



*My Little Book of
Poems*

Deniz Kurtođlu Eken

March 2017

Kurtođlu Eken, Deniz.

My Little Book of Poems. – Istanbul, March 2017.

104 p.; 4,8x 21 cm.

ISBN 978-605-030-631-6

1.Edition: 2017

Printed by Saraçođlu Matbaacılık İth.İhr.San.ve Tic.

Maltepe Mah. Davutpařa Emintař San. Sitesi No: 101/274-275

Topkapı - Zeytinburnu / İstanbul

Tel 212 544 29 29

Certificate No: 33017

Graphic design

Özge Tatari

Front cover

'Winter', Oil painting on canvas 30 x 60

by Meriç Bulca, November 2016

Photo credits

Pages 1, 11, 14, 27, 37, 43, 49, 52, 76, 80, 82, 84, 88, 95

Photographs by Ali Nihat Eken

Page 3 Leaf art by Deniz Kurtođlu Eken

Page 6 'Hope', Oil painting on canvas 50 x 60 by Meriç Bulca 2014

Page 8 Photograph by Nur Kurtođlu-Hooton August 2008

Pages 7,12,18,19, 21, 22, 25, 30, 36, 38, 39, 44, 45, 55, 57, 67, 68, 73, 74, 75,
77, 85, 87 Photographs by Deniz Kurtođlu Eken

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To My Mom and Dad

Canım Anneme ve Babama...

I am not a poet and will never claim to be one. I am an individual who loves to write; someone who finds comfort and solace in expressing herself through the written word.

When I write a poem, I flow into a unique world of inspiration and space; a vast and open beyondness with no concern for time or boundaries.

My inspiration comes from my feelings, thoughts, observations, and reflection, where the trigger can be anything and everything; an experience, an individual, a memory, a desire, music or a song, a picture, a color, a smell or even an object.

This is meant to be a little introduction to My Little Book of Poems so I shall keep it short for I know I can easily get carried away...

Welcome to my world.

DKE, March 2017, Istanbul

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Hayat gerçeme bakarak anlaşılır ama
unutmamak gerekir ki öte yandan ilerleme
doğru yoldadır.

S - Kierkegaard
(1843)

It is quite true what philosophy
says: that life must be understood
backwards. But that makes one
forget that it must be lived -
forwards.



The sea will not wait

The breeze sings to me in its softest voice
The sea will not wait

09/5/2011

Assumptions

It is hardly ever a case of either...or
Nor a case of black or white
Nothing can be that straightforward
That
In fact
Would be absurd
Yet we are always ready to assume that
About whatever we wish to consume

06/8/2011



*To My Lovely Mom on Her 76th
Birthday - Hasretle**

In substance
We may be far far apart
Yet undoubtedly so very closely bound
Right here on Earth
In Heart and in Spirit
In Nature, in Water
High up above, over and beyond
And all around

Canım Annem!
Yes!
Your Love and Warmth
Remain so very profound
Deep within
And in my mission in life yet to begin

May your light always shine in peace
With all your guardian Angels at your
please

May your never ending energy
Flow into mine and mine into yours
With waves to take us both
Into
Yet-to-be-discovered shores
Seni çok özlüyorum**...

* *With yearning*

** *I miss you very much.*

18/8/2011



My Lighthouse and I

My Lighthouse and I have a special
bonding
His love and warmth and peaceful
holding
In darkness and confusion
In bitterness and indecision
There for me he is now and always
In our jandmle-sion*...

** unique unison, warmth, harmony and love*

22/8/2011



Home

Does it matter?
Does it matter at all?
Maybe yes, but then maybe no
Who is actually to know
But you, yourself and yours alone
When you are not sure
Where to call 'home'

13/9/2011





TO UĞURKAN

Until the dawn of day and in her dazzling
light,
Graciously she pleases
Us, and you and it and them and me,
Rarely yet does she flee,
Knowing if she ever does
Angels - her most beloved - may fuss
Night and day, in her eternal prayer

UĞURKAN !

10/12/2011

And this

This is Life
No matter how simple or complex it is as
some say
Beware
It may never come your way
But if it does
It comes for a very good reason
So grab it, live it, enjoy it!
Before it is out of season

10/12/2011



Unearthly

Trust
Belonging
Light
Freedom
Vision
Depth
Safety
Warmth
Love

15/12/2011



The one

A moment, 'the moment' when nothing
and no one can help...
But you, and you alone
Pondering about the past, the present and
the future
When in fact you know it is all in one and
the one!

22/12/2011



Hmm

Why is it that for so many of us
Reality consists of our own worlds and
lives only?
Why is it that our problems, worries,
concerns, unhappiness, dissatisfaction
and the like
Are nothing comparable to any other's?
How come we often feel it's the other
person's fault and not ours?
Why is it that we feel we are individually
the most helpless, the most 'Injusticed',
the most at wrong?

Hmm

Is there a competition as such?
The one with the worst problem
The one who's the helpless of all
The unhappiest
The most miserable
Of all times?
The least fortunate and the most deprived
The biggest sufferer on Earth?
And so, the award goes to...?

Why is it that we cannot treasure and
cherish what we already have?
Why can't we grow and learn to grow
stronger as persons?
Or is it because
We simply cannot let go
Of the weird content
That our unhappiness yields
Though at the same moment
Screams
'Who is to blame for it all?'

26/12/2011



The Night

Loving the silence of the night
Its beauty, its stillness, its mystery and
flight
When so many and so much else are
sound asleep
I choose to be up
With what I to myself keep
Questioning more than I can actually
'read' among the weed
Why do I prefer darkness to daylight?
The Moon to the Sun,
The stars to the rays?
Is there greater safety here,
From what it is I may fear?
Or?
Or is it me, myself and I
So much better hear
And long to be with
Wrapped warmly in my own silent
blanket, space and sphere?

28/12/2011

My New Year Poem

Who better than us
Knows the truth behind the veil
Towards where our souls set sail
Our precious journey against the gale?

Who better than us
Keeps us comfort, keeps us company
To retain and embrace our own harmony
In trouble, in pain, in our losses and gain?

Who better than us
Feels what life may have in store
Deep down at its core
And where it is our souls arrive ashore?

31/12/2011

When with...

Us
In haste
Inner peace and spritual beauties waste
When with gratitude and forgiveness
Our lives could be delightfully laced

Us
In anger
Choose to react or surrender
When with silence and reflection
Can rejoice in our own splendor

Us
In grief
Resort to disbelief
When with acceptance and embrace
Can continue to live in grace

Us
In longing
May feel out of belonging
When with a warmer look into our hearts
Can witness its awakened becoming



Us
In confusion
May deep down feel seclusion
When with a simple twist or tweek
Discover our souls are no longer bleak

Us
In love
May not see beyond, beneath or above
When with a single touch or a few words
only
May for very long years or space
Cherish it fondly...

03/01/2012



And so...

And so they say
Cannot comprehend
For what it is
I may try and tend

And so it is
From where I currently stand
Taking the risk
Yet not fully knowing
Where I may land

05/01/2012



The Sea

Sometimes...at other times...

Peaceful...restless

Rough...calm

Deep...shallow

Endless...bordered

Light...heavy

Sweet...salty

Blue...green

Reflective...reflecting

Setting sail...arriving ashore

Embracing...Letting go

Uplifting...sad

Mysterious...as clear as day

Home to others...home to herself

The Sea with all Her might...A plea in
flight

15/01/2012

Is not and is

The trouble is

That it is not

The consolation is

That it is

15/01/2012



Did and didn't

I did the things I did not do
and
I did not do the ones I did

17/01/2012



What they may

A long day
A long way?
For those very near
Yet apart

A drop in the ocean
A precaution?
For those who feel astray

A letter
A shelter?
For those
Regardless of what others to them may
say

A snowflake
A lovely wake?
For those who pray
In the solitude of their flair

18/01/2012

From... to...

From those awake
To those asleep
From those asleep
To those awake
May you nor I ever weep

From those at home
To those astray
From those astray
To those at home
May you nor I never sigh

From those in fear
To those in tears
From those in tears
To those who fear
May you and I always stay dear

From those in light
To those in darkness
From those in darkness
To those in light

May you nor I ever lose sight

From those in suffering
To those in might
From those in might
To those in suffering
May you and I always keep our grounding

23/01/2012



My Son

**Could I not have written to you earlier
And shared with you my love, which I
Never ever shared as intense, as
strong, as profound?**

**Truly blessed I am with your love,
warmth and presence
And yet I do have a plea
Rather late maybe in time and
space? My
Kaleidoscope, my inspiration, my
eternal consolation
Accept me, embrace me and love
me for what I am
Never ever I pray, may thy light, love
and happiness fade...**

23/01/2012



As it so happens

I am a dressing room
I can hear your questions
I can witness your clothedness
And at times your bareness

I am a dressing room
With mirrors all around
I witness silence and stillness
I witness a full gaze in frustration
And at times in pride

And you?
Are you a guest or the host?

23/01/2012

Where is it?

Where is the dead end
You rushed into by mistake?
Where is the roundabout
Where you questioned your
whereabouts?

Where is the turn
That got you all confused?
Where is the exit
When in doubt you headed South?

Where is the crossing
You hesitated at?
Where is the U-turn
That took you all the way back?

Where are the traffic lights
Where you refused to stop at the red?
Where is the bridge
You have for so long sought?
Where is the path
You have always wished to trod?



And where, oh where is the blessing
Your heart and mind are nestling?

27/01/2012



You and me

Is anything wrong with you?
Is anything wrong with me?
Nothing's wrong with you?
And nothing's wrong with me
Yet somehow we make believe
And indeed are made to believe
That something's wrong with you
And something's wrong with me
When everything's right with you
And everything's right with me

01/02/2012

Prenses ve Kükedisi

Bilmez ki yorgunsun
Sessizliğin karanlığında
Bilmez ki yalnızsın
Kalabalığında
Duymaz ki acırsın
Soluğunun içinde
Duymaz ki ağlarsın
Tebessümünün derinliğinde
Görmez ki gidersin
Bir heyecan, bir tüpürtüyle
Görmez ki gelirsin
Korkuyla, endişeyle
Tatmaz ki, fazla tatlıdır ne de olsa hislerin
Tatmaz ki fazla acıdır
Karabiber, tuz, pul biber misali
düşüncelerin
Konuşmaz ki beklersin
Söylenilmeyenleri, sorulmayanları bile
bile
Konuşmaz ki sabredersin
Getirilmese bile onlar dile
Dokunmaz ki hissedersin

Sevginin sıcaklığında
Dokunmaz ki sarılırsın
Gizemin karşı konulmaz ruhunda
Hissetmez ki zenginliğini
Sultan, Prenses, Kraliçe misali
Hissetmez ki fakirliğini
Kül kedisi misali
Gece yarısı mı
Yoksa saat gece yarısını vurmadan mı
önce?

03/02/2012



Maybe... Valentine's?

Maybe
One need not anyone else
But their very own self
To hold and respect and cherish
To feed and love and spare
Be it in happiness or despair

Maybe
One raises her toast
To her space for herself the most
To her joys, her sorrows, her dreams, her
growth
Be it little, a little more or a lot

06/02/2012

For me

This one is special
It's for me and me alone
To warm my soul, my heart, my presence
To celebrate my unique existence
To appreciate my maturity and yearning
To treasure my own child, my in-
dependence, my thankfully unstoppable
growth

09/02/2012



Paths galore

Paths widely trodden and roads less
travelled by
What mystery, challenges and
opportunities there within the latter lie
Along rich paths brave hearts and
inspirational minds roam
Yet also unite under a single, visionary
dome

28/8/2012



Letting go

Learning to let go
That is how I continue to grow
When in grief, in fear, in anger, in
ignorance
I embrace my dif-fer-ence

09/9/2012



Unison

And this is where the souls unite
In their 'sinful' yet fearless flight
In their aloneness and togetherness
Towards an eternal light

09/9/2012



We reap what we sow

And this is me
Plain and simple
Yet
By thy standards
May be a cripple?
For how am I to know
Whether
We reap what we sow
And seek the light
That we may for one another owe?

09/9/2012



Courage

Courage?
Who taught me it?
I do not know
But I cherish
Every second it glows
And I hope
So very much hope
My son
My one and only will follow

09/9/2012



Abartmayalım

Aman ha, sakın abartmayalım
Ölçüyü kaçırmayalım
'Haddimizi' bilip
Bardağı taşırmayalım

09/9/2012

Kim?

Beni bildiğini düşündüğüm gerçekten bilir
mi acaba?
Yoksa bilmediğini düşündüğüm daha mı iyi?

09/9/2012

Let it be a gerund

Longing
Belonging
Prolonging

15/9/2012

It is

For what it is
It is
The mystery of what within thy heart grows

For what it is
It is
The miracle of our vows

For what it is
It is
An insurmountable flame

15/9/2012

For once

Spoiling others
And
Being spoilt
In whatever manner and thereupon unfold
For once
I beg thee
That this be you instead
Within thy very hold

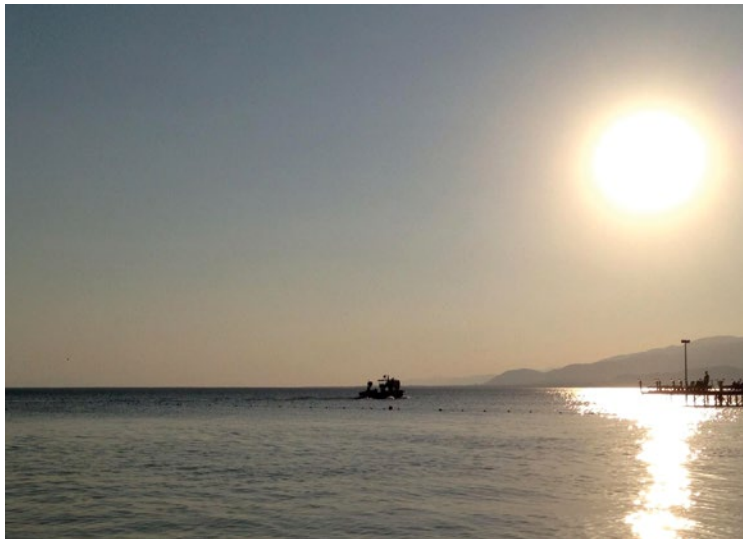
23/9/2012



My plea and flight

How on earth can I feel more grateful for
what you do to help me be me
That you let me be
And set me free
Despite my inconsistency
Which even to me is such an unjustifiable
luxury
In my plea and flight
To flee

05/10/2012



Let me out loud

The poem shouts out
Let me out
Let me out loud
From the depths of thy soul and senses
Till it reaches o'er its fences

08/10/2012



Cannot sleep

Cannot sleep
Might it be that the wound is so deep?
Despite how one may so desperately want
to leap
From its very presence, here, there, and
beyond?

And I ask thee
Whose burden is it your precious soul
struggles to keep?

25/10/2012

Dearth

In one's freedom
It may unexpectedly hurt
When souls and spirits unearth
The worth of their dearth

03/11/2012

I am not just a handbag

A chair is never just a chair
A table never just a table
A lamp never just a lamp
A handbag never just a handbag

They all have their stories to tell
Some happy while others in tears and worry
Shout from beneath

So many feelings and thoughts they
whisper
Some we hear but others - when we don't
listen - disappear

04/11/2012

Here is to you!

And here's to the unique fish out there
Who may so freely and happily be
swimming in all kinds of directions
Be it North, South, West or East
Or towards elsewhere otherwise
Where souls, hearts and spirits feel
They are where they wish to belong and
They are they who they wish to be

16/11/2012

Hide and seek

Hide and seek
No need to freak
As every hiding place is unique

19/11/2012

It is there

It is there in its unique and glittery existence
Its prosperity, its unpredictable versatility
Its fearless and persistent pregnancy
Its timid yet victorious symphony

And I for one am so very lucky
To have been a bare witness
To all that it embodies deep down in its
blissfulness

30/12/2012



20/3

Two thousand thirteen
No more yet no less either
Bringeth me and giveth me
What I continue to treasure

30/12/2012

Anew

And as I continue to share me with you
I appreciate your openness and warmth
yet also still feel blue
For might it be perhaps
That our souls - as much as in their unison
- are due
To reaffirm their individual and united spirit
anew?

22/11/2012

Lights

Are red lights really red?
Are orange lights really orange?
Green really green?

What about the unseen?

15/01/2013

Time for a night cap

But there within lies the beauty of the soul
Freed from its glamorous shawl
And there within lies its passion
Surrounded in full compassion

22/01/2013

Us

You speak of trouble and the impossible
I speak of ease and the possible
Yet we seem to agree on what we have
never really otherwise tried

01/3/2013



Sevgili Firuze'ye

Herkes üzüldü, ağladı
Kahroldu, yıkıldı, yandı
Herkes öyle ya da böyle perişan oldu
Resmime baktı, son fotoğrafıma baktı
Bir daha
Bir daha
Bir daha
Baktı ve hala bakıyor...
Kendine dönmeden
Bana baktı ve bakıyor

Acı hissetti bir şekilde
Bana acıdı
Aileme, tüm sevenlerime, özellerime...
Ama belki de birazcık da kendine acıdı,
bilmiyorum
"Çok gençti, nasıl olur? Nasıl kıyar
kendine?" diye sordu
"Bana söz vermiştin oysa ki" diye yakındı,
haykırdı

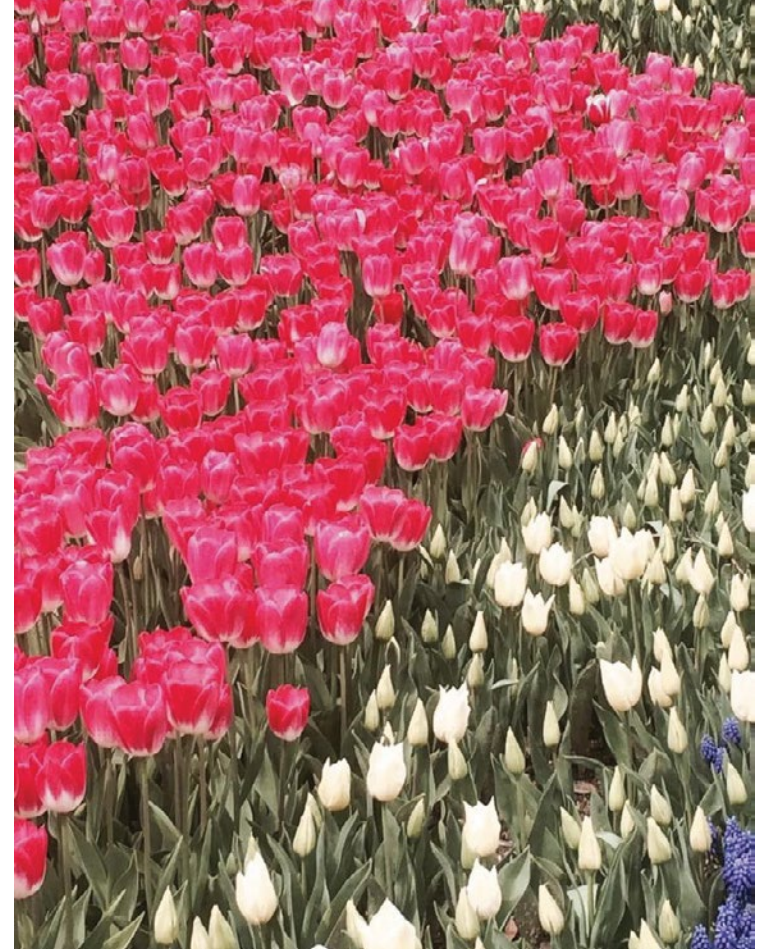
Ama bir şekilde hepsi de sayfama girip
fotoğrafıma baktı

Uzun uzun baktı
Benimle ilgili olan her şeyi bulmaya çalıştı
Tanıyanı da tanımayanı da
Merak ediyordu çünkü
Bir yandan da kendi hayatını, yaşadıklarını,
tüm olup biteni düşündü
Ben olsam ben de merak ederdim galiba
Eskiden beri sorulur, sanırım hala da
soruluyor
Bu bir korkaklık işi mi
Yoksa cesaret mi diye
Sanki ikisinden birisini ille ki seçmek
gerekir
Varsın öyle olsun
İsteyen istediğini seçsin kendi vicdanında
huzur bulacaksa

Ama ben
Olduğum ve bulunduğum yerde tüm
'yaşattıklarım' veya 'hissettiklerime'
rağmen
Huzurluyum sonunda
Onun için fotoğrafıma
Bir daha
Bir daha

Bir daha
Bakarken
Bunu da düşünmeniz beni mutlu eder

21/3/2013



Time

Time is not the past
It is not the future either
Nor is it the present or now
Despite what the wise folks, philosophers
or the others might say
Or the great Aristotle
Who says time is the before or after
Nor does it have a specific location...

Time is You and where You believe you
exist
Where You feel You are You
Where You seek peace
Where You continue to flow towards what
it is
You may want to seize
Where You exist at your utmost ease
Time does not move in seconds
Nor in minutes or hours
It moves at Your own very life clock
A precious clock, totally unique
Where nothing is prescribed

Nor any time length described

Time

Is precious but not precious in its length
As much as in its living, lived, to be lived
or alive presence
Where you may feel its omniscience

Time is there for You and You alone in its
embodiment
In its ever flowing development
Where You really and truly feel its strength
In whatever it may also offer you in
'length'

26/4/2013



Geceler

Ben geceleri hiçbir zaman uzatmak
istememiştim
Uzatmamıştım da
Ama uzadıkça uzadı
Ve ben
Uzattıkça uzattım
Gündüzler ise
Kısaldıkça kısaldı
Ve ben
Kısalttıkça kısalttım
Bunun bir sebebini biliyorum
Diğerleri konusunda ise emin değilim
Belki de hiç emin olamayacağım

25/5/2013

SLTEP*

Special you are and sooo very special you
shall remain
Learners at heart, in mind, in soul and in a
unique collaborative vein
Talented you are with a wealth of
knowledge, skills and experience
Educators in practice with wisdom,
curiosity and never ending patience
Perfection? Seek not, let progress be your
one and only guiding flame

* School of Languages Trainer Education Program

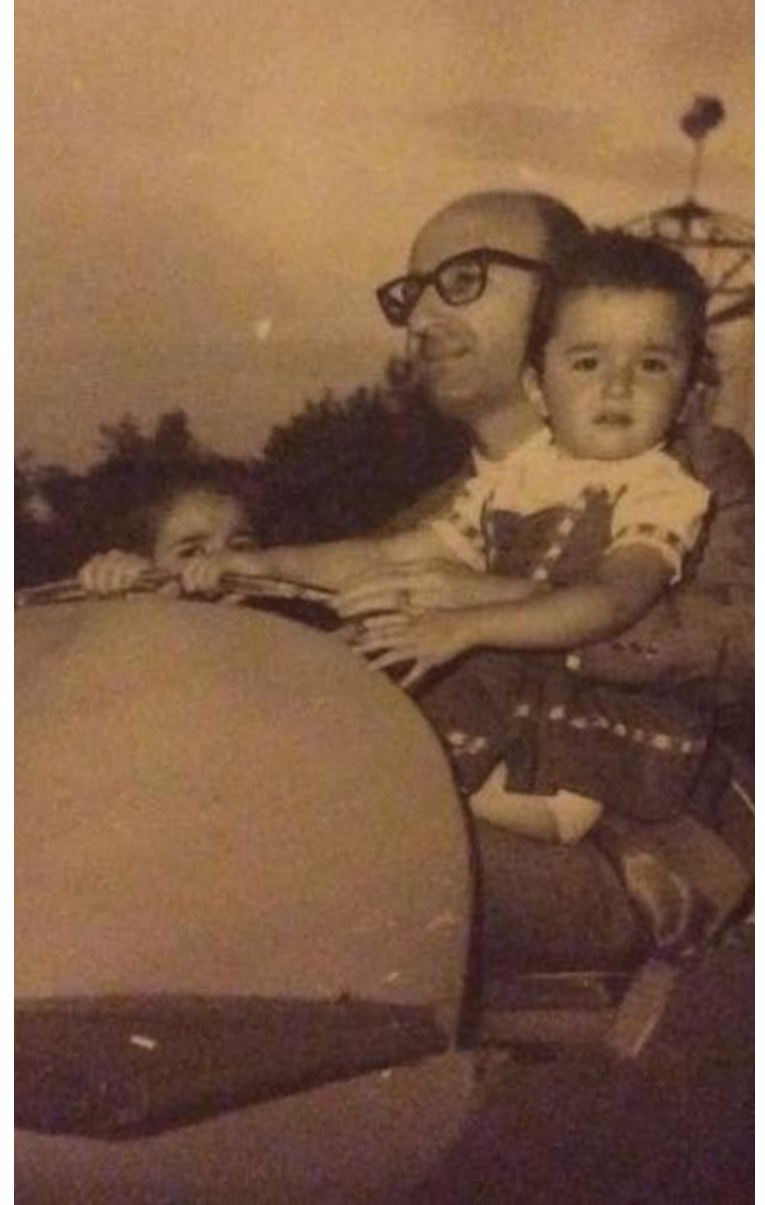
03/7/2013

Sen benim biricik kızımsın

Bugün gerçek anlamda elini tuttum
Sımsıcaktı benimki
Seninki ise soğuktu, üzüldüm
Ama yine de hissettin beni
Kuvvetlice sıktın elimi
Öylece kaldık bir süre

“Annem nerede babacığım?” diye
sordum
Yüzünde sımsıcak bir tebessüm
oluşuverdi
“Burada” diyerek diğer elini kaldırıp
havaya, tam karşıya işaret ettin
başparmağınla yavaşça
“İyi miymiş annem, ne yapıyormuş?” diye
sordum
Anlayamadığım birşeyler söyledin usulca
“Ben kimim?” diye sordum
Yüzünde yine sıcacık bir tebessüm oluştu
Yine usulca söyledin ama duydum seni,
anladım bu sefer
“Sen benim biricik kızımsın.”

08/7/2013



Seni keçi babacığım seni!

Bugün biraz daha iyiydin
Bankaya gitmek istedin
Sakalını traş edene olan borcunu sorup
durdun
Bankaya gitmek istedin
Kapıyı açmaya çalıştın
Evimize gitmek istedin

Ali'yle konuştun uzun uzun
"Hoş geldin oğlum, nasıl geçti?" dedin
Ben de Ali'nin yerine cevapladım
Çok iyi geçtiğini söyledim
Sevindin, tebessüm ettin

Yine bankaya gitmek istedin
Borçlarını sordun
Banka kartını sordun
Ben oraya para ayırmıştım dedin
Merak etmemeni hepsinin ödendiğini
söyledim
Yatak çarşafını çekiştirip durdun
Üzerine düşmeyen ekme kırıntısını
Başparmağının ve işaret parmağının

arasına alıp
Çarşafını temizledin
Ağzını sildin
Sildin, bir daha sildin
Çarşafı ellerinle çektin çektin, top yapıp
atıverdın

Yine bankaya gitmek istedin
Ben hallettiğimi söyledim
Senin büyük bir titizlikle her hafta takip
ettiğin su damacaneleri için ayırdığın para
ve getiren çocuğun bahşişi de dahil
Su işini de hallettiğimi söyledim
Az biraz rahatladın

Gördüğün ama bizlerin göremediği birçok
insanla konuştun
Anlattın onlara
Çok da konuşkandın doğrusu
Senin yıllarca bu kadar konuşkan
olduğuna şahit olmamıştım
İçeride ve dışarıda kaç kişi olduğunu
sordun
Ağzında kalan tavuk parçasını
tükürüverdın

Sonra da hem sen, hem Can Tarkan, hem
Güllüzar annemiz, hem de ben güldük
kaldık bu duruma
Çok güzel bir şut atmıştın çünkü
Helal olsun vallahi

Hem farkında değildin
Hem de pekala farkında
Hele ki suyunu içirmeye çalıştığımızdaki
Keçi inadın takdire şayandı doğrusu
Seni keçi Vedat Kurtoğlu seni!
Seni keçi babacığım
Kurtoğlu ailesinin en bir keçisi!

Canım babam
Herkesin derdi başka biliyorsun
Öyle olması da son derece normal tabii
'Anlıyorum seni' diyen bile bilemez ki
Bu onun ya da onların suçu değil
Hayat böyle
Yaşam böyle
Gaile denilen şey işte böyle
Hayat gailisi aynen böyle
Gittiği yere kadar, ama bir o kadar da her
bir anı manidar

09/7/2013



Gidelim canım babacığım

“Beni kaçırdılar kızım
Bildiğin gibi değil
Beni hapsettiler
O da benden ev istedi, araba istedi,
benimle ille evlenmek istedi
Bir türlü kurtulamadım
Peşimi bırakmıyor bir türlü
Olmaz diyorum, anlamıyor
Sonra nasıl olduysa kurtulmuşum”

“Sen iyileştin mi kızım?
Ne zamandır hastanedesin?”

“Arabamı çaldılar kızım biliyor musun?
Kontağı da çalıştıramamıştım ben
Arabam çalındı
Kimbilir ne oldu!”

“Arkamda kimse var mı?
Şşşş burada konuşamayız
Onlar dinliyorlar
Eve gidince konuşalım”

“Ben şimdi kalkıp sizi geçireyim
Sen de hesabı öde
Gerçi benim param yetmez ama
Gidelim artık”

Gidelim canım babacığım...

13/7/2013



Maze

Whilst I know I am very fortunate
And in many different ways
I cannot help but dream of a utopic
unison
In my eternal maze

17/8/2013



Marifet nerede?

Yeni bir aşk, yeni bir ünvan, terfi, ilerleme,
(yeni) bir iş, ev, bir araba, bir arsa, bir yat,
bir mücevher, bir seyahat, bir dünya turu?

Ya da çok daha nazizane, bir kitap, defter,
silgi; bir oyuncak; bir ulaşım aracı okula
varmaya; bir çift ayakkabı; bir yastık ve
yorgan; bir çanta...

Ya da daha da, çok daha nazizane,
öyle ya da böyle, duyulmak, işitilmek,
anlaşılmaya çalışılmak,

Belki de dinlenebilmek, yapılan işe ara
verip iyi kötü tatile çıkabilmek, belki
meyve suyu içebilmek, peynir ve et
yiyebilmek, üç beş kuruş hesabi yapmak
zorunda kalmamak...

Ama hepsi fani, öylesine fani ki
Bunu aslında hepimiz biliyoruz
Öyle ya da böyle ölümlerde, vefatlarda
yaşıyoruz



'Öteki dünyaya' öylesine bir anda
savrulup gittiğimizi biliyoruz
Ama
Yine de nasıl oluyorsa, bir şekilde istiyor
Ve istemeye de devam ediyoruz
Marifet dediğimiz şey de galiba burada
işte!

Ve ola ki bir 'isyan' var ise
Onun isyanı zaten ne sana, ne bana, ne
ona, ne bize ne de onlara
Sadece ve yalnızca kendisine!

23/8/2013

Familiar and -ity

Familiarity
Hmm
How would one teach this concept?
Does it have a negative or positive
connotation?

Familiarity
Does it survive
Or outlive
Its raison d'être
In the first place?

Familiarity
Has it surrendered its shyness?
Its glorious bliss
Or might it be amiss?

Familiar and 'ity'
I shall give thee
The benefit of the doubt
To denote your chosen quality

19/10/2013

To Whom It May Concern

A vision to some
A delusion to others

A chair to some
A throne to others

A home to some
A palace to others

My oh my...

05/11/2013



We are time

Seconds are rarely so precious
Minutes and hours alike
Where so many thoughts and questions
In our hearts and minds abide

30/3/2014



Angels behold!

Vivid dreams he's had with his no-longer-
existent cars, houses and friends
Embracing his present as tightly as he
would
Dad, a fighter he's been – as much as he
could
Angels behold!
This wonderful man remains remarkably
bold!

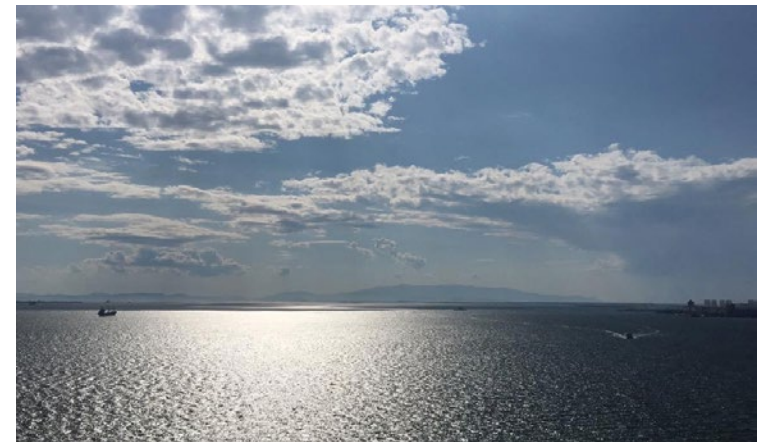
15/6/2014



iZMiR

Interesting that it has taken me so long to
feel such a sense of belonging
Zealous I feel after so many decades
despite my knowing, about
My father with his roots grounded here
deep down and growing back within?
Is it because I did not know any better
then, or
Rather that the be-long-in was physically
spent and therefore supposedly felt
elsewhere?

11/04/2014





No avail

Never felt as unhappy and helpless in
such a long time
And I cannot care any less about any
rhyme
What does one do, how does one help
someone they care a lot for?
If all gets being discussed stays around a
certain past plot?

10/04/2015



Couples here and there

Couples here and there
Couples all around
Somehow we tend to walk and talk and
live in couples
And beyond that?
Things get questioned
Naturally, understandably?
For they do not fit 'the pattern'

Such a shame, such a restriction
For those whose hearts are so loving that
they embrace love differently
For they breathe in love and nature

Maintain your loving stance
Embrace your loving heart
Cherish your loving soul
For you know, and so do they and I
That, that is all that matters
And shall remain so

18/4/2015

Minnet

Hani belki de
İnsan
O kadar çok sever ve sevilir ki
Ne yapacağını
Buna nasıl şükredeceğini bilemez
O kadar şükreder ki sahip olduğu
güzelliklere
Bunları kaybedeceğine korksa da
Kendince temiz kalbinden ve
düşüncelerinden dolayı
Ötesi yoktur onun için

30/05/2015



Intense

It's almost been a year
Without you dad
Yet it feels like such a very long time
already
And without my wonderful mom?
Somehow it's only like yesterday

Not that I loved you any less dad
You know that, I'm sure
But maybe
It's because as years go by, the longing
feels even more intense

04/6/2015



Fragile and unique

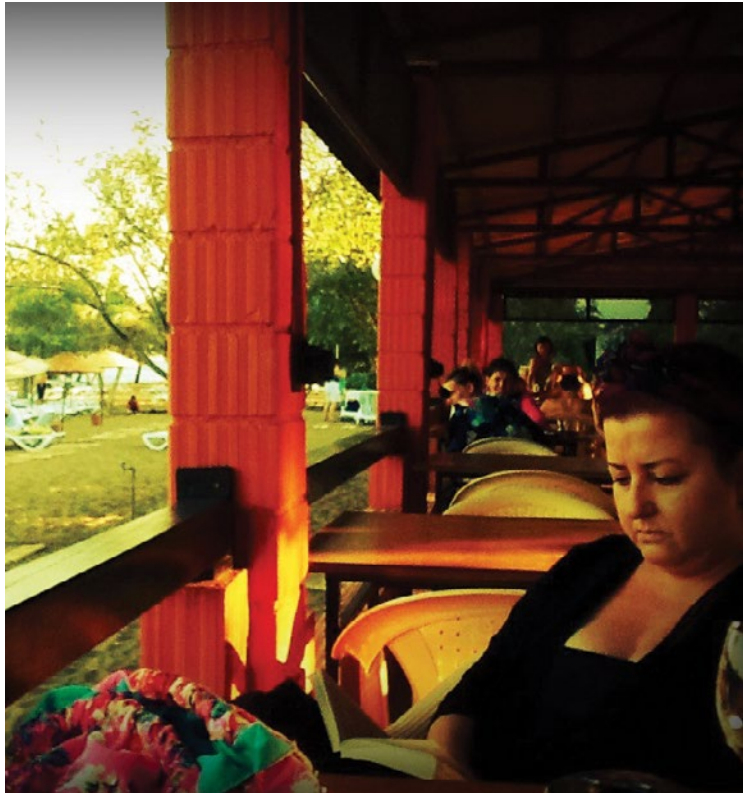
Oh how fragile we are
Just like a box with an arrow pointing
towards an upward hold to protect its
fragile contents
Oh how sensitive and vulnerable we are
Deep down in the core of our existence
Beyond the thinnest glass and the softest
holding

Oh such poor souls we are
Begging for recognition
Oh such poor and weak souls we are
Seeking approval from others
Or even comfort in strangers
Oh what efforts we invest
In protecting our inner treasures from
endless pressures
From the potential hurt all around us
And from the free-dom we continue to
seek

And oh such poor souls we are
Despite our loving hearts and minds
Despite our wonderful and unique souls

But we are and shall always be the
individuals we truly are

12/8/2015



Elsewise

Nothing has ever been the same since my
mom's farewell in September 2009
Nor has it since dad's in June 2014
Yet we continue to try and live on
For our one and truly only
Praying that despite all we can
contribute towards a peaceful future for
him
Cannot bear to think, imagine or live
elsewise

It feels so very heavy and lonesome when
both your parents are gone
The earth is somehow removed beneath
your feet
Moments remain when you want to ask
one of them,
'Do you remember mom? Dad? Who was
it who...?'
'When was it when...?'
'Why was it that...?'
'Where was that place...?'
"How did that happen mom? Dad that?"



And all you have is silence
History wiped out and gone
Treasures buried
Ones which you never imagined were
treasures at all

26/12/2015



Another try

'You won!' says the game
It celebrates your 'success' in all flashy
ways
'You lost!' says the game
But it always gives you another try
And another
And another
And another...
Until YOU choose to stop

Why can't life do the same for us?

29/01/2016



Never take a game for granted!

'They resigned!' as was most unfortunately and painfully announced in the game, 'Words with Friends'.

'They resigned!' on February 20th at 8:45 pm saying he had literally 'run out of fuel'.

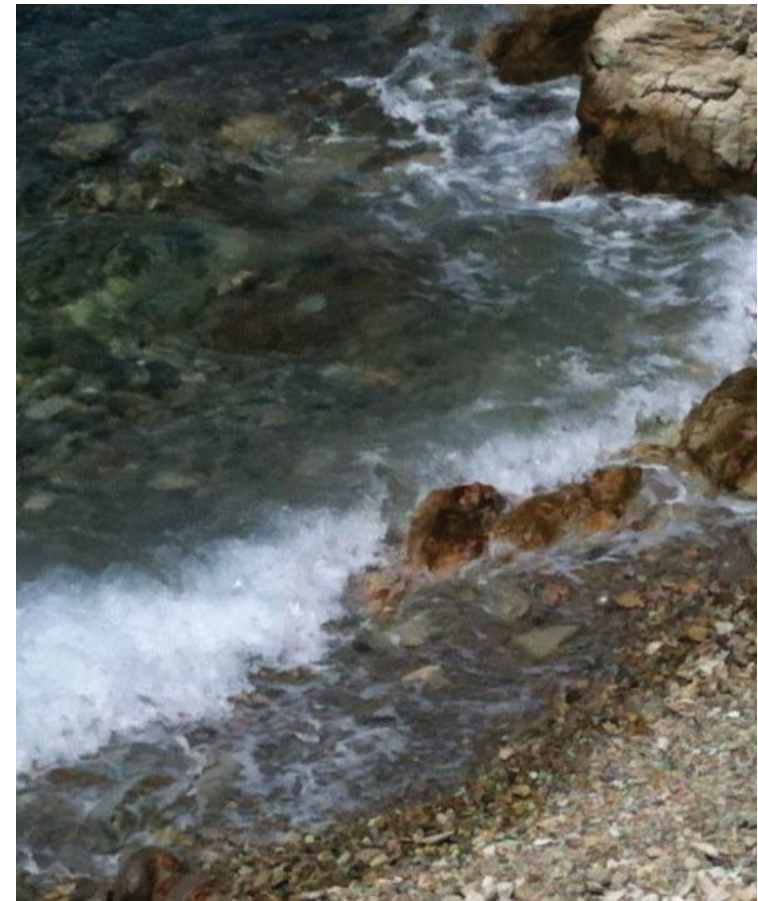
One of his shortest games ever,
Having played less than half-way through
the game, which he would never ever do.

He played:

'Ail' responded to by me with the word,
'Wailed'
'Pec' (pectoral muscles) responded to by
me with the words, 'Ex' and 'We' and 'Ax'
(as in 'we can cut off the pain')
'Set' but also 'Zax' with his ever strongest
will to break loose out of set limits
And responded to by me with the word,
'Toned' in much hopeful agreement
yearning and prayers.

Yet the very last words he played in the
game ended up being, 'Med' and 'Soil'
several days after which he 'physically'
had to resign.

04/4/2016



Gratitude

When you lose count of the words and
expressions your experience and memory
sweetly bear

When your very soul embraces an
amazingly peaceful and loving story to
share

Where all colors unite
In the same single bright light
Where music flows gracefully
In the unique aura of The Knight

12/04/2016



No, not here

Can you see my reflection?
No, not here

Can you hear my stillness?
No, not here

Can you feel my soul?
No, not here

Can you touch my photograph?
No, not here

Can you taste my colors?
No, not here
Not here!
But in your heart, mind and soul?

28/4/2016

So very...

The page is blank
When it's actually full
The sea is still
When she's actually so rough
The speech is silent
When it's actually so very loud
The breath is cold
When it's actually so warm
The eyes are shut
When they're actually wide open
The ship is afar
When she's actually right near...

The heart so loving
The soul so humble
The mind so rich
The touch so gentle
The footsteps so silent
The knowledge so enlightening
The look so embracing
The aura so inspiring
The presence so unique...

30/4/2016

Well done to us

Never sought 'acceptance'
As we embraced and cherished our
unison
Never wore ourselves down
Over existing and potential
misjudgements or pressures
There was no 'them', 'about them' 'of
them', 'by them' or 'from them' but us
and us only

Never shied away from playing games
Of all kinds
With lots of joy, teasing and laughter
Nor did we do so
Of taking on the desirable roles
For they were what we deep down truly
yearned for

Kept our heads down
Yet our spirits high
With our hearts and souls eternally united

12/5/2016

In a millisecond

Oh how ready we are to state
In a millisecond
That we are right and everyone and
everything else is wrong

Oh how determined we are to never let
go - ever
Of our rooted 'gems'
For there is no one and nothing more
precious on Earth than them

Oh how very lonely we are
In a crowd yet also in our precious space
alone
We speak, we cry, we laugh, we go silent,
we pray, we rejoice, we bleed

In a millisecond

18/7/2016

Ayıp

Sadece karşıya veya karşımıza bomboş
bakarken utanacak duruma geldik

Öylesine durmaktan
Durakalmaktan
Böyle olursa tuhaf hissetmekten
Utanmaktan, sıkılmaktan

Sağım, solum, önüm, arkam 'Sobe!'
Bir sen mi meşgul değilsin
Bak elalem cep telefonlarında ne kadar
meşgul

Ya sen?!
Ayıp! Bomboş oturur durursun tek
başına!
İnanılır gibi değil. Ayıp!

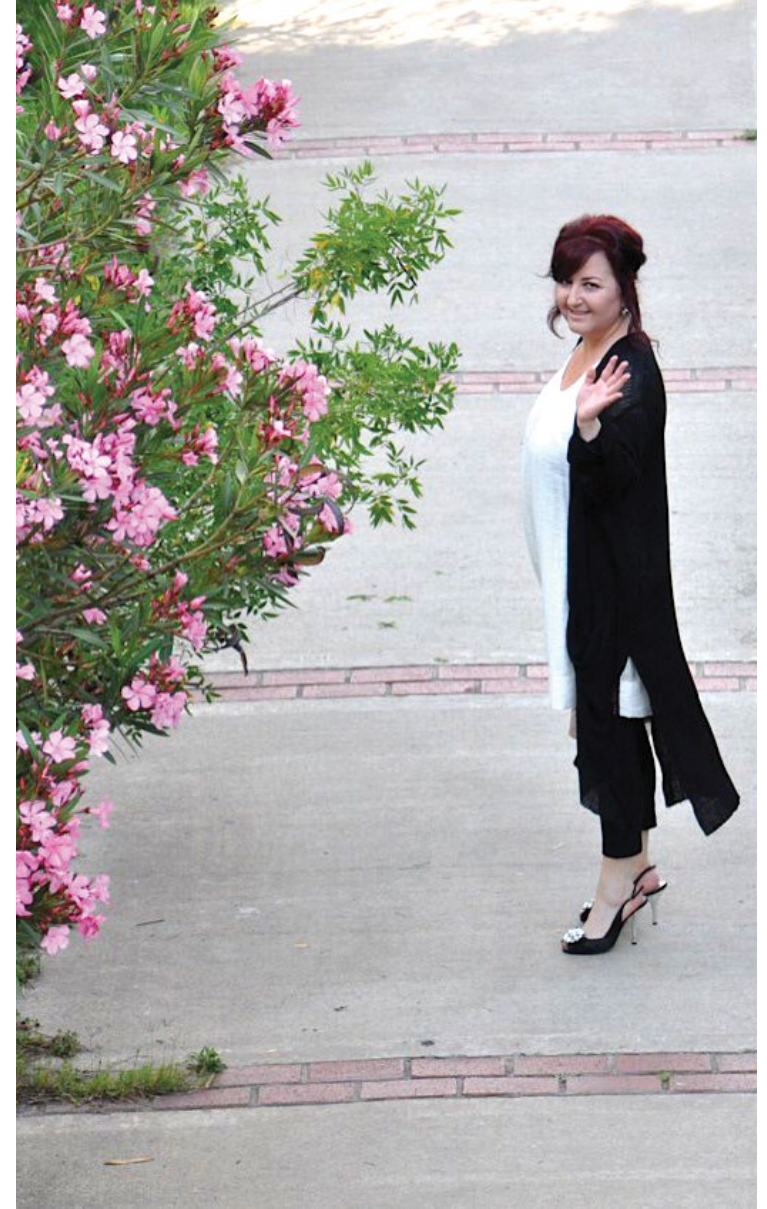
Soluklanmak da ne demek
Ey kafanı, telefonunla meşgul ol lütfen!
Bizden ol, onlardan ol
Ama kendin ve kendinle olma

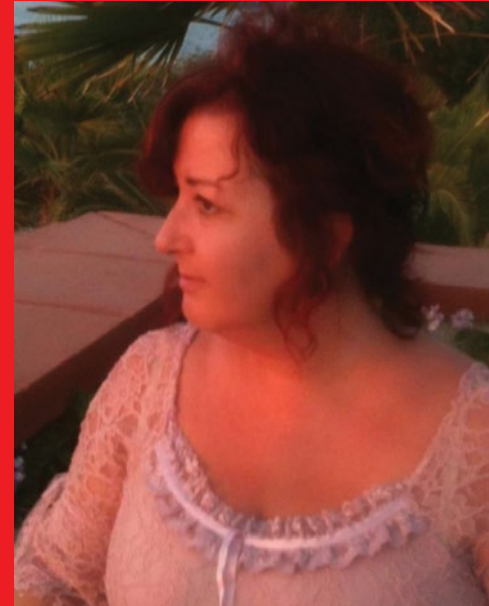
Ayıp!

10/2016

Geldiđimde beni sen karřıla
Beni sen al, olur mu?

28/01/17





*I am not a poet but an individual who finds
comfort and solace in the written word...*

