

 **DIOGEN**®
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Ibrahim Tig

Poetry

HORSES

I came and the sky was without you!
ascended to atlases long
I left my horses
I mean your mouth your mouth in whole
ages will be commemorated with birds

maybe still
takes me away
a city-weary boy!

PURGATORY

anyway this sea will never diminish
rust of seagulls on the shore is human
with time accumulated in my mouth
water naked river will flow in reverse

the missing parts of lovemaking will be completed
syrian woman who came to sleep overnight
a horse's subconscious battery-powered doll

temples will fall in the eyes of gazelles
the dream I kissed will return to purgatory

I broke the night half at the waist
my days are a little desolate
how about yours?

COLLAPSE

wrinkled like a handkerchief washed every morning
I hang my face on my arms, it dries
my head is accustomed to being ironed
I step on the folk songs your shoes speak from the food
untruth is an insidious time flies by

aphrodite calls from 6th century
jesus between us you cannot crucify the time
I am afraid, how is your father the great zeus?
don't you have a parallel line telephone?

lydia is far let's meet in troy
my dear you suffer from Oedipus complex
the country is bankrupt and psychologically disturbed

you carried the autumn on hour back
you left me a winter without a snow and without a mate
so our heart is an ancient settlement
reaching my sore spots

stop!

Shakespeare is calling:

- some collapses incentives for brighter developments.

is that true Helena?

KANDAHAR

blood in kandahar is an exceptional mother
fathers are the mountains of their children

who writes the fairy tale of the stolen hope
who digs the grave of fathers without sons
who kisses the pain planted in pots

there's still the respect in my chest
the caftan from the khilat ceremonies
I dropped my voice into the water my heart is veiled
I burned the ships, my temples ache

blood in kandahar...

LOUD CRY

I took my pain from a diary
neither my mother understands nor you
that's why I have to find fires for myself

true that I'm being detained, I deserve it
I can't deny I've stolen hearts
a damaged youth is left behind from me
through the window I want to tear out

houses are wounds in our most resentful places
heavy and besieged on all sides, words left
on the table, dry your skin, you look like rain
everyone's gone, before the trace on the ground being erased

your picture on the wall brings to me
great meanings, my share of ashes
and a forgotten loud cry!

why

why a mother dies
and why mournful rooms
deep loneliness, june
the song inside me, of those who don't come back
I buried your heart in my eyes

who will rock the cradle of my mother
who forgot the village in her bosom
leftover from her childhood

as
a boy's loneliness is worse than
a girl's solitude

that's why
stars fall every night

NEKOPIRATI

bleeding

when I was child a dead cat
interrupted my sleep and also
my uncle's anger

I had black rubber shoes and patched pants
my mother had a candle burning in her mouth
my voice would undress my inner sanctuary
my body is the lost lake

who knows that my mother planted roses
on the torn parts of my face.

do not ask my name, I have changed
boy whose garden bleeds while begging for the pain

İBRAHİM TİĞ

Turkish poet, writer, journalist and editor İbrahim Tığ was born in Devrek / Zonguldak in 1970. He studied at Dicle University and became an architect. His first poems were appeared in 1986 and his poems were published in many prestigious literary magazines in Turkey.

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