

LONELINESS OF A POPPY

Poems

GÖKSEL ALTINIŞIK



2020

to my dreams, for sure

Those poems are being added to my soul one by one since 1985. First I have kept inside than by the idea writing their English versions, I have shared them in my web site (www.goldenlight.deviantart.com). I had a dream of a book and I made my dream come true in 2015. After five years, a lot have changed. Now I am enjoying to creat my ebooks and to share them in my personal web-site (www.kaleminizi.com).

It's like enhancing the hope for the other dreams.

Like refreshment by finding the way to a new start...



1



I will say "sea",
you will hear the sound of waves..

When I say "wave",
you will surrounded by some..

I won't say "white-crested wave",
but you will be the coast embraced by..

Then, I will stop saying
you will start wandering the sea..



2



I am the wounded dove.
But never mind the sore
I am also the coloured dove...

I can't pour
Even a single drop.
I can't be purified
After a stormy sob.

I can't cry
I won't cry
-Since I was dyed-
No matter I'd better die...

With thousands of glitters on my face,
With thousands of folk songs on my mind,
I have talked about you a thousand times.

They said “Love”,
I repeated your name.
They said “Life”,
I pointed at your light.

Then they went.

I have waited with thousands of prayers on my palm
To be called by you with the words of love.



5

Can a tear-drop wash
the sea?
Can we call the waves
as a remedy for sob?
Can a shooting-star solve
the resentment of loneliness
while riding a sea horse?

A fish may have
the colours of
rainbow...
A starfish can be
blood red...
And the remedy may be
in the revel of colours
mingled to the docility of a
sea horse...

From the froths of the sea,
wings of a sea gull,
pureness of a cloud,
daisies of the countryside,
I took the colour white...

And I've drawn a drawing for
innocence of love.

When I've noticed
it would get dirty with ease,
I've hidden it in a case
where hardly been noticed.

Now I sometimes
go there and make it rise
to taste its beauty
only with my special ones...



7

Where the life was just being enlightened,
There was a bird warbling on a tree.
When the sun was still thinking about its rise,
That bird was singing his song to be free..

No matter whether anybody was joined,
He did only care the leaves that the arms hold.
Though I might be the one who reached his side,
My excuse was as simple as outside was cold.

I could never learn that a bird warbled sunny
Makes all the days silence and darkness brighter
And how life could be warmed by a sunrise
Even had been frosted with the cruellest freezer.

It couldn't be resolved,
that complexity...

Consuming the hope recklessly,
then procuring it again and again,

heading for love each time passionately,
then asking for more and more,

ascending along the hills wearily,
then searching for higher and highest..

It couldn't be ceased,
the confusion, we call life as its name...

One day
if I would stop talking
by undressing myself from all expressions,
admit better to keep silence
despite all the need for explanations,
take my annoyance with me
when avoiding the smile on moon's face that night,
and show no enthusiasm
even the next sun-set turns bright...

On that start out,
if I wouldn't dream about a vigorous arrival...

Then
I'd better stop for a while
since I was the runaway from all I have,
better to remember
all the ancient promises that I gave
rebuke myself
with all the words of unspoken indulgence,
quit the sorrow
by wellcoming laughter back to lines of my face.
When I found the way out,
I'd better keep going for a glorious end...



“To be naked” is so strange,
I fell so embarrassed.
I put thick covers
between me and the eyes.
My naked body is in one,
Strangers are in the other side..

“To be naked” is so strange,
I want to be, honestly.
I withdraw the covers
in front of the eyes.
In any case it has to be seen,
only the honesty of my deep inside..

If I talk on killing you
Don't be afraid...
It means making you a part of
My own self.

I might say I can't do,
Don't be relieved...
I may not have the courage.
See what it means...

Thus, hold me tight,
Take my hands softly.
Give your eyes
As a weapon
Of suicide...

When I close my eyes,
See you in my endless sight.
Not a sleep starts then
Not even something like sleeplessness.
You see what it means...

Your hand finds mine
Neither passes nor stops time
Not a dream that I fond of
Not even something else than dreams
I don't know what it means....

I feel your touch on my skin,
Fill my breath with your love
Not a surprising magic that I imagine
Not even a frightening truth of sin
I might be waiting so long for...

Trusting you without questioning
Accepting into my deepest world
Not taking like a surrender
Not even a giving unanswered.
It is what "I love you" means...



13

I will meet with the juniper tree
By chance...
It will recognize me
by your dreams,
The ones that you had
In its shadow's loneliness..

It will say, "Here you are....."
"You were the only reality of his dreams"
I will recognize that you met before.

Then it will extend
One of its spikes
Straight to my chest,
Will invite me to become beautiful
at least once in my life
As beautiful as the bird from the myth...

I will hold the juniper
Unless thinking even a second

Since you would be there..

My blood will mix
With your dreams,
My smile will become beautiful
More than ever,

Then I will notice with ease
That I became immortal..

Even if there would be forty doors
And you would be behind one of them,
My eyes would find
that one in forty
easily.

My heart would fear to open it,
what if you weren't there...

A fragile hope
would help me keep waiting
for your own decision as
being out of one in forty
eagerly.



In the beginning,
I invite viewers to my dance..
I must see admiration
Where their eyes are seeing grace..

When the beginning
Starts to invade every phase,
Each viewer becomes forgotten
After losing the distant face.

Then the beginning,
That I invert it to a race,
Inflames itself with my passion
And keeps burning in any case.

Despite the ending,
There are trespassers who glance.
No need to send invitation..
At once, all viewers begin to dance.

What was I have seen,
First so far away,
At once just near by?

Was it what I always waiting for,
First in my dreams
Now in worries,
But always inside?

It should be the sun I desire,
First secretly
In unbearable colds,
Then as lively
As unavoidable cuddles.

It is the one that I've seen by heart,
First been needed,
Now being fondled,
And eternally will be loved.

I said "Hello" to sunshine..
No need to look around,
You are the most desirable sun...



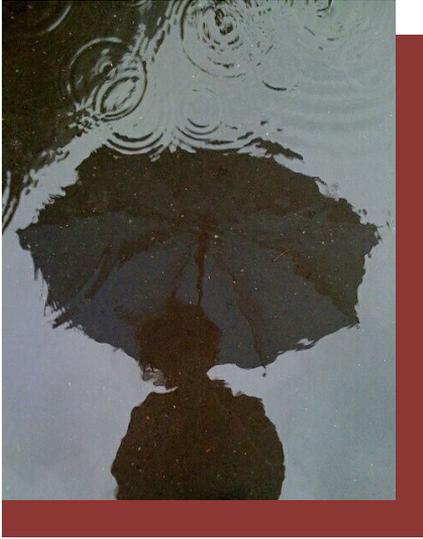
16

Every night
one
prepares
the stage
as one's cage.

Every day
the same one
runs
to start
the screen,
jumps
to the stage
to state
the serene.

At pause,
sometimes
collects
applause,
sometimes
neglects
next stage.

At the end,
one can
regret
what was said
or can
forget
end was sad...



17

Rain had given you its mystery..
While being fond of you,
my soul dampens..
After being touched by you,
my body becomes fond of
your soddenness..

Was the dampness
and mist of your eyes
Hereditated from the rain?
I may see the happiness
In the pupil of your eyes
Don't close them in vain...



18

Since I have these wings,
There is pain,
Again..

It was there
While seeing the flyers
But don't have
Proper limbs..

Now it hurts
To know how to fly
But to maintain the roots
As an unloosable tie..

Until I may unchain my heart,
My wings will wait
That unpredictable date...



19

There are stations
All along the railway...

One of them
Promised to make me reborn.

I was on the way to that station
When it made me a slave
By turning up from my dreams.

Though the same one
had no doubt of my return,

I run away from the way of that station
Which put me into a grave
By eroding all my dreams...

Now another one
appears over the horizon.

I am walking on the way of that station
which helps me feeling brave
by calling real to my dreams...

It must be
Where I reborn
While I return
To my dreams...



20

It is hard to go,
Able to leave...
In spite of the passion,
Against the connections
Who could go away?

It is also hard to stop,
Able to remain..
Against the invitations
In spite of imagination
Who ever could stay?

I am like a sponge
I absorb love into the millions of pore
while collecting your kisses ..

If you squeeze me hard
I would empty
all the love from my heart
like a waterfall cry

Whereas,
If you rub me tender and soft
I would wet you
by this love accusing your soul
and never let you dry.



22

We rush in the same city
separately..

You come alone and delayed
to the park that I left.
You watch the same movie
in a showing after me..
I catch the last bus at least
that you just missed..
I find engaged your phone
while you listen the same tone..

In the same city,
we become late to each other
even we try to put together
the lives we live separately..



23

When we completely exhausted
All the unique moments of life,

When all the companions
Left one by one that lonely survivor,

While staring behind them yearningly
or possibly being watched by some remainder

There is another beginning
in the photographs and memories...

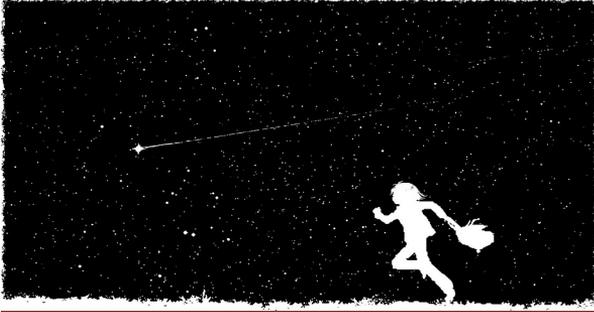
There is little time left.

I don't know whether
I turn back
And wave my hand
To the ones left behind
And shrinking below...

Possibly
I will be happier
And make my smile warmer
When the sun comes closer.

Certainly
That day would come,
The very first flight...

I will leave behind
The ground where I was rooting,
The only witness that I was living.



It was mid-night,
But not dark as usual.
In fact, the sky was so bright.
Not only because of
the smile on full moon face
But also the stars of lanterns,
Each was held by a skier.

I was one of them
Who, spellbound by your glitter,
Followed the light.

We were quiet
But not blue as always.
In fact, we were reaching the high.
Not only because of
Sliding vigorously through the hillside
But also tasting the passion
As a sign of delight.

I looked into your eyes,
Holding the dreams inside,
and they brought me the light.

What would be better;
rather to kill the love
or the lover,
when it is the time?

You'd better
start to cut down the feeling
you brought into the life
when the bells begun to ring.

If one hand would try
to reach out desirously,
you might give all the love
-that you found in your heart-
without preserving even a crumb.

But if the hands far from yours
would get cold by submitting their death,
you ought to take back the love



-that you had donated once-
without letting any piece of warmth.

But never forget!
You have to pray for only one ending;
a death which would come for both...
The love or the lover alone
would give you the deadly wound...



I am amongst a crowd of stones
And holding a magnifying glass
which doesn't magnify the little ones.

I am looking for..

I am a hunter of fire
who carries a heart burned out
again and again hundreds of times.

I am hunting for..

I am under a mass made by stones
And collapsing with a heart
that might blaze even a faint spark.

I am dying for

my flint stone...

While my fingers were strolling
among the silkiness of your hair,
I would drift without questioning
in front of a boisterous drive.

Though my feelings were being lost
beyond your impassable barrier,
I found myself without searching,
hidden behind a mysterious curve.

The most sincere invitation
Must be sent to me by you.
You must put up with my whim,
Even it might be unbearable..
Though you would lose your calmness
With the fear of my absence,
But I must never be absent.

I must send you
The most irresistible invitation.
Your acceptance must be unexpected
While your stay is named as a gift.
Though you would talk generous,
I must fret about your silence,
But you must never be silent.

First, living deeply
was my clumsy dream
than became
an indisputable truth.

Since hindered vulgarly,
it turned into
an irrepressible hunger.

Until I remove the obstacles
my ardour would live deeply...



Who did catch sight of first?
makes no difference...
Fantasy is company of glances.

Who did catch on the other?
doesn't matter...
Fortune is sympathy boundless.

Who did catch one's soul mate?
whoever...
Heaven is harmony in coherence.

You'd say you knew a girl,
a girl who brought the rainbow
to your rainy sky,
a girl with the sea-gull wings
whom you'd follow her flights.
She'd be the one you long for,
During your lonely nights.
The one you'd find her smile
As a gift to hold very tight.
Though she was not your fate,
She'd brighten it with her light.
You'd say luckily you knew her,
Even just after she'd leave you.

In the sea of eternity,
I swim and
originate waves
to run against my body.
The journey is long
as much as I could reach the end...
In the calmness of a sea,
How could I be satisfied
by any crawl forward..

In the sea of eternity,
I create waves and
conquer them all
by absorbing into my body.
The journey is long
as much as I would prefer to go...



Ipsa facto

It must be belied
in response to windmills
not for the sea-gulls,
they are allies..

Windmills prick up ears
to the breeze,
they also lend an ear
to whispers of reedy.

Only moon heard
When I told.
Windmills wouldn't hear.

I wish I could cry out
to let all learn.
Windmills shouldn't know...

I didn't invent them all...

IPSE DIXIT

If you wait, it means
you expect an end.
No matter what for.
Just keep the hope inside,
keen to expect
against the recant.

Whether in softly closed eyes
or in lips' edges released,
soul can be eased.

Neither frowning brows
nor curling lower lips
represents inner peace

Even without
seeing
smiling pupils
or
hearing
softness of voice,



37

Can serenity exist?
Once I saw, too,
Crystal magic in tree..
Then all disappeared
The ones I accompany,
The ones belong to me.
Only the magic in tree
And stunned, fascinated me
Crystal wedding at road side
Not a snowy scene
Nor a icy skin
As if oil colored painting.

Knew it was the sap
Begun to rise
Since it was so cold
Turned to ice

I've befallen such a case for years
Lost my life water, even tears.
A freezing cold,
But in metaphorical sense,
Stollen my unique bounce
Replaced it with hollowness.
Behold in that case,
One becomes brittle,
Not durable even as crystal.
Like a glass pavilion, vulnerable.

Knew it was unloving
Freezed my soul.
Thawing should wait
Until next glow.

If life is a journey,
Lived with ally feet
seem allied to me

One foot to release
You see the next step
How do you play with

Pace to move by
Then dropped
Partners often kicked



39

a girl lived in a desert
with a giant heart
have fears of crying
with fever of loving
noticed tears running down
without any misery
or even a little worry
the teardrops for love
been blown about
dampen the sands around
turned desert green.

admitted herself
if she knew beforehand
she would cry in advance

That much cold
turns concrete
at the summits
and partings, too.

One catches a chill.

A shiver covers the soul
at the loneliness of every summit
and first moment of loneliness, too

Time stops; muses though.



41

Red satin bedcloth disturbs the nap
and sob of an antelope.
Frost in the air...

Beloved hopping like a partridge bleeds
while sobbing in the bed.
Crombs of blues everywhere...

To be doped means
reflection of deception.

Image of love or dream in mirror..

Another painful night
Clings to my loneliness

Moonlight delayed,
No star shining,
Grief an adagio
In a violin chord,
Passion as silent
As a forgotten folk song.

Only you could bring
My soul a lenient relief.
If you would be here
More concrete than a belief.

Be my way,
And my journey, too.

Be my love,
And my lover, too.

Be my haven,
And my revolt, too.

You are the yearning
And the satisfaction, too...



People would live and die
just for food.
Their strength comes from
poverty and hunger.
Claim and obtain
not only dream but also luxury.

And you, little bourgeois,
How dare you sleep
in such a deep numbness
How long would you stay
in the lack of sentience

Wanna believe
Wanna trust
I know there is hope
Among the dust

Wanna hold
Wanna lean
Amity serves us
Protect the genuine

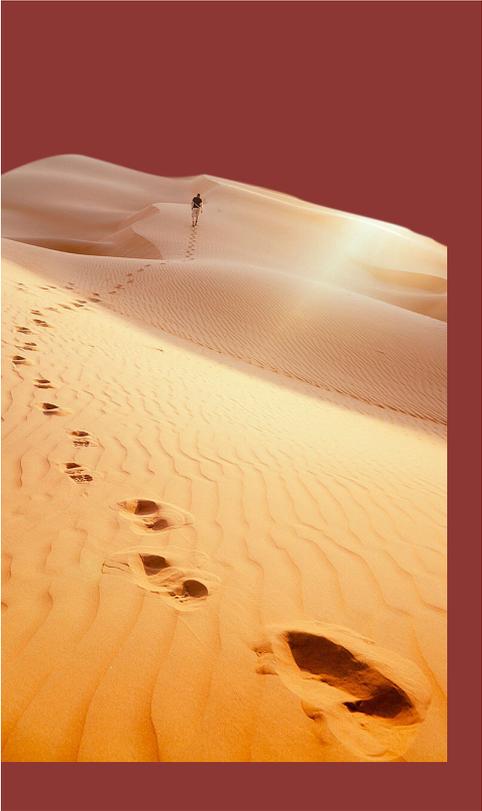
Wanna tell
Also hear
In the core of share
Love shines so dear



46

When we've toasted for passion,
scarcely relished the crimson;
It was just a stirring initiation.

When you've shattered chalice
your lips turned to an ice piece;
passion reached to shattering cease.



One who lives in desert
knows better,
that not all oases exist.
Though..
Unless we pursue
every mirages,
It's not a life we live.

Yesterday holds what we lived
that it brought as a surprise
Tomorrow hides all we need
as an unexpected new start

I saw you
just before forgetting how to see
the sight in front of my eyes,

Your voice joined the sounds
full of enthusiasm,
that I longed to hear for so long,

I could smell your scent
in the air I breathe,
the sign of beautiful days of the future,

My heart nearly melted
just after touching your mist
covered by a human body,

My tongue will try to explain
as much as it can
how sweet you are, so sweet...

Maybe you would listen
whatever I would tell you about.
For sure you would know me
by the dreams I would talk about.

My desire was to make you listen
by the way I have chosen.
I've searched for your eyes in vain
Only you were not enough to begin.

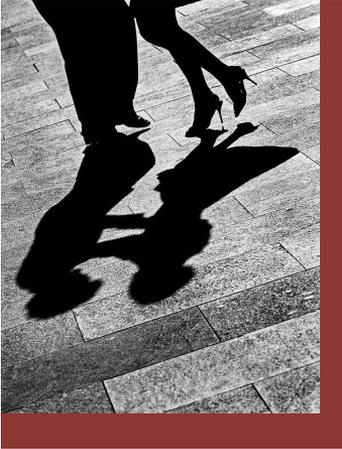
Even my heart was ready to be pour out
Your eyes were so far to care about.
Covering myself with silence in and out
was the only thing I could insist about.

Merely
Just a few flapping
Ended the storm.
Unless satisfaction,
All became dead calm...

When anchoring to a home port,
Forget bursting out...

Say,
Lunatic blowing begin
Where
Sky
Been bumped by craziness.
Carry
The free breath hold in
Then
Cry
Even slogged by breathlessness.

When expecting a stormy marine,
Accept losing serene.



52

We could not dance again
all of a sudden..

- say this is not true...

I know, you wouldn't look into my eyes
with your shiny smile...

- say I am incorrect...

If you want, all would revert to first day
even seem impossible...

- please ask for it...

Look, the music is live
Look, my eyes fixed on you,
Look, I dream of a new start...

- Let's achieve...

Beautiful child, while you look around smiling,
you are unaware of what's going on earth..
Maybe laughing for what deserves crying,
you hadn't been mercilessly taught.
You may love without hesitation all the eyes blinking
since no fear finds place in your tiny heart.
You don't think about the worse thing,
even don't put it in your ears.

Only in your attitudes
no cold clue of affectations,
merely your eyes expose
the pure feeling without lies..

Since I seek your eyes so despair,
I should be a grown up..

I wouldn't admit.

You may fall into a dense despair,
People other than me.
You also may lose the joy of life
In an unpredictable moment.
Enthusiasm of your heart may disappear
And you may lust for calm shore
While being tired of tempest.
You may prefer whisper,
Or even silence, instead of shout.
You may neglect the summit
And stop in a lowland with suffice.
Hey, the people other than me,
To make my eyes shine hopeful,
Carrying joy of life by armfuls,
To incite the feelings more desirous,
Initiating waves for a storm vigorous,
To run for future and never repent,
Admitting the highest as my target
Has been ascribed to me by one of you.

I may not stop any longer,
I may not make him feel ashamed.
You take yourself ease.

Yearning never scares me anymore
I raised my love in your absence
I am not scared of losing out, too
If I miss, I never miss you...

an age has been closed
which lasted for ages
new age will born lost
unless riot cuts the cages

Ash is evocative
for sapling
aridness for oasis
ground defines the sky
root the freedom

Death reminds me of life
love the contrarities

When the hope springs behind the hills with no alley,
all senses must be ready to protect this fragile lady.
She has a bad reputation, worse than the rest reputations
as being not receptive even for a tactful request.

...

We, the souls lusting for dreams come true,
may be repelled by the truths of desperation.
Only a strong-willed decisiveness would persuade
this frail queen to hold us with scrupulous care.

deliberation
lest your absence would hurt
so bad,
I didn't addict your presence
too much..

separation
would open sealed wound
so fast,
hence I added love to sorrow
that much..



Once upon a time
the mountains,
even the most almighty ones,
had wings
White and wide...

They met the sky
whenever they desire,
as an eternal passion.

In those times,
the humans,
even the most footloose ones,
had emulated
with the alated acmes.

One day a man,
hinted to the mountains
what paid for every sunder,
how painful the departure.
They could hardly believe.
Ground kept its centennial silence.

Then with the next flight
one of the mountains saw
the bloody teardrop
been left in shadow behind.
It couldn't fly again,
let the snow settle
at its lonely summit.
Let the little springs
retrieve the dryness of ground
in every spring.
Other mountains followed...

The wings,
been driven away by the mountains,
is heading to the summits..
The clouds reach,
they surround
but the mountains never admit to fly...

The humans don't envy,
not any more..
A legend of the loneliness,
which suits to the mountains,
runs all over the world...

Who could appreciate the self-denial?



61

Ladybird fallen into a net
I couldn't help her to fly
My lips sealed with a web
I couldn't let myself to cry

Don't know why; I'm tongue tied

I would throw with shouting
Whatever accumulated on end
I would wrap into my screaming
What slept silent and embraced

Don't know how; It must be tried.

Why am I supposed to turn
around and round,
What if I wouldn't return
to my own profound...

Listen to me,
You may notice one thing
you don't know..
Talk to me,
You may mention something
I don't know...



64

Holding onto a limb
Just at the time of free fall

Only may prolong the hit
If limb also choose to cling

Fateful ebb and flows
Created by moon
Hold and withdraw
According to nature laws

Heave and ebb tide follow
At overreached sea
Reward shines below
Settled down billow.



Some of my poems are composed and sing-
ged by Dr. Çağatay Aydın
Use QR code to listen



**I am the only one who remember some deaths
Even at the times, the corpse itself forgets
Death needs bodies to live in sentiments
She walks around me for eternal presence**

