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THE SEA WITHIN
İçerdeki Deniz

Şiirler ∞ Poems

Gonca Özmen

*Translated from Turkish
by George Messo*

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THE SEA WITHIN

Eski Alınganlık

Bir yağmuru koymak var sabahın yanına
Bir yağmuru şimdi üzgün boynuna

Nehirlerin dinlediği seslerdik

İçimizden sular geçti
İçimizden sessizlikler, dalgınlıklar

Baktık acımız bir perde
Kapattık

Şimdi durup dokunsam bir yalnızlığa
O yalnızlık o yağmura uysa

Aksak zamanın ucuna aksak
Bir yokuş var, bir yok oluş
Tırmansak

— Onlar eski bir alınganlığı koydular önüme
Ben kuşları anladım bundan

Old Asperity

If I could set rain beside morning
Put rain now to your joyless neck

We were voices heard by rivers

Waters poured through us
Silences, abstractions through us

We saw our pain is a curtain
We closed it

Now if I stop and touch that loneliness
If only that loneliness and rain would fit

If we flow to the end of time
There is a hill, a vanishing point
If we could only climb it

— They place before me an old asperity
And from that I understood the birds

Bölünmeler

I

Kusura vardım
Benimdir dedim bu eski söz

Kime açıldıysa kapılar
Kapananı benim dedim

Beni bir avuntudan oldurmuşlar
De ki bir sıkıntının içini oymuşlar

Böyle böyle sezdim dilin de sabrı var
Akşamdan hızla geçen sesin de

Partitions

I

I possessed a flaw
This ancient word is mine I said

For whomever doors open
I said for me they're closed

They formed me from consolation
Maybe carved me out of woe

Thus I learnt the tongue is possessed of patience
The voice too passing swiftly through evening

II

Bitir şimdi gecenin susmayan ağız
Eğer beni söze doğru karanlık

O eski dudaklarla düşlemek seni
Boynunun bahçesini bu ölü dudaklarla

Tenin altında bir usul bezginlik
Yapraklar geçiyor bir çocuk dalgınlığından

Denizin henüz bitmediği
Daralıp daralıp genişlediği her şeyin

II

Night's never-silent mouth stills now
Darkness inclines me towards the word

To dream you with those ancient lips
Your neck's garden with these dead lips

Beneath the flesh a soundless weariness
Leaves falling through a child's day-dreams

Where the sea has yet to end
Where everything narrows and broadens out

III

Yerinde dursun su dalgınlığı
Ben kendimi yaprağa sunacağım

Nasılsa geri dönecek kuruttuğum söz
Bir çiçeğin açışını andıracağım

Gecenin getirdiği ne varsa ona inanacağım
Hem inanmak çocuksu yanımızdan gelir

Bir çocuğun aklıyla harflerinizi dolanacağım

III

Let water's day-dream stay where it is
I'll offer myself to the leaf

The word I wilted will somehow return
I will bring to mind a blossoming flower

I will believe whatever night brings
For belief springs from our child-like side

With a child's mind I'll stroll around your words

IV

Sonra bir yalnızlığı denemek oluyor her şey
Üç beş sandalye yetiyor hüznü ağırlamaya

Akşamları getirdiğim yorgunluk beni anlatmıyor
Durmadan okşuyorum tüylerini gecenin

Çiçekler büyük bir yokluğa bakıyor
Gitsem gitsem bir solgunluğa gidiyorum

Yüzümde kelebekler ölüyor

IV

Then everything ends up in loneliness
A few chairs are enough to host grief

In evenings, the weariness I bring home says nothing of me
Unceasingly I caress the feathers of night

Flowers peer into vast emptiness
Wherever I go, it's into paleness

Butterflies dying on my face