

Poetry Series

madturk ato
- poems -

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A Sweet Mid-Summer Night Dream

in the land of peace and liberty;
where all the birds fly
for their freedom to heavenly skies
and the sun shines beamingly on us
which stirs the light of hopes we have.

where the silence is a wellspring of peace
and the nice thoughts fulfill our dreams,
and the birds sing of love
under the trees
we kiss each other.

there is a hut over there
inside the deep forest
where there is a stream
for, it runs down to the valley

I hoped this was not a dream
if not, hoped not to awaken at all
for I would never leave
the land of liberty
where a picturesque life
and colourful scenery
and the different way of life is;

for, there was a knock at the door
then, I was woken up
from my sweet mid-summer night dream
to see all the things were gone...

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