



**Serpil Devrim**

**POETRY**

**A HUMAN TAKES EVERYTHING  
HE EXPERIENCES AWAY**

**A human takes everything he experiences away  
His knees when he falls on the parquet stones  
His palate sweetened with sugar  
He mostly takes his innocence away from his childhood**

**The passions which he hugs around his neck  
The flappings of his heart  
He takes the sentence which contains the letters  
whose base starts with human away  
He mostly takes the poems  
with sighings away from his youth**

**He takes climates from the south away**

**bluer, greener, very hot**

**he takes existing by rolling into love away**

**He takes the first lights from east away**

**that is starting him off**

**by building factories, cities**

**He mostly takes the smell of bread away**

**A human takes everything he experiences away**

**The pains from his elderliness**

**his crowded memories from years past**

**his oblivions from today**

**He mostly takes tomorrowlessness away**

NEKOPIRATI

## **I WOULD LIKE TO WELCOME YOU, ARE YOU HERE**

**I would like to welcome you**

**Are you here**

**You who straightens to light on all fours**

**My immunity that wipes insufficiency out**

**Makes it nothing, sassing to life**

**I am kissing you on your rebellious spirit**

**On your curious dream, on your thought**

**My one who plants unvaccinated existence seeds**

**In my permeable soil**

**removing wild weeds**

**I am kissing you on your resistant eyes**

**My one who knows the acquaintanceship between**

**the fears of those whose glances are cold**

**in the interrogation rooms**

**and of those who slice cadavers with their trauma nightmares**

**the flood of people that applaud the strong**

**in the gladiator arenas**

**Their losts and oblivions**

**The fights of the obedient dogs**

**But mostly their pitifulness**

**My one who breathlessly reaches tomorrow**

**holding cruel puppets'**

**Schemes of glorious coronation ceremonies behind closed doors**

**On the high hill where they have deployed**

**And all of them; trickeries of betrayers**

**Those who were bought for money**

**Those who sold against them**

**I am kissing your hands**

**My one who takes the lords of the earth down**

**Who hold the spear the devil**

**Addressed to wipe out everything**

**Stuck while selling its soul**

**in the castle of the conservative serenity**

**I am kissing your memory**

**My one who angrily puts unforgetting**

**That is filtered from the age savings**

**From a past stopped and ended**

**From the sediment of conscious**

**into words**

**My one who stands toward himself**

**While becoming changed**

**Who does not need a guide**

**I am kissing you on your precursory heart**

**In fate songs played on installed boxes**

**That sad reprises are the surrender of emotions**

**Today worship drums are primitive in the same way, too**

**Make mayan traditional tissue mud**

**My one who is the action opposing to**

**Conservative, deficient and misgoing**

**I kiss you on your mouth**

**on all the emotions of humanity**

**I am writing on behalf of telling you that I love you**

**I have been quarelling with my inner voice for a long time**

**Without promising and expecting**

**Without isolating your instincts**

**From the meaning in your nature**

**Just like how you are**

**My one whose heart is at peace like my heart**

**My inner integrity**

**Whose individual ego is multiparted**

**My longing for another world**

**An orphan took a shelter in another world**

**my one who multiplies passion**

**As both human and public**

**In natural favor not temporary**

**That is all**

**I love you**

**I would like to welcome you**

**Are you here**

NEKOPIRATI

## **BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE**

**Mothers,**

**are a route for their children who are blind**

**A cane for those whose hands and feet are disabled**

**But it is impossible**

**to influence milk not pouring in Congo**

**while nipples are being chewed in vain**

**But it is impossible**

**to fit the shrapnel in which one hundred bullets can hardly fit**

**in a five-year-old child's body in Ghaza**

**But it is impossible**

**to apologize to a four-year-old girl's soul in Iraq**

**But it is possible**

**to go crazy from head to toe**

## **CONQUEST**

**Do not tell me about conquering my heart**

**I'm closed for depredation of thieves**

**What you call conquering is, raping what belongs to life**

**My dove nests would be destroyed**

**My cool, cobbled street would become asphalt**

**My childhood would get lost**

**in the backyard of a wooden house with bay window**

**My storks would not come over**

**to the scratchy slum rooftops**

**My youth would be rasped**

**My agedness would go senile**

**You would start dealing with my thoughts unmannerly**

**and be through with my beliefs**

**You are both impertinent and unfit**

**The magic in the texture**

**of an old city is beyond your ken**

**You would talk about burning heedlessly**

**about burning and destroying**

**I would talk about not burning and not being burned**

**What we understand is not the same passion**

**Neither for dreaming nor for hoping**



## MY DERVISH

my dervish, my passenger, my beloved  
my bow stretched from the seventh floor of  
the heavens whose dome is collapsed

they say; the bow never arrives where the arrow goes  
all a lie, all a lie i swear  
the distance lessens  
as the love of the ground increases  
-in love with the sky, with the limitless distance  
between the ground and the sky

my dervish, my passenger, my beloved  
my light -percolating from the seventh floor of  
the heavens whose dome is collapsed  
they say; the light carries the color of the heart it comes from  
all a lie, all a lie i swear  
light transforms into the color  
of where it touches, like a lover,  
it gets the color of longing  
in the limitless distance

my dervish, my passenger, my beloved  
my words coming from the seventh floor of  
the heavens whose dome is collapsed

they say; the letters lean forward

and prostrate themselves with dread

all true, all true i swear

in the limitless distance

they come together

and like us they hold each other

they talk a bit of you, a bit of me

my dervish, my passenger, my beloved

love's heard from the seventh floor of the heavens

it wakes the seven sleepers

it smells like ever-blooming roses.

NEKOPIRATI

## **Beni Merak etme**

**gözümün yaşı,  
kederden söz etmeyecektim  
memleket havalarını tefe vura vura  
çalmaya kalkmasaydı  
virgöl duruşlu hanedan sazendeleri**

**beni merak etme, hep acıyacağım  
yanlış dala öten doğru kuş gibi  
beynim yüreğimin atışına koşaradım  
yetişmeye çalışırken  
her şeye yetmeye çalışırken  
hiçbir şeye şaşırılmayı öğrendi**

**ne İsa çıkar ne de Musa,  
bir kilise bir havra bir cami arasında  
çıkça çıkça  
virgöl duruşlu sazendelerden  
mavi mozaikli bir havuzun içinde  
taş baskı plaklar gibi dönen  
ağzına iğne saplı balıklar çıkar  
iğnenin ucunda misina ipler**

**gözümün yaşı  
sel felaketim  
işkence altındayken beynimin orta yeri  
orta yeri işgal altındayken memleketimin  
yumruk kadar cüssesini bile  
öpemediğin yüreğim  
her sabah inatla yaşama uyanıyor**

**beni merak etme, hep acıyacağım**

**serpil devrim**

## **DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME**

**Tear of my eyes  
i wouldn't have spoken of sorrow**

**if the comma-shaped dynasty musicians  
hadn't played the indigenous melodies  
beating the tamborines**

**Don't worry about me, me will always ache  
like the right bird singing for the wrong limb  
while my brain doubles trying  
to reach my heartbeat  
trying to hold out everything  
it learn learned not to be surprised  
by anything**

**You already know that neither Jesus nor Moses  
shows up between a church, a synagogue, a mosque  
at most  
fish with needle-stucked mouths come out  
-by the comma-shaped musicians  
circling like phonograph records  
in a pool with blue mosaics  
-fishing lines ate the needle's tip**

**Tear of my heart  
my flood  
while my brain under torture  
while the heart of my homeland under occupation  
my heart-even whose fist-sized body i no dare to kiss  
wakes sedulously to life every morning**

**don't worry about me,  
me will always ache.**

## **Forgive**

forgive me my beloved

I couldn't learn love's measure of more or less

while my past is a sum of passersby

you are my equivalent that lives in me nonetheless

on earth where fortune turns its wheel

in-between life and death I loved you

where a guided missile penetrates through

you are my intimacy from the unflinching day

my infinity whose face I'm made to long for

my earth with little bit of sun,

my universe with a lot of stars

my sky, whatever you rain on me I will submit to

yes it is such a heavy burden to live without you

## **Herat**

Nerat, the red roof of my wheat house  
the big gap in the middle of my solitude  
surrounder by an endless cliff

a foggy cloud passes it through  
and then women submissive voiceless  
with their moan attached to their shells  
whose tulle-curtained eyes are owl nets  
so far from love, close to god

then children monotone and motionless  
their passive bodies are hung on death  
wooden legs unable to run  
at times in which time stops  
so far from life, close to god

Herat : the red roof of my wheat house  
they dig holes out of pinpricks  
in the fifty two savage teeth of the dragon  
the tears the whole into bits  
the big gap in the middle of its solitude  
so far from bread, close to god

## Hold My Dead Branches !

“my soul was a door  
handle  
as my mind never matched the  
steps”

the brunette refugee child with otherworldly descriptions  
who lands down on the cage of my chest fluttering  
your face is the gap called wound this evening

your eyes were a single country, the whole earth  
the insensitivity of this era is a death trap  
the thundering robbery, plunder, pillage of an avalanche  
with its cooperative loam the red-brown marsh

depth and the subsiding weight do go away  
lacking humanity that makes it lose its way  
it has no roof to wash ashore or to take shelter  
in september the unhugged body the surplus of water

the iceberg drifting from where it belongs is just like you  
woven for the outer world a long time ago  
its fragile body lessens by moments, from which

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it adds itself to the water that will drown us all

wherever i turn the speed of light is the same  
one's circle, occasionally recurring mercy sprinkle  
which pours down on the sift of the sky  
from a long distance

Hold my dead branches ! Hold my dead branches !  
let the dead leaf fall !  
let my crooked branch flatten...

NEKOPIRATI



## **IF YOU WERE TO COME OUT**

**If you were to come out as though you will stay with me**  
**The dead sleeping in my house of coyness will start to talk**  
**If I dress myself up spring bud pink**  
**If i run toward the mountains i'll become a wind barefoot**  
**like an unruly rebellious child**  
**The peaks will strip off the snow completely naked**  
**Ducks will go down to the water in my mallard lakes**  
**Leaves scattered about in the vineyards**  
**On your lips the vintage molasses**  
**Sparrows will fill my branches extemporarily**  
**and hastily contribute a small share by pouring, by scattering**  
**The night of willow branch will be too sorry to say a word**  
**The evil eye will affect, hands will touch, love will speak**  
**Handkerchief edge laces will pour out of my breath**  
**If you were to come out as though you will stay with me**  
**The moonlight will redden,**  
**Harmandali dance will be done with relish**

## I'll Know If I Touch

what's the colour of the smell of your skin

I'll know if I touch

sea is a bay horse

that breaks free from its mane

with southwester

it exuberates messily

waves

crazily

civilian

a bay

horse

it's possible to neither reach it

nor lie down

nor mix with it to become one

it turns from blue to grey

from grey to way too grizzle

until it turns into pine green

sky gets confused

foggy and misty

and pours down on earth dripping wet

I get confused

the sorrow behind my eyes

turns into the tales of old times

what is the colour of the smell of your skin

I'll know if I touch

when you touch my sorrow

like touching İstanbul

in what language is the taste of your smile

I'll know if I touch

in a cool fall morning

when the day just awakened you

it's the strong fresh brewed tea

in the slim cup

and bagels with cheese

it's the Bosphorus ferry

that unties its ropes hastily

and disappears in breezes

so white that you think

it were my grandmother's wedding dress

in the dowry chest

which gets more value each day

wrapped in blue satin

it wanders about

in my dreams

it isn't possible to be the foam left behind it

nor the seagull scream above

neither is to attach yourself to it

in what language is the taste of your smile

I'll know if I touch

when you touch my sorrow

like touching İstanbul

in what climate is the dark of your eyes

I'll know if I touch

at the afternoons during which

the nets overflowing with abundance are pulled

sunset is

a red, lilac and orange song

the moon doesn't hide its face

and oozes its silver onto the fish in the net

it lines in filaments

some white cheese a piece of melon

and a glass of iced raki

and a song

of nihavend mode

sung at the tables with friends

whose taste still remains

it isn't possible to dive and melt in it

nor remaining outside not floating

neither is not to hold onto your eyelashes

in what climate is the dark of your eyes

I'll know if I touch

when you touch my sorrow

like touching İstanbul

NEKOPIRATI

## Love Never Kills

"I've seen harness-free horses,  
they swept sad songs before them."

if only you wish to become a river  
we'll go back to the beginning , float from the top  
the hosting of dyer's woad watercress dutchman's breeches

like two old friends at the farthest pillion  
on the seas rising from the last glacial age  
in the morning fog and dew downpour

don't pass by the castle of your absence playing an instrument  
the endless space bleeds hungry againts the sky  
the women with sealed lip burns like kindling and cry

from red to purple exiled to outside the heart  
don't always watch from the side,come, love never kills

## **NOW IS THE TIME**

**The clutter of that abstract time is  
a fingerprint on the ruins of the ancient cities  
Limbs of unknown skeletons  
have been taken out of them up to their hands  
Starting with their mouths and eyes  
The sense of making space of the turnings  
that remained distant passes the place where it touches  
It passes through all the living spaces  
through the fertile womb  
through a nibbled apple  
through the passions that harass while taking root  
It unquestioningly passes into the soil  
Now the things experienced while we are alive  
are unfortunately rather far removed  
from creating a new measure  
whose subject bears human values  
on the scalepan of the day and night  
identified with their black and white  
interconnected by motion  
Prohibitions divinely enthroned  
suddenly fall down in the middle of our humanity  
like a meteor**

**moving away from the vital one**

**with a deadlock they impose violence**

**on freedom for which innocence has passion**

**within its own nature**

**The metal coins on whose image death is written**

**are not widely accepted under their own wreckage**

**of the blood-sucking fascist dictators**

**who appraise the massacre of mankind**

**not having been able to learn their lesson from the historical range**

**So now's the time**

**it's time to think once more**

**decluttering in favor of mankind**

**in order to bring the days that suit mankind**



**One-half is Half-done**

**i am before an altar of doubtable sentences**

**to be crafted out of the blue**

**in haste to comprehend**

**the human being created in the judgement**

**of a humorist**

**as such in a hurry**

**seven days in the making,**

**three steps away from the soothing warming air**

**i was resolute to adapt it in three steps**

**and all the seasons of nature with its dialectics**

**liberty does not yield to the sunshine,**

**i took back my unidentified essence**

**that i made bare in the night**

**i took it back from the hell**

**which was impossible to stop similarly to its wellhead**

**a drop fleeing/spilling over the river**

**a partner to the myth of an unobjectionable flower**

**i am the seed of the apple bitten by adam in heaven**

**that falls to eva's share**

**and to an undying love**

**and the genealogical history i know**

**to revolt at the concentration camp of an undying love**

**could only be a product of the mind**

**i raise the level of my hopes**

**with a forgivable shame**

**the word turns into a bitter rage and falls down,**

**me and my big mouth**

**rage fades out, i free myself**

**the words gain a momentum to become something grandiose**

**now it toils to flee the canyons**

**which give way to the cliffs through escarpments**

**to the opening canyons**

**if only my heart and my lover take steps with silence**

**it is certain that the childhood period of my love got tired**

**where my lover thought of me being alone**

**ah, my love, at the place my lover thought of me!**

**ah! do not be parallel to a degenerated charlatan**

**who never gives up destroying by walking away**

**whom i regard separately from his master**

**who is the instigator of an unending era**

**who sits on the throne with the greatness of an avalanche**

**like unloaded clouds**

**who is bodacious in every period**

**ah you, ah! my lover!**

**at his elbow on two sides of the skull of the query cage**

**where two angels awkwardly balance on the scale pan**

**the human being who is deprived of the food and love**

**promising treasures in heaven**

**despite their enhanced pressures**

**contradicting the reality**

**told/untold**

**in the middle of the markets of being lost and being made lost**

**don't be in the same line with one enthusing you to be a subject!**

**don't give up on me**

**ah my lover! ah! ah foot bound captive**

**chained onto his own bench**

**wealth comes from love**

**Wealth comes from love**

**in the place of your eyes having left their eye-sockets**

**without any hesitation i donate mine**

**i donate them to your sense losing heart with the black plague**

**a yarrow good for getting rid of,**

**isn't it the case that when love is transmitted from human**

**to human then it becomes immortal**

**then law enforcement forces cannot cope with the fact**

**law enforcement forces cannot cope**

**that an orphan child's crying out**

**on the street**

**whose stomach is tested with famine and abundance**

**that is why from yesterday until today**

**complying with all directives**

**by flattery of those bastards at hand**

**one of your hands is on a wooden plow for oxen**

**the sentences borrowed are of neither fish nor fowl**

**prostration for divine inscription**

**there is no passageway from that gate**

**you put up that gate with your hand**

**to the turquoise space of the altar**

**there is no crossing through that gate**

**there is no heaven nor a hell**

**whatever you look for while you live here at your worldly home**

**i am sick and tired of being a player and a spectator as well**

**i have just came from a long trip,**

**on my shoulder i still carry the load of the past**

**i am all done in**

**i am all done in**

**i am blue overlooking the sea**

**my lover, do not give up on me**

**just give my voice of warmth a chance**

**let the long running children go after it**

**chain of mountains with naughty slopes**

**hairy root, cirrus cloud, branches full of fruits,**

**one cannot reign in the undying infinity**

**my voice is being the river companion and resolute**

**my voice is for recreation**

**of nature's peace**

**it postponed your other world**

**it padlocked the doors of the heaven in your dreams**

**in your jails**

**when it saw a human with a common destiny**

**who begs by being silent**

**every reticence has to do with a calculation**

**every reticence adds up to a submission**

**when a human being is bending**

**there won't be joy**

**accomplices of the executioners**

**who advise the masses in deprivation**

**to worship the sky, to kill their fellow humans**

**imperialists who order murder and**

**all pharaohs in the world**

**take note that alongside with the earth**

**i am in the morning of a night of revolt**

**tears of the children**

**a witness to the grief of sentimental nobility**

**of decent people and**

**to the ruins of the bombardment,**

**let it be my duty**

**i am not reconciling with your hypocrisy**

**i am trampling on your countless rhetoric**

**that incites wealth after death**

**through your imposed tragic slave hegemony**

**i joyfully start the day**

**by killing your favorite belief**

**my chatty voice producing idioms from its soul**

**cast upon on our historical ruins**

**with its counter edges far from the trap of prejudices**

**yes, it is what judges the ones that are not infinite**

**keep in your mind that i know goodness and favor –**

**i can recognize the tree from its root**

**the seed from its dream of growing**

**and compassion from the baby i embrace**

**priorities i carry beyond myself**

**can travel via my voice on the path to eternity**

**with the Spartacus soul which dethroned the untouchable**

**i redefine rebellion all over again, back to square one**

**it is the deep freedom of my intellect which crosschecks**

**on a hammock of the material relaxation**

**that craves for a swing according to the uncertainty principle**

**a body that is full as a tick**

**glutton in front of his own eyes**

**then a moment arrives**

**one single stitch unraveled can strangle**

**somebody disciplined with excessive hunger**

**i wrote the pains of the people i don't know in my mind**

**and in my voice the compatibility of honor with it**

**myself though shall die before my voice**

**make way for my flushed cheek voice**

**do not give up on undying infinity**

**let the long running children go after it**

**we haven't got life long enough to wait to see the end of history**

**we ought to defend life based on common weave**

**when you feel the loneliness of your soul,**

**then exactly at that time**

**you and i shall be of one heart**

**my lover, do not give up on me**

**i am before the altar of the suspicious sentences**

**seven days to becoming wise, three steps to the warmth in the air**

**every poem has their imperfect rhyme**

**a knife's sharpness between the style and content**

**patience hidden among the chatty talk**

**as i am longing for another season**

**as i am longing for you**

**to watch the action changing its direction so resolute**

**like a gust seems to be a very strong epidemic**

**so much so the summer is thought to be short lived**

**making the free-headed fire by its slope**

**the sprouting branch of the ash tree**

**growing in front of your eyes**

**to fall down unwillingly**

**right after the sun sets in the evening**



**even though parched, it doesn't demand the overflowing water**

**every probe once again tirelessly**

**in the middle of the tunnel with two bright ends**

**buried with elaborate mournful formalities**

**its face turned to life with nature's advice**

**a body transforming by decomposition**

**a temporary refuge, whose eyes from inside out**

**would get used to the darkness until arising from death**

**to watch it is a material epidemic**

**the action of changing the direction as resolute as the water**

**so much so the summer is thought to be short lived**

**right after the sunrise in the morning**

**the ivy seaweed holding on this tree**

**driven from the mountains**

**by the irrational river,**

**its bottom part might have been cut or gone**

**though it might get hurt, it doesn't want to be immobilized**

**it dies there for the sake of its resistance**

**the sky surrounded by the braids of darkness**

**decorating the water where the light drops on the water**

**with its green, silvery grey and blue**

**in fact, pearlescent cool tones of colors**

**that is to say whenever its generosity is seen**

**the ones who crowd around a table**

**for the love of a piece of bread and wine**

**and then pities the ones who find solace to brag about wisdom**

**followed by the disappearance of the human-like shadows**

**inside a monastery wall**

**frustration of returns**

**the loss of years is not just a yellow complexion**

**a defending heart**

**turning blue with the truth**

**desperately**

**until the depths of twist**

**starting to fill with blood**

**the fire of love about to fade down**

**it is ready to set off**

**like a small stone**

**fallen off**

**by the flood waters**

**keep a line in mind**

**let me find you trying to find out a way to tell**

**in the imperfect side of you that you deferred**

**and you even could not contain it in poetry**

**and you even did not make sense of it in poetry**

**my lover, do not give up on me**

**i am before the altar of the suspicious sentences**

**seven days to becoming wise, three steps to the warmth in the air**

**the voice of that poem resembles you, so does its scream for me**

**the arrogant are at the top of a difficult pain**

**every part of it is missing at Auschwitz**

**even the single hair of a human**

**to try to keep being a virtuous person**

**is something to break the forbidden areas via fictional confidence**

**is historically incumbent upon the ones who met with guillotine**

**while you are a clothespin on the collar of the universe**

**do not pay attention to the moon-blessed and heaven worshippers**

**do take a look at the fire and its ember as you live through it**

**first you should deserve an honorable life**

**by standing up against**

**the one who was imposed on you as a power**

**you have to learn how to stand up**

**when you surpass the breaking point of the geography**

**of your own being that is to resist tyranny**

**your liberation becomes inevitable**

**when a step is taken, its occupation encircles your soul**

**another place comes out of you**

**then your homeland earth is to be spread under you by the rainbow**

**feel its pain, rub your face along its path**

**kiss its seen and unseen wounds**

**like kissing the soil**

**say hello and hello**

**put a fire on my soul with your heart, keep it in your bosom**

**seduce me, seduce the world and the universe**

**me though, have worn out days with their immediate desire**

**to take joy to tomorrows on behalf of forgiveness**

**let my longing be your freedom**

**before dying of my grief, it is shocking to you**

**do not leave me behind disappointed**

**Ah, since he is my dear,**

**my accomplice, my quilt cover caught red-handed**

**my witness with petals, my stone mortar with a sac**

**one of my stones is swaying about on the ship board**

**my concave mirrors with their foils in severe coldness**

**he knew everything from all directions, he was full of all pains**

**my dear your line (night) is cruising, your home with Maraş decoration**

**your daytime sees all the flying birds and the passing caravans**

**there is a floor furnace, tossing something back and forth**

**beneath there is a dropped stitch of a patch, a hole so huge**

**the hungry are out in the cold, seven types of seasons got washed**

**my embellished newroz branch captured by a town**

**loved even within a short time, held on to love**

**my lover, do not give up on me**

**i am before the altar of the suspicious sentences**

**seven days to becoming wise, three steps to the warmth in the air**

**a funeral home of the earth crowding under it**

**on the surface there is a fight over a cage like castle**

**the loss of the track, the rupture of the wound**

**there are no other days left in the calendar, writing never dies**

**an epoch both being on the high and the low**

**an avalanche is nothing but a fake rhyme from the summit**

**my lover, do not give up on me**

## The Dead Poet

the dead poet is a river exiled from its bed

its gurgle is without foot or rhyme

its flow is the linear of existence

the path it knows is courageous and open

water takes the form of the container

dress the form of the body in it

and the chewn bits the form of the mouth

the bed of the poet for the outbursts

is like the narrow Aegean shores

the Cretan promontory

its two sides are the song of goats

and a lyric poem blessed with immortality

on the land of the dead

its heart never decays

the river exiled from its bed

stripped of its privacy

it brings down stars from the sky

and bathes in its own water

it's hilly and rocky when seen from the sea

when seen from the land there are crazy blue waves only

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E-mail: [contact\\_editor@diogenpro.com](mailto:contact_editor@diogenpro.com) / WWW: <http://www.diogenpro.com/>  
with their hard-line freedom

it sweeps before itself the ways

landless peasants walk on

and the aid sailors seek

it grows out of the labors

of workers and splitters

and lies next to dead children

decapitated at each war

it had sad eyes at each break up

it gurgles to death

with fragile loves at its core

NEKOPIRATI

### The Poem of the 100th Day

vinedresser, i linked my voice to sky, erase death

i am a stone-sculptor tonight i linked my voice to sky

my eyes sculpted what outweighed them

the crowd of my outside, the isolation of my inside

sculpted gently the side of me that was offended by life

i took it to the city square and left it there

i'm too lonely for anyone to notice me

my apprenticeship of stone age is a rodent in my chest cavity

my semi-skilled working, my bronze age,

the slip-of-tongue wing of whirligig

my iron age is my mastership, by inner beauty that attracts the devil

in a sleazy capstan-free well the cementer's cap

vinedresser, i linked my voice to sky, erase death

i am a stone-sculptor tonight i linked my voice to sky

i sculpted what outweighed my tongue

seven generations, seven shirts off of the back of the stone

young and old alike the great powers off of the belly of the stone

i spilled from my skirt ash-colored and rose-scented

i took my heart out and loaded my emotional clamorous side



i sculpted the earth to cleanse it of its dirt  
the lifeguard with little room and a large heart rang the bell  
blew its whistle its vigorous siren  
quite appropriate for a tale, quite against the genuine  
the bite in her throat turned out to be a hard row to hoe  
put her seamy lustful foot down

vinedresser, i linked my voice to sky, erase death  
i am a stone-sculptor tonight i linked my voice to sky  
two acrobats on one tightrope, impatient and fond of comfort,  
the one heavily seethed the one whose face is down  
the fond one and the one with no dreams all of them is a memory loss  
their skulls are the size of a huge cave each of them  
i eroded the surface, took it out, slam it down  
my flesh blood and memory thought  
it wouldn't be heard when slammed  
the joy of cleansing gleamed on the cutter

vinedresser, i linked my voice to sky, erase death  
i am a stone-sculptor tonight i linked my voice to sky  
i sculpted my heart, open wounds around it apparent  
people passed by, passed away, hunger hasn't had enough yet

## **THE ROAD WAS ENDING**

**The road was ending  
to desolateness I was singing songs out loud  
in which I entered reprises  
I'm lost from my memories with strong personality  
some were mixing mischief with asphalt  
The monotonous hands of the chain watch were swinging  
From the top of past times filled with dead birds  
whose womb walls were scraped on top of the curretting table  
where one is smeared onto a bloody bistoury  
Unaware of the lion-hearted man's question  
I know who wondered if the rope would break  
when he was let down from the seventh-and-a-half floor  
sweeping the haze on the fog lamps  
before him at full gallop  
  
Being left sleepless over the right and left lines  
along the the highway in the night  
Through my pair of eyes quietly staring  
I was hoping the dawn would promptly get  
the smoke out my lungs  
I was longing for a cup of piping hot tea  
On the radio a high density metal**

**was shouting at the high-tension lines**

**I was passing sharp curves lonely**

**Inside my brain I was getting lost**

**in the desolate shadows**

**The road was ending**

**2.**

**The road was ending**

**At helplessness i was hurling loud curses**

**in which i entered tidy reprisings**

**From my memories with strong personality**

**some were hitting punching bags in the marsh**

**who were candidates for nomination**

**Manpower-shortage credentialed in earnest**

**from the feet growing ten sizes urine was being percolated**

**With the birds serving as guinea pigs**

**unaware of the lion-hearted man's rebellion**

**Magnetolectricity was connecting**

**through the gill respiration**

**of the replacement**

**of currency lamps with energy saving bulbs**

**It was stringily telling about its national contribution**

**to a breathable family budget**

**Starting to get it out in the open**

**from its private naked part in practice**

**Without considering names and cities to the cells**

**that gave up dividing the current patrols**

**were incessantly prowling around in the equatorial belt**

**Dried branches very thirsty**

**were flopping up from the rotten jawbone**

**that turns into coal**

**Toward the top was moving lawn cloth**

**vise ends soulless**

**The sharp knife was laying lifeless in the belly**

**It was making the cold winter days purple**

**Inside my brain i was getting lost**

**in the lightless passages**

**The road was ending**

NEKOPIRATI

## **The Song Of Cypress**

I lie a long cypress on a cloud

as I reach I dress in green all around

cool waters with which I grew rise and

surround my tall slim body from the soil it holds on

as my branches advance in over my head

I won't forget anything about life

each sound I heard by hitting the notes

with each breath I took, the moon lighted days

tell the starry night not to forget about me

neither should the waters I'm in love with

nor the wind that pierces through me

in front of which alone I prostrate

my thomy leaves hurt me merely

tell them not to fear being scattered

I lie a long cypress on a cloud

I've come a kong way in a short story

## **THE WALKING CANE**

**The cranberry walking cane is slim and aware  
of the high bumpy road  
It knows the water related to itself  
that always leans over it  
The emptied wave  
non-existingly crashing the wild rocks  
in the wild and furious open sea  
it knows an ordinary one's body  
rusting on the cliff,  
tracing/dragging the lost time  
Taking down the big century from the cross  
how to hold the headstrong horses from their manes  
It knows the refugee sunset glow in which  
walking on the non-balls of the feet is impossible  
It tells its counterpart in nature  
by bees as if getting out  
of the armor of the soil, of the water, of the sky  
as if hiding the domesticated inner silence  
of the feeling behind the space  
So the workers are the altruists in the hive they do not breed  
and they dance into the pollen-bearing flowers**

**in the name of leading the way**

**It knows how to give the scent of spring up**

**like someone who gives blood to a stranger**

**The cranberry walking cane is slim and aware**

**of the high bumpy road**

**Only a road can cling so sincerely**

**A branch can cling so closely**

**Speaking the language of arriving together**

**commending, simplified eyes**

**As timid as childish steps**

**to the moonlight**

NEKOPIRATI

## THE WALL

we built the walls  
of stone, of cob, of brick  
children wrote on them  
at the dead of night  
they wrote freedom, they wrote bread  
and they were confined  
in-between four walls  
none of them talked  
nothing heard the walls

we built the walls  
of stone, of cob, of brick  
a young man  
drained on the heart he drew  
what he inscribed deep in his heart  
and a drunk came  
and pissed over it  
and then crashed  
at the bottom of the wall  
the wall was cold

we built the walls  
of stone, of cob, of brick  
big big fellows  
were insincere let him tell the other  
a stone fell from the conscience  
and shook the wall  
they left letters  
to the wailing wall  
the wall bewailed

we built the walls  
of stone, of cob, of brick  
and passing it across the city  
we separated shamelessly  
human from human  
a child came  
drew life on it  
drew clouds and birds  
the walls blossomed  
the wall cheered  
the wall wracked...



## **THERE IS NOBODY THERE**

**The forest is buried in the dead drunkenness**

**in the darkness of the night lengthwise**

**The unconscious majority with**

**the feeling of foreboding**

**stagger at the roots of the mind**

**where they take a stand**

**There is nobody there**

**There are nobodies there**

**While they dream with great difficulty**

**with centuries-old dogmas sanctified in their multi-leaf branches**

**Without organic links they fall into the space**

**whose celestial correspondence is unknown**

**There is nobody there**

**There are nobodies there**

**When the eternal one explains everything**

**Nothing the batman dresses in greens**

**without being able to realize the truth from its white**

**resigning sophisticatedly with unexpected happiness**

**There is nobody there**

**There are nobodies there**

NEKOPIRATI

## Unforbidden

"we fell silent so much that we forgot the colour of our voice"

unforbidden

is to attire in leaf blades

on the second Thursday of an August

reddish by the beech forests

on top of mountains almost snowy

at the highest hill a chilly land

unforbidden

when the delicate kid

blossoms in a primrose

it's spring star at all times

life is a set pulse

unforbidden

is to become wheat in harvest

to turn your face to the sun at the highest roof

and then to boil in the black cauldron

over the wood fire

into becoming bulgur

as two women with yashmak

become arms to a stone mill at two ends

and blend their labor with prayers on their mouth

to smear over their hands with its scent

unforbidden

is to welcome the morning

that comes in low voice like whispering

and to contribute to their life

as the living stand up for one another

unforbidden

is the pain in your chest

when imageries fall like a downpour all of a sudden

from your eyes

unforbidden

is to start from the lines with breaths on fire

to make a key to open many a locks

out of the noise of hammers striking the back of anvil

to bless by the semi-crescent the iron on bellows

on a newborn calf's nose

and to hold with fish-teeth sickles

the corn silks of thick roots

unforbidden

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is try to walk to life barefooted

there is a sensation even in stepping on the soil

NEKOPIRATI

## **You Are Not To Blame**

he began to defend the property of the exploiter  
due to the belonging pumped by the master  
if the wound-healing percussive sazes  
of supernatural powers were equivalent to fun  
  
to underfoot slave of patriarchal society  
unable to take a step further from the rudimentary  
from inside to outside outgrows  
the individual inference of a dysfunctional conscious  
  
in the history of the ignorant centuries old  
it is a one-sentence summary of submitting  
to pain and sorrow - I mean to inefficiency  
under the moral fiber scarce and reconciliatory  
  
to sense of defenselessness of a defenseless slave  
who runs to and from hitting the violance  
resembles the sobs of an abused woman  
around the indirect margins of a sparkling city  
  
the fractured personality that deepens in his soul  
the dark slate grey that cools as he ages

in the cage with a base fitted from soil

fallen to the flood up to his waist

he calls out to the master emasculating life

"you are not to blame!

you are not to blame!

it's my fault alone"

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