



Murat Yurdakul

POETRY

away from the birds

**you were so tall that I could tell you in a breath
pirates from the old wine
it was like telling old stories.
I was ashamed of all the love
I mean, it was a fake love, but it was yours...**

**drop in my eyes
that breaks the silence of the sky in the rain
the night came with the sound of a blue-smelling bird.
a song of a bagbozzum on the pillow of your hair
when you have pain, your life is moist in your chest.
from the memories that hold a mirror to the pain
sorrow remains the child at the temperature of his hands**

**and the pain in the sky
I'm falling into the Sleep of the night that weighs heavily on our skin.
the zergahti heart, the old beauty gazel, the rain that the dungeon
an endless boredom that smiels in the courtyard of the morning
trees were a sound cluster in the mouth of birds
blue on my forehead with a broken sky spell
fall breath falls to the edge of my face
so much so that the loneliness of the heart is the wound that does not
know how to hold the shell
they shivered me on the night I died naked.**

cold

**I dreamt of blood from my sleep. Chill...
cold street, foggy Windows, deserted cats
just as a crumbling sky enveloped the city
the Swallow rushed to the games by lowering his shadow.
I whisper to the tree that blossoms through life
in a dream
Oh, that pale face waits for a strange sadness
the clouds are on their way to their eyes.
Daisy grows up with goodbye and I am avcin
I'm not grieving away with birds, death, who never came to watch**

**we climbed up from the cliffs and peeled shells on the roads.
the water was suicidal.
all the pain of the world is torn from me
if there is another cinema in this city
torn apart loneliness swarms of distant winds, the forest burns
somewhere in the garden that summer is still yellow,
the nights I lost, I was broken in love, I searched; there alone...
I sealed my heart with death
I come from the leaf of the tree that walks in its shadow
no one should see it.
don't be cold stars, just fade your loneliness**

Jazz

**red loneliness next to my cardigan
like the way I feel
it's the insistent sea
it takes my heart away from me and its hours
I wake up in a language I don't know
our beloved from the old rains
the songs are innocent, mumbling outside
I'm picking up the streets
the lake is short, the words are changed, the leaves are yellow
I bring myself from my hands that Defy silence
the sun was biting his lips, I've seen it.
my hands are crowded with birds!
a wound in the evening
The Seagull placed red on the curtains
when we make love, we become Movers!**

**All. It's all in a dream
running through your heart, running through your horses
they're here. Most of all,
I love you and jazz...**

leyl

**my mouth bleeding, my love, my friends
every night that grows in the water, I bowed inside you
I hide your ugliness in the mirrors**

**separation is a well water yet
inside me is the wound of the sea covered in the evening
I must find letters for the birds expelled from the sky**

dead Pigeon, bare footprints, lovemaking, winds...

**let our faces run into the ground with sand and sulfur
let love be called to life stubbornly
the grave that you dug, the heart of the dead
time taught to look at the horizon
my shadow, the life of a goodbye**

Red Song

dust accumulated with the old

whatever it may be.

we don't know, our mouths stink like suicide.

my sleep is in the city where I was born

before an erguvan distance

I'm not grieving the birds

these mountain villages where I'm scattered in their skirts

a child is mingled with tiles with broken glass

moreover, before the time of the trains to get up.

my tickets are on fire;

let me through your door!

he died in the sea on the balcony, and then The Seagull...

I'm in a hurry

bird parks take off from my purple dreams

dreams are long from sleep

one red song in cherry trees

thanks, that proves my lack of sleep to the wind.

a naked Angel

WORLD DOORS

I read a long rainstorm,

I carried your long wet wind,

super sweat, where the body meets the other body.

how many times do you remember making love from those days. I shut up.

leafless tree stay

I saw the violence of the wind and what you did to both of them.

I will tell the noise that falls on the streets of the falling leaves.

Your hands, night and sorrow.

it will still be yours if it's still flowing

I grew up to fall from the watershed.

... we were in a windy town starting with the sea ahead.

as if it had been for years. I stood there struggling to get there.

he was a watchman leaning on his rifle at night

Forget me now, darling.

you found me like a broken little wing of a wing, a long time ago

as if you were expecting someone to come in, in that dump

you find me, you see me grow up forget me.

Now this is not my pain, my bird as my heart, nor your rootstones.

the last time I slept in the last time I slept

I see guns in my dreams.

today is the first day of your departure. nothing will ever tire of anything

I am in a black bean.

I do not know what full moon and guns are.

in the old East everything is possible:

eternal love, eternal loyalty

sudden light, sudden separation.

sleep without dreams

**read the birds again into the sky!
now it's all the way
every woman who is defeated is a cold one karaca in my morning
it's not your fault**

**a window opens from the outside to the night inside of us
the balcony never stops breastfeeding the loneliness of a city
raise up my voice music**

**every dying bird is lessened by the sky
children are already sleeping without a dream
train ways ... go!..the last thing a cat wants**

**when I hear no sound from the wells where I read my heart
hold down the tray like a waiter
I offer the stars to the sky**

away

**I look like a naked woman
opens on the fact that when we do make love music
I kiss my lips waiting for the sky
the birds are staring at the sky!
I'm tired on your face this morning**

**a counselor teaches you to save your eyes
I'm falling into the sky with the spindles
a female who is judged on her breasts**

**my sleep is in the city where I was born,
was it the patience on my feet or did you say goodbye?
the last poet before he gets shot...
a country named after you
you're one of the letters I can't send.
my childhood's neck is cold
we're not from a garden
I'm leaving, without a suitcase, and now!**

cello

**in the evening, avunur among the dark Windows
the days are shaded
it's been a long time, took the load of fishing boats**

**as time goes by, morale
we cry in the gardens where the waters touch
the pain of the morning opening to the pier**

**I went through a mirror in the heart of a woman.
I don't know how to hold a shell**

**read the roses again in your garden!
goodbye follows me, doors close
the night of Solitude on the balcony**

**from the sound of my heart to the world
this razor is wrapped in love**

**now every touch of death with timid clicks
I'm a note for you from the wrong violinist!**

goodbye

**when I hear no sound from the wells where I read my heart
time walked through the summer and the roses**

**in the painful world, everybody's back is staring at me
hell in a blind reader's alphabet**

**I could smell orange in me.
believe me, tired children don't keep a secret in your heart.**

**a lotus flower was awakened in the morning
in the lashes of the February cold, the earth is still alive.**

**when I'm alone
I'm cold in the water
goodbye, raki glasses waiting for me to get drunk**

lemon flowers

**faster than the wind from the train
I found sadness in cities I don't know
a God dies on your face from boredom
the birds are closing your face, I'm lost!**

**all night long
if I burn away all the letters
who can I leave now
peace is as delicate as touching you,
you're never too late
the water was suicidal.**

**I raise the voice of lemon flowers
I've reached the blood sleep of a sweaty sky
born of a beautiful body, the world is poured from the sounds of the fussy
children of the pigeon
time was the birds ... waiting for the seasons...**

mother's voice

My mother was always silent, I killed the judges

boy in the face

marts and sleeping remembers mart

I'm burning sleep I'm crazy for the winter ... God said

tanks, bombs, rifles, they tamtamlar

I was still crying when I cried ...

oil lamp, fire into the sea

the overtop of the supernatural world has closed a pain

whistling on the ant and the left side

aching crust, no ribs, no bones

teeth marks on the hand, bleeding hand

they are lost together

Haydarpaşa ah, my child's neck is cold

in the backyard of earth. Everything in the world is cold.

and the forgiveness of the land is forgiving

the corpses do not fit, said the cold boy.

bitter poems memorize morning in the morning

far morning

the bullet that entered the bird, said my mother ...

it was always voice

NEKOPIRATI

Pain

**birds meet the night with shadows from the autumn
I don't know how many full moon washed in the courtyard of your voice.
I'm falling apart from my heart
I draw bird's sleep in children's dreams
I am accumulating in the voice of violets the wretch of the world**

**first my grief fell to the heart of the water
the pigeons again
what's left of the season
waiting for the rest of the pain
every woman who is defeated in the womb of God**

**most secluded solitude of the night tied up in my geography
I'm falling on the earth with pain from my mother's tears**

NEKOPRATI

running with scissors in hand

the night I died naked

rain: your silence is the voice of your unrest

he's telling you. a wind of nomadic

**I passed through the heart of pain by carrying the humming inside me,
they counted me as a shiver in a mirror in a dream.**

**but in his own hole, I understood the sorrow of the road, the water that
holds the ice....**

when the wall clock playing is ugly

rooms, lamps forgotten...

flowing through your hair

I remember the morning I washed in the river.

as long as you touch your skin, the knife back is in a breath, Susan.

**remember the words that are paralyzed! hiding the secret of the rain
read the sky to the birds!**

I'm walking two tickets in my back pocket

one for life;

they say the bags were mixed up.

I can't go into the cities I love

all trains are fast, derail and enter silence.

I'm saving the sound of the cloud that keeps the rain

oh one morning a coffin was lifted from his Mussolini: you!

love seems like a Scissor in me clearly forgotten.

Wasted

**and after I kissed the sun, my lips melted...
the sea has no language to tell the sorrow,
I fell, I shut up, I spent inside
I'm home from the left side of a wounded snail
and the neighbor of a pomegranate tree crying.**

**I write to the night of the trouble that grows inside of us
I take that boredom and bury it next to me.,
don't leave me in this black void,
all over our hearts
let the rain cry as shame in your eyes!**

**a night of carnations flowing from my body to my body
send two pebbles from the road to the train, let it tell you about your
tiredness
my heart is like the dead seasons, my mind is plagued by water
Iron table mold, broken glass heart,
you know, it's over there, there's no other passenger.
the birds mourn**

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the birds go to mourn.**

water

**I know lip permit deleted scars on my body
I woke up dizzy in the blood of the world
my heart that touches pain lies in the sunshine
the fallen sky is on top of the earth**

**while the forest is gathering its own silence
asthma alone in the spindles
I've reached the evening of all the cities
a wind shudder in a still water
falling to the distance between us**

**now he's gone
maybe somewhere in the water your Shadow is long now
in the evening, understands me grief.**

**hide from the sound of water
don't be cold stars, just fade your loneliness
get the hell off of me, death will cleanse me...
a god passes sorrow, abyss, sadness through a needle hole**

winter

**I write to the glass the sound of birds
it's winter, the rails are piercing the night**

**the sound of dried Basil on the balcony
I miss the courtyard you left like this**

**the angels have forgotten the city I grieve for both of us
the blue woods, the old park, from the cold walls in a visible morning**

**the sound of a bird beating the tired sky
I'm in a bad mood**

**life is as small as a bird
naked, sand from your body, the letter of your mouth, goodbye**

**the wound flowing from the razor cut
blood on my ankles winter
she left her last colors in the evening**

**there were no wells left to cry
the sound of a dog with a head on my face!**

**there are things I don't forget when I watch the rain
when I was hit by a glass, the drops moved...**

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super sweat, where the body meets the other body.

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wound

**I'm starting with the little wrinkled morning.
to the sky of the calm kites...**

**let the candles flow
let the trains pass now
on the tracks the night every drop of my face
I'm ready
outside the snow is said softly
dirty stutter inside me grows children**

**in a world where you can see
still the winds work
no season warms my hands like a mother
the sardines died dead
world blood in sleep**

**a sweaty sky, boredom, heavy time
erase the fire of anger
it turns out it's an old convent garden in postcards.
I'd Save my scattered breath from the breath of birds**

love is everywhere

it's a train ride inside me

it's a good time to kiss a child

every passage of the wind licking the stone

fall to the bottom of the wall gives my life

yellow laughter

**you come across the yellow photographs you've taken in your hand.
old stories stuck to the album.**

yellow laughter,

you've buried the calendar pages

years battered without pain...

loneliness came ringing from the Gypsies

you sound to me, I breathe to you... when heavy bird wings

the light of the bells, the Black amber of your eyes

it's time

it sits in my heart with the warm blood of love

it's too late for the forgotten sky in the Sahara.

after the betrayal between the tree and the leaf that silenced the forest

you ripped the mountain heads with your shoulders, on your face

the sound of a torch, the smell of the earth in the valley of the abyss

kalaladdin

she kissed her hair and glided over her shoulder.

you lie to your feet in the most lonely of the night

my fingers are a mother

I'm raising the cliff I've built with your Shadow.

I'm taking two clothes out of your excuse.

I look like the sky that doesn't accept God's apology

the smile shakes like the seal of the mirror and the sorrow

my loneliness is the only season that can make love to you

remember, everyone carries someone's wound far away.

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NEKOPIRATI