

CHILD DREAMS

MEHMET ATILLA MARAŞ

CHILD DREAMS

Mehmet Atilla Maraş

ŞİŞİR V 10	1951
Dreams No.	
1691	

To my wife and children ...

CHILD DREAMS	
1980 - 1990	
1691	

CHILD DREAMS
Selected Poems
1980 - 1990

Mehmet Atilla Maras

Translated from the Turkish by

Mevlut Ceylan

Savaş Barkçin

Selda Kalfa

Copyright, 1991 by
Mehmet Atilla Maras

first print: march 1991

Cover design : Yazıevi
Interior design: Sonay Eren
Printed by Adım ofset,
Adliye Sokak, 4 Eskişehir/Türkiye

CONTENS

Biography	7
The mysterious sound	9
Difficult words	14
A child's dream	16
Archives	18
Crime	20
First memory	22
Distillation	24
You ground the times	26
And think a bit	28
Bird	30
Language	32
Old saga	34
Revival	36
Your love	38
Jelly fish	40
Poem on night	42

Ole	44
Cry	46
The calligrapher	48
The highlander	50
The architect	52
A quarter	54
Fire place	56
Difference	58
Association	60
The crown	62
Angry	64
Him	66
Me	68
Advice	70
Last word	72

BIOGRAPHY

Mehmet Atilla Maraş, was born in 1949 in Urfa/Turkey. He completed primary, middle and high school in Urfa. He graduated from the Faculty of Agriculture in 1971.

First he started as an agricultural teacher at college. Then he worked as a management project and regional engineer. Now he has been working as a regional director in an Agricultural Supply Organization.

At first, he started writing poetry in his school years. His first poem was published in a local newspaper in 1965. Then he published the journal of Balıklı Göl with his tree friends. Later in the 1970's, he joined the management for the publication of Adımlar periodical. Then he published his poems and articles in the journals of Hareket, Adımlar, Nabi, Edebiyat, Mavera and Harran.

He became famous with a poem called Aney. This poem interested the people very much. It was broadoasted by the turkish television at many different times. He wrote articles about current Turkish poetry in the encyclopedia of Türk Dili ve Edebiyatı.

He published articles about poetry and arts in a national daily newspaper. He was chosen as the poet of year in 1981 with his poetry book which was named Şehrayin by Writers Union of Turkey. In 1989, he represented Turkey at the 29 th "Struga Poetry Evening" an international festival held annually in Yugoslavia and "The Third Kuala Lumpur World Poetry Reading" festival in Malaysia in 1990.

His poetry books are :

Doğudan Batıdan Ortadoğudan 1976;

Şehrayin 1981,

Aney 1983,

Zor Sözler 1989.

THE MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS

Poem, like a water-lily beautifying the surface of a lake, is a tender flower which we cannot see its stem and root since they are hidden in water. Our attention on the image of this flower does not let us think of the bottom of this lake. Real poem gives us aesthetic pleasure and this pleasure hinders us from thinking how the poet has become pregnant to this poem. However, many feelings, memories, thoughts and observations feed the poet and he works with patience. At the end the poem, after changing many times, takes its excellent form. That is why it is very hard for ordinary people to understand these complex emotional activities which are developed in the inner world of the poet and are reflected as poems to the outer world. One day, the poet not knowing which mysterious power has helped him, opens the doors of his soul and lets his work go out.

Poem is an inexplicable matter of inspiration. Inspiration is generally a result of a subconscious activity which has continued a long or a short time. Sometimes at the time of reverie sometimes at the time of drowsiness, inspiration

comes to the conscious mind from the subconscious and helps to the construction of the poem. The poet is aware of the situation but he does not know how to direct it at the beginning. Thoughts invite new thoughts, dreams new dreams. The memories of the poets are also added to these to concepts, thought and dream. This work, which makes itself clear at the level of consciousness, makes the poet's inner world go into action by means of association of ideas. The poet is ready to produce his work. At this point, what he should do is to gather his unorganized thoughts and dreams and to put them in order. Then, it will not be difficult to write down words, the signs of our inner world, at a certain time. Poets get a matured combination during this period. Now, the poem completes its scheme in the poet's mind and becomes ready to come to the world.

Words are the symbolic figures of thought and feelings. They consist of letters. Letters are the images of sounds as signs. The foundation and construction of

poem becomes concrete as the signs of feelings, thoughts and memories on paper. The harmonious order of words leads us to poem, the mysterious thing. Poet wraps the skeleton of poem with tulle and produces this pure and greates poem. This poem is the harmonious language of poet's inner world henceforth. Perhaps it is the common voice of humanity rising to the blue vault (of heaven). Which language the poet speaks or what nationality he is, is not important because all the poets share the same common and universal language. Poet is the person who sees the things which we cannot see and understands the language of lines, figures and harmony, and then who teaches us this magical language. Poet constructs new musical structures by adding words to his poem. He sends mysterious messages. He travels un on different climates. In fact, poet is the person who searches for the " absolute existence" and the poems writte by him are the mysterious name of this search.

And there are many secrets and treasure under this blue vault and keys of these are give to the poet's tongue to open them.

Mehmet Atilla Maraş
SEPTEMBER'90 Eskişehir/TURKEY
translated by Müge Saraç

Let's love and be loved
The world will be left to no one .

Yunus Emre

DIFFICULT WORDS

Say to me difficult words
Like death and sadness
There was a song I know that
Was written on difference

ZOR SÖZLER

Bana söylemesi zor sözler söyle
Ölüm gibi, hüznün gibi ve acı
Şarkılar ki ayrılıklar üstüne.

A CHILD'S DREAM

He is the child of the east
It's true that he hasn't seen the sea yet
But he read Map of the Seas by Piri Reis
Reis's map in his hand
He travelled all over the world
Stopped for a while at the bay of medieval
Europe
To learn what's happening in the world

ÇOCUĞUN RÜYASI

Doğuludur

Deniz görmemiştir doğrudur

Ve fakat satır satır okumuştur

Kitab-ı Bahriye'sini Piri Reis'in

Alıp başını gitmiştir yedi iklim dört kıta

Bakarak Sultan-ı Derya'nın haritasına

Neler olmakta dünyada bilsin için

Konuk olmuş ortaçağ avrupasına.

ARCHIVES

Coming out from my mind's archives
An old time commenter arrives
Saying
Let's settle account with everything
With ourselves we're starting
That antique beliefs
Should be reviewed
And should be questioned
And about the cross-roads too
They should be probed into
Should be got to the essence of ideas
And of the details lest
Forgotten most subtlest.

ARŞİV

Çıkar ve gelir aklımın arşivinden
Bir eski zaman yorumcusu
Der ki hesaplaşalım herşeyle
Kendimizden başlayarak
Yeni baştan gözden geçmeli
Antik inançlar
Sorgulanmalı
Ayrımına gelince yolların
İrdelenmeli
Düşüncelerin künhüne inilmeli
Ayrıntıların
En incesine kadar.

CRIME

You're the fearsome bats of summer nights
Who came and poured darkness around us
You brought some samples of the absurd from
Camus
And titbits from Nietzsche's unholy denials
You mixed them into the mould of our being
You're the false clouds
Makers of artificial rains,
You're the moon-dust worshipper

SUÇ

Siz ey yaz gecelerinin korku yarasaları
Karanlıkları avuçlayıp getirdiniz yöremize
Camus'dan biraz sağma
Nietsche'den bir tutam inkar
Kalıplayıp döktünüz kerpicimize
Ve bütün bütün gözlerimize
Kül atarak
Yapay bulutlardan
Yağmur yağdıranlardansınız
Ay tozuna tapanlardansınız.

FIRST MEMORY

Once upon a time we knew
The relationship between heavy tea and
black coffee
And man and women
We knew how to spell
The names of our loved ones
And the secrets of all wells
We knew Tigris and Euphrates
Where history took its course
We knew the long long tale of Mesopotamia.

BİRİNCİ ANI

Biz de bilirdik bir zamanlar
Demli çay ve köpüklü kahvenin
Er-hatun kişilerle olan ilişkisini
Ali-Ayşe hecelemesini
Derin kuyu bilmeceğini
Harranı
Dicleyi
Fıratı
Ve mezopotamyanın uzun öyküsünü
Biz de bilirdik ..

DISTILLATION

We've passed from a phase of
The worldly trouble
In a hurry and being weary
Into the chaos of this age
We've been unawarley perpetuated
Shared the sadness and suffered
And now I,
From this sadness, bitter and delicate
Am carving particles of happiness as a poet
I'm separating friendships from orthodoxies
For our hearts not left alone in squares
I'm purging the betrayals
I'm distilling rose in retorts.

1691	
1691	

DAMITIM

Geçtik dünya derdinin
Telaşlı ve yorgun aşamasından
Habersiz tertibedildik
Bu çağın kargaşasına
Gara ortak olduk acılandık
İşte şimdi ben
Bu acı ve ince hüzünden
Şair olarak
Sevinç kırıntıları yontuyorum
Meydanlarda kalmaması için yüreğimizin
Dostlukları ortodoks'luklardan ayırıyorum
Hainlikleri temizliyorum
İrbiklerde gül damıtıyorum.

YOU GROUND THE TIMES

My brother, did your preparation for fire not
still end
For a life's register of sorrow now slowly
perishes.
You have given yourself in test tables, in
butts, to
Destroying plenty favours, is this good too?
The verses you lost without recoding
Were not the realities like death and
reviving?
You forgotten so long not writing friendly
letters
You have ground the times with many such
excuses.
Surprised are you, undecided, each of your
pieces harmed
And annoyed too much, so start again your
noble exodus.
You have been running all along, they say,
alone
Rest a bit; after all you have performed all
your roles.

ÖĞÜTTÜN VAKİTLERİ

Bir yanmaya hazırlığın bitmedi mi kardeşim
Tükenip gidiyor bir ömrün hüzün defteri

Deneme levhalarında, nişangahlarda kendini
Binbir lutfu talana verdin iyi mi?

Bulup kaydetmeden kaybettiğin beyitler
Ölüm gibi dirim gibi gerçeklendi değil mi?

Dost mektuplar yazmadan çok oldu unutuldu
Türlü bahanelerle öğüttün vakitleri

Şaşkınsın, kararsızsın her yanın mosmor
Çok sıkıldın yine başlat soylu hicretini

Nicedir koşuyorsun bir başına öyle diyorlar
Dinlen az bir çok yol aldın bitirdin rollerini.

AND THINK A BIT

Shall the fall end one day also
As long as your life filed in the waters
Your life and your breathings
Shall fade away into a new life.

When your eyes begin losing sight
The brush with which you ashamed painting
the world
Shall and stay there so long.

So, flatter and flatter a bit more, and
Think of the day when shall
The time and your life come to the end.

DÜŞÜN BİRAZ DA

Güz de bitecek birgün
Ömrün törpülendikçe sularda
Hayatın, soluk alışların
Tükenip gidecek bir yeni hayata

Gözlerinin feri azalınca
Titremesi artınca ellerinin
Dünyayı boyamaktan utandığın fırça
Düşüp kalacak ortalıkta

Çırpın çırpın az daha
Vakt ile ömrünün
Biteceği günü düşün biraz da

BIRD

Death and sleep
All that mute bird coming
Our window day and night.
Cockroach is anaware so
Without being squeezed
How can it know
That you go alone to death.
No nightmares they have
A young old man, an old kid
Everything deserves love if we will.
Death and sleep, death and dreaming
All that mute bird coming
Our window day and night.

KUŞ

Ölüm ve uyku

Hep o suskun kuş

Gece gündüz penceremize gelir.

Haberi yok hamamböceğinin

Ezilmeden ne bilsin

Ölüme yalnız gidilir.

Görmez çok korkulu düş

Genç bir ihtiyar, yaşlı bir çocuk

Biz istersek her şey sevilir.

Ölüm ve uyku, ölüm ve uyku

Hep o suskun kuş

Gece gündüz penceremize gelir.

LANGUAGE

In a space
Infinitely immense
One side there's burning sun
Shady like of flags the other
And a very important memory in our mind
Oh, those chilly summer nights
When we used to sleep watching the stars
Now how blue is this sky without any star
What is postman, letter, bird ...
The world we knew is gone
Oh, now which language
Are we speaking.

DİL

Sonsuz geniş bir alanın
Bir yanı kızgın güneş
Sancak sancak gölge bir yanı
Ve aklımızda çok önemli bir anı;
Yıldızları seyrederek uyuduğumuz
O serin yaz geceleri
Şimdi bu yıldızsız gök nasıl mavisiz
Ne demek postacı, mektup, kuş,
Bildiğimiz dünya kaybolmuş
Ah şimdi biz
Hangi dili konuşuyoruz.

OLD SAGA

Let the seeds of love creaking
In the spring
And if it's winter the season
The statutes pure stone too get frozen
In the winter
Let the morning winds bring
That is stolen from diwans
Odor of green sweet basil
From the garden of roses
Let your nightingale singing bring
That age back
From an old saga.

ESKİ DESTAN

Sevgi tohumları çatlasın baharda
Mevsim kışsa eğer
Kaskatı heykellerde üşür karda
Rayihasını yeşil reyhanın
Divan'lardan kaçırılmış
Badı-ı sabalar getirsin
Bülbül seslerin gülistandan
Alıp getirsin alıp getirsin o çağı
Bir eski destandan

REVIVAL

My love

Come and sit

In the core of my heart

And stay a bit

Chop the arms of the night

Add them to my force, your force

So that I can find myself

Your eyes watching

My hands easy-going

Make me get accustomed

To this revival

DİRİM

Sevdiğim
Gel
Kalbimin çekirdeğine otur
Biraz kal
Buda gecenin kollarını
Gücüme kat gücünü
Ki döneyim kendi kendime
Gözün gözcü
Elim uysal
Alıştır beni bu dirime.

YOUR LOVE

How many times put I
My head over the cornerstone

And cried for a white-green love.
Even all earth be in a dead season

I lived of you all like the last judgement
You are a guest in me, a hope resident

Rebelling all against my undefineable love
Think of a garden, odor of sweet basil

Your eyes, oh your eyes like sleep of april
I'm sharpening myself with my truths

In that chilly shade of willow
And you were the scenery of my dreams

Oh, only if I could reach your horizons
I tried, there's no sense of life

Without I have a trouble, without you
Now that you came and

Stood like a mountain beside
Converted your love my day into a flood.

SEVDAN

Kaç kez başımı koyup köşe taşına
Bir ak-yeşil sevda için ağladım

Ölü bir mevsimde olsa bütün yeryüzü
Hep bir mahşer gibi seni yaşadım

Bir konuksun içimde barınan umut
Tarifsiz sevgime hep başkaldıran

Bir bahçeyi düşün reyhan kokusu
Gözlerin gözlerin nisan uykusu

Bileniyorum doğru bildiklerimle
O salkım söğüdün serinliğinde

Sen ki dekoruydun rüyalarımın
Ah bir varabilsem ufuklarına

Denedim hayatın bir anlamı yok
Bir derdim olmasa sen olmasan sen

Geldin işte dağ gibi yanımda durdun
Günümü tufana çevirdi sevdan.

JELLY FISH

Red and violet outside
Inside deep blue and grey
Loving hard men
For my blood, that jelly fish

When holding, warm so different
Issuing another smell different
Putting its needle
In to my soul, that jelly fish.

Never I've seen such
Like baby food pure white
Leaking the milk from its breast
On my flesh, that jelly fish

Yes, that jerk it's so clear
Burning and tough its substance
Cares nobody how
That jelly fish, wow!

DENİZ ANASI

Dışarda kırmızı ve mor
İçerde lacivert gri
Haşin erkekleri seviyor
Kanıma deniz anası

Sarılinca başka sıcak
Bir başka koku yayıyor
Dikenini batırıyor
Canıma deniz anası

Böylesini hiç görmedim
Bembeyaz bebek maması
Memesinden süt akıyor
Tenime deniz anası

Bitirim bu güpegündüz
Yakıcı ve sert mayası
Hiç kimseye aldırıyor
Vay canına vay anası.

POEM ON NIGHT

Night, sleep and heavens
False mask and the fraud
To be or to die
That's all the the question.

Knocks the door the night
Sad news and death arrive
O friend come quickly
We're on the crossroads.

Last night I wrote this poem
Stealing from my sleep
Master of forty saints, please help
I was about dying.

Master of the masters, that's mere
Dear of the dears, that's mere
Pen, night and writing
Night is poem all.

GECELEYİN ŞİİR

Gece uyku ve felek
Sahte maske ve hile
Olmak veyahut ölmek
İşte bütün mesele

Çalar kapıyı gece
Acı haber ve ölüm
Ey arkadaş hemen gel
Ayrımındayız yolun

Dün gece bu şiiri
Uykudan çala yazdım
Yetiş kıkların piri
Azkalsın öleyazdım

Piranın pirleri bir
Miri miranı mir
Kalem gece ve yazmak
Gece tümüyle şiir.

OLE

First Andalusia

Later Kurtuba

Bell and horseshoe

Bull and shawl

The Matadors

Curled spanish

Hey hey

Andalusia to be lost

Ole.

OLEY

Önce Endülüs

Sonra Kurtuba

Zil ve nal sesleri

Boğa ve şal

Matadorlar

Kıvrak İspanyol

Hey hey

Gitti Endülüs

Oley.

CRY

I heard that strong cry
Coming from the surface,
Authentic and homogenous
Of a transparency, subtle and white silk
Revealing to my free heart
That unchangeable new, that unwrinkled
That coming to us like a cry
From the highest curtain
Of the whole universe
Let that stay eternal and endless
Like a memory.

NİDA

İnce ve ak ipek bir saydamlığın
Homojen ve özgün yüzeyinden
Özgür yüreğime inen
O gür sedayı duydum
O değişmez yeni o pörsümeyen
Bize bütün bir evrenin
En üst perdesinden
Bir nida gibi gelen
O ebedi ve sonsuz
Bir anı olarak kalsın.

THE CALLIGRAPHER

Oh glorious cavalry
Oh noble and ambling horse
Calligrapher wrote the "Ihlias"
On the grain of rice.

HATTAT

Ey şanlı süvari
Ey soylu ve rahvan at
Ey bir piriñ tanesine
İhlas suresini ince ince
Ustalıkla yazan hattat.

THE HIGHLANDER

I am the highlander
I know the thick rivers
But I don't know the sea
All the epilepsy turn
I never bend on the knee.

DAĞLI

Ben dađlıyım

Gümrah ırmaqları bilirim

Denizi bilmem

Ben her sara nöbetine

Tutulanın önünde eğilmem

THE ARCHITECT

Oh Sinan

You're the holy architect of eternity

You're the minaret

Elegant, deep and faithful

You're the fountain of ablutions

You're the dove

You're the limpid river

You're the coolness of stones

You're the architect

MİMAR

Şadırvan, güvercin, berrak sular;

İnce inanç derinliği

Minareler

Minberlerde mermerlerin serinliği

Ey sinan,

Ey usta eller,

Ey sonsuzluğun kutsal mimarı.

A QUARTER

My birthplace
That place when I shall die
My country and poets
They live on the Mount Ararat
Who understand meaning of life
Some of them live at Bodrum
That turn inside out
A quarter of their life.

ÇEĞREK

Doğduğum yer
Gömüleceğim toprak
Ülkem ve şairleri...
Hayatı anlayanları Ağrı'dağında
Teryüz edenleri Bodrum'da yaşar
Ömrümün son çeğreğini

FIRE PLACE

Your eyes
Neither black
Nor green
Your eyes
Just like fire place
That I have seen

YANGIN YERİ

Gözlerin

Ne siyah

Ne ela

Gözlerin yangın yeri

Kerbela

DIFFERENCE

I collect the voices of the birds
You collect stamps
It's passion yours and mine
I can not sell the voices
You say that
I sell my stamps.

1691	
------	--

FARK

Ben

Kuş sesleri biriktiriyorum

Siz

Pul biriktiriyorsunuz

İkimizinki de tutku

Ben

Kuş seslerini sataram

Siz

Satarım pullarımı diyorsunuz.

ASSOCIATION

if you say lake
it means need
if you say need
it means flute
That washed on the lake
Strange thing
Dried on the shade.

ÇAĞRIŞIM

Göl deyince karnıő
Karnıő deyince ney
Yunnuő yıkanmıő gölde
Tuhaf Őey
Kurulanmıő gölgede.

THE CROWN

If sweat and labour
Is not the crown on my head
Why then does my heart beat
From left to right

TAÇ

Başa taç değilse hala

Alın teri ve emek

Sol yanımdan sağa doğru

Ne diye vurur bu yürek

ANGRY

Handfuls of sand have
Been thrown on the flame of my soul
I am angry,
Angry of men who kill men
Against man, the wermonger

ÖFKE

Ruhumun alevine

Serpildi bir avuç kum

İnsan öldüren silaha

Silah yapan insana

Kızıyorum.

HIM

He is wrecked with tensions

He walks out on his dreams

Then hangs himself

On the branch of a tree

0

Kasıyor durmadan
Yakıyor bendini
Sonra bir ağacın dalına
Asıyor kendini.

ME

Every morning

I read the Book

Every morning

I'm born into a new world

Every morning

I feel light

BEN

Her sabah

Ben bir kitaptan

Bir sayfa okuyorum.

Her sabah

Yeniden doğuyorum dünyaya

İçim ferah.

ADVICE

Life is short
And time is precious
Say hello and mail letters
To flying birds
And rising sun

TAVSİYE

Hayat kısa

Ve zaman oldukça az

Doğan güne, uçan kuşa

Selam gönder

Mektup yaz.

LAST WORD

Praise to God

The one who created everything

Thanks to the Holy Qur'an

In our hands

Thanks and thanks again

SON SÖZ

Şükür bir olana
Her şeyi yaradana
Eldeki kutsal Kur'an'a
Hamd olsun
And olsun.

V H C	
1691	

and there are many secrets and treasure under this blue vault and
keys of these are give to the poet's tongue to open them.