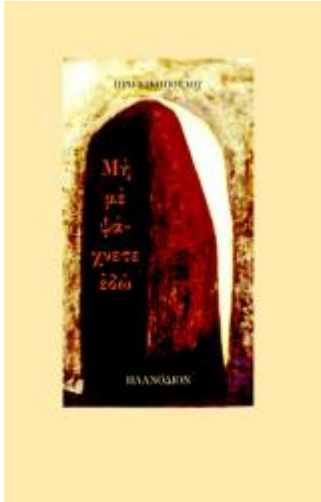


# Ten poems translated to English from the collection "Don't look for me here"



## Woman of the Orient

Your palms slowly shatter  
your femininity dry  
wind, wind  
its dust covers me

Come out of the shadow  
red circle woman  
lay your hair  
on the sea crest  
You who never betrayed  
the secret passages of time

Your body evaporates  
I see it in snow flakes in Pamukkale  
voice not heard  
you, unforeseen birth

How many colors are you made of?

\*\*\*

Don't look for me here  
I am after the comma  
beyond the full stop

Below  
below  
after the end

I am the beginning,  
the void's womb

\*\*\*

When you sleep alone  
you always turn  
to  
the side  
the other body  
is missing from

\*\*\*

I WILL COME BACK to the poems, she said  
stood up in the dead of night  
pulled the room to the sea  
drenched to the bone  
in the dream she had the age of a black shell

From afar the fishing boats were dragging  
their shift towards dawn  
she lost herself eye writing  
the ridges  
the transparent of the minarets  
the crackle of pine cones in the early afternoon

She did not have time  
turned her back on life  
but the dawn was here already  
she couldn't fit in the dream anymore

\*\*\*

I OPEN my eyes to the ceiling  
of an unknown bottom  
in an old house of mine  
with a drowning feeling  
from a castaway's days

Bubbles sparkling in the air  
ornament the dead  
billowing in the wire  
my former self is someone  
who in a dream I had lost

I have a known and anticipated anxiety  
the water is drying by the syllable

A sequin I become  
in my garden's edge  
a thin cleft on the fence  
a drop in the cold spring  
the yellow soul of apulum

Painted thirst of the morning  
on the ceiling of an unknown bottom  
curled up in my cat's eye  
I am  
the rattle and the quiver of an ancient panic.

\*\*\*

ONCE the night had cloud lining  
I would wear it as a slip under dark clothes  
so as not to show the flesh  
shimmer lightly underneath

Now at the break of day  
I escape from the bed sooner  
to dress up with a bit  
of it  
but only some frazzle lights  
reach the sweaty window

Boats sail on the glass  
shadows mirror the forests  
rivers tumble in cascades  
oblique looks of the beasts  
dart in the kitchen  
I keep the light turned off  
not to scare them

I open the window  
a thick fog rushes in  
I cut and spread the bread  
a small scorpio on the window sill  
just hidden

The day is coming

\*\*\*

ONE breath for you  
one for the plane tree  
one small word for you  
one for the river

Thus we reach late in the afternoon  
with the palm clasping  
the carven fence  
with the small lanterns of the beasts  
tender sureness in the dark

In the deep sleep of the mountain  
small stones are rolling  
the moss lifts its head in respect

waving at your passing  
like a crowd in a football field

You stopped running, you are in no hurry  
where can you return to?  
The air in the room is used up  
you devoured it all

Now you rehearse  
in a different rhythm  
you bang the rattle  
you summon and step aside

\*\*\*

Every morning  
Under the heavy blankets  
memories sprout  
they hesitantly open their eyes

velvet moss on a rock  
small oases of the body  
hills and holes of a sheet  
in the deepening of sleep

Memory dreams  
succumbed to mountain ranges of pillow  
memories hard  
like the river's pebbles

my childhood memories  
were chasing me the other day

\*\*\*

Only transparent  
the words should be  
The shadows should leave  
the chambers  
The walls should stand unsupported  
and the doors should open  
to nothingness

The phones should not ring anymore  
untrammelled should dance  
the silence on the tiles  
and helpless the night  
without bulbs and lights

Only the stars should glow  
only the stars  
and the earth's breath

\*\*\*

It is the self as well  
Every morning it lurks silently  
and looks at me from inside the mirror  
I hesitantly touch it under the water

Burnt smells its skin in the sun  
I cover the self, I nurture it  
I imagine the years with it  
only the self - the most terrifying

I fear it, I console it  
but surely in the end  
despite all sym-pathy  
I hate it  
and it is the most difficult of all  
to escape its charm

Have to be very alert  
so as not to identify with it

\*\*\*

## **The before and the after the hyphen**

**(1978-)**

It seems like a mortal threat  
that hyphen  
after the year of birth  
as if the beginning is not more important  
than the pending end

Every time I see the bio of a living person  
I am filled with anxiety awe panic  
and I guiltily turn away  
my gaze in fear  
that while I am looking,  
right before my eyes  
there  
the missing number  
will be completed

It would seem then that  
I executed point blank  
a complete stranger

\*\*\*



## **Perennial widowhood**

Featly rises  
the sheet in her emptied spot  
and he pays close attention to his side  
he does not move, neither extends his hand  
he bites the emptiness on his side for twenty years now

every night he floats alone on it  
tied to a single canoe and  
waits until the sunrise  
his double bed threatens him  
inside its stupor so as not to accidentally  
fall into the empty spot

For greater safety  
he threw away their double quilt  
and bought a single adolescent blanket  
In his eighties now  
he covers himself with it and sighs  
lightly in his sleep  
due to the invisible bedfight of death.

\*\*\*

### **In the name of or into the light again**

On rainy day she made up her mind  
and gave me my starched transparent  
christening clothes  
For forty years  
she was drenching it in dark  
in acid chlorine  
and hot water

For the olive oil and the wishes to go  
for ill Fate to flow  
her hands filled  
with marks and old age spots  
as if for forty years she had carelessly  
been drinking coffee in secret

I look at it as it is transparent and unwrinkled  
in the plastic bag  
breathing with difficulty  
each day's slaughtered animal  
in the sun of the return air christening  
in my arms i am consoling it

that lillte one still crying

\*\*\*

If you ever find yourself  
in the big spaces of silence  
when the eyes get filled with waves

Wait.

After the western wind  
in the next round  
a little curly mermaid will come  
hoping you have gills too.

Translated by Chrys. Polyzou