RANDOM PICTURES OF ANIMAL FRIENDS

And he gave you a German Shepherd to walk with a collar of leather and nails. And he never once made you explain or talk about all of the little details.

(L. Cohen, MASTER SONG)
BABY CATS
(KEDİ YAVRULARI)

A little mother, with a club-foot,
Gave birth to a quartet,
All of them so cute.
Mother is content and warm,
Babies are care-free and strong.
Two are orange balls, round and soft,
One is a tabby, white and gold.
The fourth is a calico,
The black sheep amongst orange and yellow.
The four babies, a delightful sight,
All athletes in their own right.
Playing in the dirt, playing in the dust,
Their adoring mother at their side.
Their meows are soft,
Their appetites are ferocious,
Soon, they are as big as their disabled mother.
The orange-balls turned into orange cats overnight,
Alas, two are gone now,
Only two of the four survived.

October 17 (Ekim), 2002, Toronto

“Kedi Yavruları” adlı şiir, ayağı sakat bir anne kedinin doğurduğu, ve çok iyi baktığı dört bebek kedi hakkındadır. İkisi portakal rengi, biri beyaz-sarı, ve sonuncusu da üç renkli olan bu bebekler, oynaya oynaya büyüürler, fakat sonunda, ne yazık ki sadece iki tane kalırlar.
A FRIEND’S GOOD-BYE
(BİR ARKADAŞ’A VEDA)

Shedding his once luxurious coat in tangled clumps,
He patiently waited for the return of his friend...
That special friend.

Peering through the darkness of his clouded eyes,
He still almost saw the tender smile of his friend...
That special friend.

Locked in the silent world of his failed hearing,
He still heard his name being called by his friend...
That special friend.

Wasting away his once robust body and health,
He still wished for the carefree walks with his friend...
That special friend.

Approaching his lonely journey toward the unknown,
He still yearned for the comforting touch of his friend...
That special friend.

January 2 (Ocak), 2002, Toronto

“Bir Arkadaş’a Veda” adını taşıyan bu şiirde, çok sadık bir köpeğin, kendisini terkeden sahibine duyduğu özlemi anlatılıyor. İhtiyarlayan, kulakları duymayan, gözleri görmeyen, ayakları yürümeyen bu sadık köpek, halâ daha sahibinin gülsünü görmeyi, sesini duymayın, ve yürüyüşe gidişine katılmayın özlemektedir. Bilinemeyen bir dünyaya doğru yola çıktığı gün bile, sahibinin okşayışına hasret gider.
MY GINGER CAT
(SARI-BEYAZ KEDİM)

A light ginger coat
patched with the white of snow
Deep golden eyes
  inquisitive, playful, always on the go.
Soft as silk in my arms
  warm as liquid honey to the touch,
Sometimes good natured
  often a loud mouth.
You came into my home
  on a hot summer day,
You slipped out of my life
  on a cold winter night.
My ginger cat,
  my loyal friend,
Did you feel my love
  the last time my lips touched your golden head?
Did you feel my pain
  at the last beat of your struggling heart?
You were impossible to keep,
  you were so hard to let go.
Good bye my darling pet,
  give my eternal love to Sleepy, Zeus and DJ.

November 26 (Ekim), 2001,

“Sarı-Beyaz Kedi” ipek kadar yumuşak tüyleri, kehribar sarısı gözleri ve kurnaz oyunları ile sahibinin gönlünü fethetmiştir. Her zaman, sevgi dolu ve sadık bir arkadaş olmuştur. Ne var ki, bir gün gelip, bu sevgi dolu arkadaşa, göz yaşları arasında veda etmekten başka yapılıcak hiç birşey kalmamıştır. Şairin tek tesellisi, kedinin son nefesine kadar çok sevildiğini bilmiş olmasıdır.
MY SICK CAT
(HASTA KEDİM)

His green eyes reflect his invisible pain,  
My heart sinks with sorrow and despair.

My cat is sick, he needs my help,  
I am frantic, I am beside myself.

He doesn’t eat, he doesn’t drink,  
He is curled in a ball, beside the bathroom sink.

My cat wants me to find a cure,  
His pain is too much for him to endure.

My little one, I promise you this,  
We’ll get you well, no matter what it takes.

September 23 (Eylül), 2002, Toronto

“Hasta Kedim” adlı bu şiirde, yemek yemeyen, su içmeyen hasta bir kedinin acısı, ve sahibinin bu olaya ne kadar üzüldüğü anlatılıyor. Şair, kedisini sühnete kavuşturabilmek için ne lazımsa yapacağını vaad ediyor.
Duydum, yola çıkmışın,
Ne otobüs, ne tiren,
Ne araba, ne vapur,
Upuzun, yapyalnız, sonsuz,
Sade yol, yolcu, yolculuk.

Duydum, geçtiğin yerlerde çiçekler bırakmışın,
Hem pembe, hem sarı, bembeyaz,
Her çeşit, her renk,
Çiçek, bahar, sıcaklık,
Sade sevgi, sevmek, sevilmek.

Duydum, hasta yatmışın,
Ne yemek, ne oyun,
Ne su, ne ilaç,
Apaç, yalnız, korkarak,
Sade yatak, yatmak, yatalak.

Duydum, ananı yalnız bırakmışın,
Yanında ne kardeşim, ne arkadaş,
Ne abla, ne teyze, ne yoldaş,
Kızmadım, darımadım, göçümsedim,
Sade yol, çağrımı, çağrılılmak.

Duydum, arkanda bomboş bir karanlık bırakmışın,
Sessiz, sakın, acı, siyah,
Ne deniz, ne gök, ne dere, ne ağaç,
Sade yaş, toprak, siyah toprak,
Yolculumuza kara, Karam, kapkaram.

March 30 (Mart) 2002, Toronto

The title of this poem is “The Dark Journey.” It commemorates the life of a beloved pet who has given endless joy and love to the people around him. Yet, he had to take his last, dark journey alone, leaving a small pile of black earth behind and many tears and broken hearts amongst all those who loved him.
“The Three-legged Mongrel” is giving its life and death battle, as he drags his injured leg with excruciating pain at a garbage dump. His eyes equally reflect the fear of his approaching death and his determination to live as he searches for scraps of food to sustain his injured body for another day. Many other mongrels who, so far are standing on all four feet, but whose future is equally bleak, join in the search for scraps of food. They are frightened, angry but still loyal to the people who throw out the garbage.