone. Now he could start the meeting with his soul.

As he walked down from Gümüşsuyu, he began to sweat and became slightly thirsty. He remembered the seventy-two oppressed people who had been left dehydrated. He had to experience thirst there in order to understand them.

From Dolmabahçe, he walked through the shadows of the plane trees that were boasting greatly about their stateliness, and reached Beşiktaş. He was severely dehydrated, and his shirt was drenched in sweat. The sea's salt and moss odors turned his nasal passage sour, and it was blowing out the light in his eye.

* *Dil ve Edebiyat Dergisi*, sayı: 55, Temmuz, 2013.

When he sat by the fishing boat on the seaside of Ortaköy, he realized his feet and mind were not able to function anymore.

How did the exhausted in Bedir circumambulate the Kaaba? They were imposing, weren't they? And what about him? Were people in the twentieth century inflecting in the same way as they were in the time they lived in?

The secretary must be in a hurry to explain the situation to the boss. She is probably sorting over the prepared lies such as, "It's likely that his battery is dead. The meeting must have been extended. His child was ill already." While the boss says, "Even the government meetings do not last more than four hours. The workers dispersed.," the secretary presumably nods and affirms.

"His phone is still turned off. He is, in fact, an accomplished manager. With his English, Chinese, Russian, and Urdu skills, we do well in business. It's just not cricket!"

His wife must be awaiting him at home, thinking something must have come up since he hasn't returned home.

Everyone must be interpreting his phone being off comelily, except for the boss.

He had walked from Harbiye to Ortaköy in the heat of July without drinking a drop of water.

The yellow furred cats playing in the shadow of an acacia were reminiscent of the color of Kufa's soil. "The direction is Tarabya," he said as he walked after taking a break. He was going to walk even further and reach close to the martyrs of the İstanbul conquest. There would be no water, food or snacks. Otherwise, how could one understand the people of Kufa who starved to death in Karbala?

The boss was fed up with checking his watch; the secretary was fed up with making coffee and having to deal with the boss constantly. The secretary had a short skirt, hair dyed blond, brown eyes with blue contact lenses, and she was tall and cheerful. She had completed her seventh year in the holding and had her salary fairly increased. She'd obtained enough knowledge to be called the holding's password. They left together. There was a secluded restaurant in İstinye. It was one of the haunts of the boss. They were going to have dinner. If she could get permission, she intended to withdraw to her home, where she lived alone. After the dinner, the boss suggested a glass of wine. The headwaiter knew the boss well. He had prepared the wines already.

As they were sipping their wines and enjoying themselves following the meal, our passenger found himself in front of the boss. For a moment, he was taken aback. When he collected, he saw the boss embracing him laughingly.

It was an illusion. The boss, the secretary and the restaurant weren't there. He was walking on the dock. What he saw was an illusion. On the bank he

rested his feet, wiped his sweat, closed his eyes and stayed just like that. Then he was on the road again. He hadn't encountered anyone but had experienced that imaginary encounter as though he had. Again, he was under the nose of his boss.

Where would he fit the meeting promise he made to the secretary as he walked out the flat. He was exhausted, so exhausted that he was about to collapse into the arms of his boss in a heap.

He was given service too. An Antep-style soup was misting in front of him as an alinazik was being prepared.

Because the boss was lubricated with the wine, he was assuming everyone as himself. He didn't even realize that he hadn't drunk the soup. Let's get up, he said, the alinazik hadn't come yet.

They took a stand, and the passenger saw them once more as they were walking towards the car. This was real, but out of his dehydration, he couldn't tell which one was genuine.

The secretary returned with the boss's car. She left, saying that the driver was waiting for her. She returned from the way she came. The first siege of Byzantium, Abbasids and Seljuks came and went. She saw Mehmed the Conqueror with the workmen in the construction of the fortress.

As he walked alongside the high walls of Dolmabahçe Palace, he had his mind on Sultan Abdulmajid, the place's founder.

The boss saw that the secretary had called him several times when he awoke about midday. He called the secretary before he washed his face. That Cemal hadn't come to the holding, his phone is still turned off, and they couldn't find him at home...

Cemal's whereabouts remained a mystery. Because he was a wanderer who had grown tired of the business world and had taken to the roads.

November 2010, Adapazari

MUSTAFA KÖNEÇOĞLU

(1973 - ...)

He has been working as a literature teacher in Kahramanmaraş for over twenty years. He took charge as an organizer in many of the literature activities carried out in Maraş. In his thesis, he worked on Sezai Karakoç's poem, "Monna Rosa." He did not publish his poems for a long period of time, and tore most of them. His first poetry book, Söz Hakkı, was published in 2011. His second poetry book, Dünya Hatırası, was published in 2016 as a continuation of the same effort. In both of his books, Mustafa Köneçoğlu focused on the destruction which modernism caused on individuals, human relations, loneliness and existence. Poetry appears to be an issue of existentialism in his works. Despite the fact that his poetry is written in a classical tradition, he uses a modern wording. The topics which Köneçoğlu prefers to treat in his poems show parallelism with sociology readings. In a sense, his pursuit for meaning has turned into a discovery of meaning due to his poet identity.

PARK OF WALNUTS*

The whipped walnut branches are upset while looking at the sky
when the world loves one, in a manner of shaking it loves
while turkish was breaking your voice and making a wood of it for me
i too learned how i was loved flutteringly

Being wounded is my right and bandaging is yours
as the days passed such as the mown crops
how did these streets reach deadlocks, i said
how did the houses grow old as they moved from my voice

I did not have the heart to live, passed from the coasts
cities where no one can travel from themselves to another...
i could not make a decision, as much as i could
my only relief are the seas i brought from a thousand streams

The words stick in the glass, may we drink one more tea
they are chasing rainbows, the sentences i wore inside out
an open buffet is my heart, have as much as you desire
life departs from me hastily, may it not hurt anyone!

**Dünya Hatırası*, Şule Yay., 2016

NUHAN NEBİ ÇAM

(1974 - ...)

He is working as a literature teacher. He has four published short story books which are: *Yangın Sonrası Ölmek*, *Kaçış*, *Yolcu ve Eşkiya* and *Uyanma Bildirisi*. Nuhan Nebi Çam has written mostly modern stories. Emotions are more distinct in these stories. Fear, tension, love, uncertainty, anger... In other words, the emotion that inspires Nuhan Nebi Çam to create a short story becomes the piece's main element. Perhaps that is the reason his characters are usually agonised. The reader realizes the pain and twinge which the character suffers based upon the story, even though N. N. Çam has not presented any monologues. The writer has only depicted the situation that the character goes through. These short stories are almost like the photographs of a character, taken from different angles. N. N. Çam expedites or slows down his language and narration according to the emotion which he tries to transmit using imagery.

WHO MAN*

The bridge... A dark bridge, closed with rails from the two sides. Its wood pieces are squeaking. The black countenance of evening must have hit the roads, mountains. Coinciding paths above the shrinking stream that began to dry. It is fall. The weak and thin water beneath sparkles and flows in curls as the moonlight falls down from above. The gentle splashes... The breaths of lifelessness are spreading into the void filled with silence.

Why did they build this bridge?

It ties the roads and the breaches opening far beyond. It brings people together, then the palms; those palms are maybe warm, maybe the painting of grudge is made on the thenars, they are what the bridge will meet. And those bridges are...

Walking. They stop by the bridge entrance. Their fingers touch the railings. They tremble. An owl hoots, the voice of the night quavers. The water babbles. He wears a white loosely-cut shirt. It stretches out from his neck to his ankles. Is he sleepy? No, it is the evening walk of vigilance. The occurrence of an incident that is contradictory to him. He walks and halts; seeks to step into the pieces of woods. It is a time of the night when the night takes a rest in the nape of the morning's neck. A wait that is far from the mind and more resentful than the majority. His first intention is to take a step, yet he pauses...

He feels cold. For a month, he stays above the mountains along with the leisure and irresponsibility of the stars he gathered around him. A slight breeze blows. He feels cold and pauses. The stream flows and babbles as though adding a unique glory to the existence of the simple bridge; the bridge is drawn at the end of the roads.

What are them and the things that occur? An avalanche hit the town. The doors, hung on the northeaster, squeak endlessly but never seem to shut. The tailor's plaque, the saddler's felts, the greengrocer's price list and the

* *Yangın Sonrası Ölmek*, Ötüken Yay., 2005.

guideboards showing the city directions at the station are dispersed, everything turns into a toy in the hands of the northeaster. Who are they and who was the man with the black coat?

He had come that day, on that particular day. There was still time until the evening. It was an afternoon. As though strung with a rope, the sun hung above the cliffs, high above the green plain, up to the sky. It was the time of Khidr and the time of Luqman. Hadn't they come to Lut at about this time already? "Turn around and leave the city without looking back!" They were the sculptors of wisdom, made out of divine light.

They had visited him. That man who finally held on to the rails, leaned his neck there and threw up to the stream, that tackey man who groans and writhes in pain, wears a long shirt and walks in the middle of the night. The red flower embroidered velvet curtains sway gently. The mountain breeze of the fall fills the room. They sit cross-legged on the floor cushions. The man whose black coat is hung on the nail on the door and the nightwalker sit cross-legged, face to face. It is evening. A screaming railway train which shook the town (Maraş) passed from the east to the west shortly before. The wind and the evening calmness fill the room. They sit in the thin and trembling glow of a candle. Their large bodies reflect on the wall. On the wall are a few paintings representing the night, rain, loneliness, and smiling children. Oil lamp with a smudged glass, a bandolier, peltry of the white wolf that is the warrior of the far and double mountains. There is a darkling light. Someone has brought the muteness of the street, bitterness of the train station and the weak puppies' hungry grief into their table.

"There was that woman." the successor of the angels says. Her eyes and eyebrows... Carrying the grudge of the night on her shoulders, his brows are knitted. He is mad. His chest puffs out. The veins in his hand puff out. Sometimes he smiles. A mocking twirl is in his lips.

"There was that wisdom which you can never achieve." she says. And buttons her lips. She travels a thousand years back and forward through a doorway. The candle still flickers. But it isn't what lights the room. From the brows, fingers, the smiling teeth of the man, a radiance overflows. The entire ware and the little place have now become quiet with all their entity; shaking.

It is evening, still. If only this night could end. The Toros Express passes. Is the direction east or west? He cannot contemplate. The guest is mum. And he is a visitor. He has come with the star of evening. He must be pleased and shown hospitality. He mustn't be vexed. Whatever comes out of his mouth must be overlooked, and he must be endured.

"Who are you? What's your role?"

Cold and blood touching questions which are stuck as a knife one after another. It goes on and on. The whole house, town, night and the entire universe flatten.

The guest is a luminary... Perhaps he is a protector, a chain from the light circle. Or he is malice itself.

The time grows. Behindhand, the time calls nightwalker and the man who visited his house, calling him for an accounting, and together they walk towards the morning.

The guest falls to an arcane sleep.

The man is confused. That woman, wisdom, who and the role... Who is the actual person that drives him into the hook of the hour-hand and the entire existence, and out of which identity and worthiness does he do that? However, he is a guest. He is a stranger. Now he is sleeping with his head buried in the pillow or standing by the window, his gaze set on the distant stars; thus he is spending the night. To the stars and the whole sky. His hands are tied on his chest; but what really matters is that it is the night, it is the desolateness.

Bridge. The pathways stretch under the dark feet of the night. Then it reaches and leans on the bridge. With the scream of a railway train, he steps from the wooden door into the town's streets. He walks along the narrow, portholed, uneven and rocky path. He jumps over the rubbles that is a half meter high in the corner of the garden, and to this path, which brought him to the bridge at the entrance of the town, and the water to the resentful stream.

That woman, wisdom, who and the role...

He walks towards the bridge. His wooden shoes knock on the floor repeatedly, which has a sound stretching to the night, then behind and ahead, in the coppice forests and somewhere over the starry night. He is shaken. Light-headed he feels. He clings to the railings. Moist or dry, he spits into the stream. He attempts to vomit, yet he is unable to do so as easily as before. He gathers his white shirt. Crouches down to a corner. Between his knees and arms, he buries his face. He strains to think, but cannot give up the thought of that mysterious, uncanny, daring and who man. His sight is imprinted on his mind. He tries to recall that woman. Was it Zeynep who he implied? What is wisdom? Is it a well-behaved stance towards the mother, a glass of water held in the hand for her? And who is his own self; what is his role? He is one of the nobles of a town in the forgotten lowlands, a town built far away. And what is his role?

Above the hills across the way, the sun glows yellow. The stars, the moon have blown out. He returns home.

CAFER KEKLİKÇİ

(1977 - ...)

Cafer Keklikçi is a poet who has dedicated his life to poetry, or let us put it this way: He is a person whose life has turned into poetry, or whose poetry has turned into life. When the poems of Cafer Keklikçi are first read, one might think that he has a free verse wording style. Yet that is not the case, he seeks after a novel order. In his poetry, he uses a lot of repetitions of words, longer and shorter lines, word games, rhythmic utterance, and a lot of verbs, indicating that he is in the pursuit of a new harmony. A changing poetry and voice is encountered at Cafer Keklikçi in opposition to changing individuals and society. When his first collection of poems, Tanınma Korkusu was published in 2004, he was already a poet who knew what he wanted to achieve. He had composed poems in a variety of styles before his debut poetry book, and after discarding the majority of them, he had developed his own style.

GOOD MORNING EVERYONE*

i will be happy for a bit go to another room if you like
i will join the army for a bit i will get married for a bit
soon the church bells will chime and the evening will crackle soon
soon i will lower my leg placing it on the other soon
all will remember me call me and cry me
a little bit of friend is needed

then i kiss the first girl i see: good morning everyone
hello to everyone including the bourgeois
being a beauty towards the sky i am descending from the earth
this disease of silence has become a bad habit now

finding a love from the-right-way novelists
under my pillow i put it lest it does not bother me at night
some arabesque some pop songs some ghettos alongside
just then the cats under my skin cannot keep quiet
thus i assume i am in love and sadden from my mind
my love i say my love if you go if you go: i will sleep cozily

(2001)

* *Tanınma Korkusu*, Şule Yay., 2004.

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Introduction To The History Of **KAHRAMANMARAŞ LITERATURE**

The history of literature is divided into different eras. Every era is represented by one or more poets and writers. The history of literature is written over these names with higher authority. The fact that this method is used in the writing of history does not imply that other poets and authors are unimportant.

Books on the history of literature are, in fact, a starting point for good readers. The actual reading begins after the starting point. Therefore, literary readings might be thought of as a long research, study and consideration journey.

The literary history of Kahramanmaraş is also worthy of this long but just as efficient journey. No city becomes renowned as the “City of Literature” or the “Capital of Poetry” by coincidence. Kahramanmaraş, whose name reminds of Necip Fazıl Kısakürek, Abdurrahim Karakoç or the Seven Beautiful Men wherever it is heard, contains hundreds of writers whose names are recognized or unknown. And these writers have the significance and influence to be referred to as cornerstones of Turkish literature.

Introduction to the History of Kahramanmaraş Literature consists of 50 writers from Kahramanmaraş who have put their stamps in the past, today and the future with their works which renew and blink like signs all the time. The book resembles the entrance door to a wide and pure garden as it is.

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