

Poetry Series

Rena Kizilisik
- poems -

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Rena Kizilisik(11/10/1963)

Rena Kizilisik is a current PhD student who is an avid writer of poetry. Her professional career has primarily been in the area of grants and fundraising for community outreach as well as women's advocate. Her primary area of interest is the lived experience of Muslim women. Her poems have won prizes in "What Oft Was Thought" and "Pan Ku." She is also an editor who has worked editing manuscripts and creating publications since 1992. Her joy is in service to others and sharing her poetry to those who may experience a connection with the emotions she expresses. Her style is unformed, free, and often abstract. However, there is a message or experience behind each that she would like to share with you.

The Blues: Ode To Robert Emmett Tansey

Walking home from school
Just a young girl
Already so bold and beautiful
Infatuated with a blue eyed boy

Who carries her books to school each day
Though 'thank you' he never hears
He carries her books anyway

McCarthy on his Witch Hunt
Truman building bombs
She thinks only of blue
His favorite color
And now hers as well

The blue of his eyes
And the little bit of blue she would carry
On their wedding day

He can only think of
Rainbows
And
Wild imaginings

He fails to notice that she blushes
Each time he passes her way
And 'I Love You' he cannot yet say

But as they grew he would find
That she was always on his mind

Their hearts would then be joined
For eternity
And 'I Love You' he did say on that day
He says it to her every day
As she is on his mind still
Even against his will

Growing old in a cold cruel world

He gives her his love
Even though his love is not returned

Each night as he sleeps
He dreams of her still
And has the blues
His Love Lost
But never gone

Her wild beauty
And the passionate love they made
Kissing her lightly on the cheek
Before he falls asleep each night
To dream of her beautiful face

With still so much love to give
He is chastised
And spit on

In spite of the Navy cap he wears
And the pieces of his soul he gave
So others could live
Gone forever, never to be returned

Damage done
Never to be repaired
He carries

His burdens
No one will help him carry
So he must carry them alone
And only God he knows

Rarely given even a glance
Though his genius still prevails
His love seldom returned
He still loves anyway

If you are willing to stop
But for a moment
'I Love You' you will hear

Love does that to you now and again
If it's true love

Love will always remain
Freely given to a different wild girl
This time
In pain and suffering
With books too heavy to bare

A life saved
Through□
Simple nourishment
He provides her
And a book to read
Which he will carry
For her each day

And she will say 'Thank You'
This time
For a gift from God
With blue blue eyes

And this girl too
Thinks only of blue
And she says 'I Love You'
Though she too has the blues

Rena Birk-Kizilisik©
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Veiled Strength

Islamic prayers that do not come
From mouths slapped shut
Are never heard
But strong women stand
After rape
And the birth
Of the world's burden

They are strong - they bend
They reach and pull
And show their anger
With enough decorum
To Withstand

The beauty of their middle-eastern lips
Is bruised and covered
With Burka to hold in the cries
Of women with no faces
And babies
Who will not live

The pain of the costume
And the veil around gagging
Are a realness of truth
That no esoteric
Dogma can explain
Away

Rena Birk-Kizilisik©
Barry University, What Oft Was Thought, Vol.7,2002

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