



**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 6<sup>th</sup> 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.

He worked as a correspondent and columnist for national daily newspapers and press agencies. He founded Daily Newspaper "Bölge Haber" in Devrek. He is also chief editor of Şehir (City) Literature and Culture Magazine since 2004.

His first poetry book was published in 1994 and his poems were collected in six poetry books. He won many poetry prizes in Turkey. He is also the writer of three short stories books and two review books about Turkish poet Rüştü Onur who was born in Devrek.

DIOGEN pro culture magazine & DIOGEN pro art magazine -ISSN 2296-0929; ISSN 2296-0937  
Publishers online and owners, Prof. Dr & Dr. Honoris Causa Sabahudin Hadžialić and Peter Tase, MBA  
E-mail: [contact\\_editor@diogenpro.com](mailto:contact_editor@diogenpro.com) / WWW: <http://www.diogenpro.com/>

İbrahim Tığ is the member of many organizations such as PEN International, FIJ (International Federation of Journalists), TGC (Society of Turkish Journalists) and TYS (Turkish Writers Union).

He is the Director of Press and Public Relations Department in Devrek Municipality. He is married and has two children.

13.02.2024.g.

PR  
DIOGEN pro kultura  
<http://www.diogenpro.com>