

I came to you, Life

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for Ipek Özel

and the tree's shade buckles
birds give all they know to their wings
the wind blows an ovation
and from the sun comes the need to touch.
It is these leaves that your tongue and sweetness
are addressing
now that the time of transgression has come. Your shoulders
show the grace of abstention;
think of the river when you get a chance. There's a flowing vein
in water's books, there's a wish to untie the knot;
what I refer to is the sound of a few colours. In denying summer
embrace the spring, and with a few tired steps
forgive me, forgive this trembling cloud.
I came to you with the pain of hands cracked by cold mud
I came to you, saying let your childhood climb
the garden wall again
I came to you yawning sleep into the airs of morning,
don't tear down my back wall. Let leaves fill the path
with the softness of their shapes
and the road hearken the prospect of being fully clothed in grass.
There is no city we need to reach. Everything is here;
open the window, open it as the horses whinny in the wideness
of the world, open it
without speaking of the shortness of summer, the never-ending winter,
open it, so that the sky swarms with the covert signs of my mind
I came to you saying "open the door to the prescence [SPELLING ?] of existence"
as the sky writhes with its form
I came to you saying, "open the door of becoming, open the door
of existence, to me."

Translation: Caroline Stockford