



NEVAL SAVAK

red

-when the dark red makes love militantly-

in a child's insistence

we pass through

the prolonged silence

i look at you

my hair looks at the sheets

a kite moves away

the nights dresses off of its red on a long journey

seems like a wounded animal ready to be shot

from your neck to your groin

i look at you

the sky moves on my skin

with the sound of the branches knocking on the windowpanes

we rain down by wetting April

i look at you

with a child's insistence

sticking to freedom

i, i look at you

where the fire divides into ashes

where the lovers

divide into two cities

the diary of a woman

-how sad must be those lakes-

perhaps a few leaves would be falling
out of our loneliness
perhaps our hands are like water lily
we greet each other in the autumn
while sensing the smell of departure
of those lakes of sadness

we would not hear anymore
the festivities of the bay windows
even we would be all ears
we tend to forget the existence
of the streaming rivers, shooting stars
the morning of the smell of soap
of the laundry with the smell of soap

we would be shot at our eyes
as we are plunging into the world saying it is a fate

we are outcast kid

of the rogue rains

our mind used to know the blue

and on top of that

that laughter with a smell of a rose

gently bending over the water

such kisses of the touch of a bird

just before there is a rupture

the diary of a woman

in it she holds her tongue

NEKOP!

You've no idea

an empty boat
at sea
or a swing
o your heart your heart
in the twilight of the sky
it's history with hidden lines

your face is moon's shame
beating on the blackness of lakes
making me die a thousand deaths
it's lighthouse of my night

ah if i say ah
my wasting life's
never knocked
door is your hands

me, i'm mad
you, you've no idea

MEKOU

my tenuçu

worship holy tulles
With the slippery dreams of the earth
softly enveloping the skin

descendant
stagnant and choppy silence of the lake
breathtaking

towards evening
you are running a red love
raw euphoria
two troughs of observers
knife

it's raining nihilist outside
god somewhere far away
and you pull the trigger with the leaf
you carry the smell of betrayal

people are passing by
with a lonely loneliness
chill
self-eating life
tobacco
my renewed heart

my heart how many meters this pain
cut-throat

not the human tendon
I fell beyond tendency
a dirty chaos
swimming
I'm not crazy
city gulls and pigeons
leaving the laughing chest
white and pink

then skirts like sea balls
long mountains I'm stepping long
the patience of the stone

in your mouth
you are passing slowly lying lies

like lovers of love
a woman's hips
with overthrown powers
betrayal is black and hidden
you are looking through the window

with a cup of two cities that have been vacated
separation comes to shout

my heart protects itself

poem
contrary to the other female echoes

now fill us where we are finished

extend the wings of the birds
I have not tanned the tits in love

who knows April
this year also washed
comes with new starts
I kiss the roads I walk
draw smiles that hide hell

in the morning
a saved god

from the horny waters of the teas
fill the fracture zone
fill up
we are the heart of history
behind every go

this is the aegean
I was lonely in my life
holy

fills out
be straight

september at the door

- Living on the road also comes to our minds -

before the cloud goes past us

caressing our hair

then september

salty

bird hide

our chest with love seas

by breaking down the chains

blooming

starting a cat lover

a woman's uprising

September

sultry

and then cover the window

pale gypsy

past a cloud passes

a turkish poverty

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living together sometimes comes to my mind

NEKOPIRATI

ghost lover

invasion of souls

the festivity of love hours to blood

a gap in the back of the runner

voice of disappearance

three bird beating breathing

my chest is in the extreme

three winter passes I sleep three

sin of the hand

I turn back to laughing

laced

to ghost lovers of ghost walls

spatter

Sleeping for ages myself

a long time love

I am in a position to beat

I am these birds

I have these birds

in the place where the shoulder is chest

a death called a kissing

NEKOPIRATI

sadness gateway

spring comes

believe in the sky

clouds go on

the tracks you left me in the bathroom

a page that closes at the opening laugh

Maybe we'll live again

forgetting that we are not loved

spring comes wrapping the wounds

maybe one day I will donate you

the sadness you left behind

....

australian birds are lifted

in front of one's face

absence of clocks you pass

a feeling of rotting

the waters of the city

it will not pass

drink a little more

a little more silence

dig a little more

scattering rain

juban

absence of clocks you pass

broken ropes

flower bed linen

behind children

lime scent attracted to the room

death at the nose

lemon yellows gardens

mountains rivers

I want to understand

a person's silence place

rain does not stop in my country

I am leaning against cold stones

soaked like a loyal dog

and to the fears of my beloved

I want to understand

a poet with dirty corpse

Dry branches from falling

roots branching

so that the waits

rapturous loveliness

dead

childlessness without picture

for drying the burners

burning

a pinch of linden smell

god of half a leaf

waits in the place where words are thrown

children who will bring the sun

a shame now

bird season

-What we have laid-

sitting in a boulder like a stone

this infinite sorrow to remember

now we will pass poetry poetry

when a song is sung in a woman's shit

aniseed smell in our lost lips

words in all waters that wasted

red

in the middle of a river broke

how many suicide will pass

vein

Whereas TurunYudu was among us

sex of cities

bird season now every season

memorable poet

where the womb ends and the groom starts

red pomegranate

memorize

chest mat in my neck

a night in a cat's feather

lonely balcony fire

then loneliness comes geographically

burying a body to my chest

pour through your mouth the burn of your ears

a red pomegranate

revolt

in the place where

tattered

candle sleep

reds in arms

with a misty night

he writes the book of hugging

I forgive you

in candle wool

joys from moonlight

rosy

a love is waking up

at everybody's sleep

with a bunch of basil

lips tread

with fairy tale

in the morning sun

Good Morning

cherries

fresh morning in my mouth

roaming through my street

a gypsy

from the cliff of your lips

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separation from our love

long-lived now

long love wine

rosewood mesopotamia

cotton season

-It's not the rail--

from the poles of my heart

a ship is coming

and he's playing violin

a man on deck

I am the god of soul

bending water to the ground

we pass through a sword

mediterranean climate with cotton towels

in the voluptuous breath of the night

he's writing poetry poems

in the season of a man's voice

Two cities are demolishing

cotton season

with his swords

orange

you are drinking tonight

through the mouth of the stomach

golden wings put on the chest

hot and hasty

orange in the skin

we are with you

we are in a betrayal of separate loyalty with you

we are writing to a love letter

horses thirsty on the hill

poetry

in the depths

a cat left half-hearted

the poet writes orange the destiny

orange season

burnaz is a more blue

in a carnation

shining resistance

purposely

loving keeps the corner of my mind

NEKOPIRATI

Forget in forties

winter will end

leave inside me

spring future

with horses swollen in the groin

know it will go out

one day my fire

a lot of time I will walk with the corner of my mind

pouring my memories in the hazy wind

you will not be a collector

in my chest blue

I will forget about forty

man of distant lands

I'm reaching out

a sand of sea

burns from hair

we always go back to the same night

with words and voices

distant cities

touch and face

I forgive the shy sorrows

decadent

in the middle of a fight

you are coming to the dream

then a sleeplessness

.... /

and mountains are flooded

learning about the offense

it opens another pit

deepness alone

with a shadowy shadow

sleeping at night

meander in the mouth

your eyes wake up

razor blade

air is bland

painful table

not

ointment of leylan

Bloody lies

wounds

well is the body of leyla

Goodbye republic

-when you grow up-

a man's sensual morning

waking up in august

how many regrets my voice grows

so I sleep in my mouth

so the memories of every fountain

when a child reaches the door

I forgot the half of the hands

this city is throwing up at the mountain

a child opens the door

doors

goodbye republic

and going to

overturning words

clouds prepared to rain

doors

donor departments

the beginning of your silence without you

shadows of conceivable moss

dildo with a breath

the color of your eyes

I feel tender in my desire longing fires

I look at you in the night

rising time permeable

we have a fairy tale

blessed

february in the dust of the wreck

sensizlik

at the beginning of your silence

Neval Savak

She was born in İzmir. She published her poetry book called “The Black Solace” in April 2016. “Hidden Desert” 2017. “My Tenuçu” 2018. Her poems have appeared in literary

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Translated: Murat Yurdakul

Address: 174 sok. No:7 K:4 D:7

BORNOVA-İZMİR / TÜRKİYE

Telephone: +90 544 343 14 75

Mail: nev35_@hotmail.com

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<http://www.diogenpro.com>