

Life does not lie

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for Michael Baron

I am between the moon and the tide
between the whisper and the scream.
When I was a child, had still the script of a child,
when I was hostage to my mother's pomegranate smile,
When I looked from the window to the full light of the garden
watching the practical philosophy of hands plucking the fruit tree.
In those times when we still heard the sound of frogs
when women passed through my life, and the lake was blue
when I knew the value of blue.
I understand, there is pain, too, on the steps of life.

On the day of existence the wind rose up to meet me
resistance, like dew on the grass met my feet
Ripe fires grew across my body, and doves
– my feelings were met by the rustle of their wings.
In spring's demeanour I hear the sounds of cleaning
I hear footsteps of plains and mountains and the law
of snow melting. Earth grows damp in my memory,
fruit ripens, stones' habitual weight grows light,
makes it to flow and tremble as it wishes.
In my place between trouble and wellbeing
I hear the song of happiness from the world.
As goodwill blossoms: Life does not lie! I say
it does not lie!

Translation: Caroline Stockford