

Poetry Series

**Metin Sahin**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Metin Sahin(28.03.1943)

A HUMBLE work as a governor of district and director of legal affairs for 38 in  
&#304; S NOW RET&#304; RED AND lives in I RARELY WR&#304; TES  
POEMS..he writes very has so&#305; me turkish poems also on  
google...masterbaton siirleri.....He writes essays in turkish has worked for 38  
years in the Home Ministry..&#304; nterior..

# A Blind Girl

she was blind  
but that is life  
relentless life  
she was blind  
but young and beautiful  
blonde  
like an angel in heaven  
sometimes she feels  
as if she is in prison  
sometimes cries and weeps lonely..all alone  
sighing  
like every woman  
this young beautiful girl has also a heart  
to love and to be loved by  
she sometimes giggles and soimetimes laughs  
in whispers and in louds  
it was life  
relentless life  
she was blind and blonde  
she was young and beautiful  
and like every other woman has a heart  
never the less  
in anyway  
her parents left her to a mental hospital  
in which the government had put me in  
to live and to be protected  
because the beauty is always  
in danger on this world  
angels cannot survive alone on this world  
it is a relentless cruel and cruel world  
she was blind  
she was beautiful  
she was blonde  
she had also a heart like every woman to be loved  
i talked wih her in whisper noise  
she loved my voice  
and reconciled a bit  
one day  
on a sunday morning

she came from closed section to visit me  
and drink tea with me  
smiling and with joy  
i tried to boil the water  
just then  
as always in my life  
seeing the beauty near me  
the nurse came angrily  
did her duty again  
she scolded the blind beauty  
what are you doing here with this man  
go to your section  
a very cruel thing to mention  
this happened long long ago  
in the mental hospital i was staying too  
the beautiful blind disappeared and flew away  
weeping..fearing and crying  
where had she gone  
i have never known  
I have never seen her again  
she was beautiful and young  
blonde as an angel  
she had also a heart to love and to be loved by  
but it is that relentless life  
she was blind  
and the world and its nurses are cruel and relentless too  
where must this angel be  
that was long long ago  
perhaps she is in heaven  
may be happy there  
flying flying and flying with joy  
nobody will never know  
may be waiting for my voice  
to call her

Metin SAHIN

Metin Sahin

# A Corpse Thrown Into A River

I was under a heavy burden of the twelveth anniversary  
of my imprisonment  
and since three months  
I was like a living corpse dead  
one part of mine  
was lying all spread on my prison ward berth helplessly  
the other part of mine alive  
was just watching him as a warning  
he could not afford to do anything  
the dead corpse was eating itself  
he was all alone  
like al the other dead corpses too  
an old woman came and stood at the doorway  
my mother  
mama and son we hoisted the dead corpse together  
I held his feet  
and she headways  
we descended  
lowered the dead corpse slowly and slowly  
we threw him into the YANG..TSE RIVER  
where from the NORTH  
bright..brlliant and prosperous armies were flowing  
over and over

Metin Sahin

# A Cover Picture

A COVER PICTURE

the desert comes  
with trails  
on its sands  
the poles come  
with mute..cold white glaciers  
the sea comes  
with its salt  
plane plateaus come  
with lean belly hounds  
racıng with the sky  
at night  
the city od diyarbakır  
comes ouut of its fortress  
alongside the tigris river  
with its huge cracking melons  
the plane tree  
comes with its tweeting birds  
the fish comes with its sea  
and with its brilliant silver scales  
the ship comes with its star  
and with mermaids  
playing the fiddles  
roses come  
with der hesitance  
the serpent comes  
with its crimson eyes  
the human being comes  
with its dust on feet  
the human being comes  
with one or two words of love  
and I..NAZIM  
come and say  
comes the son of eyyup  
with his neck long  
with his neck bent  
with greenery  
with his multi colour crimson  
with his gilded drawings

and with his word writings

NAZIM HİKMET

Metin Sahin

# A Day Like This

it was such a lovely day  
like this  
sunny and hot  
in a day like this  
in flower fragrance  
bright and glittering  
your kisses changed  
my bosom  
sworn not to kiss  
sealed for kisses  
it was such a day like this  
filled with birds singings  
and happy children screamings  
your returning  
made my bosom a pair with yours  
my bosom which was fed up with loneliness  
and longing for you  
it was such a lovely day  
a day boring us with its yellow heat  
when  
i was in bare feet  
walking on the roads  
and impatiently waiting for you  
it was such a lovely day  
like this  
your sudden death  
has made me collapsed  
and made me upset

Ferda BAYKAL

Translation Metin SAHIN

Metin Sahin

# A Drop Of Water

If I were  
a dropp of water  
and  
dropp from one roof to another roof  
and  
if &#305; were someone  
else  
and lick  
myself

Metin Sahin

# A Gloomy Freedom

you sell your eye apple attentions  
your illumination of your hands  
even though you never taste a morsel of it  
you knead the dough of all the dearest virtues  
with your big freedoms  
you work at the door of foreigners  
aim to make KHAN of the one deep  
who makes your mother weep  
you are free with this freedom deep and deep  
when you are born  
they stand up on your sides stubborn  
all the things thorough your life time  
are all lying water mills..grinding  
your hand on your temple  
you ponder and think with your conscience freedom  
may be you are free to think and ponder  
but you seem to be free  
your head bent as cut from your neck  
your arms at your sides longer and longer  
you wander around with your big freedom  
with your vacancy..joblessness and worklessness  
you think you are very free  
you love your country  
like your dearest company  
but one day  
they transfer her for example to USA  
with her  
they transfer you too  
with your big freedom ease  
you are to be an air-base  
the doomed to be broken hands of the WALL STREET  
fiercely grap your throat  
one day for example  
you will be send to KOREA  
to VIETNAM  
TO IRAK  
And to IRAN  
you will fill the pits in heaps and piles again and again  
with your big freedoms

you are free to die  
to be unknown soldiers and lie  
when you say  
i am not an instrument..a figure..means  
i want to live like human beings  
your hands are hand-cuffed  
with your big freedoms  
of to be pursued..caught  
to be arrested  
to be imprisoned  
even to be hanged  
with your big freedom  
you are free  
then  
then there will be no iron bars  
no wooden fences  
even no tulle curtains in your lives  
and then you are completely free  
this freedom is very gloomy  
under the blue skies  
under the living stars shiny

Metin Sahin

# A Hot Summer Afternoon

the sound of the summoning to prayer..ezan...the workmen destructing the building to soil....men are opening their hands to sky...to cry....a bit...the carrying what to their nests...to their barns...for winter...a beauty combing her long hair in the mirror...my mother crying again...remembering my dead father...complaining from us....the birds are migrating to other lands..a wind blows her hot breath.....on our faces...in a flower pot....a flower suicides...

Metin Sahin

# A Man From The Slum District

&#305; a m a man from a slum district  
my pockets are empty and money&#305; ess  
in obligation  
&#305; am a member of a fake syndicate  
in the factory &#305; work as a laborer  
&#305; f open my mouth  
and talk against my bosses  
&#305; will be booted and fired  
find myself in the streets  
&#305; am a man nfrom a slum district  
my struggle with others is obligatary  
to survive  
&#305; drink wine which kills a dog  
&#305; am screaming all night in the streets  
against alll these  
with the night watches guarding me  
&#305; am a man from a slum district  
my badly cladding is also obligatory  
in beyoglu  
policemen strolling..watching and batoning me  
sometimes to death  
&#305; am a man from a slum district  
&#305; f &#305; touch others' wind they lick me and bruise me  
my love affairs are unjust and obligatory too  
fathers are on watch in front of their houses  
if &#305; look at a girl or even gaze at their daughters  
it will be the cause of the many murders  
Yusuf HAYALOGLU.....Translation Metin &#350; AH&#304; N

Metin Sahin

# A New Baby Is Being Borne

my hands cannot reach the quinces..pomegranates  
i bent down my neck and walk  
when my soul burns  
that is not something the wolf and the bird know  
oh...do not ask me  
let the black decree walk on the roads  
the garden of my love is in distress  
bloody is the hair falling on my fore-head

they are all a handful of life  
that i offer to the accidents and troubles  
ohhh..let me die  
my hand is empty  
my feet are in ambush  
that all only i must know  
i loved a beauty  
and the citadel DIYARBAKIR

bloom the bloody flowers at the other side  
and snow falls at the other side  
scattered the mount karaca  
scattered the mount zozan  
look my moustache is frozen  
i am feeling cold too  
the winter lasting very long  
as to never go  
i think of you as a spring  
i think of you as diyarbakir  
thinking of overwhelms everything

the river hamavrat is frozen  
four finger thick ice in the river tiber  
we use the well water  
in jugs..buckets and kettles  
we make tea with the melted snow  
my mother hsdas her syatics like a secret  
It is temporary wind she says  
will recover in springs  
my daughter carries two lives

she is beautiful as you know  
this is her first  
she hides and is shameful too  
we will have an extra life thss winter  
my baby..wjhere will i hide you  
welcome you  
welcome ahmet arif s NEPHEW

NOW YOU are borne  
for three days we kept you hungry  
for thhre days your mother did not suckle you  
for you not to be sick  
it is our tradition  
attack now to the tits  
attack and grow

these are the snakes  
these are the centipedes  
these are the ones  
whose eyes are on our meals  
trying to share our meals  
know them  
know them well and grow

this is the honour  
it is engraved in our identification cards  
this is also the patience  
filtered from the poisons  
embrace them and grow

Ahmet ARIF  
translation metin SAHIN

Metin Sahin

# A Phantom In The Mediterranean

a phantom is haunting the mediterranean sea  
it is the phantom of an italian soldier  
his jacket with torn out buttans on his back filthy  
his flesh pierced into pieces  
and his temples bloody  
fearing to fall into the space  
his voice is echoing  
he is screaming in the mediterranean  
and he embraces the sun at daylight  
then embraces the stars at night  
i know this soul  
he was a fugitive soldier when alive  
if he had not been shot to death  
he would have lived for many many years now  
this is the soul i know  
he fled in arduva from the war-front  
he ran away in haste  
leaving his fire-arm behind  
like an animal running away from fire  
neither for his ideas  
nor for his claims righteous  
he ran away only for not bto die  
but only to survive  
till then he did not know anything about death  
he never read hamlet nor a poem fron dante  
he had not ever a slight idea about death  
about the mystery of it described in the books  
when he was being shot to death  
suiddeenly a wedding prayer has come tpo his mind  
and he began to recite that prayer  
when the guns aimed to him fired  
he was not fearing from death  
he was fearing from being dead  
he wanted most  
only to li, ve..only to survive  
above all..above everything  
he only wanted to survive  
with women  
without women

satisfied..fed up  
or hungry  
he only wanted to live  
like an ordinary tree  
ordinary bird  
ordinary cloud  
ordinary fish  
to live like  
water in a glass  
or oil  
like fistful of soil  
he was fearing from being dead  
wanting not to be dead  
but he wanted only to survive  
only to live a life ordinary  
on one morning  
when a flower was sprouting and blooming on his stem  
he was being shot to death unknowing and unaware  
now  
it is his phantom  
haunting the mediterranean  
him..nobody nobody knows and feels  
but only i can feel and see  
nazım HİKMET  
translation Metin ŞAHİN

Metin Sahin

# A Poem Written For "The Jailhouse Gate" Of Ibrahim Balaban

there were six women in front of the iron gate  
five of them were sitting on the of them standing without haste

there were eight children in front of the iron gate  
it was obvious they had not learnt how to smile yet

there were six women in front of the iron gate  
grief in their hands..their feet patient

there were eight children in front of the iron gate  
the ones in their swaddling cloth were looking as genii

there were six women in front of the iron gate  
they had hidden their hair firmly and closed

there were eight children in front of the iron gate  
one of them with his palms clasped

there was a gendarme in front of the iron gate  
he was not a friend nor an watch lasted long. it was hot

there was a horse in front of the iron gate  
almost weeping and was sad

there was a dog in front of the iron gate  
its fur yellow..its nose black

there were green peppers in the reed panniers  
in the sacks coal..in the carpet bags onion and garlics

there wre six women in front of the iron gate  
and behind the iron gate my lady there were five hundred men

neither of the six women were you  
but one of the five hundred men was I..longing for you..

Nazım HİKMET..TRanslation Metin ŞAHİN

Metin Sahin

# A Woman

this must be a woman  
, she is supposed to be an old woman  
in her ragged..printed cotton cloth..plain...cheap  
but clean  
she is carry&#305; ng something in her big heavy sack  
on shoulder  
it must be valuable for her  
what is it  
no one knows  
no one guesses  
but it must be something  
she is weary of carrying...may be her life  
but what is it  
how old is she  
spring is near..ahead  
some trees are early blossomed

look at the plum tree over there  
in her bridal  
the woman looks at some dry bushes  
some flowers are already bloomed  
will the bushes green too  
the old woman cannot sigh even her grief  
oh...anato&#305; an woman  
how many troubles you bear  
is it the end ofthe green road now  
though you are alone  
you coped w&#305; th them  
you were just there  
sitting on the wall of your shelter as home  
relaxing...resting  
alll the years on your shoulder  
bending your back years the heavy years  
where have you gone  
where were tyou walking to  
or intended to  
years heavy years  
were you a spirit or a a sacred holy ghost  
haunting my dreams

Metin Sahin

# About Living

you must take living very serious  
you cannot joke with the living  
you must live very seriously and solemnly  
like a squirrel for example  
that is to say without expecting anything else and other  
than living  
that is to say  
all your occupation and duty must concentrate on living  
in such an excess that  
for example you must sacrifice yourself for human beings  
without expecting anything  
even when your hands are tied from behind  
even when your shoulders rest on wall  
even when nobody forces you to do  
the most beautiful thing is living in this way  
you must sow olive sprouts even when you reach seventy  
even though you know that you will not rest  
under their shades  
though you fear of death  
living weighs heavier and heavier  
you must live in such an excess that  
you must take living very serious  
like a squirrel for example  
Nazım hikmet translation metin sahin

Metin Sahin

# Again And Again

again  
i inhaled  
from my cigarette  
deeply

again  
a night  
without you  
has worn out  
from my life  
again and again  
you fell into  
my dreams

your voice  
is still  
is jingling  
in my ears  
again i feel  
your warmth  
of your lips  
as though  
you are  
kissing me  
from my lips

again  
like a wild wind  
your love  
is  
blowing  
on my head  
turninmg and turning  
if you only  
you came again  
and  
slept  
in my arms  
i missed you

and  
your voice

Metin Sahin

# All Alone

I visited the places in winter.....when everybody..used to visit in summer...I watched the waves of the seas....some birds...sang...far..far away...echoing in distance.....&#305; I visited the places...lonely..alone....when everybody used to visit in couples...hand in hand..heart to heart..snow had covered the dancing platform....no sound of a guitar...no sounds of laughter.....two drops of tears oozed from my eyes.....! drank beer...where everybody drank soup.....after three ana a half lit matches...a cigarette...I saw your face...unapproachable....and where everybody walked with you...I whispered your name three times to the sea.....

Metin Sahin

# Allah And His Army At Sinai Desert

Cairo is the rose of EGYPT  
But sinai desert must be trodden and conquered  
Unfortunately many attempts were in vain  
Many conquerers could not succeed  
Sinai cannot be trepassed  
It seemed impossible  
It is many years since the last rain has fallen  
May be  
You can even never find a little drop of water there  
Waterless..the soil has dried  
Sinai desolate...sinai barren  
And in addition an another trouble  
There occur often sand storms in sinai  
But when you intend stubborn and firm  
There would be no impossible term  
The great rule yavuz was determined firm so  
You must find a way he said  
And we must trespass the sinai desert  
It was the command of the great ruler yavuz  
He was in front on horse  
Can his army hesitate and wait  
Many troubles were overcome  
Advanced the army  
In sinai  
But the the moment came  
Yavuz stops  
Getting off his horse  
He began to walk on foot  
Everybody was stunned  
How could this be  
Some asked yavuz hesitantly and undaringly  
The reason  
There comes silence for a moment  
Then answers the firm ruler yavuz softly  
Our prophet mohammed is walking in front of me  
On foot with his army  
How could I ride on horse  
Oh my god what a grace is this  
Mohammed has come to help us

When you say be my lord..my allah  
Everthing happens  
Nobody can question it  
Allah never makes his beloveds suffer deliberately  
In front of yavuz the firm magnificent conquerer  
Walked mohammed on foot too  
Allah does not keep rain in the sky anymore  
Cause mohammed is illumination.. a light-ball  
And falls fully the rain from the sky  
It was indeed a miracle  
Walked mohammed and his army on foot in sinai desert  
Everday thirty kilometers  
The desert of sinai trepassed in seven days  
This is an ubreakable record in war history  
Oh my child  
Know this..and understand that  
The nail cannot be separated from the flesh  
If you follow the path of the god allah properly  
You can conquer everything and everywhere  
And make the impossible possible  
Thus proved and said our last prophet MOHAMMED

Metin Sahin

# An Orphan Parting( F There Were No Sins..How Would Be Aware Of Good Things)

&#305; have got enough of everything  
life and living  
seen everything I had to see  
enough and enough  
that is enough  
now..time is approaching  
it is the era and time of parting  
do not acquit me  
do not bless me  
if you want  
do not forgive my wrong doings  
sins and offenses  
cause &#305; know and &#305; feel  
in fact who is the one offended  
born an orphan  
grew an orphan  
&#305; will leave this world an orphan  
let them share  
what I left behind  
and remember me  
but my poems  
I am parting as an orphan  
I want to live a new life  
if there is one there  
may be there  
I will be an orphan  
my FATHER the GODMetinb SAH&#304; N

Metin Sahin

# Approaching The New...The Unknown

it is not easy to save  
or spare the years  
it is a tough business  
though  
&#305; have spared and saved so many years  
once &#305; was a baby in a cradle  
crying and seeking a refuge  
in my mother bosom  
then she was in flesh and blood  
living beloved  
now she is gone and left me alone  
fed up with me  
resting in her grave  
may be a skeleton &#305; fear and salute  
&#305; have never known father too  
though my mother...my father  
my sisters and my big brother  
always meet  
&#305; n a photocopy  
of an ancient..old and faded photograph  
my wife put in my sleeping room  
my father was a veteran soldier  
of our liberat&#305; on war  
now &#305; am grown up  
really  
becom&#305; ng an old man  
a ping pong ball  
walking in stalk  
sometimes with a walking stick  
lost one of my hip  
no bosom to cry  
with nowhere to shelter  
just me and myself  
approaching where &#305; never know  
never guess  
cause &#305; have enough of years  
when &#305; remember them each  
comes from my heart and eyes  
the tears

fearing the new of everything  
it is 20 of december  
no snow this year  
even the season is faking  
may be the end we are approaching  
for the word  
for the universe  
or rather for me  
never the less  
life living worth  
some say it is fall  
some say it is spring  
some say it is the end  
but &#305; have enough of spared years  
let the rest be yours

Metin Sahin

# As The Spring Walks

the spring walks to the trees  
to the flowers  
to the leaves  
the leaves turn to flowers  
flowers to whites  
slowly and spread; ly  
the restaurants disperse themselves to the streets  
even the multi colored gaRDENS  
opening to the children  
people throw themselves to the pavements  
the ugly  
yhe good  
the best and th d; rty  
all together  
all of them are walking in the spring  
at one moment  
hopeful  
hopeless  
living is drawing from their skirts  
as he wishes  
on the lips  
a little smiles  
bitter or tickl; ng  
may be a piece of  
living remnants  
even if he does not want  
a littler boy treads to the spring  
treads smalls to the spring  
his small shoes  
caressing the spring  
they were saying that  
the spring will never come this year  
but it came at last  
nearer and nearer  
closer and closer  
use it as you wish  
fry it in oven  
or soak it with the sea  
when the days become wrmer

the birds are happier  
turning the pigeons in the air  
crowing the crown harder  
there is the magpie  
gone mad as if  
gone crazy or insane  
the spring walks to the trees  
blossoms  
as a turntable the time  
dropping leaves in winter  
, blossoming in summer  
the little girls playing balls  
in the gardens  
childish  
&#305; know  
the flowers must have bloomed  
in my mother's grave wildish  
they need even a little prayer  
father is not known where  
as he wanted there  
may be that is the best for remembering  
did not &#305; lost my sister in may  
i do not even remember  
slowly passes time  
we are destined to live  
as long as we live  
blind or half lame  
even if we scare  
pray or not pray  
our end is always in black soil  
but the truth is covered with a wall  
and one day  
we will pass over  
and eternally live there  
fire it drops where  
trouble disturbs us  
time passing by  
one day  
we will say to all of you  
and the spring good bye  
my rebellious time has passed  
long ago

but &#305; wonder  
from time to time  
when will the spring to me  
will ever come

Metin Sahin

# Autumn

spring...summer...winter and fall...my spring has yet finished..what a pity..it is not so easy...to bear...to tear the years behind...no matter what you say...what you do...it says its farewell to you....even the mirrors..when you look and search yourself...says...uncle..uncle..to you..it is in vain....that is not a gain....you are losing something..and momesthing....used to it...nothing...nobody has managed it...yhere is the tornado..instead of the gentle breeze...your autumn is coming sooner or late....the last farewells are in minds and memories...we are standing in a row..rope tryin g to tow...when will the rope us tow..nobody know...autumn is fallingin my dreams...which sparrow has eaten..my last hope of living..and flew away.....where are the last tramways of childhood's spring...last tramways of hope...the snow of autumn is falling....that &#305; cannot..and nobody can cope...

Metin Sahin

# Bornova 1983....Five Minutes Past The Spring

&#305; am stunned  
the inspector  
nur dogan topaloglu  
good for nothing  
wrote the report about me  
and the minister interior Çetiner  
has given the last order  
It is my destiny  
I am here  
like a house  
like a hotel  
like a guest house  
&#305; t is 1983  
the winds of 12 september  
are blowing harshly and fiercely  
the season is five passed the spring  
&#305; have just made the anniversary 40th of my life  
in my hand &#305; carried a big white suitcase  
in it some books  
my suitcase..underwear and my socks stinking  
mixed up...like my head  
&#305; say..here is asylum  
a mental hospital  
you can exaggerate and say mental house  
maybe a mad house  
&#305; does it matter who says what  
&#305; am at the door  
&#305; have passed my schools steadily  
did my works obediently  
without protest  
damn me if &#305; wanted a little thing for myself  
but &#305; could not pass this nonsense mental test  
do not tell my poor mother  
she lives alone in our country  
she thinks &#305; am still a mad governor on duty  
she does not know &#305; have been sent here officially  
thanks  
&#305; will lie in open section  
what would happen if &#305; lay in the closed section on

at detent&#305; on  
no hope of go&#305; ng out  
seeing the sky  
a theatre play was being displayed  
when &#305; stepped in  
my new friends  
men and women gathered in the hall  
sar aronud a wide table  
some were comla&#305; n&#305; g of his wife  
some of her husband  
and some of their beloved  
some came here as asylum  
getting bored of outer life  
they told me  
later the play ended  
at last they saw me..  
eyes zooming on me  
though &#305; am not a stranger  
&#305; am one of them  
officially regarded mad  
forced to be mad  
&#305; am not a stranger for them  
the a blonde young nurse clad in white  
came and showed me the room &#305; would stay  
with unbele&#305; v&#305; ng eyes  
a new theatre play was opening its curtains  
in my life  
a door was being shut after me  
never knowing when it would be opened for me again  
&#305; lay on my desolate bed  
thoughts mixed in my dreams  
&#305; t was the year 1983  
&#305; have yet 5 minutes passed my spring  
not guessing when the bells of life for me  
will again ring...

Metin Sahin

# Çankiri Turkey 1940 Seen From A Prison Window I

THE electric lamps are lit up  
at the top of the telegram posts  
in front of the WHITE HOUSE  
at the edge of the main road  
in the garden of the RECRUTINIG OFFICE  
ammunition depot and the trees  
I know  
there are mulberry..acacia and plump trees also  
and there must have been a garden kiosk there  
But I cannot see them from here  
It is OCTOBER one  
the nights are not much colder yet  
only the police whistles sounding  
the road is desolate  
in one half of the sky the clouds moving  
that must be the ZONGULDAK CITY TRAIN  
coming with rage..anger and in bad temper

in spite of the moonlight up high  
in other half of the sky  
I can see the stars  
beside the mountains  
the train passed from the iron bridge  
its lights not seen  
remained behind the green poplars  
moonlight at the top of the roof of the WHITE HOUSE  
there are shadows in front of the tailor's  
the city has two sections  
the ANCIËNT CITY is below the CITADEL  
in darkness  
they burn kerosene lamps there  
but in the city  
kerosene is very scarce  
the cafe with the maiden  
has not rendered good job that summmer  
on its dark windows  
some strange sparkling dark things reflected  
THE NEW CITY is near the train-station  
its lights are kept among the trees

Metin Sahin

# Çankiri Turkey! 940 Seen From A Prison Windowii

I heard a woman's voice  
and the cries of the children  
Two ghosts of men  
passed in front of the cafe with maiden  
side by side slowly and slowly  
They were officials I suppose  
they were very proud and very weary  
they could not even talk with each other  
there was light only at the ground floor of The WHITE HOUSE  
they were dining I think  
the engine of the passenger train started again  
whistling bitter and bitter  
like the tinkling in the ears  
have your ears thinkled too  
my beloved wife..my dear spouse  
now  
the radio began to broadcast  
they tranferred it to the city public loud speakers  
from the city hall  
the tailors are talking loudly and coarsely even  
the brand of their sewing-machines SIEMENS  
modelled 1897  
only one man passed from the main road  
he was smoking a cigarette  
I can see the governor's official automobile  
his daughters are beautiful  
last week  
the eldest one married in the CITY-HALL  
an another man also passed from the main road  
he was a villager  
there is a wooden bridge beneath the poplars  
there are aiming boards in the empty estate  
and a cage for the hens of the captain  
have not yet slept the hens  
I still hear their cacklings  
again the voice of the same woman  
a strange voice  
they are going for walks on th wooden bridge  
and there

beneath the poplars it is lit  
first came the crackling noises of the two wheeled  
oxen carts  
then came into view the carts themselves and their oxen  
they were three  
going slowly in a row one after the other  
one of them was loaded with newly harvested green grapes  
then they dissapeared suddenly  
for a long time  
their noises remaining on the road  
the radio played modern music pieces  
if it lasts long  
I know  
the mayor will interrupt it  
he does not like the clasical modern west music  
I heard the the voice of the same woman  
I think no voice can cope with it  
your soft voice comes to my ears my beloved PİRAYE  
the tailors burn kerosene of number five  
where did they found the kerosene  
the radio began to broadcast turkish classic music  
with the black sea fiddle  
the mountains are all whiter and whiter  
the ammuniton depot is dark  
the passanger lorry came and passed the city  
is that a sentry standing in the recruiting office garden  
I see  
no it is a woman shouting  
and the cries of the children again  
there three persons came out of the WHITE HOUSE  
they stopped for a while  
and looked behind  
then they walked onto the road  
I think the railroad labourers are pasing from the main road now  
only they can talk loudly like that  
the road is iluminated  
the radio sings a song  
It says  
"NO VISITING ONE:: NOT A PIECE OF NEWS TO COME! !  
!! THE DAY IS BEING LONG AND THE ROADS ARE EMPTY AND BARE"  
Why?  
But I

But WE KNOW  
the news perhaps will come soon  
we are all hopeful  
I and we know that  
we are hopeful  
the news for all of us will come soon.....?  
Nazım HİKMET

Translation Metin ŞAHİN

Metin Sahin

# Children And Me

when they see me  
all the children address me  
daddy daddy  
grand daddy  
come daddy daddy come  
but I have not a real child  
though all the children are mine  
I treat them like mine  
am I SO OLD  
I SOMETIMES SUSPECT  
but nobody accepts  
eldering easily  
all living thing  
never wants to get older...never  
but am I so old  
as when  
children see me  
address..  
daddy...daddy..daddy..  
or grand daddy  
what a wonderful sight  
of a just walking baby  
leaning towards me  
from her mother bosom  
when all the children see me  
they address me  
daddy...daddy..daddy..  
or grand daddy  
is there a secret relation  
between the children and me  
do you know  
can you guess  
and tell me

Metin Sahin

# Come.....Come Along Now

COME...before the roses fade  
Come... in the middle of the night  
COME..stealhily..silently..gently and in feminine style  
before the fire extinguishes slowly and slowly  
COME..in the serenity of dawn  
COME shivering and as wet as you are  
COME as you are  
C OME..before the moon goes over the windows  
COME..without hesitating in the dark roads  
COME slowly..do not run  
Without tackling anyone  
COME without quarrelling with the police teams  
COME without causing any troubles  
COME...secretly  
COME... before I come  
COME now...come along now  
Come before &#305; say come  
COME before my song ends  
COME when I say come  
COME along..come along now..come now  
COME before everything sleeps..before the sleeping time  
COME before our pillows wrinkle  
COME before our brandy gets sour and go worse  
COME before the day meets with dawn  
COME before your feet stumble  
COME before our lusts and emot&#305; ons tumble and go down..  
Ahmet KAYA..Translat&#305; on Metin SAHIN

Metin Sahin

# Communist Lying In Bursa Citadel

your beloved is a communist  
who has been in prison  
since ten years  
lying in bursa citadel  
he lies ther  
improsened  
but his chains broken apert  
he reached  
the ultimate post in the world  
but lies in bursa citadel  
his roots are in the country soil  
bears the burden like sheik bedreddin  
he lies in bursa citadel  
his heart has not been drilled  
and not sticking  
and is brave as before as ever  
his song has not been finished or exhausted  
full of hope  
still not losing the paradise yet  
he lies in the prison  
that lies in BURSA CITADEL

Nazım HİKMET Translation Metin ŞAhin

Metin Sahin

# Comparison

sometimes

I recall the best expert poet yahya kemal  
of the OTTOMANS

I see him in a window-shop  
obesse and unhealthy  
and..why I do not know  
at the same time

I remember suddenly

The lame poet BYRON

struggling and dying on the GREEK MOUNTAINS

That is not a thing may be to be proud of

But I.in an haste drilled and went out of

my ten years of my imprisonment

and leaving my liver ache aside

my bosom is the same bosom

and my mind is still the same mind

we are alone even when we lie with our beloved

with dear ones side by side

but when we are left all alone and completely lonely

the crowd of the universe

with all its people living and unliving

says"I AM HERE"

and to encourage you

taps you on the shoulder

there are sparrows on the telegram wire

poor things ever

they do not know what a telegram is

and unaware of it

ones who are doomed to be hanged

by greasy ropes

you you have made our comrades.. our natives

looking but completely blinds

Nazım HİKMET 1947

translation metin ŞAHİN

Metin Sahin

# Could The Spring Come Back Again

could the spring come back again or never  
after we are accostumed to a harsh, white, frozen winter  
the frozen sticks melted from the fringes  
of the roofs  
the hot rays of sun  
are glittering from the horizon  
someone lit the light  
somr sparrows and finches began to fly  
on the yellow brown dog thistles  
could the spring come back again  
nobody knows how &#305; love my sisters  
in their shields  
protecting themselves  
figthing with the harshness of life  
defending themselves  
walking like soldiers on roads  
with big soldier bags on shoulders  
prams fulll of children  
some crying  
some playing  
some laughing  
some sleeping in silence  
could the spring come again  
with her green leaves  
multi color flowers  
and singing birds  
the little pretty girls  
cladf in lovely dresses  
may be twins  
like lovely winter flowers  
their mother in the midst  
walking in the streets  
telli me somebody  
could spring come again  
as in my young days  
where and when  
&#305; used to sing songs



# Departure

suddenly  
the stars silenced  
without you  
departure  
began to knock  
on my door  
slowly and slowly  
i am accustomed  
to live without you  
every delicate senses  
rusted off  
i am as numb  
my hopes depended  
on reckless longings  
your picture  
melted away in humidity  
deparure has become a past  
forgotten  
evenings are different  
nights are different now  
i swear not to fall ion love  
again  
the song on my tongue  
is singing a different song  
deparure is taking its lesson

Metin Sahin

# Dervish

Being a dervish is not easy  
it is an iron nut  
to be swallowed  
or to be eaten  
you must devote yourself to the LORD  
thoroughly  
you will never tire or be weary  
you will never complain  
with patience  
you must suffer the days  
in agony  
lasting may be one or thousands of days  
or years  
what is said to you must be done  
with no counter action  
you must obey and obey  
thus  
you harvest the rose of the LORD..THE GOD and ALLAH  
you must take and learn lessons  
from the sermons..discussions and conversations  
your self being  
must be abolished thoroughly  
you must beat yourself  
and your ambitions  
you contact with honesty  
reality  
you must reach to the real secrecy

Metin Sahin

# Do Not Make The Trees Ablaze

put me in blazing fire  
and burn me  
but not put on the trees on fire  
and do not turn them to ashes  
do not massacre them  
kill me instead  
but not burn the trees to ashes  
every tree is asoul very busy  
growing not so easy  
do not hurt and touch the woods  
each a country meant to be  
living in centuries  
witness to history  
healing the sickness  
the troubles  
they join with the blues in mixture  
they are the living epics in greens  
the one who burns a live tree  
is worse than a poisonous snake be  
he cannot be be innocent in moods  
the one who lacks us from the woods  
cauterize my heart  
put me in every kind of trouble  
bring me all the gloomy news  
but not say to me  
not say  
do not say to me  
the woods are in fire  
incinerate me to ashes  
starve me  
leave me  
without water  
weithout foods  
but dot leave me  
without even a bit of woods  
theyt are the living epics in greens  
oh my brethen..listen to me carefully  
thaye are shadows of heaven and cosms  
casting on the earth

metin řahin

Metin Sahin

# Do You Remember When

do you remember when  
you have stepped your first step towards life  
and when you first screamed  
coming face to face with it  
when you had your first beloved  
do you remember  
when you had seen the first blues of the seas  
when first swam in the sea  
do you remember  
when you first saw the storks on chimneys  
and the young black beaks  
and when you worried for their eggs  
not to be frozen in winter  
do you remember the day  
you lost your father  
and your relatives and friends  
do you remember  
the first blooming red roses  
and their thorns  
when you heard a nightingale  
sing the last time  
at dawn  
do you remember your last gambling  
in lousy clubs  
do you remember  
your first hair cut alone  
in a barber-shop  
do you remember your first  
as a grown up man  
and your first scold as a woman  
do you remember  
the day you lost your mother  
in KORAN it says  
HEAVEN LIES UNDER the FEET OF THE MOTHERS  
mother..mother...mother  
do you remember me  
do you hear me  
forgive me..forgive me..forgive me



# Do Yu Know

do you know  
how birds fly  
how they fly  
how men walk  
how an oldie cries  
do you know  
do you know  
how poor people live  
what they eat daily  
what they use as food  
do you know  
how people live in asylums  
in mental houses or hospitals  
closed or open sections  
do you know how a warlord  
takes the nobel peace prize  
even he cannot recognize  
do you know hell and heaven  
war and peace  
lying in your comfortable bed  
do you know  
hell and heaven is  
on this world  
do you know god does not want  
man makes hells and heavens  
they are both here  
side by side

Metin Sahin

# Don Quixote

the warrior of the eternal youth  
obeyed his mind throbbing in his heart  
and so  
one day in JULY  
he went for a warfare  
to acquire the claims  
of the beautiful...the honest and the righteous  
in front of him lay the cruel world  
with her malicious and stupid giants  
riding on his sad but heroine horse ROSINANTE  
I know  
what is to be longing deeply for this  
what is to be brave with a huge unprevented pounding heart  
there is no other way  
we do it our way  
for me and for DON QUIXOTE  
than  
to fight with the big giant wind-mills  
it is a must for us  
you are right DON QUIXOTE  
your DULCINA is the most beautiful woman of this world  
you certainly scream this truth  
to the faces of the dealers and the rich merchants  
but they will make you upset and pull you down  
and punch you heavily and severely  
but you  
our thirst's invincible warrior  
I am sure  
you will insist on  
burning like a huge flame  
in your heavy..iron armour  
and when you do so in favour of all  
your DULCINA  
will forever become  
more and more beautiful

Nazım HİKMET 1947  
translation metin ŞAHİN



# Dying

I would like to die before you die  
do you think that  
the one who comes after  
will find the one who has gone before  
I do not think so  
it is better you burn my body  
and put the remnant ashes in an urn  
placed on a shelf on the fire-place  
the urn must be made up of transparent white glass  
so that you can see me in it  
you see  
how self-sacrificing I am  
I do not want to be terracotta  
I do not want to be a flower  
but want to be ash  
to live together with you  
and after sometime  
when you die too  
you will come into the urn also  
and we will then live there together  
with your ashes mixed in my ashes  
till the day  
when one of our clumsy brides  
or an unloyal grandson without care  
throw the urn out from there  
but we  
till then  
we will be mixed with each other completely  
our molecules will fall beside each other  
side by side  
in the wasteland to which we will be thrown  
we will then dive into the soil together  
and one day out  
when a wild flower will sprout  
from this little piece of soil  
in her stem  
there will bloom certainly two flowers  
I am certain  
I know

one is you  
and the other is me  
but I..  
I do not think of dying yet  
my blood is still boiling and flowing  
I will give birth to off-springs yet  
life is occupying inside me and overflowing  
I will live with you together  
more and more  
I am not afraid of death also  
but I not like the way of our held funeral ceremony  
may be it will be changed  
till the day we die  
is there a chance of yours  
to be freed and released from the prisons nowadays  
some voice from inside me says  
"PERHAPS"

1947

Piraye Nazım HİKMET

translation Metin ŞAHİN

Metin Sahin

# Evening In Prison

evening...falls early in prison  
in vain..even if you were a dragon  
neither youre expertise in struggling  
or your having a brave heart like a double edged fork  
help  
evening filling in you delicately and slowly  
sorrounds you and takes you to many longings

evening falls early in prison  
fall the iron gate bolt bars of seven  
on the seven closing gates suddenly  
then the garden outside starts to weep  
at the opposite side over there under the wall  
there are three stemmed night flowers  
and three roted wild violets

the cloud in the sky  
on the branch of a tree the apricot  
are terribly in love with the same beloved  
to be in prison  
then begins to put worries on you  
how boring is the darkness  
someone on the bare cold stones sings the song  
THE CURD'S BRIDE  
and me..I am taking a stroll under my berth  
and I am fancying impossible things to accomplish  
absurd..novice and childish

I wssh to be shot and lost  
in a fight nakedly  
but this fight must be mannishly  
be honest in friendship and in being an enemy  
but neither happens so  
you hear that sound  
the bayonets are fixed on the muzzles of the rifles  
the night patrolling of the gendarme begins  
day by day..on and on  
the evening falls earlier in prison  
Ahmet ARIF

translation Metin SAHIN

Metin Sahin

# Ever

have you ever cried thinking you are forgotten  
have you ever awakened in the middle of the night  
and held of the booze glasses in haste  
in your helplessness  
i do not say to you that to you  
but you do not know how to love

but you lose in love  
because you do not make it to be felt  
have you ever laughed in the gloomiest part of a drama  
have you recalled that ever  
you are like god for someone  
have you ever made love with a fancied one  
have you ever tasted that happiness  
and when you woke up in the morning  
have you ever felt that pleasure in your weariness  
have you ever thought of the future  
looking at a mirror  
have you ever enlightened the darkest nights  
have you ever laughed  
when you were crying and weeping  
have you ever danced  
when you were listening to the gloomiest symphony  
have you ever thought we had departed  
have you ever seen me smiling even once without you  
have you ever thought of me dying suddenly  
and with your love burning for you  
and become a fistful of ash for you

Derya BAYKAL

Translation metin ŞAHİN

Metin Sahin

# Every Morning

every morning...he takes his off...his eyes...from their places...clumsily...lazily...as he...as he leaves out..and gets out of his dreams...then he...puts on his feet...counts his arms..and if his fingers are in their right places and complete...he places his head to its usual place...he then takes out his stomach....pours some tea in it....and silently...goes out...leaves to work...there he takes out his feet again...he fills his head with many troubles....in evening he returns home..his lonely home...then counts his broken hopes...he leaves one of his feet in the kitchen..the other on the streets....then scatters his fingers in the house...then goes....to sleep...to dreams...

Metin Sahin

# Fake Flowers

&#305; do not like fake flowers  
having no soul and odor  
dry and like ice  
they gaze with their icy..cold eyes  
they try to smell  
but only in imitation  
but have no smell or odor  
&#305; n the natural flowers  
you find the all the mixture and voices  
of the colors and the odors  
they smell  
like a beloved..like a comrade..like a mother  
and they flow into you  
like a colorful fountain  
one is man made  
the other GOD made  
one wavers and boasts "ME..ME..MEE..  
the other gives real friendship and love  
and GOD..the one who looks at us  
and protects us from above  
Ali TURK KESKIN....translat&#305; on Metin &#350; AHIN

Metin Sahin

# Family Homes

everybody's mother is beautiful and brave  
but my mother was little bit different  
And was at the top of them  
she was the bravest...the most beautiful..and the cleverest  
we lived in a house  
a very very ancient an and old house  
&#305; ts plaster worn out and falling down  
once a big and beautiful of our nomad ancestors  
the camels of the long caravans used to rest in its garden  
now the rooms of the house is rented to families in poverty  
the kitchen...and laundry and washing were common for all  
there was a in wall cupboard for bath in every room  
in one of this rooms upstairs we lived  
my mother..my brother and me  
hiring it  
they called these rooms faqmiliy homes  
in turkish  
in our homeland in turkey  
in one of these rooms  
lived shoe maker...rather a cobbler  
with his son..daughter and wife  
they were our beloved neighbours  
he own the the room from his ancestors  
the cobbler loved hunting  
and had a pecul&#305; ar political opinion of his own  
at downstairs  
ther was a workman  
came from his village  
a very poor family indeed  
wherever he found he worked  
if he could  
my mother used to help the family  
she was found of this very very  
one day &#305; heard the family went to germany  
for food and living  
my brother and me  
were attending to a boarding school in istanbul  
we used to come to our family home  
in summer vacations

we were very happy in those days  
with our room neighbours  
my brother me and my mother  
but these poor happy did not last long  
we grew up  
my brother an archaeology professor  
me a district governor  
but we have never forgotten  
those family houses  
and the friendship and solidarity in them  
we remember  
those family houses from time to time  
they are demolished now  
high buildings are erected in their places  
and my mother gone heaven in 14th december 1994  
her grave near a cross road waiting  
& always pray for her  
& feel she is always near me..guarding me  
she was the bravest...most beautiful and the cleverest  
& have ever seen  
life is not an easy plaything

Metin Sahin

# Famine

Jackal..howled with a long breath into the air  
and wove into the night its voice like a tolling knell  
wavering from the mountains onto the plains

it is a few days away entering june  
fading yellow rubbed its back against the ears of the wheats  
dropping them from their long..lean stems

the water once flowing in abundance with high noise  
which ground the wheat into flour went somewhere and  
diminished from the water ways  
the milk of the mountain fig lost  
the dog grass did not grow hid themselves in their roots  
the white meat of the shah cock weighing many kilos  
exhausted and melted itself own  
till down  
for the first time  
a faded ear of wheat in the middle of the plain  
saw far awaythe rainless approaching white cloud  
at the pinkish dawn  
and wholly dried up in vain

jackal...held its breath and walked away to hell  
and wove into the night its voice like a tolling knell  
wavering from the mountains into the plains  
and the smell of the burnt wheat in the hairy black rag-sack  
spread everywhere

Nedrat GURCAN translation metin sahin

Metin Sahin

# Fancy

listen to the voices falling into my bosom  
gaze at my newly aroused eyes  
let us go..let us go before comes th dawn  
together with you my love together to the infinite horizon

when the first flames of the morning are in blazes  
let us enter a fancy..a lightened tree  
let us ascend to the summit of that mountain suddenly  
let dissappear beyond the houses of the city

a yellow canary is on a green limb of a tree  
let her sing with her merriest voice  
with a melody noone knows  
let us get drunk in the most transparent waters

with the sweet senses swaddling our souls  
like babies running to their mothers  
let us sing and mourn like a dove  
let drink our voices the waters in love

there is nothing more beautiful than a fancy in this world  
as reconciling as sweet as loves  
let us fly with the wind winged birds  
to a new world which rises up in our fancies  
Ekrem TASKINSEL  
translation Metin SAHIN

Metin Sahin

# Farewell Summer Good\_Bye

I live in Lake District in Turkey  
for four years  
as a permanent resident  
after retirement  
It is the hometown of my wife  
rose district  
iti is also called  
the city Isparta  
famous with her roses  
especially with oil roses  
rose o&#305; Is  
spilling on all over the world  
scenting differently  
the off spring are walk&#351; ng  
in obidiency  
and silently and politely  
holding their kins hands tightly  
what a sight  
but this summer  
roses are in bankruptcy  
nowadays  
the purple and pink thistles  
are turning brownish yellow  
the sparrows..the finches...the goldfinches  
are entering the uncultivated gardens scarcely  
they have lost most of their joys  
the sunflowers are opening wide  
seeing the hottest sun  
the butterflies are flying joyfully  
the ancient house seems more desolate  
her walls are mor wrinkled this year  
at nights  
&#305; cannot see any light  
where are the olden women  
living there  
coping with themselves and life  
the poplars around are hissing and whispering  
in the winds  
the green began to yellow

all my hopes are hollow  
the crows  
crow crow crow  
and the madman  
crows just like them  
in the morning  
the hazelnuts are still hanging on the trees  
the grain be cut and scythed  
some stains fell on the weather  
&#305; feel  
the hot days  
will not last much further  
farewell summer  
good\_bye  
oh the last butterfly of summer  
fly fly fly  
when you are able to fly

Metin Sahin

# Five Minutes Please I By Nazim Hikmet

it happened  
on one tuesday evening  
may be in autumn  
in çankırı city in TURKEY  
the day was bright  
the weather was good  
a crowd of people  
gathered in the CITY GARDEN  
eating ice-cream  
drinking soft drinks  
chatting  
as if entertaining  
they were also listening to the news  
on the public loud-speaker  
a child cried  
the wolf-hound of the gendarme lieutenant  
ran to the garden gate  
suddenly  
the woman in blues  
asked the tonnage  
of the biggest war tanks  
when she got the answer  
she shut her mouth  
with her hands and cried  
in horror  
as the spectacled physics teacher  
was explaining how the loud-speaker worked  
to his daughter crippled  
a leaf fell down slowly  
from the chestnut tree  
a man cleared her nose  
noisily and shamefully  
with his handkerchief  
and just at ten past six  
the extra ordinary event  
I mentioned occured  
piraye..my wife  
kemal and I were outside  
we were in the gaol garden

cause I was a prisoner of poem  
the loud-speaker was inside the city garden  
just at the oppsite side..before us  
the loud-speaker was painted green  
the loud-speaker was stuck  
at the top of a bare..long iron post  
the loud speaker was talking  
with a wet woman voice  
it was announcing a news and saying so  
the enemy has left many dead  
in the war front  
all the motirised army corps....

Metin Sahin

# Five Minutes Please Ii By Nazim Hikmet

then  
suddenly  
a mannish dry voice interfered  
and interrupted the feminine wet voice  
it said  
sister  
do not fear  
why the hell  
you look weird at the dead  
left in the war-front  
why do you ignore and belittle them  
the dead  
do not do harm  
to the human beings  
please draw and step aside for a while  
we have one or two words to say to the crowd  
lasting five minutes  
we will only talk for just one minutes  
let us address  
I am  
Mafeo  
I am  
John  
I am Hans  
I am Gilbert  
we were the four fighting soldiers  
and now of the living dead....  
on hearing these  
Kemal  
under his hunched back  
began to pant from his nose  
quickly  
the golden veined green eyes  
of Piraye..my wife  
opened wider and wider  
just at that moment  
I recalled to take notes



## Five Minutes Please Iii

AND NOW

I narrate the words of that evening to you  
just as I heard from green loud-speaker  
thus said the mannish dry voice  
we are four fighting soldiers  
now..of the walking and living dead  
now we have no arms  
now we have no head  
now... we have no bodies  
on one afternoon heat  
we fell to to the ground on our faces  
we covered our heads with our arms  
and heavy war tanks walked and crossed on us  
we have noi bodies now  
but we are not pitying for them  
as we pity for our hands and our heads  
I am Gilbert  
I used to be proud of my hands  
for many times  
I have seen them  
falling wearily on my knees and pondering  
in vain  
perhaps they were  
more clever and wiser than me  
I am Gilbert  
one of the Breton villagers  
I am Mafeo  
I used to love my head very much  
my head was embedded in it  
and it stayed hungry three days a week  
but stood sure of itself..upright  
with its lean..black moustaches  
on my body  
I am Mafeo  
of Naples  
of Italy...A noeopoltian  
a composer

Nazım Hikmet

Metin Sahin

# Floods And Disasters

floods...floods...floods  
nature made disasters  
and man made disasters  
circle the mankind  
all over the world  
and warlords accept  
the NOBEL PRIZE without shame  
signing the war budget with fame  
hurricanes...hurricanes...hurricanes  
all over the world  
what is this  
on the sacrifice feast eve  
are we sin ful  
in turkey and in Philipinnes  
forgive us the ALMIGHTY  
forgive all the manhood and the muslims  
graves...graves..graves  
all over the countries  
what is this  
candles...candles...candles  
flowers...flowers...flowers  
on the graves  
and the children  
innocent children playing on them  
and talking with the dead  
death and life  
side by side  
peace and war  
side by side  
after disasters  
man made or nature made  
some live in heaven  
some live on earth  
after disasters  
life goes on  
turning on and on  
no change  
some take the nobel prize without shame  
disasters swept away

all my feelings  
are we living or dying  
not knowing  
not knowing

Metin Sahin

# Fright

ROBESON...

my eagle winged canary  
they do not let us sing  
our folk songs  
my pearl teethed black brother  
they do not want us sing  
our folk songs  
they are frightened ROBESON  
they are afraid of daybreak  
they are afraid of  
laughing..hearing and touching  
they are afraid of crying  
like being washed by rain  
all naked and nude  
they are afraid of laughing  
as biting a firm ripe quince  
they are afraid of loving as FERHAD  
in our national love epic  
I know you have many epics  
like FERHAD's in your country too  
they are afraid of seed and terra cota and soil  
they are afraid of  
flowing water and of remembering  
they have never experienced a friendly hand  
without asking anything as  
reduction...commission and time  
flown and landed on their palms  
they have never experienced such a thing  
they are afraid of hopes ROBESON  
they are afraid of hopes  
they are afraid of hopes robeson my dear brother  
they are frightened my eagle winged canary  
they are afraid of our folk songs ROBESON  
my eagle winged..pearl teethed black friend  
My brother

Metin Sahin

# Getting Bored Of L&#304; Fe And Living

IF THIS IS LIFE AND LIVING.....THANKS.....I DO NOT WANT TO TAKE  
MORE.....LET THE REST AND REMAINING BE YOURS.....

Metin Sahin

# Giving Birth To A New World By Nazim Hikmet

His mother has given birth to a boy for me  
an eye browless..blond boy  
lying in his swaddling clothes all in blues  
a light ball..weighing three kilos  
when my son came to the world  
children were born in KOREA  
like yellow sun flowers  
mc arthur massacred them all  
they without being fed with their mothers' breasts  
when my son came to the world  
children were born in greek dungeons  
their fathers were shot to death  
they first saw the iron bars  
as if the first to be seen in this world  
when my son came to the world children were born in anatolia  
blue eyed..black eyed...grey eyed babies  
they were attacked by louses  
as soon as they were born  
how many of them will remain alive  
god knows  
when my son reaches my age  
i will not be on this world and be gone  
but the world will be a wonderful cradle  
rocing all the children  
the world will be a blkue satin cloth matressed  
a lovely and peaceful cradle

Metin Sahin

# Good Neighbour

OH..the good neighbour, we could not find you very easily  
we long for in a long year your serene comforting balcony  
we stood wineless in the middle of the burning hot plain  
all over wearied and our lips dry, cracked and drain

we began our journey towards you when the gypcies were migrating  
we stopped on the places flowing brooks and picked up roses in the morning  
we drew our cart to slopes with two horses  
now we have come to you difficultly on the ungreased axles

there is the most fleshy sheep from our herd  
the most fresh and live yogurt from the newly tinned bucket  
we prepared the most delicious cheese in the furry-bag for you  
we all have come full..it is our turn, the year to offer to you

oh the good neighbour, at last we have found and reached you  
let us celebrate this and dance the black sea folk dance horon immediately  
before you sweep up and all clean your september balcony

Nedret GURCAN... Translation metin sahin

Metin Sahin

# Hope

they put the man  
in front of the water  
on a wheel chair  
he could not walk  
six men  
with his invalid chair  
may be they were next of kin  
may be close friends  
may be blood-friends  
nearly six men  
carried the man  
that was not able to walk  
in front of the water  
in the middle of the greenery  
thanks GOD  
I can walk  
in the pool  
there wre ducks..pigeons  
and under the small bridge  
white rabbits  
moon was budding  
in spite of the shining sun  
under the clouds secretly  
&#305; t was almost evening  
the last days of summer  
hot and very hot  
the moon was budding  
hidden under the clouds  
I asked everybody  
to ask a wish  
, &#305; do not know if theybut &#305; know you asked  
from your eyes  
sun was setting crimson  
when serenity of the evening approached  
the ducks dived into the water  
I wanted to dive with them  
in this cool water  
the weather was hot...very hot  
the man wore the greenery

in front of the water  
the man who could not walk  
but he was still filled with hope  
smiling  
even he cannot walk  
he could see the others  
who can walk  
he wore the greenery  
in front of the water  
he was still smiling with hope  
may be someday  
he hoped he could walk  
on our table  
the flowers were blooming and greening  
I as if being guilty  
was looking at your blue..green eyes  
hopeless  
the distance between us  
was elongating as the days passed  
and our hopes  
were looking for new mornings  
as the setting sun  
to rise up again  
even the man who cannot walk  
was hopeful than us

Metin Sahin

# How

how  
nuts are breded in their shells  
how  
they swing on their trees  
they are chests hidden in nature  
how  
a silk worm weaves in her cocoon  
and she turns to a butterfly  
spoiling the cocoon  
how  
it rains from the clouds  
how  
with white snow fall from the sky  
which finger does not hurt  
when cut  
my mother used to say to her children  
how  
blossoms the spring flowers  
how the trees  
return and are covered to greens  
how  
resist the last fall flowers  
to cold  
how  
death knocks at your door at any time  
even if you do not expect the visit  
however  
somehow  
we will go to somewhere else one day  
in turn  
what and how  
we will leave things behind  
bad or good  
the most of the attendants  
in our last funeral prayer  
will be the stranger &#305; know  
the ones who acqu&#305;ts us from our sins  
are the strangers evidently  
do not ever die

if it is in your hands  
when you die  
you are buried immediately  
you and your memories  
as the days pass  
you are forgotten  
your memories are faded slowly and slowly

Metin Sahin

# How Are You All

when I am well  
and in my happy good days  
many hands try to reach me  
and try to shake my hands  
they hang my picture  
on the top corner  
always to see  
but when each time  
the iron gates close on me  
and when each time  
behind the stone walls  
I am obliged to reside  
nobody looks for me  
nobody asks how I am  
never mind  
nothing to bother  
nothing to worry  
that is better this way  
my loyal friends  
in this way  
I will only be grateful  
and owe everything to you  
how are you all today  
my human hands  
sorry  
excuse me  
I also  
In my good days  
In my happy days  
I neglect  
and forget you too....?  
Nazım HİKMET

Translation Metin ŞAHİN

Metin Sahin

# How Severe Is The Winter There

what a severe winter  
wild..white...cold and frozen  
my slum childhood is oozing  
from the roofs and fringes  
and from the frozen ice sticks  
hanging down  
how severe is the winter  
let the children play snowball  
make snow statues and snowman  
and put a carrot in his nose  
and hide and seek  
and pray never get sick  
let the sky be all blue  
where all the birds and white gulls fly  
smoothly..happily; ly..singly  
let all the birds perch  
on the branches of a big tree  
in the greenery..peacefully  
what a sea  
clear and clean and indigo  
let life go  
let her open her bosom as her name  
to the white sails and undying living joys  
what a tree  
let it be ever green  
yielding fruits for all  
what a world  
let peace overwhelm  
where everybody find asylum and sanctuary  
there  
live happily and in harmony

Metin Sahin

# I Am A Poet

I am a poet  
&#305; was born a poet  
&#305; feel that from my childhood  
why the storks  
chatter on the chimneys  
and nest there  
their young beak black  
their eggs catch cold in winter  
&#305; am a poet  
but sometimes &#305; am misunderstood  
that upsets me  
very  
sometimes people scold me  
why the hell you look at me  
strangely  
they say  
do &#305; resemble someone  
do you recognise me  
&#305; am just a poet  
&#305; cannot say  
&#305; s &#305; t my fault  
to be born poet  
&#305; wanna write a poem about you  
so &#305; look and try to understand  
your attitude  
why does this bother you  
&#305; was born so  
&#305; watch a little child  
leaving her mother  
throwing herself to the water shower  
in the pool in spring  
then &#305; ask the child to return to mother  
cause she is looking eagerly looking AFTER  
does not like a stranger  
she does not know what a poet is too  
and lives plain and direct  
&#305; am a poet  
&#305; wish  
&#305; were not born so

&#305; long for a humble and simple life  
living may be in poverty  
cause understands me nobody  
even the closest around me

Metin Sahin

# I Am Going

THAT is whast you want  
you meant  
you wanted me go  
and leave  
that is alright for me  
iam going  
and lkeaving you  
if you do not regret  
and do not be sorry later  
let us all happen  
as you wish  
if you do not want me love you  
if you do not fancy  
to be loved by me  
let everyhthing happen  
as you wish  
the days i have  
lived with you  
are enough for me  
if it is very difficult  
to bear  
and make feel paiunful  
and if i cannot bear it  
easily  
let may what will happen  
that is to say  
there is no death at the end  
but offend by my words  
to think the life without you  
pains me a lot  
once there were  
good days waiting for us  
you promised  
your hands  
would  
always be in my hands  
once you said  
your body  
would not forget

what it has lived  
with my body  
but never mind  
forget them all  
never the less  
I am going away  
and leaving  
may you be happy

ferda BAYKAL Translation Metin ŞAHİN  
and

Metin Sahin

# I Am Not In My Mood

I am not in my mood today  
I do not want to paint the sky  
I want to paint all the seas and oceans grey  
and wanna tear my shirt into pieces  
how many living sank in the oceans  
the largest being titanic  
do not want to walk  
do not want to sing  
do not want to speak  
am not in my mood  
got bored of everything  
especially living  
walking...talking speaking  
going to job in harmony  
the returning from job  
home the same home for years  
gossiping the same gossips  
reading the same papers  
same politics  
win to win covered everywhere  
who are poor nobody care  
like a soldier  
fighting the same battle  
sitting in the same arm chair  
watching the same tv.  
reading the same books  
swimming the same pool  
lying at the same bed  
with the same woman  
who is she  
sometimes cannot remember  
have got bored of everything  
nothing can soothe me  
nothing can heal the state  
no mood  
no mood  
no mood  
just stood  
like a statue

mot&#305; unless  
do not want tgo paint the sky blue  
&#305; want to paint the seas  
and the oceans grey and stormy  
we are becoming  
more senseless  
much senseless  
the most senseless  
no light  
bewildering in the hor&#305; zon  
oh lord  
my god  
grant us  
some joy and living  
mercy  
especially  
strength for praying  
for the sins  
we have done  
to be forgiven  
unfortunately we are all human  
prone to sins  
and the one and the last forgiver  
of human and all living is you  
even &#305; am not &#305; n my mood  
&#305; only depend on you.....

Metin Sahin

# I Want To Love

I want to smile  
as I want  
free  
when i have the chance  
when I am able to smile  
let the rain not fall from eyes like a shower  
anymore  
only let it drizzle slowly  
when I am glad and happy  
let not my senses get blunt  
let me love...let me be loved  
when I am able to love  
let me live my love freely  
let my loves not be hidden  
in secret corners and deep..hidden places and pits  
let my heart not be stamped and sealed  
let me openit to the ones who love me  
and to my love  
and not hinder my freedom  
of to be loved to love  
let me not it inside hold  
even if my hand-cuffs are made of gold

Ferda BAYKAL...translation Metin SAHIN

Metin Sahin

# It Is Snowing In Darkness I

neither a voice from away  
aloof  
neither settling the lines of a poem  
to make the obscure more obscure  
neither to embroider the rhyme  
with the skillfulness of a jeweller  
nor a beautiful word  
nor a deep salute, deep greeting  
thanks god  
I am over and over  
at the summit of evrything  
may be a tower tonight  
Tonight  
I am a plain street singer  
with a novice..clumsy voice  
whihch sings a song  
you can never hear  
it is snowing in darkness  
you stand in front pf the MADRID GATE  
aqainst you is an army  
killing  
our hopes  
our longings  
our freedom  
and our children  
and it is snowing  
it is shivering  
it is cold  
you stay bold  
and may be tonight  
your wet feet are shivering  
and now  
at this time at night  
a bullet may strike you  
and might be embedded  
somewhere in your body  
then  
there never be  
nor snow

nor wind  
nor night  
nor darkness  
for you

Nazım hikmet

Metin Sahin

# Journey

far... far away at night  
the illumination of the airports  
reflected in the sky like a white fire  
and the trains  
which I had missed tore and carried away  
something from me  
and dived into the darkness sparkling and brilliant  
I have made a journey  
I have made a journey  
the eyes of the human beings were whiter than the white  
the decayed waters were smelling carrions  
I have crossed the swamp of the stupidity and the lies  
I have made a journey  
with the women..stooping  
their fists pressed firmly on their stomachs  
and with the women  
running bare feet in front of the winds  
I have made a journey  
with the dead who were forgotten  
in the battle-fields..in the barricades  
and in the trenches  
I have made a journey  
crossing the cities  
whose pitch roads were wet with the dawn  
in the lorries carrying the prisoners  
I have made a journey  
new buildings were being erected in the construction sites  
very green were the hopes  
like newly sprouting pines  
and underneath the earth  
1000 meters below the ground  
lamps of fire-damp were burning hesitantly in silent glows  
on the fore-heads of the human beings  
I have made a journey  
in moonlight..at night..and in daylight  
with four seasons  
with all the times and ages  
with bugs..with grass and with the stars  
and together with the most honest men on earth

that is to say  
like a merciful violin or a fiddle  
or being cruel like a child who cannot talk yet  
or being courageous like a child who cannot speak yet  
or shortly to say  
with the ease of the birds  
who are ready to die  
or ready to live for thousands of years

Nazım HİKMET

Translation...Metin ŞAHİN

Metin Sahin

# Leisure

IT is two days  
since I have been reading a book  
in the garden  
without moving a bit  
I have no energy even to rise my arms  
the boy of my neighbour..cemile's tenant's is playing a violin  
he first began playing  
when I first came here  
two years ago  
, do  
and now chaikovsky  
it is two years  
in these years  
he has accomplished a great work  
and I  
what have I done since now  
my years flowed like a sea without fish  
and are flowing still so  
why do I live  
I do not know  
even a small girl on her grandfather's shoulders  
is looking around  
to discover the world she lives in  
my mother's chrysanthemums blooming in the garden  
in multi colors  
is it enough for me  
to live leisurely  
to claim  
to watch the chrysanthemums blooming  
to read a book translated by Omer RIZA  
and to listen to the neighbour'S VIOLIN  
IF ONLY I could have been the one  
who had grown those chrysanthemums  
nowadays  
perhaps I can come to visit you  
not to chat and talk  
but for only  
to look at your face  
may be I can find

what I am searching in your face  
all the faces I see are unaware and senseless  
nowadays  
how is your face  
is it full of sense  
and comforting

Nazım HİKMET Translation Metin ŞAHİN

Metin Sahin

# Life And Death

life and death  
interwoven with each other  
in one of my hands life  
and death in the other  
when i see a young girl smile  
I become alive and alive  
when I see an old woman cry  
I die...I die  
what is this bird  
high and high flying  
crying and crying  
who is that woman  
on her baton  
praying and praying  
her grey hairs  
lonely ans alone  
who lived in this maison  
demolished and desolate  
who are these unfortunate  
left barren and bare  
them who will care  
life and death  
woven together  
oh..the only almighty god ALLAH  
salah ans salah  
salvation and salvation  
save all your creatures  
you have created trhem all  
let them enter a world  
where death and life both  
them will comfort  
let them again and again revive  
to be again and again alive  
salah and salah  
salvation and salvation  
death and life are interwoven  
like despair and joy  
when i see a little girl smile  
I revive and revive

when I see an old woman cry  
I die and die

Metin Sahin

# Life Is Poem

to me life is a poem.....maybe a child's singing and crying.....sometimes.....when I wake up.....I go to a park.....in my leisure.....though I am alwaysss leasured by life.....I sit on a desolate bank.....look around...what I see.....The sparrows eating our troubles.....hopping around.....to me.....they are the hopping champions of life.....easing our troubles....when there is a sparrow.....there must be a life...of some how.....some what....I watch the people by passing.....there is the blind couple.....with their white white long stick....tapping...&#305; t is a music played &#305; n pavement stones....composed by them....listen to it....sometimes a black crow crows....writing his black poem, , , , , , tearing our ear drums....to me life is poem.....the crying of the living...good or bad....&#305; wish....I had written this piece...like a child.....they are my beloved ones and friends...who me only understands...and write poem s best.....

Metin Sahin

# Lonely Poplar

LONELY WHITE POPLAR  
GROWING UP RAPIDLY TOWARDS HEAVEN  
YOU ARE WAVING YOUR HAND TO ME  
AND TRYING TO REACH SOMEONE ABOVE  
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ME NOTICE YOUU  
ON THESE HOT DAYS OF JULY  
DO NOIT TH&#304; NK  
I HAVE FORGOTTEN YOU  
I EVEN KNOW  
HOW MANY BLACK CROWS  
CROWS EAGERLY AND OBSTINATELY ON YOU  
NESTLING I IN YOUR GREEN  
HOW CAN I FORGET YOU  
YOU WERE MY ONLY FRIEND  
WHEN I BROKE MY THIGH  
IN THE COLD WINTER  
YOU WERE MY ONLY FRIEND  
I SAW YOU DROPPING YOUR LEAVES  
I EVEN SAW YOU NAKED WITHOUT THE LEAVES  
I SAW YOU LEAFEN&#304; NG IN SPRING  
I SAW YOU IN HARSH WINDS  
BENDING UP AND DOWN  
WHEN SNOW FELL  
YOU WERE MY ONLY FRIEND  
WHEN I WAS SITTING ON A CHAIR  
AND WHEN I WAS WALKING WITH A BATON  
STUMBLING HERE AND THERE  
TO AND FRO  
LONELY GREEN POPLAR IN SUMMER  
YOU WERE WAVING YOUR HANDS TO ME  
YIU WERE MY ONLY FRIEND  
IN MY LONELY DAYS  
HOW CAN I FORGET YOU

Metin Sahin

# Longing Through The Seasons

ARE WE CHANGING...or the seasons...the last leaves of the trees...tend not to fall from the trees...the last flowers of fall tend not to bloom again....are we changing or the seasons...are we changing or the seasons...happy tiny fingers caress the whiteness of the falling snow near the window pane...at the other side...bare feet are shivering in the snow...as though match seller girl of andersen has revived again..some people are begging in the wilderness for piece of bread..are we changing or the seasons..an old woman her hair bleached by snow opening her hand..for a stand...are we CHANGING OR THE SEASONS....the last flowers of the seasons of the seasons tend not to bloom again...I envy the struggle between the seasons for being and overwhelming....and when every season changes...I long for a new fresh life and world towards goodness...beauty...peace and brother hood.....

Metin Sahin

# Love And Men

God creates men  
to be couples and double  
adorns the heart with love  
woman wing to man  
if she knows to fly  
happiness comes from love  
completes itself with tolerance  
if they love each other  
the gloomy days are forgotten  
love reaches the summit  
woman becomes more beauty with man  
if man embraces with love  
you always in a race in life  
accustom to happiness soon  
all the handicaps are overcome  
if love comes from inside  
you solve all the puzzles  
every night becomes day  
if they are crying..smiling  
and laughing together  
if the spouses are loyal  
in love  
everything becomes royal  
the fruits of it worth the world  
say no more about love  
if the poet goes on saying  
it will become a lie

Metin Sahin

# Love Is A Remedy

human being flesh..bones and water  
filled with mistakes and sins  
soul develops every  
love is a remedy  
you are looking bluntly  
you cannot see properly  
try to weave designs will you  
you will see  
when you love your enemy  
love is a remedy  
when shared  
joy and sadness becomes better  
finding love enough  
love is a remedy for all  
soul is transient  
belongs to the lord  
do not forget this ever all  
love is remedy for all  
Lord commanded and ordered love  
according to the PROPHETS  
in this way better will be the good morality  
love is a remedy  
let us meet..know each other  
let us try this once evenly  
for all love is a remedy  
metin sahin

Metin Sahin

# Lullaby

my beloved soul  
shut your eyes slowly and slowly  
and gently  
and like diving into water  
all naked and white  
enter a sleep  
there  
the most beautiful and lovely dreams  
are waiting for you  
then LULLABY  
my beloved soul  
LULLABY  
help yourself  
leave yourself free  
as you were in embracement of mine  
and my bosom  
shut your eyes softly and gently  
do not forget me in your sleep  
lullaby  
with your greenish grey eyes  
lullaby my soul  
lullaby  
you are upstairs  
in the fruitful limbs of the green trees  
your grey eyes full of sun  
your lips mingled with honey  
and I am downstairs  
with one of my feet in the pit  
I will leave this world much much earlier  
than you  
never the less  
you will be left  
without me in your old ages  
Nazım HİKMET  
translation Metin sahin

Metin Sahin

# Memories And Dreams

jailhouse  
evening  
spring  
memories  
memories  
the place  
where memories waver  
the moment they are heard  
the season  
they are smelled  
and felt  
a picture  
neither a frame around  
nor a name underneath  
gazes at me  
from the inside of the iron bars  
falling on the walls  
perhaps  
this picture is hers  
may be the other's  
may be of both  
where is she now  
where is the other one  
where am I  
like invisible birds  
crossing the mountains  
crossing the oceans  
only  
our memories  
binds us together  
in our dreams  
may be  
forever and forever

NazIM HİKMET

Translation Metin ŞAHİN

Metin Sahin

# Mona Lisa

when I first saw her....I wasd a little child...I said mother...was she bearing me...in her...then as I grew up...she became my beloved...how many beloveds..she might have seen that, , , she tickled...smiled..and laughed...Oh....mona Lisa...mpna lisa...you have broken my heart....

Metin Sahin

# My Prayer

My GOD.. my LORD

I now understood only you can live lonely without needing anybody

I have endured all kinds of sufferings help me

grant me a little bit of joy of living

a little bit of hope

grant a little bit of aim

to be the goal of my living

prevent me from being a sinful human being

send away the temptation of sins from me

lower down..send them to the bottom of the ABYS in PAMUKKALE

or take my soul immediately to the EVE of your KINGDOM

most of my kins and friends have already gone one by one

I feel living in their loneliness..in their loneliness

not enough hands on them when they were needy

but I could not help them also

but I expect everything from the others in vain

no joy of living

death is strolling around in many ways

but still all of us are afraid of death unaccustomed

which is colder and whiter than snow

and grinning greener than green

I only want help from you my god mylord

you can only help

do not make me dependant at the hands of my relatives..friends

take me to your kingdom

do not make me lose trust in you

up up above and wherever else

prevent me from accomplishing sins

heal my heart

cleanse my feelings

send LUCIFER away from me

or else

It would be very difficult to forgive me

deliver me from this worldly life

from the temptations of excess secularity

save me from this agony

put a little bit of hope and joy of living in my heart

every morning

save me and all the human beings

I think I have completed my work on this world  
must live in another world  
every second  
every minute  
every hour  
every day  
is a suffering for me  
aimless and unbearable  
grand joy of living  
take me to your KINGDOM  
where eternal life and rest wait  
that would be enough for me even a little bit  
do not make me suffer me  
and suffer myself anymore  
even just forgive  
my not easy to be forgiven sins  
THANKS MY LORD

Metin Sahin

# My Soul

A WIND OUTSIDE....darkness all around  
on the windows searching aND tochsng a hand  
a voice is calling me  
fears are filling inside

a thin rain is drizzling all around  
falling also on my note-book on my table  
my eyes look nowhere but there  
stop this rain oozing into my soul..stop it now

the wind outside is my own breath  
the darkness is my own soul  
stop this this rain...my etes stop it now  
calling myself steadily for a long time  
it cannot hear it..my voice..screaming has gone off  
EKREM TASKINSEL  
translation...Metin SAHIN

Metin Sahin

# My Young Beloved's Bag

my young beloved's bag is very big  
as a fashion; on nowadays in young girls  
hanging on the shoulder  
usually black  
like the soldier boots she puts on  
that she used to boot me  
sometimes in anger  
what are there inside the black big bag  
you can never guess  
she carries everything in it  
as the mall she works in  
sometimes she puts the mall key in  
because she is very secure  
and tough  
the bag is as if all her life  
first comes the cell-phone  
though she cannot find it easily  
then her loved ones  
sometimes she hides them in it  
whom she wants to hide even from me  
tjen tweezers  
a lot of make ups  
sometimes even shoes and slippers  
may be a bottle of rose water  
or a bottle of drinking water  
toothpastes..pads..tooth brushes  
even cleaning papers, napkins, toilet papers,  
lipsticks, boxes of creams, balms, clippers  
my young is like the mall she works in  
what else are there in the black bag  
you can never guess  
various and any kinds of several things  
you can NEVER imagine; MAGNETIC; NE  
or can imagine  
even she wants to park her car in it  
but there is no room for the car yet  
because she carries me in her black big bag too  
and locks me there  
in case she can escape and leave her lonely

never the less  
&#305; know  
she loves me most  
above everything  
in her bag  
she bears me and carries me everywhere

Metin Sahin

# Not Anything Of Me

you are not anything of mine  
lesser than the things &#305; write  
are you not anything or something else for me  
I am not sure..I do not know  
whiter than what is needed  
you are not anything of mine  
your being or not being is not known  
you are on the old harbour may be  
how you are a star shining in my darkness  
you drew with your lips on the window-glass  
in the hotels of the fall mostly  
searching the sleepness of a college girl  
how ugly is her loneliness  
may be lethal  
at dawn may be her cowardice be much lethal too  
her ears on the telephone bells  
which are going to ring  
when will they ring nobody knows  
you are not anything of mine  
whom I never made love with  
still you are on a blank page of an unwritten novel  
are you nothing of mine  
I still do not understand..I still do not know  
even the very screams cannot delet or erase  
already you are not seen from the window of a leaving train  
my love...you are like a strange song  
like trre dampened with rain  
are you nothing or something else for me  
I call for in the middle of my sleep..in the middle of my dream  
with my childish voice..crying  
tell me my love  
do you still insist on being nothing to me

Atila; &#304; LHAN..Translated to English by Metin SAH&#304; N

Metin Sahin

# Obama The Huseyin

OBAMA

for the first time in history era  
the descendant from kenya  
has come to power  
all over the world  
there is trauma  
el kaide  
taliban  
terror organisations  
in pakistan  
in afghanistan  
in &#305; rak  
and in iran  
border with nuclear russia  
obama has come to power  
all over the world  
war...war....war  
thge problems are sore...sore...sore  
never changed a little bit more...more...more  
how will he look at  
how will he treat  
these trauma  
with his black eyes  
or with his white eyes  
obama has come to power  
in hand  
economic problems piling  
ahead  
no where to shelter  
fopr the mortgage struck owners  
and for elder and youngers  
excluded from asylums and hospitals  
or living on streets  
collecting garbage to eat  
obama has come to power  
how will he handle  
the wound and the problems  
with his black hand  
with his left hand

or with his right hand  
seems no sign evident to end  
obama has come to power  
it is with no ease  
difficult...difficult...difficult  
all the nations  
all the people  
to please sooner  
obama has come to power  
even ufos watched with wonder  
even the poet  
sir langston hughes  
wonders and celebrates eagerly from heaven  
over and over  
for his dreams have fulfilled  
obama has come to power  
then nothing for you to do  
but wait and see  
how he can  
with black eyes  
or with white eyes  
with right hands  
with left hands  
with black hands  
or with white hands  
he asked help from god  
no one knows  
whether he prays  
with his muslim heart  
or with his christian heart  
it is between him and god  
no one guesses  
how will he use  
hüseyin and obama....his names  
but what a pity  
we first saw him  
in a banking advertisement  
on a foreign tv  
obama has come to power  
see if he can  
clasp and fix everthing  
and clap them together

Metin Sahin

# Occupation

when the dawn enlightens by the horns of my oxen  
I plow the soil with my pride in my patient struggle  
under my bare feet i feel the soil humid and warm  
with brilliant lights in my arm muscles  
I forge the iron till noon  
the darkness turns to crimson  
in the warmth of the afternoon  
with the most greenes on their leaves  
I gather the newly ripened olives  
all my body and my eyes in lights  
I have always have visitors in my house in every evening  
my door ajar..wide open to every kind of songs  
at night i go into the water knee high  
and I pull the nets from the sea  
full of fish mixed with the shining stars  
now i am responsible from the world  
they ask me  
about the soil, the darkness and the daylight  
I think you understand me  
I am fully occupied and busy  
and you my rose  
do you understand me too  
I am fully occupied staying in love with you  
you just stay there without moving  
in the illumination  
let the shining sun always stay on your green gown  
my wound again has opened suddenly  
the blood is fiercely flowing thorough me  
in my full occupied body  
BURSA 1948

Nazım HİKMET

Translation Metin ŞAHİN

Metin Sahin

# Odes

there is a gaol in bursa..turkey  
there..they imprisoned a giant  
let the flames of my heart  
warm his hand

there is also a hotel in bursa at hand  
in it..stays a beauty  
in front of my eyes  
appears a long..white hand

Nazım hikmet

Metin Sahin

# Oh!

OH! let the lighting clouds come instantly  
from the snowy summit of the Mount Stake  
and let the scythe  
come into the blonde hair of the wheat scything  
and i have put the sedge  
on the rainless back of the field  
from the cloud  
we sowed the field together with my mother  
my sister pruned the grass in needy  
and suckled there her newly born baby  
OH! the endless winter of 72  
OH! come and warm everywhere and us a little bit  
let my melancholic love spring up from my bed  
I have three ears of wheat  
at the large thrashing field of my village  
let the rain and the days sunny  
spread everywhere their beauty  
I do not want too much  
let unbind the infertility of the sky  
guard and save our winter provisions  
for this  
I have descended from the mountain  
to the blonde hair of the wheat for cropping

Metin Sahin

# On The Fifth Day Of The Hunger Strike

my brethren  
I cannot say properly

what I want to say to you  
even not express myself for you sufficiently  
excuse me my cancas.. my brothers excuse me  
I am a little bit drunk  
my head turns dizzily a little bit  
not from the booze  
not from drinking our turkish rakii  
a little bit from hunger  
oh my brethren  
in europe..in asia..in america..in australia..in the poles  
I am not like in hunger strike in the gaol  
I feel like lying on the green moors  
on this month may in the evenings  
and your eyes bright and brilliant  
shining beside my head  
and your hands are united  
act as if only one hand tenderly  
like my mother hand  
like my beloved hand  
like my compatriot mehmet hand  
oh my brethren  
you never have left me alone  
up to this time

and also my country and my people too  
you love mine  
as much as I love yours  
long live my brethren  
for all those  
I thank you all  
my brethren know that  
I have no intention to die nowadays  
I will be in the verses of ARAGON  
which describe the coming beautiful days  
and I will be in the wings of WHITE PIGEON of PICASSO  
and I will live in the country songs of ROBESON

but the main thing is that  
and the most beautiful thing is that  
I will be in the prosperous smiles  
of my comrade dock labourers of MARSEILLES  
my brethren  
I am really very happy  
in full gallop  
galloping with you

Nazım HİKMET

Translation Metin SAHIN

Metin Sahin

# One Day

never the less  
it will happen one day  
i will be back in that city  
one day  
I will stroll on the pavements aimless  
and when I pass that cinema in front careless  
I will remember you  
you the blue-eyed girl  
everything will remind me of you  
i will whistle and whistle ceaseless  
in order not to think of you  
may be it will rain on me and on you  
may be you will not take me under your shelter  
under your beautiful umbrella too  
never the less  
it will happen one day  
it must happen some day  
we will meet again  
in vain  
you will return  
you must return  
you..the blue- eyed girl  
I will tell you on  
my late feelings one by one  
you..never mindingly  
laugh and pass bye mockingly  
I will be left alone on pavements  
with my memories side by side  
never the less  
It will happen one day  
you will be an old woman some day  
you must be an old woman  
and in winter  
tell fairy tales to your garand children  
near the oven..near the fire place  
at that time  
an old man will come  
and will tell you a story  
its memories anew..fresh and lively

that is very difficult to bear  
and from your blue eyes  
will dropp to your wrinkled face  
the tear  
you will want to listen to that story  
over and over again  
but that old old man  
will be gone away  
and be dead long ago  
far far away  
never the less  
it will happen some day  
in life  
it must happen some day

Metin SAHIN

Metin Sahin

# Optimism In Jail

my dear comrades  
send me only the books which write sadness  
and then end at the end happily  
let the aeroplane land on the airport safely  
let the doctor emerge smiling from the surgery  
let the blind eyes of a blind child open and see immediately  
let save the teenager from being shot  
let the longing lovers meet  
let us arrange a wedding and a feast  
let the thirst reach the water  
and the bread reach freedom and liberty  
my dear comrades  
send me only the books writing sadness  
but at the end end with happiness  
things they write and say  
&#305; hope  
will come at the last moment..at the last instant  
to realness

Naz&#305; m H&#304; kMET Translation metin SAH&#304; n

Metin Sahin

# Our Liberation War

the chief commandant  
mustafa kemal ataturk  
uproared  
on his horse upright  
rearing  
armies  
do not stop  
go ahead  
your mission is on top  
your first target  
the mediterranean sea  
the aegen too  
after the last  
chief commandant hood  
field battle  
dumlupınar  
the 30th august 1922  
greek left  
many dead  
behind  
exhausted  
bewildered  
and retreated  
killing women and children  
and burning the oxen  
our armies did not stop  
followed the enemy  
pursuing  
on foot  
some on horse back  
the cavalry was the swiftest  
the trains were whistling  
strangely and prosperously  
and happily  
a little bit strangely  
the people applauding  
our soldiers  
the enemy was swept to the aegen  
in seven days

erected our flag in smryna  
to izmir  
our reign assembly  
escaped in haste  
with the english ships  
what a betrayel limits  
from there homeland  
to england  
those were hard days  
great dayus  
severe days  
no turc must forget  
our republic days were being emerged  
atter the harsh field battle ended  
chief commandant ataturk  
looking at the dead greek soldier  
ly&#305; ng on the ground  
and murmuring to himself asked  
why did you leave your country  
in your youth,  
who persuaded and told you  
to invade our country  
sorry this is our homeland  
we are supposed to defend  
you have come as an enemy  
not a guest  
what a pity  
for you for us  
and for the history  
but the fault is not ours  
it is our enemies'  
we find in our noble blood  
the needed strength  
even if the world is against us  
really  
our has to live forever and eternally  
our history writes it so  
it was 87 years ago  
aturk has delivered  
this mission  
to turkish youth too  
even now still

we have no doubt  
to accomplish though

Metin Sahin

# Outsi De The Prison

outside  
the birds are singing  
the mountains crimson and bare  
the fish-bones of the poplars  
are hidden under the faded yellowish leaves  
since sometime  
a huge stork..patient and a hardworker  
is gathering something from  
the garbage-field  
down there..to build her nest  
when you look from here  
the city seems empty and bare  
the clock tower a little bit far and high  
sruck eleven of the morning  
all my optimism is full in me  
and increasing and filling again  
that never exhausted and finished yet  
that is my peculiar, private treasure  
&#305; hope and say and repeat stubbornly  
we will soon be set free  
&#305; stopped writing my letter  
and I descended to the open strolling-hall  
there is a magnificent sun outside..shining  
oh...the lovely steppes..how I love and long for  
you feel there as you are healing a bit a bit  
a litle and a little  
we talked about you and about this with our comrades  
at this moment...to me  
the world seems full of good fellows  
but nevertheless the evening approaches and comes  
&#304; n vain  
we cannot help it  
we cannot do anything about it  
let it come  
but &#305; am stii hoping we will be set free very soon....  
naz&#305; m H&#304; KMET RAN...

Metin Sahin

# Paul Anka

I put a record or a disc on the turntable...on the old veteran record player...and the disc began to turn by itself on the turntable...what a fantasy....look at the music...shattering the room...to my memories...see it...from ancient scratched old and ancient recorded things....paul ANKA sings in my ears..."I am so young...you are so old..this my darling &#305; have been told.....oh please stay with me diana....and so so so...go record go...take the rust of my ears...the turntable clumsily turns....that takes me to the years...1955 or 1960s....or something later or between....&#305; was a student in a boarding school...in istanbul.....istanbul..istanbul...there must be a song like this nowadays...in desolate rooms on vacations....the songs of paul were my companions to my loneliness....&#305; imagined the seas....lived fancy loves...sung by his songs...but that was in memories....&#305; was in love with the lady with a big umbrella....yes &#305; did it my way....under the voices of dean martin...frank sinatra and santana...the magic woman was our secret....while my brother managing the music room and the piano....&#305; wrote humble poems like these...paul was a famous singer then....a boy genius...world known...years passed so quickly....after 38 years in the home affairs..&#305; retired...become an old poet unknown...but their songs too disappeared....now we live in a world of internet...and easy hand....my lips cannot sing songs....teenaging left....&#305; wonder where were those singers went....the name of paul anka and pat where do they rest.....april love has been forgotten very soon...we live in a world following spoon...hunger is not satisfied with the spoon...but our souls will need them soon....where have they gone....their songs appear on my old veteran lazy turntable ancient...&#305; bought from the flea market...from time to time....come lets listen them...remember our old days...lets sigh a little bit fun

Metin Sahin

# Pavements

there are traces on the pavements  
there are eyes on the pavements  
sadly looking at us  
pavements are like history on strata and decaying leaves  
there are booksful of words on the pavements  
on the pavements  
there are faces  
&#305; haVE BEEN ACqu&#305; Nted with  
looking at me lonely and sadly  
the pavements look as they have come from above  
and constructed there  
on the pavements  
there are many memories carved  
there are lonely traces on the pavements  
there are eyes on the pavements  
we tread on  
&#305; have acquainted with... faces look at me sadly and lonely  
the pavements must have drunk from various waters  
from many sourCes and fountains  
who guesses who passed and gone on this pavements?  
there are traces on the pavements  
there are faces on the pavements  
looking at me..lonely and sadly  
when &#305; walk  
and stroll on them lonely and slowly and slowly  
Ali TÜRK KESK&#304; N Translat&#305; on Metin SAH&#304; N

Metin Sahin

## Poem For Raki (Raki Is Turkish Brandy)

thanks GOD  
rage and vengeance never conquered me  
&#305; have never thought of being a governor  
or a d&#305; plomat  
&#305; have never..never run after elections  
this is the world  
some goes after his lusts  
some struggles for his l&#305; v&#305; ng and to live  
but drinking rak&#305;  
is another..another world  
for comfort yourself  
you fill the mug or the little glass of something  
and begin to ponder and think  
you eat also something  
bur rak&#305; does not eat with you  
never says do not talk  
and do not laugh  
but always rak&#305; says the last word  
and decides the last decision  
if it wants it kills you  
if it wants to make you laugh you laugh  
if it wants  
it darkends or illimunates your inside  
if rak&#305; wants  
rak&#305; comforts you all  
but never the less  
it comforts and binds you with a feable decaying rope  
some time later  
the harsh reality comes in front of you  
all your hopes and fancies vanish  
and say once a time upon  
and the decaying rope splits up in two  
you come again  
face to face with the harsh reality  
Ali TURK KESKIN..translat&#305; on Metin &#350; AH&#304; N

Metin Sahin

# Postman

from the land of the migrating birds  
bring me message..oh the postman  
from the wound of my love in my bosom  
bring me a message postman

from the morning of every night  
from the sins of of all the seasons  
from the melodies of the stars in heaven  
bring me a message postman

do not knock on my door empty handed  
you cannot take away my love branded  
ask for me in every climate  
bring me a little bit of message..oh the postman

even for the sake of my hopes try to dissuade me  
make everyone shame for what they think about me  
the love in me is desperate  
bring me a message oh the postman..obstinate

Metin Sahin

# Prayer To The Almighty

we are sinners at your court  
LORD..you forgive us  
we are always ready for our punishments  
forgive us our LORD

I found all the remedy in you  
your love dressed our wounds  
I prayed towards the steeple aiming you  
forgive us our lord

do not make your lovers longing for you  
we sacrifice ourseleves and everything for you  
we know we could not accomplish your summons properly  
forgive us the only almighty ALLAH thoroughly

Metin Sahin

## Rage...Pa#304; N And Shame

unfortunately outburst a big rage.....on our small border village.....on a windy and damned day....who are these black men...with black masks on face...from darkness...with guns..machine guns and turrets...with light armour weapons...aimed on humans....how dare...they ki, ll small chidren...men and women...how dare...even children in their mothers'...even not born yet..not a bbay yet....even praying...how this vengeance and rage emerged and fed..who are this hatred men with gun....combing the wedding crowd with bullets.....pain and shame covered this village..near the border...in fact near the border of humanity.....but no traces of regret....when will this hatred end....nobody knows yet...thr bulldosers...the graders....the excavators dug the graves..of fifty human beings....a moment before were livings...it is spring may be may...hopeless tears shed....and never end...dug soil smells spring...body..sometimes corpse...chidren unaware..play on newly dug graves...interlocked...they play hide and seek....but the some hidden will never come out...tears are shed...mournings....elegies sung...it was a wedding ceremony...turning into a burial ceremony...suddenly in a moment...rage outburst...a funeral..pell\_mell..informal...that is real...not a dream..death is side by side...with living...is a part of life...but should not have come so easy...should not have fallen on even not babies..in their mothers'....not born yet...graders..bulldozers...excavators...dug the graves..pell-mell...things are not developing well...for humanity....really...mournings...tears shed....elegies sung and cried....never stopping and will not stop yet..rage ..pain and shame...emerging from the small village near the border..scattered...and...covered all over the world...neverless...stealthily ..and slowly...in darkness

Metin Sahin

# Reaching The New Spring

there is the new metered spring...again..which comes every year again and again....the birds will revive suddenly...the spring rain will fall lightly and gently...sometimes thunderbolts and thunders will scare you...water will turn to floods from the high mountains...may be a child cries...yhe whites will turn to greens...to reds and to blues....we will wander in the prairies...the fish will dance..ana..and...and...throw themselves to land..drunken from joy...the spring has come very early this year...when it comes again...the nature writes her new poems...for you...when it comes again everybody will understand its value...the hungry free wild horses will be warmed...and will begin to run joyfully...which one will be alive next spring no one knows....there is a new spring for you there...go out and look...what is outside in the downtown there..look what they sell there..do not just sit clumsily and lazily in your home...enter the living..buy something even if you are not in need...life waits you there...may be that will help the needy....walk as you want to walk..and how you can....may be the pipe piper will be there...too..blowing his pipe in the streets...listen to it...do not tell lies again...thank god...for bringing you a new spring..And especially for this new reaching.....live live the spring..hey...do not sit there..

Metin Sahin

# Read

It is the first command of ALLAH..our lord  
obey him  
weave your mind with science  
listen to the voice of ALLAH our LORD  
as you read  
your knowledge  
your attitude  
your love  
will change and increase  
You will love human beings  
for the sake of our sole creator ALLAH  
as you read you will see  
you will reach to many secrecy  
you will harvest the rose of our lord  
know all these my child  
science is remedy for every trouble  
sickness and pain  
search it everywhere  
and wherever you go  
listen to me my child  
read and read  
wherever  
and whatever you find  
metin sahin

Metin Sahin

# Rich

I have no underwear  
I have no pants  
I have no shirty  
but I am not in poverty....

Metin Sahin

# Rodin's Man

the serpents... hanging down from the branches..of the apple trees...I sat upon  
the skies..flew to heaven...washed me the seas...the falling rain...the singing  
birds...the green eyes of eve...waver in the horizons of the spring....And....all the  
blue of the green plains...fell on the whiteness of my dreams....And shattered  
the universe..from head to feet...and nails...AND...the water  
springs..showering...burst into pieces...I sat upon the highest rock of the  
universe...face in my hands...pondered...As the statue..ROD&#304; N'S  
MAN...they call me ADAM...

Metin Sahin

# Salah And Salah

life and death  
interwoven with each other  
in one of my hands life  
and death in the other  
when i see a young girl smile  
I become alive and alive  
when I see an old woman cry  
I die...I die  
what is this bird  
high and high flying  
crying and crying  
who is that woman  
on her baton  
praying and praying  
her grey hairs  
lonely ans alone  
who lived in this maison  
demolished and desolate  
who are these unfortunate  
left barren and bare  
them who will care  
life and death  
woven together  
oh..the only almighty god ALLAH  
salah ans salah  
salvation and salvation  
save all your creatures  
you have created trhem all  
let them enter a world  
where death and life both  
them will comfort  
let them again and again revive  
to be again and again alive  
salah and salah  
salvation and salvation  
death and life are interwoven  
like despair and joy  
when i see a little girl smile  
I revive and revive

when I see an old woman cry  
I die and die

Metin Sahin

## See; Ng The One Above

WHEN the sun sets  
in colors in the evening  
&#305; see him  
when the sun rises flickering  
in the blue and reds  
crimson clouds  
then in the darkness  
in the glittering stars  
in the crescent lit  
and in the full moon  
and at nights cdesolate without the moon  
&#305; see someone  
who holds the reins  
never lets anyone die  
against his order  
&#305; t must be him  
nearest to our main artery  
even than ourselves  
thus said in the sacred holy koran  
when &#305; wake up &#305; n the morning  
&#305; see him too  
&#305; n the walking of an old woman  
in life  
like my dead mother used to  
&#305; see him  
when an old weary woman  
rests in front of a mosque  
she sees him too  
murmuring some prayers  
&#305; see him also in the cry of a child  
in the hospitals oozing pains  
&#305; see him  
&#305; hear him  
in gazza  
in palestine  
&#305; n the wall to weep  
in israel  
in the fierce endless battle  
called war between

in a desolate house  
left by owners alone  
whera magpie  
wanders an the bare branches  
of the bare tree in front  
in the crfacking of a blackcrow  
in the sleeping trees in winter  
waking trees in spring  
when lambs to young give birth  
but we have always  
a date with death  
look around  
see with your own eyes  
and in the way you see  
donot just look  
try to see it and understand  
thank god  
for the whole life  
he has granted for the whole universe  
seeing is the praying  
most of the most important  
this wordly life lasts very short  
see it  
try it your sort  
but always remember  
there is another afterlife  
and even the heavens  
is not capable of concealing it  
and describe it exactly  
and clearly

Metin Sahin

# September

IT is september again  
the sun is yet high shining  
even the lovers  
love affairs  
seem dead  
at the lake side  
looks like isolated  
desolate  
and in solitude  
several girls  
and women  
are lying  
awkward  
aimless  
and clumsily on the sun  
baking  
all alone  
they clutch their cell phones strongly  
talk talk talk and TALK  
NOBODY KNOWS  
if their cell phones  
are their lovers  
or their lovers  
are their cell phones  
fall is  
just going to step on the lake  
the lake  
with mosses  
and with weeds  
at its sides  
fall is  
embracing the waist of the summer  
a breeze is blowing lightly  
is it the sixth or seventh of september  
like cannot guess  
it seems  
only your and my love  
is left on the earth  
like am swimming in the lake

water lukewarm  
some gulls  
and herons  
approaches me  
and lands on the water  
to catch fish  
sometimes dive  
a dog looks at me  
the kind you love  
and asks me  
where you are  
she is not here &#305; answer  
stubborn  
does not accompany me  
&#305; tooo stubborn  
swim im youyr blue green florescent eyes  
&#305; miss you very much  
even if &#305; cannot see you  
in my dreams  
oh my love  
where are you  
evgerything is useless  
without you  
fall is just  
go&#305; ng to step on the lake  
hurry  
before it changes our fate  
or else  
we would be very late  
hurry  
fall is is just  
going to pound on the lake

Metin Sahin

# Shelter Tha Almighty

the world is a stage  
and the human beings are the players  
the real treasure is the belief of the almighty  
the treasure  
nothing will change the result

even if your life passes with repenting  
your life will not cease fading  
the curtains will be drawn down  
and the play will end complaining

even if the earth and the heavens are in fire  
do not look at me  
everything has its cause  
shelter the only almighty ALLAH  
do not pause

Metin Sahin

# Shitting On The Road

In a city in TURKEY  
on the second day of Corban Feast  
november 14..2011  
a little girl about six or seven  
is shitting and pissing on the corner of the road  
fearless..comfortably  
her father and mother watching  
as nobody has seen her  
but me  
what a strange thing  
or a natural thing  
on the road a girl pissing  
yesterday many animal corbans were slaughtered  
some cut his hands and feet  
on these roads  
with blood sputtered over everywhere  
instentines in the trash bins thrown  
and the city was desolated.. the cats were silenced  
and hid in a place not found  
my mother used to say  
you cannot see even a cat on the roads  
when meat is abundant  
and the animals slaughtered  
but this little girl  
is pissing and shitting on them  
under the protection of her father and mother  
shit my little girl shit  
in fact you are shitting on the world  
may be she is right  
this place is a place to be shitted  
in a city in turkey  
on november 14..2011  
a little girl was shitting on the corner of the road  
under the guidance of her father and mother  
may be they thought nobody has noticed her  
but me..  
may be someone else too  
It was the second day of Corban Feast  
shit my little girl shit

may be this place  
this world  
is a place to be shitted

Metin Sahin

# Snow Sweet

the woman was walking  
perhaps she was a grand mother  
very old and old old old and ancient  
like a walking monument  
there left a bit of her femininity  
her breasts  
like long flat oven loaves of bread  
towards the gravity  
she tries to be ottoman  
as she could be  
and the years  
nestled in her whitening hair  
very difficult to weave or plait  
a rough walking stick in her hand  
hatred tapping on the ground  
was shr walking  
or the walking stick  
one of her eyes  
covered with a white stain  
seeing clearly is in vain  
a present from her mother in law  
jealous of her son  
when weaving a carpet  
she was remembering her days  
on horse ride  
told a love story  
her grand daughters gigled and laughed  
never understood  
sometimes she us of the  
hard and harsh days  
during the liberation battle against the greeks  
invading our country  
and of my father asa a veteran officer  
returning from a long war  
arabs killing turks  
evoked by lawrence of arabia  
who reached every area  
she said  
the trains whistled strangely and prosperously

when greeks retreated and defeated in our country  
who were swept to the mediterranean sea  
ytes those were the harsh and hard days  
she had ever seen  
she was very old  
was it a garment  
or an old and torn cloth she wore  
nobody could guess any more  
eas she walking  
or the walking stick nobody understood  
years on her piled  
she was at the edge of death  
her only last wish  
to&#305; taste the snow sweet  
she loved the best  
but nobody bothered to mix the snow  
and the teacle for her  
she had also small jack knife  
just to peel the apples  
she liked the apples too  
but her teeth cannot bite  
one evening  
on a cold very cold winter day  
she left this world  
in a cold and desolate room  
swearing everthing to all  
shivering and alone  
with white snow in her hands  
and mouth  
near the window pane  
and in vain  
they told me that  
what a pity she was my auntie  
I could notf appreciate and knew value  
unless she died  
she used to call my mother  
our bride  
honest to say  
our bride looked after her very well  
sometimes jealousy covered my soul  
what a pity  
one day

our bride too fled to infinity  
like a bridal falling on trees on a cold winter day  
both of them are I think now in heaven really  
our bride mother and my old auntie  
where who knows  
looking well after each other  
I wish I were there  
who will look after me when I die  
I wonder  
If there were snow sweet there  
If there is  
I tooo wonder  
who will  
mix the snow and the treacle  
to make snow sweet there

Metin Sahin

# Spring

the smoke  
which is descending from the mountains  
and scattering  
is not the winter smoke from now on  
look ahead..  
in the mist as soft as a child's hand  
the grafting cloth of the rose trunks  
are wet now in damps  
the scars of the pruned trees are healing  
in the bare limbs half asleep  
but still neither a sprout or a leaflet  
the embers have not fallen yet  
it rained all night  
like singing a victory song in showers  
and now still  
it is drizzling slightly brave and warm  
more and more  
and smiling like a brother  
but it is still possible  
of the south winds to blow again  
even it will snow a little  
but the SPRING...?  
it is more than a herald now  
on and on  
The SPRING has come

Nazım HİKMET

Translation Metin ŞAHİN

Metin Sahin

# Spring And Me

the mountains smiled again  
the spring has come..what a good news  
flowers and all the living..long to be living  
spring has come..what a good news

melted all the fallen snows  
all the winds revived joyfully  
singing the birds  
spring has come..what a good news

the turtle is on his way..slowly and slowly  
the sheep bleat evrywhere to an fro  
everyone is hand in hand and arms in arms  
spring has come..what a good news

Metin Sahin

# Station

train station  
in the middle of the wilderness  
sun reflects...it snows and rains on its british roof  
there is a wooden wagon  
forgotten  
on its switch rail  
and besides it there is a lone willow tree  
our limbs  
our arms  
our heads  
and our hearts  
bind and link us to the world  
but the railways bind the station to the world  
a woman  
black eyed  
her age cannot be guessed  
her head cover green  
settles her head on the window  
looks at the two men  
sitting under the willow tree  
they were silent... not even.. talking with each other  
the station master is half blind  
one eye cannot see  
and the switchman is crippled  
one foot lame  
and the bumpers of the wagon on the switchrail  
are broken too  
the two men  
were not recruited to the army  
the woman with the green head-cover smiled at the two men  
they were the rage of her eyes  
and the pain of her flesh  
the blind was her husband  
and she sometimes slipped to the bed of the lame stealthily  
they were the three in the wilderness  
they looked like the wooden wagon forgotten on the switchrail  
it was impossible for them  
to stretch their arms to other lands  
to see other arms and other lands

they could not afford to voyage  
with the missing feelings of seeing the missed  
and the beloveds  
the eyes of the two men were ruthless  
their hands coarse and thick  
there were the signs of the jackals and the foxes  
in their traditions  
they carry the endless lying dead ground in their flesh  
and their hearts bleeding their flesh  
we like the thorny worts of the wilderness

Nazım HİKMET

Translation Metin ŞAHİN

Metin Sahin

# The Blind Couple

I wanna write this poem  
with my long black pen  
I like this pen very much  
&#305; ts writings  
why I cannot understand  
my brothers also l&#305; ke the pens too  
they are not just pens  
they are indstruments brought from heaven  
to write your petitions to somebody above  
some like it black  
some blue  
some red  
&#305; always prefer black  
why I do not understand  
now  
GOD informed  
at the beginning of the holy book  
read....read...read and read again  
then comes writing  
so &#305; wanna read the world before writing  
universe is not my business yet  
look at thgis couple on the pavement  
walk&#305; ng caut&#305; ously and care fully  
a white long stick in yhe hand of the wife  
tapping on the stones  
listen to it  
a child is in the bosom of the husband  
clad clean and neat  
you cannat calll them blind  
they are walking with the help of god  
walking happily  
talking happ&#305; ly  
like singing a hymn  
they do not need any help  
they willl lose lose balance  
if you try to help  
just watch them  
leave them alone  
&#305; try to clean my near sighted eyes

and try to read the far away  
but &#305; &#305; nderstand  
&#305; have only read A..B.C..  
of the divine alphabet  
even them not so easily and clearly  
when &#305; look at this couple  
with a child in their bosoms  
as their future and hope  
&#305; understand the only  
and the bitter truth  
they were not blind  
&#305; was the only...the pure blind  
&#305; read it  
and then write

Metin Sahin

# The Chimney

this morning...this morning..this morning  
the chimney of the desolate house in front of mine  
is smoking...smoking...smoking  
what a lovely sight  
who may be there  
on the snow  
white smoke onthe white snow  
the bare plum tree is  
grinning...grinning..grinning  
the black crow  
on the hazel nut tree  
crowing...crowing...crowing  
as if life is newly beginning...beginning...beginning  
guess..who is there...who is there  
behind the yellow light seen at night  
shining from the desolate window  
someone...someone....someone  
living...emerging from the house  
&#305; wish all the chimneys of the lonely poor smoked  
in the wilderness of the cold..cold of the snow  
what a happy and a lovely sight  
the desolate chimney is smoking...smoking...smoking  
&#305; wish &#305; were in this old house too  
with the mystery of the ancients  
where they have come  
&#305; never knew  
the desolate house is reviving this morn  
&#305; only see the shadows  
growing...growing....growing..and moving

Metin Sahin

# The Death Of A Beloved

there is your dear cdead one there  
at home  
his or her photograph is stuck  
somewhere in an esteemed corner  
you look at it  
without seeing it in sorrows  
when they talk about your dead one  
your heart hurts and deeply aches  
secretly and silently  
some tears on youyr eyes

at first  
like all the other dead ones  
yur dear dead one  
haunts the house at night  
this lingers on for months till morning  
and now..sometimes  
sometime  
it appears n unexpected moments  
mostly when you feel terribly lonely

there is your dear dead one over there  
at first  
the empty place it has left  
in your bed behind  
is exteremely grieving  
and then..as time goes by  
the mourning ages  
with the wearing off sheets  
and like  
aged..precious wine  
it is tasted sometimes  
in just one small cup

there is your dead one  
in the twilight  
like all the other dead ones  
it is more closer to you  
but seen more unclear

unclearly visible

there is your dead one over there  
in fact  
it is lying in the grave  
its flesh not wholly decayed yet  
its hands and feet moving a bit

I knelt down and looked at the soil  
I looked at the grass  
I looked at the beetles  
I looked at the flowers blue blooming  
you looked like the spring soil my beloved  
I gazed at you admiring

then I lay down  
my back on the ground  
I see the sky above  
I see the limbs of the trees  
I see the flying storks  
I see dreams awake my eyes open  
you also look like the sky of the season spring  
there  
I see you my beloved

at night  
I lit a fire in the wilderness  
I touch the fire  
I touch the water  
I touch the cloth  
I touch the silver  
you look like the fire  
lit under the stars  
I touch you

I am among the human beings  
I like the human beings  
I like the movements  
I like the thoughts  
I like my struggles  
I like all the struggles aimed for goodness  
and you

you are a human being in the season spring  
my beloved  
i still love you

Nazım HİKMET..Translation Metin SAHIN

,

Metin Sahin

# The Dream Of Abraham

I saw my beloved  
in my dream  
her breasts open  
like so  
above her waist  
flow like a moon  
among the clouds  
she goes  
and I go  
I stop  
and she stops  
I look at her  
and she  
looks at me  
the tears fall  
one by one  
on the telegram wires  
telegram wire  
a piece news  
tears  
happinees and joy  
let his dream  
convince  
and reconcile him  
more and more  
ABRAHAM  
will lie  
for ten years more  
in gaol  
nazım hikmet

Metin Sahin

# The Fire Night

I wore the fire night  
fires surrounded and covered &#304; STANBUL  
I was alone...I was poison..I was poisonous  
and all my bridges were blown up  
&#305; sank my ships with my own bare hands  
&#304; stanbul was burning

suffocating and suffocating  
you were in blazes  
you were burning  
your screams  
&#305; could never forget  
your hair was in blazes..burning  
fire reached to my lips  
noone saw the fires  
noone afforded a dropp of water to estinguish  
you were a hell burning  
istanbul was a hell..burning  
and me an old hell...burning  
my poems began to scream  
let the smoke not suffocate me and make me blind  
let me see you.. let me see your guilty eyes  
let me see you lost in this fire night  
let not the stones fall on my head  
let me not fall down  
let the ships not burn  
if istanbul did not burn  
and if you did not  
&#305; could burn myself lonely and alone  
&#305; t was a fire night  
&#305; could never forget  
&#304; stanbul was burning  
Atilla &#304; LHAN  
Translation Metin &#350; AH&#304; N

Metin Sahin

# The Gloomy News (After Rhe Big Earthquake In 1930s)

there is a bird in Erzincan province  
no silver no silver on her wings  
my beloved gone..never came back again  
no hope of her returning from now on  
oh high mountains..high mountains..oh..high mountains  
taking its bloody head in its hands  
in the middle of the white wild snow  
the province ERZ#304; NCAN weeps in tears  
if it did not weep who would have weeped like that  
the snow falls in abundance, in flakes to the ground  
some say it is a brizzard which comes and passes  
but #305; cannot say that too  
the dead  
lying..shoulder to shoulder..side by side  
cannot talk and chat  
cannot burn their fires at night  
the dawn brightens, the sun rises...the horizon enlightens  
but noone to get water goes  
with their heads pressed heavily down..the dead  
slept in their unawakable sleeps..may be dream  
from its white stone addressing to the night  
the military barracks's clock struck the time as two  
how quick..how instant ended the living and the life  
some in their six months  
some with white beards  
some in thirteen..may be fourteen  
some intended to go for merry voyage  
some waiting for a letter in hope  
the dead...lying side by side..shoulder to shoulder  
in the churn there was butter  
but could not be beaten and never  
and the white cheeses ready could not be put into bags  
the dead gone in longing and in thirst  
they were not satisfied and never got satisfaction of the world  
they could not wake up and escape  
not being a bird could not fly away

the wells opened for them to save  
but nobody could afford to descend  
the horses of erzincan walk in ampling on  
but the dead could not be able to ride on  
the dead..lying side by side..shoulder to shoulder on ground

P.S.I had nothing to give in my purse  
but I wrote a poem from my heart not to get it worse  
Nazım Hikmet  
Translation metin AHIN

Metin Sahin

# The Hoary Memories In Winter

a day in january  
in winter with hoary and grey clouds  
the hoary thistles in the garden up over there  
the hoary thistles with hoary poppies  
the hoary frost on them  
the hoary mist up and down  
no finches, no birds of any kind  
except the black crows and ravens  
crowing up and there  
hoaring covered everywhere  
a hoary man strolles on them  
with unsteady steps and paces  
what is he after  
what is he looking for  
what is he searching  
look at the ancient houses there  
some tumbling down  
some with plasters all gone  
what the hoary man looks for  
what is he after  
his childhood may be  
his memories may be  
and his lost..gone mother..he tries to see  
in this hoary mist  
he has so missed  
and longed for  
he stopped in the hoary mist as if hearing a voice  
calling  
oh son..come on..come now the meal is ready  
he felt himself playing in the hoary garden  
this must be his mother call  
addressing and calling him from above  
calling him to her new home  
cause she has missed him too  
oh the hoary grasses  
oh the hoary houses  
oh the hoary man  
oh the hoary woman  
oh the hoary world

oh the hoary graves  
oh the hoary memories  
are we not approaching hoariness  
why did we live so quickly  
how did our lives finished and faded suddenly

metin sahin

Metin Sahin

# The Last Duty

It is two days or three  
since with soil we covered thee  
we gathered here  
in your mother city  
from all over the country  
may be the universe  
to perform our last duty  
in fact you are doing your last duty  
perfectly  
you gathered friends together  
after so many years  
a peculiar thing too  
just notified me  
they have cut the lonely poplar  
that shoot  
from the root  
which were a friend to me  
my friend in winter  
in my loneliness..lonelihood  
in my all days on foot  
but the plum tree  
side by side  
very very oldy  
has blossomed already  
adorned with green leaves  
with white flowers as bridals  
what a peculiar thing too  
life goes on as always  
after the death's gloom  
like these  
even of my relatives  
and dear friends  
this year  
spring has come a little bit earlier  
it is may be  
two days or three  
we gave to the world; I thee  
life for me  
a turmoil; I though

how many beloved  
&#305; have entombed  
..buried  
&#305; do not know  
&#305; cannot remember  
waiting his turn  
someday someone may be me  
will be buried too  
you lie in a mosque yard  
in the coffin covered with our flag  
crimson and white  
with in the middle a crescent  
on a white marble stand-bier  
your son  
your grown up son tall watching  
your wife and daughter in black weeds  
weeping  
first the noon prayer  
and then  
the funeral prayer in the graveyard  
imam asked for the acqu&#305;ttal of claim  
we have no claim on you  
farewell my friend  
that is life they say  
what we can say too  
the last order from above has come  
we are accustomed to these day by day  
it is two days or three  
20th march 2010  
a new life is beginning for me  
without you  
fires burn in me  
may be the new spring  
the river sakar will flow without you  
the bungalow  
near the sinop black sea will miss you  
it is two days or there  
since we buried you in soil  
life is toll moil and pell mell  
and turmoil  
so long  
farewell

my friend  
we will miss you  
how can we bear this turmoil  
without you  
never knowing  
we are still waiting for you  
each day  
as the next day you will rise be coming  
good my friend..so long

Metin Sahin

# The Last Station

THE NEW YEAR

may be new for others  
but I feel  
I am old..I am old  
the weather is very cold  
shivering the flame  
of the candle  
like my poor mother ayşe told  
I feel cold..I feel cold  
whites are falling from the heavens  
the bridals crown the mountains  
the birds are flying as high  
may be hungry and sigh  
shouting with their dreadful cry  
where are they  
where they have gone  
I see none  
some like I  
cry and cry  
sometimes drops mild rain  
that is my last train  
waiting for my last station  
may be aiming towards an unknown station  
the new year may be new  
for a few  
feeling cold  
my dreams are strangely haunted  
as my poor dying mother told  
I am old..I am old  
I feel cold..I feel cold  
sometimes comforts the mild rain  
bu in vain..in vain  
my last train is waiting  
woe for my passing years  
I am now on my last train  
dragged by a steam engine  
approaching my unknown last station  
as my poor mother  
dying told

I feel cold..I feel cold

Metin Sahin

# The Mosque

its emerald green colour spreads peace and reconciles the human beings  
all of its surroundings deserved to be saluted  
the entrance courtyard solemn and sacred  
the stone biers of the dead are in solitude  
the flowing ablution fountains flowing ready to baptize every soul

the hymns echo everywhere  
with the only name of the only god almighty ALLAH  
when the serene wind blows gently odor  
the hymns cease in solitude and in obedience  
people first begin to wash hands first  
and then perform their full ablutions  
it looks as if the clocks and the time has stopped  
tears fall from the repenting eyes  
prays with open hands towards the almighty god ALLAH

Prayers...pleading and repentance  
reconcile the worries in the bosoms  
at one side reciting of the holy KORAN  
at the other side a secret harmony of the congregation  
the chandlers beam to fight against time  
as if to stop it from passing  
with their multi colours  
spreading happiness..peace and atonement  
what a secret harmony is this  
the sacred hymn of the MOSQUE covers everywhere  
from the EARTH  
to the HEAVENS  
with its enchantments

Metin Sahin

# The Most Important To Survive

their eyes  
but the soil can feed up  
are not satisfied  
are never fed up  
they want to gain  
more and more money  
we must kill  
or we be killed  
in order to maintain them  
more and more money  
surely  
they do not declare  
this openly  
they have hung  
many multi-coloured lanterns  
on the dry branches  
spread their lies on the roads  
all of their tails are adorned  
with attracting, magnificent colours  
drummers are beaten in the downtown  
in their tents  
tiger-men  
mermaids  
cut and parted human heads  
the acrobats  
clad with pink shorts  
on the wires  
their faces  
painted with fake, artificial make ups  
to believe or not to believe  
to be cheated or not to be cheated  
that is the problem  
if we do not believe  
we exist  
if we do believe  
we are exhausted

Nazım HİKMET  
Translation

Metin ŞAHİN

Metin Sahin

# The Most Important.....

the plane trees  
with their paws like a lion; s  
live for a thousand years  
the chest-nut trees  
live for three thousand years  
the cypress-trees are upright for five thousand years  
even the poplars live for seven hundred years  
in greenery and white  
how shorter we live my brethren  
how shorter we live  
how shorter  
this must be an important problem  
is adjusted and equal to the  
longevity of the lives of the horses yet  
even  
we are not equally satisfied with  
the world as much as them  
most of us  
bear burdens heavier than the  
burdens  
which are carried by the labour-horses

Nazım HİKMET

Translation metin şahin

Metin Sahin

# The Nobel Prize

my colleague DYLAN  
THIS YEAR  
has got  
THE NOBEL PRIZE  
OH THE NOBEL PRIZE  
be just and nice  
what a pity  
that is true  
my poems are not wise  
are not wise  
from now on  
and my poems  
are crying  
are crying  
from now on  
I will not write any even  
bye and bye  
my colleague dylan  
th, s year has got the nobel prize  
but my poems  
perhaps  
were not even mine  
spomething from above  
from now on  
I have close up all my english  
I HAVE JUST ONE WISH  
one day  
the NOBEL PRIZE  
WOULD BE JUST AND NICE  
AND WILL GO TO THE RIGHT PLACE

Metin Sahin

# The Old Woman And The Old Mansion

the old woman as old as the old mansions; on  
plasters fall; ng down from the wall  
brickets grinning grinnig and grinn ing barely  
tiles some broken...some sparse  
unlocks the gate of the old ancient mansion  
keeps the door open for a while  
to collect some bushes and wood from the garden  
to use as kindling in stove or oven  
she seems to be alone  
but knows how cope with life life..bitter life  
she shouts at the dogs playing in the garden  
and scoulds them to go away  
it is winter  
may be the second week of the january  
some snow  
some thistles though brownish yellow  
are upright to heaven  
though no sparrows and finches..desolate  
she not only unlocks the gate of the old ancient mansion  
but she also unlocks the memor; es of her life  
she seems to be alone...alone and alone  
cool as a stone..erect  
she has accepted the bitter reality of life  
where are her parents...her husband..  
her children...  
her sisters..her brothers..her relatives  
next of kins  
noone knows  
she then enters the old ancient mansions; on  
locks and bolts the gate  
at night  
light gleams  
from one of the second storey rooms  
of the old ancient mansion  
it is winter  
may be second week of january  
in one of the desolate gardens of universe  
life goes on desolately  
under the guard and ausp; eces of our creator

the GOD

Metin Sahin

# The Old Woman On The Road

why does the old woman  
walk on the road  
in her hand  
a cane or a baton  
softly and gently  
tapping on the stone  
as caressing  
slowly and slowly  
prone to her destiny  
where are her children  
where are her grand children  
does she see  
enough to look  
no one knows  
lonely  
as a desolate tree  
when did they leave her  
maybe she is going  
to the desolate house she used to haunt  
she lived with her husband  
going to water the flowers  
in their garden  
but her husband is dead  
though she quarrelled regularly  
when he was alive  
she misses him desperate  
why did they leave her  
alone  
on the road  
roads are dangerous  
traffic and the cars  
why does this old woman walk  
with a cane or a baton  
in her hands slowly..softly...gently  
tapping on stone  
her looks are even hopeful  
never bored of life  
on this hour  
on this time

why does the old woman  
walk on the road  
has she escaped from an asylum  
or booted from it  
&#305; t is evident  
she does not see clearly  
she looks like my poor auntie  
how old women  
look like each other  
where are her children  
where are her grand children  
where are her beloved neighbours  
a crow crows in the distant  
in a desolate tree  
does loneliness walks wth so diff&#305; culty  
and so bitter  
how soon we have forgotten our elder  
may god bewaring everyhing ever  
hope god forget them never.....

Metin Sahin

# The Petition Scribe

the pet#305; t#305; on scribe...my dear ne#305; ghbour  
&#305; s the paper on your type-writer blank  
wr#305; te my worr#305; es and compla#305; nts word by word and  
scatter  
look....what has happened to me

the worr#305; es and complaints of someone and another  
you scribe from morning till evening  
without wearying  
how much is your daily gain  
how many pennies in your hands and in your palms

first let us write yourself and yours  
before the ribbon wears away  
after yours finished and complete  
&#305; will tel you mine slowly and slowly

my tonque is on your eyes  
&#305; f you ask something &#305; will answer orally  
my petition does not need any stamp  
why stamp and signature on worries and complaints

the paper is a waste  
for my worries and troubles papers are insuff#305; cant  
&#305; envy you..the petition scribe..my dear neighbour  
&#305; would like to be a petition scribe just like you  
in this world  
and in the other world  
for this there is no word  
be assure  
&#305; am for sure

Osman ATILLA translata#305; on Metin &#350; AH#304; N

Metin Sahin

# The Road To Illumination

light  
angry with my being  
but when i go and leave  
and dissapear  
it embraces my absence silently  
it neither approaches thoroughly  
nor leaves and go away completely  
i am following a light  
i am after a light  
sometimes  
it flows into me  
like an ablutions towel of my mother  
like a wet funeral courtyard of a mosque  
and like the water in ablution fountains  
you cannot shape it  
you cannot make a form of it  
you cannot grasp it with your hands  
you cannot look at it with your bare eyes  
sometimes it makes you blind  
you cannot taste it with your tongues  
when it is near  
it suddenly becomes very far and far  
when you think it is your comrade to you  
it suddenly turns out to be a bit foe  
it is the gaze of a beloved  
it is the lighting candle of a muezzin in the mosque  
every beat of pulse is illuminated with light  
every being goes towards it  
even the eternity too  
my bosom also goes towards that light  
the sick lie in bed with hope with it  
the sun sets down in the horizon with it  
every planet in the universe revolves and spins in light  
my worries and troubles begin and relieve with it  
i am after a light  
i am searching  
i am in a light  
i am following a light



# The Running To Spring

on a january but cold  
but no snow on ground  
a girl was running to spring  
jumping..hopping and springing..flying  
as taken and opening a wing  
the joy on her skirts  
she collected and scattered  
a girl was running to spring  
hopping..jumping..springing  
may be flying  
as taken and opening a wing  
clad in her best lovely dress may be  
she was smiling  
longing for a smile  
&#305; smiled her  
she smiled to me with her smiling cheeks  
the girl was running to spring  
some cats interrupted her way  
she caressed them all  
one by one..addressing each one of them  
though the cats won't let go  
the joy was scattering everywhere from her skirt  
the girl was smiling  
the girl was flying  
the girl was running to spring  
as taken and opening a wing  
just like the early birds  
the girl was running to spring  
it was a lovely day

Metin SAH&#304; N

Metin Sahin

# The Silent Ship

the souls are in haste impressed with another time and with an other place  
even the shore is sooty with the colorful smoke may be on face  
in vain trying to explore and examine the other world and the fear from it  
when the day has come to weigh anchor from our time more and more  
a ship launches to unknown to obscurity from this parting harbour

the past and the future are loaded with the same thoughts  
the same sadness..the same hesitation deteriorate them day by day on  
what a holy magic is this..though there are so many passengers board one  
this ship silently advances like nobody in it on the sea..waving  
neither a handkerchief or a hand is waved when that ship is launching

past doomed to day..some worried with this parting  
some screaming...some complaining of the ocean  
their sadness longs for the shivering of meeting again  
the ones behind..left on the quay are so worried with this voyage high  
they look at the gloomy horizon for days with dampening eye

each bloody sunset adds a day to the gone passengers' lacking  
this never ends..and drags itself to a hope of a new meeting again  
while this is the situation with the first impact of sadness of parting  
the beloveds and the lovers on the quay wait in vain  
they still do not know that the loved ones gone will never return

this is the breeze of a night whose color is not known  
it is the last moment of the soul in the body  
listen silent bosoms...this is neither the last ship like this launching  
nor for a life in agony ending the last mourning

they..who open their hands to sky on soil and on ground  
pray for and complain of this reality....and of this miracle voyage  
despairing is useless..listen to what the poet KEMAL says for this  
"MOST OF THE PASSENGERS WHO HAD GONE  
MUST HAVE BEEN EACH HAPPY WITH THE PLACE THEY HAD GONE  
THOUGH SO MANY YEARS HAVE PASSED  
FROM THEIR JOURNEY RETURN NONE

Yahya Kemal BEYATLI...Ali TURK KESKIN  
Translat&#305; on Metin SAH&#304; N

Metin Sahin

# The Strangest Creature Of The World

you look like a scorpion my friend  
you live cowardly in darkness like a scorpion  
you look like a sparrow my friend  
you are in the haste of a sparrow  
you look like a mussel my friend  
like a mussel closed and comfortable  
and you are terrible my friend  
like the muzzel of a volcano  
your number not one  
you are not five  
but unfortunately there are millions of you  
on the world  
you look like lamb my friend  
when well clad cattle dealer with cloak  
raises his baton  
you immediately join the herd  
and proudly  
you run to the slaughter house quickly  
that to say word by word  
you are the strangest creature of the world  
you are stranger than the fish living in the sea  
but do not know anything about the sea  
and in this world  
the tyranny overwhelms the world for the sake of you  
and if we are hungry  
weary and if the blood is shed sparingly  
and if we are pressed and pounded fiercely to yield our wines  
I do not want to say that  
and though I do not intend this  
but it is a reality  
most of the faults are yours  
behold it  
and learn this learn  
my dear brethren  
Nazım HİKMET  
translation Metin ŞAHİN

Metin Sahin

# The Street Clover(Karanfil Sokagi)

all the horizons are held in military barracks  
all the four directions, the sixteen winds  
and the seven climates and the five continents  
are all underneath the white heavy snow  
But..we are doomed to meet again  
by railway, asphalt roads, highways and by stone roads  
but this is my steep roads my foot-path I prefer  
Taurus, anti Taurus and the river..the rebelling EUPHRATES  
tobacco, cotton, wheat plains and the rice fields,  
my country all over, all along suddenly  
is under the white snow completely

some are still fighting with each other  
in this weather  
with hands and feet frozen..their hearts hell  
hope...regretful and gloomy  
hope stubborn and always honest  
but drawn back to the mountains  
and also are under the white snows  
i know the folk songs under the avalanches  
images, statues and the sagas  
all are the masterpieces of skillful hands  
the armless, half naked venus  
the street has no name  
garlic Lorka's grave  
the unknown soldier  
and the eye apples of madam and monsieur Pierre CURIE  
are also under the snow

their walls made up of hard long lasting stones  
the skirts are also under the snow  
my longing very delicate to ankara  
let the wolves love the misty weather  
let walk on the asphalt road the month december  
i do not like that month  
very changing and unreliable one  
how many times we had counted the days  
how many times we longed and waited for warm weather  
nobody does not know

my heart, my bosom and my painful love  
are also still under the snow

in the slums the weather is unclear and misty  
the skies of altindag are covered with clouds cumulus  
the children..who gain their living and bread by big bazaar baskets on backs  
with lungs little but with big hands  
reach to love and love with them and grow  
never enough to to warm their palms their breaths  
all try to attend to primary schools  
and in summer they watch the storks  
strolling in open sewage pits  
and all the children of the slum districts  
are also under the heavy fallen snows

the weather at the other side of the brook hatip is warm  
the boulevards are gay and newly awakened in the New City..Yenisehir  
an new day has bloomed in the clover street..karanfil sokagi  
guess..how i know all these  
the reasons are bare walking on the streets  
all the sufficient clues are all naked everywhere in the streets  
in the clover street.. a glass covered green house warm and hot  
in the greenhouse a china flower-POT  
on it a limb of a tree wavers in blues  
and a crimson..firefolk folk song gloomy  
reaching and hurting the bosoms  
but do not take these into consideration..never mind these  
though they seem to grow artificially in flower- pots  
the roots of them are still in ALTINDAG and in INCESU slum districts

Ahmet ARIF

Translation Metin sahin

Metin Sahin

# The Trio

we were the three...Bedirhan..Nazlican and me  
three mouths, three hearts, three sworn bullets  
our names were written on the mountains  
and on the rocks as trouble  
a hard duty hanging from our necks  
crossed guns on our bosoms  
hands on trigger, ear on the bow string,  
backs submitted to the soil  
we embraced each other under the stars as blankets  
the sea was far, far away  
and loneliness made us sick  
all nights, the jackal howlings along the cliffs  
struck our faces, our breads and our songs and wavered away  
nazlican rubbed our chests with thyme  
the air smelled heavily with rhyme  
we gazed at her secretly  
in case our hearts would be broken easily  
mAY be we have lost her in the sound of a pipe of a shepard  
she joined to the fire flies  
glittering and exhausting with them  
she was left as a delicate dead butterfly among us  
and went in blazes like a bullet, like a mine  
OH..nazlican..the wild she deer of the wild slopes  
oh..nazlican..hair combed with the winds  
how could you go like that  
to the land of the stars  
oh nazlican..wounded from her bosom  
nazlican..you serene plain flower  
nazlican..you crazy emotion  
a love butterfly on my bosom on earth  
nazlican..the soul I have offered to death,  
and now..we were in distress like a beaten army  
with worn out parkas and hearts  
the remainig was the sensing of death  
the rest was deaf silence  
we went..with the absence of nazlican in us  
then they had shot bedirhan in a little valley  
but he had broken the fierce besieges  
and gone out

then like a gun gliding from the shoulder silently  
he shivered, his arms fell to his sides helplessly  
death, surrounded him from everywhere like a nettle thorn  
his body..like a big tree..tumbled down in the moonlight  
I stretched my arms and touched his eyes with a dropp of tear in my eyes  
the silenced pulse of his wrist still on my chest  
it was like a joke  
it looked he would wake a little later  
as if he will revive the fire mixing and wrapping a cigarette  
but death..was faithful to his date as always  
like nazlican he would never be among us  
Oh bedirhan...the phantom of the pitch nights  
oh bedirhan..trouble of the treachery traps  
were you a man exhausting like this  
stand up speak to me..speak even a little bit  
oh bedirhan..his grave..the nest of the eagle  
bedirhan..the fugitive of the purple mountains,  
bedirhan..his blue eyes falcon  
Istabbed a silent dagger in my secret place  
bedirhan..i have your blood still on my white shirt  
we were the three..we were the suicide flowers three  
bedirhan..nazlican and me  
and I was left alone with a weeping dagger in me

Yusuf HAYALOGLU..Translation metin sahin

Metin Sahin

# The Windows

sometimes  
the windows wear open curtains  
sometimes  
the windows  
wear closed curtains  
days and nights  
look at each other  
then cover them all  
some in joy  
some in sadness  
some brilliant  
some longing for daylight  
they are the mirrors  
of my soul  
with todays and tomorrows  
designed  
with iron multi color  
iron grates  
with their beautitudes  
they look like minatures  
when evening  
begins the fall  
the curtains drown down  
the windows again  
plunge  
into sadness  
and solititude

Metin Sahin

# The Wordly Rule

unfortunately  
it is the real and the tough  
the only wordly rule  
the lust of the wealthy  
tries to drill the sky  
but the post  
and the canvas  
of the tent of the poor  
in destruction  
fall on the head of the poor  
so try  
you tryer and the worker on and on  
never give up  
never give up prayer  
the hope is your bread  
eat it...eat it...eat it...  
when you are still living

Metin Sahin

# They Have Killed The Peace

they have killed the peace  
when flying in the air  
they have shot the peace  
everybody shed to tears  
they have killed the peace  
in fierce and without mercy

they have killed peace  
trying to land on the world  
they have sown hatred on soil  
they have sown grenades  
and fusils to grow  
they have killed the peace

but they do not know that  
the mustafa kemal  
and his soldiers will never die  
again again and again they will grow  
from the anatolian soil  
they  
killed the peace  
or they thought so

Metin Sahin

# This Enduring Life

unfortunately  
for me...life is a disease  
we must overcome and endure  
however is our will  
sometimes  
tiny..little things or creatures  
fetch us to heaven  
when we are sick or ill  
though not a heathen  
we try to reach the almighty  
to repent...to ask for mercy  
for our sins...our parents  
our beloved and relatives  
but all in vain  
something is between  
hinders and envies  
not this time  
says a loud voice  
wait your turn  
you will be repented soon  
next time  
somehow we are persuaded  
then we lower down to the ground again  
trying to live the disease again  
we must overcome endure; ng  
nobody knows how many lives  
we mortals live  
but the creator  
this swamp we are in  
is the only source of our lusts and ambitions.  
what a pity  
without this enduring life  
and desire to live  
there would be no worry...no lust  
so we must overcome this disease  
as soon as we are permitted  
pray...pray...pray and pray  
just to our creator  
no war...no enemy: no enmity

no killing no death  
no evil nor devil  
there will be peace  
forever peace..no soaring  
but the comforting  
fluttering of the white wings  
of the angels  
and the bosoms of our prophets  
ascending to god  
this day is may be today  
oh the devil  
do not dissuade me  
do not hinder  
get out of my way

Metin Sahin

# To My Mother

Why  
you went  
and in this  
bitter and cruel world  
alone me left  
was death so beautiful and your beloved  
did you miss it very much  
fed up of us  
you used to take us  
under your skirt  
and protect us from rainy days  
from everything harmful  
is your grave as cold as ice  
why did you make it be dug so large  
whom are you expecting near as dear  
was death so beautiful mother  
why you left us alone  
& it's evident  
you longed for it  
& was angry  
do not go do not leave us  
pardon me mother  
after so many years  
& came to your place  
to embrace  
may be you are lying in tears  
and of longings  
again another december  
the day you left  
did you remember  
your hands were cracked  
may be of cold  
forgive me mother  
& could not afford to buy cream  
to soothe them  
you gone with your cracked hands  
there is a little cedar on your grave  
who sowed it & do not know  
some kinds of fruit on it

&#305; took and smelled  
they smelled you mother  
&#305; took some with me to home  
they are dried now  
my wife does not know  
ell me mother  
after so many years  
are your hands or  
your heart are still cracked  
tell me how can &#305; soothe them  
or am &#305; so late to you  
pardon me  
forgive me  
remember the only thing  
the most longing of my heart  
is still you  
every night &#305; will go on talking with you  
in my dream  
in my sleep  
or in my awake

Metin Sahin

## To The Poet Ahmet Arif

poetry..was waving hand lightly and hesitantly  
like a dying and farewellıng cesarius to us  
ı thought would not return from where had gone  
even a day with blackish face

, they were your poems abundantly  
the accasia tree whose flowers blossomed secretly  
look at tyhe buds sprouting at night frequently  
how the exploded in the morning suddenly

they were your warmest dreams for years  
you have born in your teeth like aches  
by your longings you have worn out the fetters fastened on your feet

nedret gürcan  
translation metin sahin

Metin Sahin

# Unforgettable Eyes

you used to bloom  
in my solitude...in my loneliness  
blue and green  
you used to bloom  
rabbit blood, with henna, transparent  
then i used to overcome  
pains, worries and treachery  
i want to go  
i want to go to exile  
to lie  
i want to lie is dungeon in your eyes  
why and how  
where are your eyes now

it is not something like  
to be or not to be  
it is not  
cogito ergo sum too  
the real thing is  
to understand  
the unavoidable  
the non stopping avalanche  
the ungoing circuit  
i want to drink  
i want to drink the moonlight in your eyes  
to reach  
i want to reach secrecy of the soul in your eyes  
why and how  
where are your eyes now

you were a soul  
hidden in my secret soul  
it was not blood  
but our love was flowing into the nights  
when the executor tightened the rope on our throats  
i want to  
i want to listen to the three trees in your eyes  
i want to be silent  
to be silent in your eyes

like a sharp blade  
why and how  
where are your relieving eyes now

Ahmet ARIF  
Translation Metin SAHIN

Metin Sahin

# Unintentionous Leisure

blac clouds on high sky  
gulls..sea gulls..sparrows..swallows  
the blue sea  
a lizard on the ancient wall  
tries to catch the sun  
not moving..brown stone  
some playing blackgammon  
the echoes of dice and pieces  
a melody from fifties, may be elvis the pelvis  
it is antalya turkey  
may be frank sinastra or paul anka  
how he did his way  
io hardly remember  
girls gigling  
women laughing  
where am i  
i cannot realise  
is it a sea garden or heaven or paradise  
somewhere near the sea  
turning brown  
then to yellow..the leaves falling  
a swallow swervws on the sea again  
like my life un intentionous  
people jogging  
byxccles running  
anglers catching  
a poet tries to write a poem  
on the roick near the sea  
a woman imitates reading a book  
this maY BE LİFE  
OF MY LEİSURE  
untentionous  
where are my father and mother gone?  
how quickly pasess the time  
where is my aunt  
where has she gone  
what the sparrow is lookişng on my feet  
how strange we have become to each other  
a neighbour knows no neighbour

as though we are living in a harbour  
waiting for our last ship for the last voyage  
going unknown  
where are my my friends  
when I am in need  
I have lost all my friends one by one  
saying farewell  
how long this leisure will last  
how many lives I have lived  
I have not counted  
and cannot remember  
towards the stone bier in a mosque yard  
to the last resort  
when will this leisure end  
when and where  
I even to think not to dare

Metin Sahin

# Waking On A New Morning

thanks GOD..#305; have reached a new..fresh morning  
that means...#305; am on the world..alive  
thanks GOD..#305; have reached a new..fresh morning  
#305; am still dreaming..fancying and in dreams

the harnessed cart on road  
the anchored ship at hArbour  
all my kins...all my relatives gather together..come together  
LOOK.. it is so new..a fresh morning

house on house is weary of the world  
the mountains are in their joyous moments  
vapour in the glittering eyes  
the dead and alive together are walking on the steets

the market is in its motion all day  
the false and unnecessary haste wearies everyone  
on the world  
human beings against it are walking on it shaking

the things you and we know  
are the things we call thoughts  
we are the water-wheel horses  
turning and turning  
with blinkers on our eyes  
and the fate looking at us in its joyous mood

thanks GOD..#305; have reached a new..a fresh morning  
that means #305; am on the world..living  
thanks GOD..#305; have reached a new: : , ; . a fresh morning  
that means I am also in a dream..dreaming again

Osman ATILLA..Translation Metin #350; AH#304; N

Metin Sahin

# Walking Free

walking  
is worth everthing  
to tread a step freely  
like a breath healhty  
without fear  
without help  
walk and wander  
as you can  
ithat is the thing only thing  
we must try to can  
to can is my  
french teacher's saying  
but true  
do everthing as you can do  
when you could afford to do  
there are many ways to go  
thousands of lives  
thousands of living  
the ways you can  
you can talk freely  
break&#304; NG THE BOUNDAR&#304; eS  
the nonesense borders  
walk and wander  
as you can do  
walk as you can walk  
walk right  
hold hands tight  
offend nobody  
do not be a victim  
to the the ill eye looking  
a broken bone or a broken hip  
bends your waist  
before becoming old  
what a pity  
only you will be left  
to help yourself  
only the one  
who falls from the roof  
can try you to releive

and understand you  
let the luxury cars  
be yours  
my healthy two legs  
treading firmly  
are enough for me  
like a breath healthy

Metin Sahin

# We And Our Old World

how good it is..how lucky  
coming to the world..coming to the earth all of us  
who could have erected the skyscrapers to drill the sky  
on the geREEn plains, on the meadows and on greenery  
who could have burnt the the woods, the forests for fun  
who could have made the sewage flow into the clean seas and clean oceans?  
if we were not on this world, on this earth  
who could have deteriorate the gas ozone balance  
who and who?  
who could have make the devil  
put his shoes on wrong  
and the orphanages  
they would be empty  
if we were lackings  
without us  
what would do the prost&#305; tutes and the bitches  
and the jail guards in jails

what would they do if we were not in them  
and the hired guns  
and the hitmen  
what would they do without us  
did not we invent the various kinds of strange jobs  
oh...the poor planet of the universe  
from ADAM up to this time  
we have changed you a lot  
for that do not thank us  
no need to thanking to us and me  
to accomplish these  
ours  
is our humanity  
and is a must duty

Metin Sahin

# We Are Not Alone I

Now we have reached for a new horizon  
from now on  
my beloved we are not alone  
though the nights last long  
though the nights are dark  
we are not afraid of anything  
we are safe now  
the frightening things and the world  
are all aloof  
to live like that looks like being in love  
with only yourself..all alone  
bur managing to be not alone  
one breath away from death  
even lying in a dungeon  
I go to fishing at dawns  
in stagnant waters  
in flowing clean waters  
It is me  
abandonning work at all counters  
at an evening spring  
I am not amongst the four surrounding walls  
I am in rice-fields  
in cotton fields  
and in tabacco factories  
I am in karcadag  
in cukuruova plain  
in cibali in istanbul  
with their poisonous blind serpents  
and with their malaria fevers  
which hunt human beings for twenty-hours a day  
there are rice kernels in karacadag  
like the tears of a little girl  
with a row of beads on her ankles  
and a big blue bead on her shoulder  
to protect from the evil eye  
she is a girl left from a nomadic tribe  
forgotten on the top of a mountain  
shivering and crying  
her rice kernels look like water drops

and are transperents  
her rice kernels are served to the tables  
of the gentlemen and of the wealties  
and of the lords  
carried by lorries and mule caravans  
oh my cukurova plain  
my swaddling- cloth..my white coffin  
her blood brownish  
her face white  
even the hardest stones crack under her hot climate  
but never crack the hearts of the labourers  
If she desires  
yields the cotton whiter than the clouds  
and smoother than the froth

Metin Sahin

## We Are Not Alone Ii

her teenagers are quarrelsome  
restless  
and brave  
in the famous gaols of ANATOLIA  
lie mostly the brave men  
of the plain CUKUROVA..ADANA  
like showing their wounds to their friends  
like watering willow sprouts  
so candid  
so so deep  
sing folk songs and swear  
this virtues are like  
assigned especially  
for the brave men of CUKUROVA

do you know tobacco  
the brave folk fighters  
call it THE MAIDEN HAIR  
it does not drink water from every artery  
she does not like her place  
evenly and easily  
she is so delicate  
she is offended easily  
between two of her leaves  
one part of my heart lies  
it is wrapped in the thin paper  
in troubling times  
being lit  
offers itself to the friends thirsty lips  
in prisons and messy gaols  
relaxes you a littler bit  
with the first breath inhaled  
from a cigarette  
wrapped in cibali factory  
when you are away  
from your work  
from the streets  
from the shores  
from your beloved

and away from everything  
and away from everywhere

the tobacco labourers are in penury  
the tobacco workers are weary  
but brave  
and honest and brilliant  
their fame has gone and spread  
far far away  
beyond the oceans  
the sparkling hopes  
of my country

Metin SAHIN

Metin Sahin

# We Need Love

we have forgotten the spirit  
subjected to material things  
we are full of treachery..we need love immediately  
we lie and swindle..sole job fancy and dreaming  
we think it is humanity..but we need love immediately

respect is far far aways..everywhere slang sways  
customs and traditions are abolished bluntly  
unaware we need love immediately  
smiling to face..swearing behind..  
sins and offenses of every kind

the world is useless in vain, , life a lie..lasts never  
soul goes out..estate stays still ever and ever  
we lack only love.. believe me  
we need love immediately

metin sahin

Metin Sahin

# Welcome

welcome you..my woman..welcome  
you must have been tired  
how can I wash your tiny and lovely  
feet  
I have neither rose water nor a silver basin  
you must have been thirsty  
i have no sherbet with ice cubes to offer you  
you must have been hungry  
i cannot lay and prepare you a table white linen cloth  
my room is in prison and in penury like my country  
welcome you..my woman..welcome to my room  
now you have trodden your feet in my room  
now..the forty years old concrete floor  
has turned all to green moor  
you have smiled  
the roses bloomed on my windows' iron bars  
you have cried  
the pearls dropped in my palms  
like my bosom wealthy  
my room is illuminated with freedom now  
welcome you my woman..you are welcome  
but now it is parting time  
now good-bye my woman..good-bye and bye  
you said you would not cry  
do not cry my girl  
your eye-liner will sting your eye  
you are in a cab now  
there..you are crossing the city in whose prison i lie  
the driver must be as older as me  
he must have been watching you from the peering-mirror  
he might understand a beautiful weeping woman in tears  
may be he has someone lying in prison..  
may be he knows me..may be he is one of us released lately  
i know  
this city..i gaze behind the iron bars  
is a spa  
is a tomb  
and slk factory and a huge plane-tree  
and the real citizens

are my citizens now  
look how poor..how they are in distress and in penury  
but when you looked at their face in tears  
it was like a sun striking at their faces  
i know you have come to this city once before too  
you came and you did not visit me  
is it true..my dear..my love  
cry for this my dear rose cry  
you must weep in tears for that  
no do not cry and weep my dear i just said so  
god damn me...do not cry  
look around  
me and the city is left far and far beyond  
but in the, illumination of the afternoon  
everywhere is within my illumination  
nothing can escape from my paLMS  
i know..you do not want to leave me too  
now..you and me together  
together my rose together  
are descending to the most beautiful  
from the mountains to the sea  
the weather is like filtered honey  
i went hunting in the afternoon  
i have fallen in love with a she-deer  
the eyes of deer are black  
but mine's are greenish grayer  
i was dragged vomiting blood after her  
then eden opened her gates to me  
you will lie there in the sun with your green eyes  
and me..leaning on you  
i will watch you  
like watching the most wonderous event of the universe  
you will strech and surround your arms around my neck  
on my neck your weighing and swinging  
i will taste the immortality from your crimson mouth  
then with her eyes blue  
with her curly hair wavering in the wind  
with a short night gown just enough to hide the nakedness  
that is to say some transparent  
and even impolite... attractingly  
in our istanbul  
the spring season emerges from her bed and is erected suddenly

Nazim HIKMET

Translation Metin SAHIN

Metin Sahin

# When There Is Love

you will all be spoilt by anger  
rage sufficates humanity  
why we need enmity  
when there is love  
when there is love  
for us..the world is a gift of life  
no need to another thing..another word  
when there is love  
when there is love  
you cannot stay angry forever  
reconcile ever and ever  
join to the society of the friends..comrades  
do not race with anger  
when there is love  
when there is love  
think thoroughly..over and over  
the world may be a lie  
but death is always real  
why do we need to be angry with each other  
when there is love  
when there is love  
BROTHER

metin şahin

Metin Sahin

# Who Is Hamdi I

He was born in KAVAK village  
in çankırı..TURKEY  
on 1921  
they salted him  
he was very smooth  
they were glad  
cause a boy was born  
before he was forty days old  
he looked at the sun  
lying on the under wheat heads  
he learned how to lie on terra-cota  
home was dark  
but the soil was beautiful  
he caught small-pox in 1921  
they tied his hands  
on 1922 he walked  
he wandered  
in 26 homes and four streets on the earth  
he loved the animals  
and the rain  
they made sweets only at feast days  
he never cried again  
when his father was beating his mother  
In 1925  
it was a stormy winter  
one of the oxen died  
his father recruited to the army  
it rained abundant  
they ate abundant gourds  
the gendarmes came to their house  
they had a rifle hidden  
he was five years old in 1926  
they delivered him a lame goat to watch  
he went to the moors with the goat

nazım hikmet



# Woman And Her Spring Child

spring has come  
spring has come  
she has blossomed in the trees  
she has blossomed in the trees  
the trees are leafing  
the trees are leafing  
slowly slowly  
slightly slightly  
everything is greening  
everything is greening  
also grinning and grinning  
flowers flower in many colors  
flowers flower in many colors  
birds are singing gaily  
birds are singing gaily  
dogs are barking happy  
dogs are barking happy  
my mother in her grave  
my mother in her grave  
still waiting me come  
still waiting to come  
&#305; do not know where my father lie  
&#305; do not know where my father lie  
but the spring made me numb  
but the spring made me numb  
everybody is in the outdoors  
everybody is in the outdoors  
a woman is kicking a ball  
a ball is kicked by a woman  
she is really playing with her  
one year old child boy  
she is playing like a toy  
a beautiful boy  
with long hair  
dark curly dark hair  
trying to step into the spring  
trying to step into the spring  
the woman is kicking her troubles away  
with the ball

the woman is really shooting her troubles  
away with the ball  
she is very fond of it  
very very  
kicks the ball again  
kicks the ball again  
the ball goes very far away  
the ball goes very far away  
nobody kicks the ball back to her  
nobody kicks the ball back to her  
the woman looks at her child  
the woman looks at her child  
nobody kicks the ball back to her  
nobody kicks the ball back to her  
cause everybody is not a poet  
cause everybody is not a poet  
the spring has come  
the spring has come  
blossoming in the trees  
blossoming in the trees  
but yet  
nobody is ready to play  
even a ball  
the woman  
never the less  
with her spring child  
tries to play  
but nobody  
kicks the ball back to her  
and to the child  
his first steps in the springhold

Metin Sahin

# Wounded Man

I am not a desolate man..nor a lonely man..I am not also a sea port..  
where no ships  
land and shelter..I am not a lighthouse..isolated and left solitary near the sea  
bare sea rocks..I have enough number of friends...whose value I knew or have  
not known..forgotten or not forgotten...I have also a spouse...I found in my late  
years of life..I am just a wounded man...sometimes by you...sometimes by your  
words..or sometimes by spades or pick axes...at first...a needle had passed through  
my tiny fingers...I do not remember when....when I was just beginning to  
walk...my sister told me once.... trying to give a sewing machine a caress...Then  
when I was attending to my boarding school...a pick axe fell on my feet... when  
we were hunting the locusts in the garden....with my new friends.....years later  
then...glass pierced my wrist and lips....I lay in the infirmary for  
weeks....skipping my lessons...in fact I am not so naughty...just eager to  
see....be a friend be...just a wounded man...when I retired as an old  
grown up man.... I was very stunned...break my left hip bone...falling on a  
pavement stone....I am not a man alone...when my friends left this boring  
world....one by one....I regret....being alive...living blind and lame...not  
knowing...where I am going...and destined to....That is what I am....I am not a  
man desolate and solitary....I am just a tired man...and wounded deeply...mostly  
the words wound me....especially the words of my friends and special ones hurt  
me...injure me...deeply and sadly....I have not chosen this life of mine....what  
a pity...I will leave it one day some day....wounded and feeling a bit guilty...

Metin Sahin

# Young Woman With Bandanna

from now on  
said the young woman  
emerging from the fairy tales  
with bandanna head on  
with lipstick refreshed on her lips  
crimson  
I must live  
a little bit more  
though she was sore  
she was younger younger and younger  
from of us all  
all of her had been changed in the hospital  
perhaps even her love letters  
had been  
pulled out from her dowry chest  
open to all  
even her children could not dare to touch  
roughly  
put into sacks  
as clues  
to the courts  
as bearded granfather of an author  
had become karl marx  
to yhe unmerciful laws  
from now on she said  
the young woman with bandanna on head  
though she was sore  
I must live a little bit more  
do not cry she said  
to her comrades friends around  
do not cry  
do not cry for me  
crying is no help to me  
then they began to sing  
and grin  
grin with proud  
shouted to the shameless  
the shameless bewildered  
could not find a place to be sheltered

the woman with bandanna  
and lipstick crimson  
erected and began to walk  
kicking her wheel chair off  
belittling mysterious enemies  
ignorance of the kings  
thousands of suns  
were following hers  
trying to get rid of the darkness  
pulling from their skirts  
freeing themselves  
they were the winter flowers  
blooming in springs  
from now on  
said the young woman  
I must live a little bit more  
with bandanna lipstick  
but sore  
her eyes forever glittering  
she was younger  
then of us all

Metin Sahin