RANDOM PICTURES OF LOVE,  
LOSS AND ESTRANGEMENT  

But now comes the distances,  
both of us must try,  
....eyes are soft with sorrow,  
hey that’s no way to say goodbye!

(L. Cohen, HEY THAT’S NO WAY TO SAY GOODBYE!)
LOVE
(AŞK)

The tips of tongues tingling,
Pleasant sensations around the breasts,
A burning desire in pounding hearts,
No possibility of rest.
Butterflies in the stomach,
Stars shooting in front of the eyes,
Goose bumps all over the flesh,
Dark rings under the arms.
The sandy dryness of the mouth,
Constant ringing in the ears,
The hairs standing on their ends,
The wet dreams, wet thoughts, sweaty palms.
Ready to jump into the abyss,
Or, walk on burning coals,
Eager to conquer mountains, or plunge to death,
When the beloved beckons and calls.
Pacing the floor, up and down, counting minutes,
The racing sounds, speeding time,
The time standing still.
Glasses on the kitchen counter, half filled with ruby wine,
Waiting like parted lips,
For the touch of the lover’s kiss,
Fresh linen on the bed, quivering light from a candle,
The silk negligé, splashed perfume all over.
The dizzy spell, whirling, churning feelings,
The spicy aroma from the appetizer rings.
Shaking hands, liquid knees, sting of breath-mints,
The tight dress, lacy braw, sexy panties...
A growing appetite, lust, love, thirst, desire,
A stretched bow, ready to launch Cupid’s arrow,
Towards the target, but alas, hitting the self,
A fast trip to the village of sorrow,
When love implodes on itself.

March 18 (Mart), 2002, Toronto

Bu şiir “Aşk”’ın insana yaptığı binbir türlü cilveyi anlatmaktadır. Titreyen eller, çarpan bir yürek, mumlar, temiz çarşaflar, yudumlanan kırmızı şaraplar, herşey, herşey, sevginin, aşının, şehvetin yolculuk arkadaşlarından. Ne var ki, gerilen aşk hayatı, iki kişiyi vuracağına sadece bir kişiyi vurursa, zelzeleye tutulan büyük bir bina gibi, aşk kendi üzerine çöker.
TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL
(BİR MELEK DÜNYAYA DOKUNMUŞTU)

I saw a pink rose in my garden,
It reminded me of your sweet lips.
I heard a baby bird call for its mother,
I thought I heard your gentle voice.
I saw a white cloud in the sky,
I reached out to touch its soft weightlessness
Just like I wanted to touch you, once more.
I saw a shiny raindrop on my window,
It was like the one that rolled down my cheek,
But, then I felt a warmth deep in my heart
And a calmness in my soul, like a summer night
And I knew then,
Just as I know now, that
The earth was touched by an angel,
But just for a little while.

December 27 (Aralık), 2000, Toronto

“Bir Melek Dünyaya Dokundu” adlı şiir, pembe gülleri, bebek kuşları, kar gibi beyaz bulutları hatırlatan bir bebeği kaybetmenin hüzünü ile doludur. Göz yaşlarının tutmasına imkan olmayan şair, bir anda yüreğinde bir ferahlama duyar: Kısa bir süre bile olsa, dünyaya bir melek dokunmuştur.
JOURNEY OF LIFE
(HAYAT SEYAHATİ)

In my journey of life,
I came across a fellow traveller
Whose hair was ashen blonde,
Whose eyes were hazel green,
Whose voice was deep, warm and sincere.
We travelled for a while,
Holding hands, locking hearts,
United in strength, weakness, hardship and love.

In my journey of happiness,
My companion traveller and I
Swam in the warm southern seas,
Built castles in the sand,
Gazed into the clear sky; walked on dry land.
Always hand in hand,
Always eye to eye,
Sharing the past, trusting the days to come bye.

In my journey of contentment,
My travelling mate and I
Built a snow-woman after midnight,
Shed our clothes in icy lakes,
Got warm on sun-drenched rocks.
We ventured from coast to coast,
We travelled like a man and a woman,
We travelled like children in a magical garden.

In my journey of life,
My best friend and I
Baked a five-layer cake,
Built a shelter, a nest, a place to call home.
We picked fruit from a verdant garden,
We drank nectar from amber grapes,
Then we fell asleep, safe in each other’s embrace,
But when we woke up, each one was alone.

February 6 (Şubat), 2001, Toronto

“Hayat Seyahati” adlı bu şiirde, birbirini delice seven bir çiftin, hayat yolunda bir müddet beraber yürüdükleri anlatılıyor. Sıcak denizlerde yüzen, kumlarda yürüyen, bir erkek ve kadın gibi beraber olan, sihirli bahçelerdeki çocuklar gibi eğlenen bu çift, bir gün olup da birbirlerinin kollarında uyuya kalırlar. Uyandıkları zaman, her ikisi de yapa yalnız olduğunu anlar.
THE OLD STATION HOUSE  
(ESKİ TREN İSTASYONU)

A remote city,  
An old train station,  
Ablaze with lights, ablaze with anticipation.

People waiting, excited children,  
Some have places to go,  
Some waiting for those who’ve been to places,  
Suitcases, boxes, bags,  
All dressed for the occasion.

There is a tingle in the air,  
A tension between pure joy and gnawing grief,  
Butterflies in the stomach, heart palpitations,  
Even the sombre station is alive.  
There is dignified beauty in its cracked walls,  
There is vibration in the marrow of its pillars,  
Like warm blood in cold marble!

Pop-corn, ice-cream, hot dogs, cookies,  
Different colours, different smells, different fears,  
Newspapers, magazines, toys and gifts,  
Shaking hands, hand shakes,  
Exchange of last bits of information:  
“Don’t forget to take your pills!”  
“Don’t forget to write!”  
“Send pictures!”  
“When is daddy coming back?”  
“Don’t forget us! Don’t forget!”

Ripping through the darkness and the noise,  
Rumbling through the silence of the night,  
Sparks cascading from the iron rails,  
The train is pulling into the station,  
smooth as a knife cutting through soft butter!  
The train is pulling out of the station,  
like a metal snake leaving its stone pit!
People are gone now,
Those who came, came,
Those who went, went.
Lights are out,
Even the ticket-woman left.
The last words in tense lips were “see you...”
Are they really going to see each other?
Those who left may not come back the same,
Those who stayed are forever changed.

The station house is silent now,
Sitting on its old, tired pillars,
Feeling the years of wear and tear in its cracks,
Huddled in the blanket of dark,
Waiting in the dampness of fog,
Waiting like an addict, like a child,
Waiting for the next train.

June 29 (Haziran), 2000, Toronto

Our mothers loved us,
Just like their mothers have loved them,
Our mothers sheltered us from all harm, all the bitterness of this world.
Our mothers laughed with us, cried with us,
Our mothers wiped away our tears.
Our mothers wanted us to stay next to them,
Day after day, week after week, year after year.
It was tempting to stay,
Wrapped in their love, wrapped in their warmth,
In the blissful state of interdependence,
Just like their mothers had wished for, long long ago.

But, we grew up, grew our own wings,
We wanted to explore, we wanted to test our boundaries.
We had our own hopes, our own dreams.
Our newly born wings carried us far and wide,
Scattered us across the mountains, across the seas.
Just like a magnificent albatross, we flapped with vigour,
Just this much more distance, just this other hurdle,
We were ecstatic, we were drunk with our newly found freedoms,
Yet we flew away, whirling, dancing, laughing,
While our mothers waited in our now empty rooms,
While our mothers waited, hoped and loved.

We are the mothers now, you are the beloved daughters,
It is your turn to try your magnificent wings,
It is your turn to chase your hopes, your aspirations, your dreams.
It is your turn to waive good-bye.
We wish you well, the children from our bodies,
We wish you well, the children of our souls.
It is our turn to gingerly dust the toys left behind in your rooms,
It is our turn to wait, hope and love.
Because, yesterday, we were you.
Because, tomorrow, you will be us.

October 8 (Ekim), 1998, Toronto

BEYAZ SAÇLI YOLCU
(TRAVELLER WITH SILVER HAIR)

Beyaz saçlarınıla trenden inerdin,
Her akşam, saat altı-yirmibeşte.
Pırl pırl uçuşan beyaz saçların,
Siyah gözüğün, simsiyah pardesün,
Siyah şemsiyen,
Kıpkırımı yanmış yüzün,
İçim dolup taşardı trenden inişinle.
Gözlerimiz hemen buluşsun isterdim,
Evimize koşalım isterdim, bir an önce,
Yüzüne geniş bir tebessüm konsun isterdim,
Beklendiğini görünce.

Trenler hala gelip gidiyor istasyona,
Saat altı-yirmibeşte,
Ama sen yoksun artık, heyecanla inenler...
Ben yokum, sabırsızlıkla bekleyenler arasında.
Trenler şimdi, sarı, siyah ve kahverenli saçlı
Yolcuları taşıyorlar,
Karşılayanlar da, bu renk renk saçlı
Yolcuları karşılıyorlar.

Eylül 15 (September), 2002, Toronto

“Traveller with Silver Hair” used to be greeted with joy. The train will always arrive at the same time, and the traveller’s silver hair, black coat, black umbrella will always be visible from afar. Now, the trains are still arriving on time and bringing home blonde, brunette and red-haired commuters. The silver-haired traveller is no longer amongst them; the companion is also absent from the cheerful crowd of greeters at the station.
KOO-KOO’s NEST  
(DELİ-KUŞU YUVASI)

He said “see you”  
Then he left.  
She said “see you”  
But she stayed.  
After only four words,  
Two flew over the koo-koo’s nest.

November 6 (Ekim), 2000, Toronto

Biri “sonra görüşürüz” dedi ve gitti, diğeri “sonra görüşürüz” dedi ve geride kaldı. Toplam olarak söylenen dört kelimeden sonra, iki deli kuş yuvadan uçtular.
YOU WILL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN
(BENİ BİR DAHA GÖREMEZSİN)

One of these days,  
I may appear in your morning paper,  
I may show up on your TV screen,  
You may find my name in a book you are reading...  
But, you will never see me again.

One of these days,  
I may visit you in a dream,  
You may catch me smiling in an old photo you still have,  
You may smell my French perfume between the freshly washed sheets...  
But, you will never see me again.

One of these days,  
You may hear my joy in a familiar song,  
You may feel me dance to the Gypsy Kings,  
A tear from the past may touch you on a rainy day...  
But, you will never see me again.

One of these days,  
A flower shop may remind you of my sweet smelling roses,  
You may yearn for the ripeness of my garden in the tomato you eat,  
An old dog may give your frozen heart a tingle of guilt...  
But, you will never see me again.

One of these days,  
The tea in your cup may taste like an exotic land,  
You may hear my voice when someone calls out your name,  
You may feel my hand touch yours when you desperately need a friend...  
But rejoice, you will never see me again.

March 17 (Mart), 2000, Toronto

“Beni Bir Daha Göremezsin” adlı bu şiirde, görüntüler, hatıralar, kokular, çiçekler, meyvalar eski sevgilileri hatırlatsa da, onları şahsen görümenin artık mümkün olmadığı anlatılmaktadır. Ne var ki, aradaki bütün bu imkansız mesafelere rağmen, eğer bir gücüne düşüp de hakiki bir arkadaşa ihtiyaç duyulduğu zaman, manevi olarak bile olsa, dostluk dayanışmasının sonsuza kadar süreğini vaad ediyor bu şiir.
GARDEN OF EDEN
(CENNET BAHÇESİ)

Garden of Eve,
Garden of Adam,
Lush, full of fruit and enchanting smells,
Home for the birds,
Home for the bees,
Buzzing with life,
Until the nights fell.

Peaches, pears, berries,
Golden and ruby grapes,
Reaching out from verdant vines,
Reaching out toward the blue sky.
The sun is dancing amongst the leaves,
The birds are singing in the trees,
As if they have a tale to tell.

Animals of all kinds,
Squirrels, dogs and felines,
Waiting to be cuddled,
Yearning to be embraced,
Their barks and meows,
Their sublime loyalty and love,
Casting a magical spell.

Adam and Eve’s garden,
The one they built with their own hands,
The one they raised in grace,
When Adam touched Eve,
When Eve touched Adam,
Hand in hand, hearts ablaze,
Amongst those who wished them well.

Alas, the bees stopped buzzing,
Alas, the fruit spoiled in the trees,
The flora and fauna suffered,
As they watched Adam and Eve,
Get cast out of the garden,
For forgetting its bounty and splendour,
Into the abyss of greed, they fell.

August 5 (Agustos), 2002, Toronto

ALWAYS
(SONSUZA KADAR)

He said “always loving you”
He meant yesterday,
Not today,
Not tomorrow.

She said “always loving you”
She meant yesterday,
And today,
And forever.

They said,
“Always” is just a word for the past,
“Always” neither means “forever” nor “always”
“What did you expect?”

November 4 (Kasım), 2000, Toronto
