

balthus

Selahattin Yolgiden

we discuss with coffin carrier boys
if the angels are
male or not

the goat -in love with an orange tree-
has left its village long ago
in a bag out of its own skin

when the noon-bell tolls,
girls wash their cunts with salty water,
hang them out on a rope to dry and let them be kissed

the doctor holds an x-ray
there are two skeletons making love on it
“we forget we are only a set of bones”

we wash the cherries with the water drops
dribbling from your crotch, your body’s ebb and tide
on the bed, on that open sea, alas, a sail boat caught by a storm

once I had started everything that I finished
but I couldn’t finish many things that I have started:
yarn spinning, dreaming, making love...

I kissed your lips bestowed to me,
I finished the cherries on the plate.

tr. Gökçenur Ç.