

COME ON, WAKE UP / KADİR AYDEMİR

I am looking at your photo
Your naked shadow
is a fluttering butterfly on the ground

The first night I woke up with you
The rain had started to speak
I had smelled your body

My flower of sleep,
As you combed your hair
I thought of flightless sparrows

Where now
Is your little mirror
That makes us forget everything?

Translated by Tozan Alkan

WINTER OF POETRY / KADİR AYDEMİR

You are scattering dust on snow...
the beak of a cloud cuts the writhing worm
Think of all that happens...

Understand the stalactite
that is angry with the sun

Your Father is drunk, there is a coal truck in front of the house
Understand, your tears won't melt this snow.

Translated by Gökçenur Çelebioğlu

IN THE DEPTHS / KADİR AYDEMİR

I.

The cold star
I hide in my body
Is for you

Your voice is the wind
And your hands the sleep

The same sun
Which warms us both.

II.

I listened to the sea
Went to the earth

The water draws my heart.

III.

Give me the softness
The fringes of the night

With the advent of cold
Birds are led to migration

The wind bends me
Against you.

Translated by Hakan Yılmaz

REALITY AND COLD / KADİR AYDEMİR

I. Recalling

The belly of a cloud
billows with the strong wind
We hear the irregular
sound of a distant bell
Suddenly a sword: make the lightning
suffer

Where the sounds meet:
fields of desire

Bare rocks
reject the water with arrogance.

II. The Eye

Poplars, telegraph poles
the cricket
never stops

Olive tree surrounded with
crushed weeds

Everything is
furtive

And a robin
as if listening
to a conversation

Distant people
A palace of solid thorns
Pain:
on earth
and in the gatekeeper's face.

III. Comprehending

Solicitude:
slowness of the river

The sun

is about to set
The bird is making its nest

A grave:
tense texture of dark
Lost shadows
The wind immortalizes the birds

Mist
hides its cowardly face
Patient things
Courtesy of destiny.

IV. Ashes and Fire

Our dead,
ripeness of colours
in their orbits

Standing over there
as if freeing themselves of shame

Reflection of an infinite eye

An irregular sound
A hand holding a pigeon
A hidden harmony

An expanding universe in their mouths

Translated by Gökçenur Çelebioğlu