

## Section 1 :: Line on body-map

### **This morning**

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*Translated by Caroline Stockford*

I look at you in morning  
cutting back the weeping willow.  
Buds whisper and thirst for growth.  
I look at you, scatter my own ashes.  
I go out, adding suns to the sunlight,  
I walk on seeds. Creation crashes down on me,  
fingertips of silence lightly restore balance.

I am on the hillside, shoulder to shoulder  
with rain in the uprising smell of soil.  
On the sidelines are some words left unsaid.  
I leap into the mystery of prayer and  
laugh a little, grab hold of the breadth  
of the breeze - how high are the clouds!  
Roots look to earth and I to you.  
I comb my unkempt hair.

I make my mark at the furthest point away,  
feel the resonance of pain, the flowing of mirror's  
reflection. The night is naked, flames impatient  
to shoot. I have a few breaths left. My body tires.  
Ashes of sudden silence rise up  
and creation crashes down on me.