

## **Let us not speak**

İlhan Sami Çomak

Let us not speak so much, I say.  
Let us laugh, leaping the fences of mistrust.  
The wind is blowing, wind is blowing.

Let us whisper into each others ears,  
into your ears. In the river's secret places,  
in the tender shade of rushes, in the composite of mudbricks

as the whole city sleeps, let us speak little in a corner  
the light can't reach. There is belief between us  
and the dryness of a thirsting mouth.

Let us sit, pour out the pictures  
in our heads on the surface of the water.  
Let us love the carnation as it says my confession is red.

Falcons fly to the world's most lonely height.  
Let us open our windows to the fluid beauty of butterflies.  
With the art of feeling let us hear the heart's rushing.

I will sing songs and throw stones, like I used to,  
I will ride horses and recite poetry.

Here there is a depth and here, a fire.  
Here lies a word, unspoken!  
Let the doves coo, but let us not speak.

**Translation:** Caroline Stockford