

DEFENSE AGAINST THE NIGHT

Poems by
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IMPRNT

GOD AND I

He
Is the poet of his job
I am the God
Of mine

DEFENSE AGAINST THE NIGHT

This man is dead and gone but
Time did not fall in the ground for long.
To the trees we delivered his life.
To whom does his heart belong?

This man is dead and gone but
We could not leave the dead man's side.
In the endless sorrow of our nights
Why does this pallor never subside?

This man is dead and gone but
Still the river would not stay,
And his fate, like glorious birds,
Can carry him away.

LATITUDES

You close your eyes deep
When I open mine . . .
Our latitudes cross the same star.
When I close my eyes, brother,
You open yours.

When our hands carve the marble of cypresses,
Neither marble nor cypress acquaints us.
Our latitudes cross the same star
And the same hours.
Our houses are unaware of the great time.

In the distances, coolest winds rise,
Our darknesses follow one another.
Our latitudes cross the same star.
And we watch the same sky in eternity
Yet we don't see each other.

WHERE ALL THINGS HUSH

There are times when everyone remembers living
like the dead

As time vanishes in places bustling with
multitudes;

Someone says "Satan passed" in a voice new with
dread.

Destitute, I must suffer those vast solitudes.

I wish my life would fade in globes so I can strive

For silences where all things hush and not even

God is alive.

RELATIVELY

To me the mountain
Is lonesome.
I am sleepless
According to the mountain.

To
The mountain
I am
Insane.

To
Me
The mountain
Is hungry.

According to the mountain
I cannot reach out.
The mountain cannot arrive
According to me.

FOUR-WINGED BIRD

Darkness
Opens its four eyes
To see the dream
Of my four wings

FOUR-WINGED BIRD—
BEYOND

I feel
As much as I love you
How the four-winged bird
Soars above the universe

FOUR-WINGED BIRD—
COMING

You are so remote
I come to you
With each one
Of my four wings

FOUR-WINGED BIRD—
IN FOUR DIRECTIONS

I am a four-winged bird
Two wings to you
The other two
Also to you

FOUR-WINGED BIRD—
SKY DIVIDED BY FOUR

This four-winged bird
Never perches anywhere
Maybe it can't fly at all
This four-winged bird

CONVERSATIONS WITH MOUNTAINS

Carrying the dark songs of shepherds
My eagles have perched far away
Sleepless
And starless my poplars endure

Solitude aches on the skyless earth
Pitted against lost loves
In graveyards where huge flowers bloom
Heavy with health and happiness

The voice that the winds carry away
I can hear it now
In the night
The peak is inviting the blind darkness

One side of me has turned white the other side is
dangling

I am full of mothers and children

From the deserts

I have lived the life of all that is green

As mighty as the soul's beauty

Mountains are the spirit

And I shudder in death's light

Mountains are there and then gone as in tales

Farther away

Far more hungry

Is the being that hears me

That hears and forgets