

and then, mist fell

Readings & Variations
From a Dead Lover's Notebook

by

Çağla Sokullu



SoulSearching Books
A Division of HeavyHeart Art&Poetry, Inc.
www.caglasokullu.com
CHI-IST-ATH-NY

table of contents

and then, mist fell: preface	3
ölen sevgilinin gölgesi	7
the dead lover's shadow (literal)	8
shadow of lover lost (naturalized)	9
as the glorious summer ends (mix-match)	10
ailing save gale in a gulf gaze (transliteration)	11
the gale's shadows (rebuilding sound translation)	12
huzur, Σεπτέμβριος and wine in Alexandria (macaronics)	14

and then, mist fell: a preface

“Every person is made up of a town, and he is solely that town, and nothing else. Whatever season he wants to live in, he lives it in that town, replaces what he subsumes with dreamed up figures, idles around with un-lived infatuations, thinks his obsessions passions... The town is neither as beautiful as the village nor as Othered as the city. The town does not change; it does not let one change. It is safe... It has four exits: the first, the road unclear in its destination, the second, the sea unclear in its origin, the third the sky unclear in its reaches, the fourth, the earth unclear in its reasons for arrival. Leaving the town requires courage; it is frightful that there seems no return.

...

I passed through life, like an internal bleeding. I passed through you as well. The bus did not stop, the ship did not stop, the plane did not stop. My love did not stop by you. I only saw it for a moment from the glass. Then, mist fell. Haze fell. Night fell. The road ended, passengers scattered. The town, too, scattered away.

...

I walked out of hell. No one stopped me.

Heaven was right there, I did not enter.

I thought of you; I entered my thought. I could not find you there either. It was summer. It was actually May. That is why I forgave you.

Now dream anew, guess at how I died

Did I hang myself, cut, or choke; did I drown in pills or water, or crush down my bones

I won't tell you even that. 'Town,' I will say. 'An ex-lover,' I will say. Just that. The rest, I leave to you.

The rest is a town left behind, wet and warm, wet and warm, wet and warm.”

Küçük İskender, “the last letter”

Küçük İskender's my dead lover's poetry notebook (2017) toes the line between nihilism and premonition. A small, compact cluster of poems, the book is imbued with an imminent, accepting sense of death and loss while it delves into marginal narratives and dichotomies so inherently and paradoxically coexisting - life and death, music and silence, land and sea, bodies and souls. Derman İskender Över lost his life only two years after his book was released, and with this in mind every line suddenly becomes heavier in its reality.

The book is organized truly as its name suggests, reading a notebook of a now lost lover, but I have chosen to take on the very first poem in the book, “the dead lover's shadow” which prefaces this reading of the notebook. It, along with “the last letter” becomes the last words of the lost lover, frames a narrative while (if singled out as I am doing now by not providing the rest of the book) leaving all in the middle open for interpretation and free consideration for the audience. It becomes a shell to cover an unknown, thus able to metamorphose per will of the reader, and me, the translator (and re-writer).

Though I could not focus on both texts due to limitations of space, I wanted to preview “the last letter” above as its emotive tone truly befits a representation of the whole book and the consideration of human as town, island, alone yet together, alive yet on the precipice of entropy at all times.

Küçük İskender has not been translated, almost at all, and choosing an untranslated author comes with a level of freedom I enjoyed. So in my exploration of his poem, which is quite lengthy, I chose to start with more literal,

traditional methods of translation and then evolve the exploration into experimental methods encompassing sound translation, new poetry through stripping the poem, and macaronics.

So throughout this portfolio, I have first presented the original poem followed by its literal translation, and its natural translation. I have chosen to translate these two versions simultaneously to make sure the choices in words and sentence structure matched and diverged at the right places. When considering methods of literal (foreignized) translation versus naturalized translation (hereby to be referred to as such), I chose to follow a few guidelines proposed by Schleiermacher in his essay *On the Different Methods of Translation*, by Walter Benjamin in his *Task of the Translator*, and Goethe in his *Translations*.

Schleiermacher suggests that there are two sides to translating. First, that “the more precisely the translation adheres to the turns and figures of the original, the more foreign it will seem to the reader” (Venuti 53). In comparison to this foreignizing effect, his idea of imitation (surrendering to the irrationality of languages) suggests that one cannot possibly create a perfect replica of a work in another tongue; thus the only recourse is to “contrive a copy... making no pretense to be showing us the spirit of the language...or the foreignness... instead [that the translator should] strive to be for its readers, as far as possible, everything the original provided its original readers; for the sake of preserving the unity of the impression made by the work, its identity is sacrificed” (Venuti 48). Choosing to take on these two sides of the coin he proposes, I followed the turns and figures of the Turkish as closely as possible for the literal translation, while in the second rendition I chose to opt for a closer emotive and holistic representation of the poem, therefore naturalizing the language too to take it farther from the Turkish and closer to the English-native audience.

Similarly, if we turn to Benjamin’s discussion of translation, we see a suggestion of an “echo,” a latent structure which can awaken “the echo of the original” work (Venuti 79). He too then divides up his understanding into two, fidelity and freedom, that for him exist together and must be balanced instead of perceived as opposites. The understanding is that “fidelity in the rendering of individual words can almost never carry over fully the sense they have in the original... and what is meant is bound, in the specific word, to the manner of meaning” (Venuti 81). This concept he calls emotional tone, and between my literal and naturalized translation I wanted to play with this balance of emotiveness. In the first, the fidelity leans closer to the singular word particle, pushing away from the fidelity to holistic meaning. This then creates an almost chopped up emotive experience where the translation creates jumps and gaps in the flow of meaning, while the naturalized translation by leaning into a holistic emotive experience swims closer to the original’s tones, disregarding careful and dedicated word choices. This also falls close to Goethe’s ideas of naturalization in his essay where plain translation “naturalizes formal characteristics of any poetic art and reduces the enthusiasm of poetic art to still water” while parodistic translation “appropriates the foreign idea and represents it as his own” (Venuti 64).

What becomes then a challenge is to consider the original language, and the essentials of that language that require most effort in adaptation. For Turkish, I would consider that the emotive tone and closeness to original intentions of the poem are easier to grasp, while the soundscape of the language, the inherent rhymes and alliterations in the words can easier escape the translator. Considering that firstly, English lacks most sounds of the original language, and secondly that the poetry is heavily free-verse, the only way to replicate a plethora of sound patterns and the poem’s soundscape is to try and recreate it through English’s common sounds for alliteration and rhyme. This I attempted as much as I could in the naturalized version so that the ‘naturalizing’ qualities do not only stem from the effort to capture essence but also a crucial aspect of the form, sound.

After these two primary translations, the portfolio takes on a freer and more playful character. Inspired by my identity as a poet before a translator, as well as my particular interest in collage both in visual and literal works, I chose to take on three variations of the original poem to play with these ideas of collage, shattering and remaking, and macaronics.

“As the glorious summer ends” was created with my ever-initial instinct towards a translated poem: strip it down. Especially with a language like Turkish that can translate as a crowded piece into English and a poem as long and complicated as this one I have chosen, I particularly am interested in seeing what bare bones exist in the poem and what other, different creations can come about by stripping the poem down to a limited vocabulary chosen from the larger pile in the original - in my case I based this off of the naturalized version. And as I handpicked the words I particularly was attracted to and started remaking a new poem, I realized a trend appearing in my selection. Albeit a very biased and personal trend, I tended to focus on words that are visceral or had a decorative, pleasing sound, as well as words that seemed essential to the original poem’s themes and images, such as room, box, birds, dead, embrace... From this selection I wanted to utilize this new creation as a stripping down not only of the poem formally but also thematically, tightening the focus of this new poem to the two themes I felt stuck out to me most in the book - the themes of flight (or freedom), and entrapment. So the poem took on a task to synthesize the larger poem into a focus on these two ideas. After my first draft, I also realized coincidentally a sexual trend that rose among the words, and I wanted to utilize this as an opportunity to play with reversing the poem’s gender and sexual character. Though neither the book nor this specific poem I chose specify a gender, one of the common readings of it is a male writing for a female lover — unsurprising considering the marginalization and ignorance of LGBTQ+ in Turkey, as well as the automatic superficial assumption of male author as male narrator, ergo an expectancy for a heterosexual theme in the addressing of “you” as female. So to reverse this one possible heterosexual reading into a homosexual, female-female scenario I specified my word choices further and wanted to create images and allusions to female sexuality and sex while keeping the poem as abstract as possible.

The next variation, “ailing save gale in a gulf gaze” is not a full poem per se, as it becomes clear from the title’s meaninglessness as well. This poem is less a stand alone creation, but more a required exercise leading to the second variation of translation particularly based on sound, “the gale’s shadow.” Taking inspiration from Jonathan Stalling’s *Yinglishi* and Chika Sagawa’s work in *Mouth: Eats Color*, I chose to employ sound transliteration and creative translation for Turkish as I find that it lends itself to really interesting final creations. Thus, “ailing save gale in a gulf gaze” can be considered a poem, if one desires to do so, yet it functions more as a treasury of words once the transliteration is complete so that the coincidentally discovered words through the Turkish being transliterated can then be a guideline to modify the original translation. For the creation of “the gale’s shadow,” this transliteration and the naturalized translation are put side to side, and the different words and patterns that emerge on both versions of the same lines can be interchanged to make up a new poem. The method can seem quite complicated, yet I found it to be particularly interesting in this case as a coincidental nautical theme seemed to come out of the way Turkish sounds translate into words in English. This was a pleasant surprise and opportunity to push this new creation, “the gale’s shadow,” to be a poem much closer to the sea, closer to the theme of freedom than the theme of entrapment.

For the final variation, “huzur, σεπτέμβριος and wine,” I chose to concentrate on macaronics. I find that languages one is native to, advanced at, or beginner at have very different ways of functioning for translation —

translation between native or very close to native languages can be quite fluid for the translator's mind, as is Turkish and English for me; whereas languages-in-progress have a challenge to them while adding a new perspective in thinking about language. Beyond requiring the help of a dictionary or an advanced speaker of the language, translation into a beginner language comes with a lack of fully grasping grammar or structural rules or slight nuances that cannot be understood without advanced or native experience. But — and this is why I find it essential to try this sort of translation — having to think through translation into a beginner language requires the mind to slice the literature into pieces that are manageable, and to conquer them one by one, and this is what I took on with the final variation and the addition of Greek at which I am a beginner. I found that the best way for me to translate was to isolate lines, slice them into chunks to determine which structures or words I was already familiar with and could use in Greek, then divide the rest of the poem between Turkish and English. Another key point in choosing which part gets which language of the three was Anne Carson's idea of "untranslatables" in *Nay Rather*. Carson describes this as "a word that goes silent in transit," because the language to be translated into has different sounds, and "it falls silent" in trying to find an exact replica. This is a "measure of foreignness, an acknowledgment," but this truly becomes interesting when "within this silence, [one discovers] a deeper one - a word that does not intend to be translatable. A word that stops itself... [and there is] the place where knowledge is hidden," among its letters (Carson¹). This is what I see in a word like *huzur*. If there is a structure or word that intends to be said in Turkish, it will be kept in Turkish while Greek's structure sometimes lends itself to well-designed words or grammar patterns which I choose to add into the work. Pulling these three languages together braids the poem in a way that is quite formally and musically interesting to read, as well as breaking a hierarchy. The question of 'why do we translate into English' is an important one here, and the reason should not be because the poem in its original language struggles to reach a universal stage, or is less deserving of attention by itself. By limiting the level of understanding an only-English-speaking reader has, macaronics opens the path to an equality between languages and encourages self-investigation from the reader if they so desire to find the full meaning of the work.

In its entirety, "and then, mist fell" tries to complicate how we read a translation - do we skip the original language displayed on the side of the page, or do we take the time, even if we are so far removed from it? Do we take the language for granted, or do we read between the lines for its tricks and secrets? If, as İskender writes, our town is all we are, do we become othered, do we sit without change, or take one of the unclear exits? And when mist falls, or if the mist has always been there between languages, between people, do we at least try to dispel it? When you read "and then, mist fell" as a whole, reference poems against one another if you'd like. Find the intricacies of change between them, see where the house becomes a ship, or a coffin, and stays a house just the same. Find where life becomes death, the sea becomes the sensual, where fingers become wings, and people become towns. Happy reading.

Çağla Sokullu

¹ My digital copy of *Nay Rather* unfortunately does not come with page numbers. All other essays are from Venuti's *Translation Studies Reader*, 2nd ed.

ölen sevgilinin gölgesi

Hiç gelmemiştim bu eve

Odanda devasa tapınaklar gibi dolaplar
eski,
çekmeceleri
gri kahverengi mağaralar gibi hala haraplar

Kağıtlar, alelacele alınmış küçük notlar - içerlerinde -
yazı eskizleri
bir sırrı açığa çıkartmak
bir olayı aydınlatmak için üzölmek gibi
sadece üzüölmek kanıtlamak kahrı, hüznü, esefi
kanıtlayıp öölmek biterken o harikulade yaz

bütün giysilerin katlanıp konmuş bir kenara
spor ayakkabıların, bilekliklerin, bandanaların hepsi burada
sanki yün kaşkolun söküölmüş
nerede, neye, kime takılıp kaldıysa
Öyle

Yatağının altındaki ahşap kutuda bir defter
Ya da defterin altındaki ahşap yatakta bir kutu
Ya da kutunun altındaki ahşap defterde bir yatak
Artık hangisi aramızda tasarlanan şu kısacık aşksa
sadece birdenbire yok olarak kanıtlamak hakikati
kanıtlayıp kanatlanmak biterken o harikulade yaz

Hiç gelmemiştik bu eve
Penceresinden görünen sahilde
selfie çekiyor sevgililer şu an
gülüşüyorlar, şakalaşıyorlar, sarılıyorlar birbirlerine
kuş onlar
Akşamüstü, günbatımı, huzur, eylül ve şarap
Hepsi de güzel çocuklar
Hepsine iyi yolculuklar
İstemsizce veya senin adına el salladım karanlıktan
Salladıkça elimi karanlık bulandı, yıvıştı, parmaklarıma
bulaştı
karamel, çikolata, kakao kıvamında
Sahi sen ne zaman karar verdiğin esmer olmaya
Ya da kara bir tren gibi raydan çıkıp dirilmeye,
aşağı uçmaya
Durduğun, konakladığın istasyonları anlatmadın ki
Binen, inen yolcuların hakkında tek kelimen yoktu aslında

Hiç göstermemiştin bana bu defteri
Kendi sağlamsa da ruhu buruşmuş
Sararmış, kavrulmuş neyi koruyup kolluyorsa sayfalarca
Yaşlanan defterlerin ağır gençlik hatırası
Yaşlanan defterlerin mecbur ağır hasta tebessümü
Safrası kandan, çapası kırık, savrulmuş
Kim bilir kime, kimlere yazıldıysa bunca ısrarlı mısra
Kim bilir kimin, kimlerin kayalıklarında sonlandıysa ömrün
sadece gömüp dizlerini göğsüne kıvrılmak
sadece zor sorular bırakarak geride, kanıtlamak intiharı
kanıtlayıp utanmak bir de bile bile, biterken o harikulade
yaz

Hiç gelmemiştim bu eve
Gelmem de bir daha
Odanı olduğu, olduğun gibi saklamış annen
Kaldırmamış eşyalarını, silip temizlememiş
parmak izlerini ürkerek dokunduğün kuşkulardan

Sahile inip
oturacağım bir kuytuya
Okuyacağım defterini defalarca en baştan
Milat öncesinden, milat sonrasında -
Beni neyle cezalandırdığını anlarsam şayet
- ki suçum büyük ihtimal aklımızın bir türlü ermediği hayat
Belki yeniden hayal ederim nerdesin neler oluyor
Nerde canlanır buradan giden öölüler biterken o harikulade
yaz

the dead lover's shadow

I had never come to this house

In your room, garderobes like colossal temples
old,
their drawers
gray brown cave-like, still dilapidated

Papers, little notes taken in a hurry - inside them
written sketches
like bringing a secret to light
saddening yourself to light up a scene
proving sorrow, gloom, rue only through saddening
to prove and to die as that glorious summer ends

All your clothes folded, left on one side
Your sneakers, bracelets, bandanas, all here still
As if your knitted scarf was unraveled
wherever, whatever, whoever it got caught unto
Just like that

A notebook in the wooden box under your bed
Or a box in the wooden bed under the notebook
Or a bed in the wooden notebook under the box
Whichever is this short love designed between us
proving verity only through suddenly disappearing
To prove and to become winged as that glorious summer
ends

We had never come to this house
At the seaside seen from its window
lovers are taking selfies at this instant
laughing, teasing, hugging one another
they are birds
Above-night, sunset, serenity, September and wine
All of them beautiful children
To all of them, good travels
Involuntarily or on behalf of you I waved from the darkness
As I waved my hand the darkness drabbled, smeared,
smudged across my fingers
At caramel, chocolate, cacao consistency
Incidentally, when did you decide to become brunette
Or to derail like a black train, to revive, to fly down
You never told of the stations you paused, lodged at
Actually you had not a single word about the passengers
that boarded and disembarked

You'd never shown me this notebook
Its soul creased though itself is intact
Yellowed, scorched, whatever it is guarding for pages on
end
The heavy youth memories of aged notebooks
The heavy sick, forced smile of aged notebooks
Its bile from blood, anchor broken, swung
Who knows to whom so many insistent verses were written
Who knows at whose crag your life ended
only burying and bunching your knees to your chest
to prove suicide, only through leaving behind hard
questions
to prove and to feel shame on top of it, knowingly, as that
glorious summer ends

I had never come to this house
And I will not come again
Your mother kept your room, you, just the way you were
She didn't put away your things, did not wipe and clean
your fingerprints from the doubts you timidly touched

I will go down to the seaside
and sit in a nook
I will read your notebook countless times from the very
beginning
From before common era, from after common era -
If perchance I understand what you punish me with
- considering, my crime in all likelihood is life, which our
minds never can comprehend
Maybe I will imagine again where are you what is going on
Where do the dead that depart from here come back to life
as that glorious summer ends

shadow of lover lost

I'd never been to this house

In your room, closets like colossal shrines
decaying,
drawers crumbling,
greyed like earthen caves, still in ruins

Papers, haphazard, hurried little notes - inside
sketches scribbled
like finding sorrow to find light
to lay bare a secret
to assert sorrow, rue, gloom, solely by finding regret
to assert, to die as the glorious summer ends

All you used to wear, folded aside, tucked away
Your sneakers, bracelets, bandanas, all here
As if your scarf has unraveled
just as it was
wrapped up in something, someone, somewhere

A notebook in the wooden box below your bed
Or a box in the wooden bed below the notebook
Or a bed in the wooden notebook below the box
Whichever is this fleeting love traced between us
asserting verity solely by sudden falsity
to assert, to sprout wings as the glorious summer ends

We'd never been to this house
On the shore peeking from the window
lovers are taking selfies as we speak
laughing, teasing, embracing
they are birds
Nightfall, sunset, ease, September, wine
Beautiful children all of them
To them, godspeed
Against my will, or on behalf of yours, I waved from the
dark
The more I did, darkness drabbled, smeared, smudged
across my fingers
caramel, chocolate, cacao consistency
Speaking of - when did you decide to go brunette
Or to derail like a train of ebony, to resurrect, to soar
You never spoke of the stations you stopped over or lodged
In fact, not one word did you have for the disembarked and
boarded

You'd never shown me this notebook
Its soul creased though its body solid
Yellowed, scorched for the sake of guarding, for pages on
end,
The heavy youth memory plagues aged notebooks
The sick, forced smile weighs down such aged notebooks
Its bile from blood, anchor broken, swung
Who knows to whom such assertive verses were written
Who knows at whose cliffside your life found end
only to bury, to curl your knees to your chest
to assert suicide only by leaving arduous questions behind
to assert, to ache in shame, with intention, as that glorious
summer ends

I'd never been to this house
And I won't ever again
Your mom kept your room, you, just the way you were
She didn't do away with you, didn't wipe and clean
your fingerprints from the doubts you so meekly touched

I'll go to the shore
find myself a nook
I'll read your notebook countless times, from the very
beginning
Before time began, after time began -
If, perchance, I understand with what you are punishing me
- considering, my crime in all likelihood is
incomprehensible life
Perhaps I'll dream anew of where, what you are now
Where do the departed dead resuscitate as that glorious
summer ends

as the glorious summer ends

this house
your room
my shrines, colossal
my temples, decaying
crumbling
earthen ruins

you, smeared across my fingers
lay bare, love
assert your glory
to find sorrow is to find wings.
light scribbled over this house
a bed, a bed in a box, unraveled

a bed or a box, nightfall sprouts
between us, the ease of falsity
sudden - fleeting - smudged across embraces
wine, your laugh
folded away in your room
in little notes

birds
in all likelihood
they are in a box, a wooden bed
like you, just the way you were
you across my fingers, glorious, loved
a nook to dream anew.

before time began
there was a shore
scorched caramel by the cliffside
where do the dead ache?
at sunset
like I do?

ailing save gale in a gulf gaze

Hitch gale maim ship team bowl ave a

Ode dawned ah dew vase ah taupe ashlar given dole up
laurel
escape
checkmate lair I
grief coffee ringing marred allure given hailer harp laurel

Cute laurel ale allergy ailing cute kid noted lair each air
larynx-ed

yes I ask ice lander
beer sour I ouch cheek art make
beer alright make each in usual make given
sage edge usual make cunt lore make kohl hues in is iffy
cunt lore deep olmec beater can oh hairy cool Ade yes

built in geisha layering cut loaned conned muse beer can air
ah

sport air locked billiard layered block-locked layered
bandana layered heap sigh boar aide ah
sunk I tune cusk ould on soak alms

near aid neigh a cum a tucked culled sigh
Ail eh

Yuh thawed an ultimate dais ah shark cut elude beer deft-er
Yuh dais deft-er in ultimate dais ah shark yuh thawed thaw
beer cut elude

Yuh dais cut eluded un-ultimate dais ah shark deft-ended
her cut elude

Aorta hung iced air mazed tosser landed shoe kiss edged
ash kiss ah

sade jade burdened bile yoke all-rock cunt lore make
Hekate ate

cunt layered cunt at land make beater kin oh hairy cool Ade
yes

Hitch gale maim itch teak bowl ave a

Percussion den gear unended sailed in
selfie cheek island our save gilded lair shoe and
goulash your lair, shock lair your lair, sterile your lair billiard
lair and

crush one lair

Eyck same stead June boatmen, house air, isle ale eve sharp
Heaps then guzzled choked lair

Heaps in a eve in you'll could ukulele

I stem cell-less see veer yah scenic aiding a ail sail aiding
chorale lacked in

Sail aiding chai ailing I'm chorale lack blanded jewished,
per mackerel lair I'm a bull ashen

caramel, chick oh latte, cacao culled and ah

Sigh hi sane nice amen curler veered den ass meer old
Maya

Yuh duh chore ah beer train given err aiding chucked up
deer led may eh ashen itch Maya

Burdened, cone tackled ease station layered un-lightened
key

Binded, in an you'll judge lairing hacked ended tack kale
limani yolked two ass landed

Hitch gust erred même wish ting banner boo deft-er ear

Candy soul alms ah day rue hue brush mush

Sour armies kohl whirl mush neighing coward dupe kohl
lawyers ah safe allows

Jazz landed deft-er lair in our genetic leak hutter Asia

Jazz landed deft-er lair in mage bull our hustle the blossom

Safe race uh conned un-chapters creak savvy Ulysses mush

Key am bluer key meh key my lair a yes isle days and bunch
a is railer miss ray

Key am bluer key man key my lairing kayak-like indie sun
land-iced as tumor in

sade jade gem hue disease lair in gust in a curfew lament in
the hair

cunt layered out mended bird a bile bile beater can oh hairy
cool Ade yes

Hitch gale maim itch team bowl ave a

gale maim day beer dahlia

Oh dane I older olden given suck laments Anna in

Culled err mame shush yarrow lairing, seal it tame isle lay
mame ish

perm at is lairing eve irk erect dockened doom cusp cue lair
den

Sail a in up

outer edge aim beer cute oh ya

Oak you jasmine deft-er in I daffodil lair king an bust an

Me late on jay sinned an me late sun races indent -

Bean in ail a jazz ah landered in I annal lairs am shah sand

- key such um be hue ichor time-all ogle mis en tear lieu
air meddle dying hi out

Bale key yearn den hi all eden rim neared eased in null air
all ooze your

Neared a John lander bore aiding eden oil rue lair beat err
can oh hairy cool Ade yes

the gale's shadow

I'd never been to this ship

In your lair, colossal, ashlar shrines to Hekate
 decaying,
 Dew of dawn,
 Ships moored, on earthen ruins, on laurels escaping caves

Sage, haphazard, scribbled in the cool air - inside
 sketches kohl and ice
 finding hues of light
 to lay bare a secret
 to assert an edge solely by art
 to assert, to die with the glorious summer

All you used to build cut, folded, put aside
 Your muse
 As if your jades have unraveled
 wrapped up in layers of sighs, sunken somewhere,
 Ailing

A notebook in the wooden ship under your bed
 Ultimately, a ship in the wooden bed under the notebook
 Ultimately, a bed in the wooden notebook under the ship
 Whichever is this fleeting kiss traced between us
 Eluding verity solely for burdened falsity
 to land kisses, to sprout wings with the glorious summer

We'd never been to this limani
 On the shore peeking from its sails
 Gilded lovers as we speak
 laughing along, teasing, embracing
 they are birds
 Nightfall, sunset, ease, June, wine
 beautiful, crushed,
 all, islands
 Against my sails, or on behalf of yours, I bound my waves

The more I did, the sea drabbled, smeared, smudged across my fingers
 caramel, chocolate, cacao consistency
 Speaking of - when did you decide your lair is an isle
 Derailing like a train of blue, to lighten, to soar away
 You never spoke of the unending ease
 In fact, not one word did you have for the scene aiding your sails

You'd never shown me this soul
 Its hues creased though its body solid
 Blossomed blue for days on end, for sake of what it must be guarding

The heavy youth memory plagues aged sun
The sick, forced smile weighs down aged Ulysses
Its gems from jade, anchor broken, swung
Who knows to whom such assertive verses were written
Who knows at whose cliffside your life landed beside
only to bury, to curl your lament to your chest
leaving behind arduous questions on isles
to ache in the gust, like a bird, with that glorious summer

I'd never been to this dock
And I won't ever again
Gales kept away your lair, you, just the way you were
didn't do away with dahlias, tamed yarrows,
your fingerprints from the doubts you so meekly sealed away

I'll sail to the shore
find myself at the outer edge of annals
I'll read your notebook countless times, from the very beginning
Before time began, as the sun races the kings of land -
If, perchance, I understand with what you are yearning for
- be it a tear, ease, life as ichor, incomprehensible,
Perhaps I'll dream anew of where, what you are now
Where the daffodils resuscitate with the glorious summer

huzur, Σεπτέμβριος and wine in Alexandria

I'd never *gelmemiştim* to bu σπίτι

your room *da devasa* ναός *gibi* closets
 eski,
 σουρτάκια crumbling
 gri-ed *gibi* earthen σπηλιές, still *haraplar*

Papers, *alelacele alınmış* μικρές notes - μέσα τους -
 scribbled *eskizleri*

ένα μυστικό-yu lay bare
bir olayı to find light *için* να λυπηθώ
 only *üzülerek* to assert λυπούμαι, *hüzni*, rue,
 to assert, *ölmek*, *biterken* το υπέροχο καλοκαίρι

bütünü τα ρούχα σου you used to wear, *katlanıp konmuş* κατά μέρος
spor ayakkabıların, *bilekliklerin*, bandanas all here
 λες και *kaşkolun* has unraveled

something, someone, somewhere *takılıp kaldıysa*

Έτσι

Ένα σημειωματάριο στο ξύλινο κουτί κάτω από το κρεβάτι σου

Ya da defterin altındaki ahşap yatakta bir kutu

Or a bed in the wooden notebook below the box

Artık whichever between *biz* traced αυτή η *kısacık* αγάπη

sadece ξαφνικά *yok olarak* asserting *hakikati*

To assert να βλαστήσουν φτερά *biterken o harikulade yaz*

Εγώ *hiç* been to this *eve*

από το παράθυρο *görünen* shore-*da*

selfie *çekiyor* εραστές as we speak

gülüşüyorlar, *şakalaşıyorlar*, embracing ο ένας τον άλλον

kiş they are

Nightfall, *günbatımı*, *huzur*, Σεπτέμβριος and wine

Hepsi are όμορφα παιδιά

To them *iyi yolculuklar*

İstemsizce or on behalf of yours *el salladım* από το σκοτάδι

The more I did *elimi karanlık bulandı*, *yivisti*, smeared στα δάχτυλά μου

caramel, *çikolata*, κακάο *kivamında*

Sahi, πότε αποφάσισες to go *brunette*

Or ebony *bir train gibi raydan* να εκτροχιάσω, to soar

Durduğun, *konakladığın* σταθμούς you never spoke of *ki*

Boarded, disembarked επιβατών *hakkında* μια μόνο λέξη *yoktu aslında*

ποτέ *göstermemiştin* to me αυτό το σημειωματάριο

Kendi σορό-*su sağlamsa* though την ψυχή του creased

Yellowed, scorched ό, τι κι αν προστατεύει *kolluyorsa sayfalarca*

The aged notebooks' βαριά *gençlik* μνήμη-*si*

ηλικιωμένων σημειωματάρων sick, forced *tebessümü*
Safrası from blood, άγκυρα-*si kırık*, swung
 Who knows *kime*, *kimlere* written *bunca* δυναμικοί στίχοι
 ποιός ξέρει at whose cliffside *sonlandıysa* η ζωή σου
sadece to bury, to curl *dizlerini* στο στήθος σου
 only by σοβαρές ερωτήσεις *birakarak* behind, *kanıtlamak* suicide-*t*
 To assert *utanmak bir de* σκόπιμα, as ends that *harikulade* καλοκαίρι

δεν ήμουν ποτέ this *eve*
 And I won't ever again
 room-*ını*, *seni*, kept just the way you were η μητέρα σου
Kaldırmamış τα πράγματα σου, didn't wipe and clean
 τα δακτυλικά σου αποτυπώματα from *ürkererek dokunduğün* doubts

shore-*a* *inip*
 I'll sit at *bir* τα δακτυλικά σου αποτυπώματα-*ya*
Okuyacağım your notebook αμέτρητες φορές *en baştan*
Milât öncesinden, *milât sonrasında* -
Beni with what *cezalandırıldığıni* εάν καταλαβαίνω perchance
 - *ki* my crime πιθανότατα our minds *bir türlü* ermediği είναι ζωή
 μπορεί να ονειρευτώ ξανά που είσαι; τι συμβαίνει;
 που *canlanır* from here *giden ölümler biter* as that glorious yaz