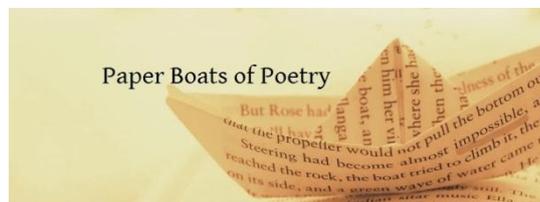




COME ON MAMA, KILL ME!

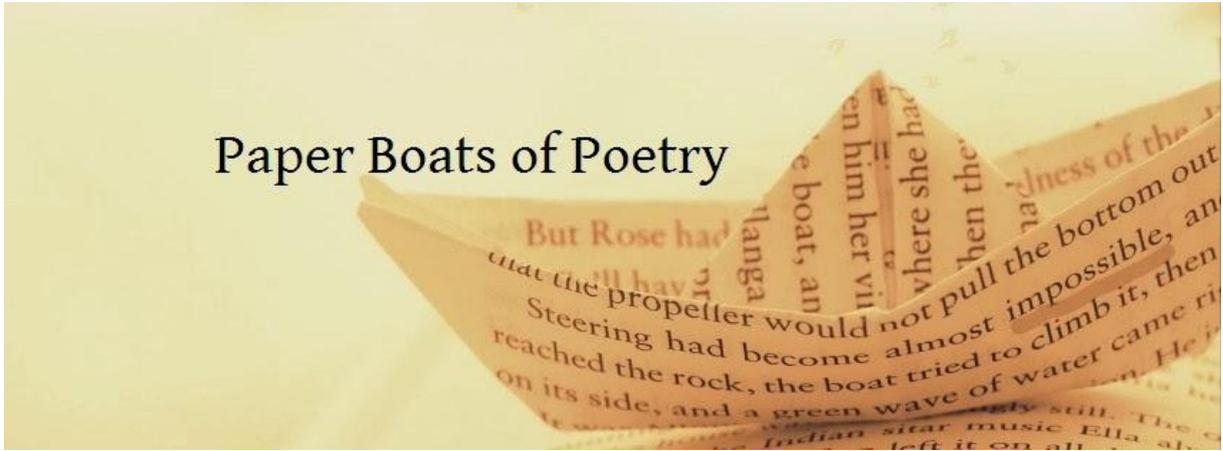
Poetry

SERKAN ENGIN



**Paper Boats of Poetry Publishing
2018**

Paper Boats of Poetry



Paper Boats of Poetry Publishing

Poetry Series: 1

Poet: Serkan Engin

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LET'S DIVORCE TURKEY

All Notes of the World Symphony

I am a red Laz boat cruising
on the mountains of Kurdistan
where my Kurd and Turk brothers are burning
by falling on the ground syllable by syllable
None of the requiems is able to express
the pain of the stone-throwing Kurdish children
raped in the hell prisons of Fascist-Kemalism

I picked up Armenian roses from my dreams
against racism in Turkey
Impish sparrows of my hope
are warbling Lazish
on the shoulder of the life
I am kissing in Greek
the wet sentences of the night
in the moonlight
I am hugging the spring in Zazaki
from the most petted place of its waist

We were burned million times at Auschwitz
where conscience was dead
Our dreams were bayoneted
72.000 times in Dersim
with disgusting smile of savageness
We were toys for torture plays in Iraq
with American style "freedom"
We were Alevi people shot street by street
from the heart of the civilization
in the cities of Maras and Corum
We were 353.000 Pontian Greeks massacred
by racist desires of bloody epaulets
Western "civilization" ignored
the slaughtered flowers
on our collars in Srebrenitsa
Our Armenian lullabies
were annihilated 1.500.000 times
in the bosom of Ararat
They broke the arms of our freedom
with stone in Palestine
They chopped our childish enthusiasm
with machetes in Rwanda

While profit pyramids of
pharaoh arms industry companies
are raising mephistophelian

on dollar basis
While the chairs and epaulets
of glutton selfishness
are growing fat

I refuse to add even one more letter
at the tail of warmongering sentences
Because I love all notes
of the world symphony

Barbarian and Ms Daisy

yes, you are right Ms Daisy, they came
with the wild winds of Greed, brutally
slaughtered all the innocent letters
written on the wall of Grace, even also babies
by burning them alive, before most of them
could not have a toy in their short-length life
with an insufferable last sequence

yes, you are right Ms Daisy, they were
merciless hyena droves born from
Racism, biggest evil of all times,
the bloody verses of Quran
written on the hilt of
their curved swords
feeding their violence
by promising them heaven
as they killed more “heretics”

they were the servants of
remorseless epaulets
they were the slaves of
their own Greed and Savageness
slobberingly

yes, you are right Ms Daisy, they
raped little girls and young women ferociously
without caring their screeches
tearing the deeply embarrassed face of the sky
same horrific verses on their groins
and the permission of pimp epaulets
on their ignoble waists
without any mercy

they were the slaves of
their own Greed and Savageness
slobberingly
they were the servants of

remorseless epaulets

and unfortunately
they were my ancestors
shame on humanity
worst predatory hordes of world history

now, it is hard to erase that “Barbarian” soubriquet
written on my forehead before my birth
it is hard to change to be known as savage
even I am a man feeding his ant friends
with granulated sugar at home
it is hard to explain that I have never hurt
even a wing of a sparrow
I know Ms Daisy, it is hard to introduce me
to your parents
as the man you want to live with
until infinity

Serkan Engin

(Dedicated to Anahit Manukyan, my best reader in Armenia...

*Dedicated to all victims of Armenian Genocide, Assyrian Genocide, Nestorian Genocide,
Chaldean Genocide, Pontian Greek Genocide perpetrated by Turk ancestors...Dedicated to
all genocide victims of World history at Rwanda, Bosnia, Cambodia, Darfur, Holocaust and
others...)*

All Negros of the World

(Including pilfered stuff from Turkish poet Ceyhun Atif Kansu)

*“Bring me the negros, all negros of the world
Only they carry my coffin”
Last words of street child Selami...*

I mean all negros of the world
Bring here all negros
Not only the black skinned ones
Bring me all belittled people
I mean all ignored ones
“the stepchildren of Allah”¹
on whose face the Pain is
flapping like a flag,
I will swear last time to capitalism and you
then I will fuck off from this damn planet

I mean all negros of the world
Bring here the street negros
who are written on the notebook of the life
like a spelling error
who are outright fired from
the abdomen of their moms
The ones manured by beating
watered by swearing
I mean the thistles
in the duskiest garden of Arabesque
whose history we memorialize
with scattered syllables
Bring me the ones saying “Love me with my fault”²
Bring the ones saying “Love fucked my mom, baby”³

I mean all negros of the world
Bring here the construction negros
with their dreams reclined on foreing land
the ones knitting the Reunion letter by letter
the ones ignored by pimps with necktie
Bring me the negros cleaning ladder
hero elder sisters with their palms
barricade for hunger
eagle wing on their kids

I mean all negros of the world
The massacred, assimilated, exiled negros
Bring me all pain birds massacred in Kurdistan
All bloody letters exiled from Dersim in 1938
Also the ones you carried out genocide in 1915
Bring me the mountains shushing the Past
in Armenian, Assyrian and Greek

I mean all negros of the world
I am a son of a bitch
I scratched my pains on the logbook of the sky
but nobody gives a fuck
although I scream with pain
how many ramshackle walls
are feeling chilly inside me
how many times the stumpy atlas of my name
have been damaged

I mean all negros of the world
This shit which I stuff in my vessel
to delay the Pain
has reached to overdose this time
but I live in the curse of all negros whether you can't see
one day all negros bring all ownership
and oppression masters to account
I have been heavy tonnage starved,
I was a bastard in this streets
all nettle nights and stray dogs know this very well
even my own mom doesn't mercy me,
only sparrows search the place of my grave
I was born once but have been died countless times
every day in your cruel planet
Fuck your capitalism, your ownership greed
I am fucking off now by making my pain a mirror
to your dark consicience
Enough! Now put lousy newsprint papers on me
Anyhow the municipality buries my waif corpse
Bring here all negros

Serkan Engin

"The stepchildren of Allah"¹: Yilmaz Odabasi (Kurdish poet)
"Love me with my fault"²: Orhan Gencebay (Turkish singer)
"Love fucked my mom, baby"³: Serkan Engin (Laz-Turk poet)

Let's Divorce Turkey

(Including pilfered stuff from Allen Ginsberg and k. Iskender)

Let's divorce Turkey, before our relation gets ugly
Let my poems stay with me and the custody of my broken fads with you
As you left me in so much hunger and homelessness, stick your "tiny ships"¹ up your ass
You have never made us play "box"² games full of wads of money
We, as you know, whom you blew up with a rocket at 14 years old in Lice³
Whom you raked with 13 bullets at 12 years old⁴, who are fighting for bread
by hitting the pavements at the crack of dawn, the kids who are shot
while going to buy bread⁵, the ones swelling up the fucked paunches of your chunky ones
I mean, as you don't give a fuck about us, your order sir,
we kick the bucket again in mines, building sites, factories
Fuck it, what kind of a value we already have in front of the profit margin,
Damn we,
who make love without insurance and live the happiness unrecorded
the ones producing new slaves for you by wrinkling their overshot youngness to the future
the ones whom the pimps with necktie don't deign to recognize,
the women looking after their children by collecting cardboard from dumps,
the sales girls attaching gloom to their dowries by installments,
the kids you accumulate for suicide and arabesque music
by beating and swearing a blue streak,
the ones trying to delay the hunger of their huge families
by a poky pitch on their neck,
"We, the stepchildren of Allah, the ones never backed up..."
"We, the ones with ripped out buttons, the ones without beach chairs, the ones without wine"*

I am opening your "box" Turkey; you don't have any more chance,
Here is the bullshit, good appetite to you,
Bury me inside a poem knitted with grief,
Cross my heart,
Otherwise I will divorce you!

Serkan Engin

¹ *"My son has a tiny ship (In Turkish: gemicik) not a ship" Tayyip Erdogan*

² *The ministers of Erdogan have been taped with shoe boxes full of bribery money taken from Reza Zarrab, but they are still free in Turkey, Reza is in prison in USA now.*

³ *A Kurdish girl named Ceylan Onkol herding sheep at 14 years old had been blown up with rocket by Turkish soldiers without any reason, and this horrible event had been explained as an "accident". Nobody is punished because of this murder.*

⁴ *A Kurdish boy named Ugur Kaymaz who was at 12 years old with no gun staying at home with his family had been raked with 13 bullets by Turkish police as being considered a "terrorist". Nobody has been punished because of this murder.*

⁵ *A Turkish boy at 15 years old had been shot in the head by Turkish police as being considered a "terrorist" while going to buy bread for his family during the "June Protests" against the dictatorship of Tayyip Erdogan.*

** Verses of Kurdish poet Yilmaz Odabasi writing in Turkish from his poem named "The stepchildren of Allah".*

Between Cuba and Fatsa

“I did everything for and with my people”

*Fikri Sonmez**

My heart belongs to Cuba, my comrades,,
I am the same age as
The children whose dreams
Have been kissed by Fidel and Ernesto.
My homeland is Fatsa in the year 1979,
Time period of Fikri Sonmez,
The best tailor of socialism.

Because of these, my comrades,
My sparrow life is
A daisy rain,
Between Cuba and Fatsa.

Serkan Engin

** Fikri Sonmez (Fikri the Tailor):*

Fikri Sonmez was a tailor and socialist politician who served as the mayor of Fatsa district of Ordu Province in Turkey between 1979 and 1980. He had a political view parallel to Fidel Castro and Cuban Revolution in 1959. After his election as the mayor, he splitted Fatsa into eleven regions and created people's committees. He made campaigns against the violence against women, the poor infrastructure in Fatsa, gambling, diseases because of the bad conditions in the town. Because of his success he got support from different political movements in the town. On 11 July 1980, Turkish military conducted an operation against Fatsa. Fikri Sönmez was arrested and put into prison. He died of a heart attack in Amasya penitentiary on 4 May 1985.

There is no God except Me

Kiss me or shoot
from my impish verses
opening from yesterday to the far future.
Shoot my hopes escaping from my words.
I am the revenge of all despised ones in whole continents.
I am an exclamation mark in front of the paradigm.

-There is no God except Labour, my darling!

Be the mother of the sparrows
flapping in my sorrowful rib cage.
I have been destroyed
from my childhood to eternity
with the lava days of my broken history.

-There is no God except Love, my darling!

Breed me to yourself from the clouds
of the sky of your face.
I have been created from the pain letters
of all oppressed ones in the world.
Never mind the flying ballons escaping
from my short-lenght modest dreams.

-There is no God except Me, my darling!

Occupy my whole soul and skin
with the vandal armies of your hands
I am already drunk because of
the dancing daisies at your voice
Already reborn from your lips
to the spring pages of the near future

- There is no God except You, my darling!

Kiss me or shoot
from the wings of my mute memories
telling themselves into the darkness.

Shoot my fads reducing me
from the mountains of the struggle.

-There is no God except Ourselves, my darling!

Serkan Engin

** Special thanks to Gulden Akin, Mansur Al-Hallaj, Cemal Sureya, Karl Marx and Rumi.*

BROKEN APPRENTICE

Ladyboy Veysel

Veysel is goddamned(!)
gangrene of his father's seed
he is much lambkin of his mother
his dreams have gone on the streets
in the dirty claw of the night

Veysel is a deserted monologue
whom memories himself
at the opposed shore of the life
there are horseshoe marks of jades
at the back of his hope

Veysel is goddamned(!)
waste of the neighborhood
at the shame digit of the street
rectangular pains permeated
into his marrows
his hands are in
the pocket of grief

Veysel is a deaf boat
at the bottom of violence sea
he is a bullet shot himself
spelling suicide

: Veysel is a misspell in the prologue of his life

Serkan Engin

Brothel Trauma

In the rooms full of
decayed-dream scent
the oldness of the doors
opens to a wet disappointment
fake orgasm symphonies permeated into the walls
arabesque slogans are spelled on the mirrors.

The woman is the rebel acrobat
of pain on the barbed wires
strained between life and death
she stitches up the torn desires at her pubic
passes through the nitric acidic nights
as laying her head on the shoulder of hope
dirty banknotes occupy
the rough geography of lust.

Serkan Engin

Delayed Saleslady

my hair is darkening to a lengthy loneliness
lava has touched my lips, you consider as lipstick
I have propped my heart against the lights of the showcase
my tenuous dreams are hung on the shelves

there is a falling star in my night-patterned eyes
all my wishes drop down to the floor and they are dispersed
my legs are as cold as my poverty at the bus stops
my missed youth is trickling through my eyelashes

: my delayed desires are my dowery

Serkan Engin

Charlady Gulizar

Charlady Gulizar patches the hole of the day with her heart
Her dreams are feeling cold at the basement of poverty
Beating mountains welcome Charlady Gulizar at the evening
While her husband is climbing the alcohol ramp all day

Her palms which are barricade for hunger
Can not acquit the ownership by wiping
She could never lie in the bosom of peace
The pain which is stuck in her life manhandles her dreams

Charlady Gulizar patches the hole of the day with her heart
Her name is called with the minor notes of sadness

Serkan Engin

Objector Pedlar

Everybody's hell is burning to themselves
nobody's flame is mixing to the other one's
Everybody bustles around
but nobody can catch himself
I couldn't cling to the elapsing
crowded dreams in front of me

The hopes which I have stuffed in
this little tray of Loneliness
brush past to Life
Heavy tonnage glooms are overflowing
from my pockets
I am an forgotten umbrella on the pavements
waiting for his overshot childhood

The fingerprints of the daytime fusses remain
on the logbook of the street
I hump the Moon when the darkness falls
to be able to wait the old love ghosts

Serkan Engin

Broken Apprentice

I have made my heart a hammer
but could not repair the structure of my being.
My master spews forth his feelings lowly to me,
he expends my youth as oakum.

My desires could not be welded again,
I've been broken from yesterday to tomorrow.
They say: "Your offender is the government
and your procreation a generous family."

- Truly, how can I go to the government my lady?

They continuously beat the marble blue of my dreams,
my innocence has been sickened by abuse and tobacco.
Even though they did not buy overalls for me,
it is the childhood of my big brother that I wear.

The exhaust smoke stains the freshness of my hopes
while the dust of chalk whitens my mind.
The steel prickles of pain prick my heart,
my palms are a field of calluses.

*- Tell me truthfully, my lady, is it suitable for me
to wear the blue of the school uniform and the red backpack?*

Serkan Engin

Childhood of Homelessness

They draw a knife of grief and throw a razor to hell
while slicing their courage with thinner.
Their stomachs are deserted and their dreams are blinded,
their pupils are dice shaken to pain.

They walk along with a suicide anthem
as violence suckles their teazel life.
They are wasted of life and, definitely,
their history can be read in a welter of blood.

Their innocence is scratched out on their skin,
their hopes capsized before sailing.
Desolate birds settle on their shoulders,
their necks are written cursive in every language
as the childhood of homelessness rot away from scratch.

Serkan Engin

Abused Letters of Hope

Dedicated to you...

I was born to loop my balmy
dreams to your bleeding verses
born to shout your childhood fads
lost in a mute hell in front of everybody

I am the delicious revenge of all molested children
spilling their pain into the purple shores of Orphanage
I am the handsome anger of all neglected buds
blooming on the lapel of Oppression

*- Which holiness protected your most child letters
written on the skies of Hope!
Where was Jesus, where was Allah, where was Brahma and all others!*

Tiny gardens of your short-length lives
occupied by the rivers of Fear round the clock
Your purity was hunted mercilessly
by the neighbour ravens of your helpless meadows

*- Which holiness protected your most child letters
written on the skies of Hope!
Where was Jesus, where was Allah, where was Brahma and all others!*

I am the delicious revenge of all molested children
spilling their pain into the purple shores of Orphanage
I am the handsome anger of all neglected buds
blooming on the lapel of Oppression

Serkan Engin

Non-existent Women

Non-existent women, non!
They distill hope from Grief
and put the nail in the coffin
of Pain with their hearts
the women whose lives
are short length films only!

Non-existent women, non!
Orphans from Love and hobblers from Hope
such left high and dry from end to end
whose youth fades as a full house
scattered all over

Non-existent women, non!..

: No matter dudes, you already exist

Serkan Engin

HEAVEN BETWEEN YOUR HIPS

Heaven Between Your Hips

Lazarus at my groin is rising
By the holy touch of your lips
You are opening the blind eyes
Of my lost desire

I am knocking the narrow door
Of the heaven between your hips
By the snake at my groin
An apple in its mouth

: Let my apple in your heaven forever

Serkan Engin

Plump Theory

“Dedicated to the women who are irrespective of traps of weight-loss industry”

Your breasts against the gravity although their tonnage

Glower at my face as a drawn knife

My libido comes to the frontline, my logic retreats

Oh my Cybele, my heavy tonnage woman, my plump baby

My skin is occupied by your mass exactly

You are a sonsy V letter propped up my shoulders

My lust alphabet is knitted with you

Paradigm breaks the routine as we make love

Oh my Cybele, my heavy tonnage woman, my plump baby

My life is occupied by your mass exactly

: Plump women of all countries, unite! Definitely

Serkan Engin

I Kissed You with Sparrows

We are kissing each other on the lips
while hitting Love and wobbling around
only the walls are barricade to our lust.
Your mouth is beginning with a damp alphabet
a red butterfly settled on your face.

Look dear, sparrows are flapping in my rib cage
I kissed you with sparrows from the thin places of your dreams.

Your breasts are two bunches of daisy
suddenly blooming through the sky of my mouth.
Then your breasts are a pensive river
flowing into the sea of my mouth.
I draw the purple map of lust on your skin by my mouth.

Look dear, sparrows are flapping in my rib cage
I kissed you with sparrows from the thin places of your dreams.

Serkan Engin

The G Point of the Night

our skin has touched
the G point of the night
there is a red earthquake
at the lonely places of the skin
the desire has become chatty
when your breath covered my body
your breath is the prologue
of your rainy movements

I am the explorer
of your body's secret city
I have travelled by syllabifying with my hands
from end to end your skin's white atlas
the wasps of my tongue have settled
in the weeny poppy field
at the south of your face

oh, my love, the null subject of my life
oh, your breasts are like The Dardanelles
which cannot be passed by any enemy fleet
they outstretch like The Great Wall of China
from one of your shoulders to the other one
your breasts have the hegemony unconditionally
in this night which has cross-eyed spelling

Serkan Engin

Sentence of Your Skin

My heart is orbiting around you while burning
I am reading the sentence of your skin letter by letter
And I am freestyle swimming in the open sea of your skin
Your feminine scent stays on my heart
And your sweat is on the memory of my mouth
Your breasts are a pair of doves taking wing to my face

A rainy rosebud is blooming to me at the South of your body
I am a black train passing through it as reaching to the spring
Spring is your skin's sun sweat invading my life

My skin is mute to everyone except you
A rose revolution at the places of my body you kissed
I am asking to the universe on the double:

: How can I add possessive suffix before the word 'Love' again?

Serkan Engin

Shameless Acrostic

The footprints of the Moon have filled my palms
while your huge breasts are tumbling down to my dreams
The hazy manifest of the death has picked on my lungs
when I woke up and held to my mouth
a 100 mm caliber tobacco barrel

I have been lined as a shameless acrostic
from top to bottom of the white page of your skin
My mouth is solitary; my hands are mute in your absence
The narrow streets of your body are opening to the lust

Now, we are like a colon
swimming to new definitions
It's a sweaty rebellion against the death
which is organized on our skins
as a snowdrop rising from inside of the white invasion

At the very time my dreams are bleeding
because of the hopes tangent to my life
while my hairs were combed to the sorrow
My darling, you have seduced me like the Trojan Horse
The sorrowful castles of my heart have fallen one by one

Let's wave the naughty kite of your breath
all along through the sky of my chest

Serkan Engin

Cuddled Nights of Lust

Let me be a tough “I” letter
and you be a slippery “V”
which I am in until sunrise

Your rainy desires are taking wing
To me under your skirt
The swirls of your body
are opening to my longing

I am a sucker for
your magical breasts
covering the hidden shores
of my passion like tsunami waves
Which I want to sink into forever

Capture every castle of my skin
like a barbaric clan
by the armies your lips
your round hips
are turning into
the magnetic field
of the Tower of Babel
raising from my groin
to reach the endless sky of salacity

Serkan Engin

COME ON MAMA, KILL ME!

Come on Mama, Kill Me!*

“A gift to myself for my 40th birthday”

As how you dismissed me from your abdomen
to this world knitted with gloom words
like blood, like hell, like lava

- Come on mama, kill me!

The desolation that I am accumulating to as I overshot myself
The nights night which are desert to my voice which of reflections are blurred
I am decreasing to every tone of the Blue from far away
The suffering which is spelled on my hair is being combed to the Loneliness

- Come on mama, kill me!

(The intersection of the daisies and my mom is zero
When I add up my mom to the sparrows, the result is nothing)

Mama, I am 40 hand verses shot in the heart of the life
Maybe “I can't write a whim even I be 40 poets at once”¹
But I am a spring morning buttoned to the wings of the sparrows
I am a fun fair mid-afternoon in the cheerful palms of the kids
But, you again forget me to the tomorrow, consider me as nothing into the present, reduce
me from the yesterday
Mama, am I 40 troubles to you or 40 disappointments
Because I couldn't say “I was loving my epaulettes one day”²

- Come on mama, kill me!

The meridians of my face are bleeding to the history of the Hope
Anger on my beard shushing the Darkness
The geometry of my eyes is mumbling the insanity alphabet
My youngness with internal bleeding is being kissed from the forehead of the street
Mama, how can my heart coated with so much orphanhood be cleaned up
Geez, your property won't become old, you again reduce me from your home

- Come on mama, kill me!

(When I take the derivative of my mom, here comes the Sorrow
When I add up my mom to the rain, the result is nothing)

As how you dismissed me from your abdomen
to this world knitted with gloom words
like blood, like hell, like lava

- Come on mama, kill me!

Serkan Engin

* "Come on master, kill me" Bilge Karasu
1 Haydar Ergulen
2 Turgut Uyar

My Mom and My Life

I never knew how a mom should be
My mom is a gangrene flower on my collar

She didn't let my head lean
On the knees of peace
Never caressed my hair
At the compassion- horoscope
My mom was a sea of anger
Whose waves hit my childhood

My mom was a barricade
On the road to reaching myself
Knocked about my ambitions
And tripped my future up
Put her ego to my life like a gun
She was an exclamation mark
In front of my dreams
At my youth pulsating inside of me

I am my mom's waste
As never being written italic
In front of property and power
My mom is a sorrowful mistake
Filling her life with wares

I never knew how a mom should be
My mom is a gangrene flower on my collar

Serkan Engin

My Family(!) and Dialectic

My father is what I reduce from as I run to myself
While dressing up from head to foot with sun flowers
Football and beer are making free oscillation
In his brain having no curl
He has equivalent fear from police and God
Never knew that he grew himself to nihility

*- Hey buddy, where is here, Nazareth or Izmit
My father and pragmatism crucified my youth*

My mother was a purple thorn pricking in my life
Property greed and anger
Without compass lie on her heart
She has more faith in money than God
Never knew that she grew herself to nihility

*- Hey buddy, where is here, Nazareth or Izmit
My mother and capitalism crucified my youth*

Serkan Engin

“The Field Negro”* of the Family

I am “the field negro” of this family
Malcolm X of my own ghetto at home
My beard stretches to the night continuously

I am out of home
When I enter any room
Everything that I reach out for
Goes far away from me
I am abroad in my own father's house

: I am the field negro of this family

Serkan Engin

* *“Field Negro”*: A description which had been used by Malcolm X

Insane Izmit

"Izmit was a huge loneliness"

Behcet Aysan

Izmit is a feature-length joblessness
Clothing me insanity shirt
A paralyzed diploma in my hand
While heavy tonnage poverty is
Flaying the skin of my life

Izmit is the house of my nevermom
Where she tramples on my youth as a carpet
My gallows room that I reduce from myself in
Where butts and depression invade

Izmit is the projection of desolateness
Frost tounge of the night is a whip
Stray dogs barking to loneliness and me
While we are staying up all night
Under the black quilt of grief
At railroad terminals at parks at mosque courtyards
Hunger is a flick knife put on our throat

Izmit is love trauma having internal bleeding
Pricking needles on my heart
The years missing myself and rebellion
At the thin place of my youth

- Mom, never breed me again
... At least in Izmit

Serkan Engin

Samurai With Butterfly Epaulet

I am a samurai with butterfly epaulet
A sword from words is in my hand
My shield is from hero sparrows

Serkan Engin

Purple Suicides

I am loading purple suicides into the cartridge clip of my life
Death symphonies are brushing past my face

A pitch-black laugh is dropping down to my front side from my hairs
Nobody sees the rumble of the rivers raveling out from my inside
My dreams are fusilladed while hands of grief are choking me
My words are feeling cold when desolateness rubs up against my legs

I am loading purple suicides into the cartridge clip of my life
Death symphonies are brushing past my face

Serkan Engin

OUR LOVE IS A CIRCLE

Our Love is a Circle

We have neither beginning nor ending, because
Our love is a circle, my darling.
Its internal angles are orphan,
And its diameter is lifelong
To which thin fads are tangent.

We have neither beginning nor ending, because
Our love is a circle, my darling.
Our all endpoints,
Open to a new alphabet.

We have neither beginning nor ending, because
Our love is a circle, my darling,
At where I reach to inland seas of you
As I run after myself.

We have neither beginning nor ending, because
Our love is a circle, my darling,
At where I become acquainted with myself
As I accumulate to you.

Never be afraid my sweetie,
There is neither longing nor reunion for us
Because our love is a circle, my darling.

Serkan Engin

Female Concerto

Her face is shining
on the sky of my open wounds
healing my all purple pains
by raining in my soul quietly

*- There is a possibility to kiss the infinity
she breeds me everyday again and again
from beginning to eternity*

Her hands are blossoming
on the forgotten meadows of my skin
reminding me the red alphabet
of desire written on my body's history

*- There is a possibility to caress the serenity
she wakes up my deaf hopes everyday again and again
from disappointment to endless creativity*

Serkan Engin

Your Are My Religion

You are my religion henceforward
My worship is loving you till eternity

Bless my embarrassed fads
spelling a magical future with you
Kiss my dreams with the drunk grammar
of your pure soul
Convert the history of my pain atlas
to the spring
By the childish clouds of your face
raining on my hopes

You are my religion henceforward
My worship is loving you till eternity

I was far away from myself
before your sunny face lightened
the sorrow meadows of my childhood
Purify the internal bleeding seas
of my missed life
I was a lost language written by
the letters of desolateness before you
Crucify the mountains of grief
on my droopy shoulders

You are my religion henceforward
My worship is loving you till eternity

Serkan Engin

Your Face Is the Kiss of the Sun

Your glowing woman's face is the kiss of the Sun
You are a golden daisy that I have stitched to my dreams
Speak the truth as your heart never stammers:
Truly, how many amps is your heart's current intensity
How many decibels to soften the flame of your hope
While thin birds on your skin are kissing the clouds

Your extreme woman's face is the kiss of the Sun
You are a shower of hope raining on my life
Speak the truth as your heart never stammers:
Tell me, how many swallows have been erased
From the log book of your sky
How many springs have you missed
Death flowers in your hands
While innocent foals are running into darkness.

Serkan Engin

Love in Every Language

Love me in every language of the world

But

Let's make love in Lazuri,

Let the waves of our tongue dance the Horon

At the northern rockies of your body

Love me in every language of the world

But

Let's view one another in Kurdish.

Let the hawks' East wings fly from our eyes

To the purple mountains of Love

Love me in every language of the world

But

Write my heart in Turkish

Serkan Engin

Ghazal to Pera Belle

Now love is a tearing paper sea which of blue is thin
I don't ask that from where a pair of indelible hazel eyes burn

The sky falls down on our life and slim letters spread on us
Lame birds bleed to the treble clef of loneliness

Now life is a ruined wall which I scratch to my dreams
Who hush so much disappointment which I couldn't know

Only fuzzy poems exculpate me which I baste to my dumb life
My jumbled days stammer even though I turn around myself many

Now my skin is an unrhymed verse without your hands
I don't ask that from where a pair of indelible hazel eyes burn

Serkan Engin

Resistance Flower

Translate my heart to Kurdish and kiss
You are the resistance flower
That I wrapped up my life in
My life's alphabet is beginning
With you every morning

If you only know...
A bitter mom candy in my mouth
I have swummed to loneliness too much
And have worn my heart out
By battering to pavements

If you only know...
The badge of hunger on my jacket
Birds of joblessness lift off
From my inside to the night
Mountain ranges of poverty
Destroy my dreams

My lover, my resistance flower
I am making a fair copy of my life in your heart

Serkan Engin

The One Knocking the Goblet into Shape

- My goblet is life and you are my wine

My heart is hitting you as which side I turn it towards
I can't get out of you wherever I go

- My goblet is your skin and my wine is lust

The lovely waves on your chest are
Beating the beach of my mouth
The cavalcade of my hands is
Gallop on the steppes of your skin

- My goblet is your mind and my wine is revolution

We are painting the face of the world
With dreams of revolution
We love the life
Along the peoples

- My goblet is life and you are my wine

: The wine is the one which knocks the goblet into shape

Serkan Engin

Peoples and Loves

Smile at me in Kurdish
Then let me love you in Turkish
Come and register to my life
My heart is hellionland worker party

Be my everybody! I have a lot of nobody
I am a stray dog of Loneliness
Smile at me in Kurdish
Then let me love you in Turkish

Serkan Engin

LOVE FUCKED MY MOM, BABY

Love Fucked My Mom, Baby

My heart is a swearword ever after
Which I spit at Love
I vomited my youth to Pain atlas

- *Love fucked my mom, baby*

My long hopes crumbled up
Mountains tumbled down on my dreams
I kiss the Death from its lips

- *Love fucked my mom, baby*

Now shoot me from my verses
Crucify all my syllables
Barbarian cavalcades of my tongue are at full gallop

- *Love fucked my mom, baby*

Serkan Engin

Grotesque Prayers

I suddenly kissed your lips with grotesque prays
My heart is fugitive from my chest, from my sky
I kept quite the blue of your face all along the rivers
The birds jerk from the spring flapping in my rib cage

An oleander with raven hovering
On our collar blossoming to tomorrow
The day is exploding moment to moment from ground to sky
Streets are rolled up to the night, all half hopes are bitten
After all, I am mad, a bit cat for as long as I have known
See, I am at command to the grief and you
I am wrapped up in all letters of your face
I damned all syllables of your skin

I suddenly kissed your lips with grotesque prayers
My heart is fugitive from my chest, from my sky

Serkan Engin

Your Skin Script

My mouth is an old letter, unread for a long time
Thirst birds are ricocheting from my skin
My desolateness which is kept quiet to the night
Desert sleeping is in my palms, the guide of my heart

: Make a fair copy of your skin script on my body

Serkan Engin

I Wait You Again To Kill Me

You are my biggest poverty
my highest desolateness.

You are my most being chilled to the bone
of which desert night letters knit.

You are wrenching the wobbling history of my dreams
from the place which my mom had beaten,
you are blowing the black hole of desolateness
from my all eternity to my foreverness
from the place where my mom had fired me
from her abdomen

Shoot a swaggering verse smack-bang in the middle of my heart, so that
I can be increased from gloom, let my image be erased
from the perpetual atlas of pain.

Say me, which crime's punishment am I,
which execution's conclusion?..

Come on, forget me to today and remember to infinity
the underground tales of my insect childhood,
my youth with sorrow uniform syllabicated to grief,
my proudly graduation from being stray dog of loneliness.

This is not enough, I wait you again to kill me.

Serkan Engin



SERKAN ENGIN

Socialist Laz-Turk poet and author Serkan Engin was born in 1975 in Izmit, Turkey.

His poems and articles on poetry theory have appeared in more than fifty literary journals in Turkey. In 2004, he published a poem manifesto, entitled Imagist Socialist Poetry. He has been trying to launch a new movement in Turkish poetry and to this end has published numerous articles about literary theory.

His poems and articles on poetry theory have been published in English in many international literary journals and art/poetry web sites all over the world like The Tower Journal, Poetry's Own, Belleville Park Pages, The Wagon Magazine, Far Enough East, Split Infinitive Lit Magazine, Empty Mirror, The Writer's Drawer, Poetry Super Highway, Margutte, Miracle E-zine, Industry Night Lit Magazine, Open Road Review, Shot Glass Journal, The Criterion, Mediterranean Poetry, etc. Some of his poems appeared in Japanese in the leading Japanese philosophy and poetry journal Shi to Shisou. Also his poems and articles on poetry theory have been translated into Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Armenian, Azerbaijani, Persian, Bengali, Kurdish, Zazaki, Romaic and Lazish.

Some of his poems in English have been accepted to international thematic poetry anthologies.

He is the first Turkish poet in history who has written a poem on Armenian Genocide. His poem named "Barbarian and Ms Daisy" which has been dedicated to the victims of the Armenian, Assyrian and Greek genocides has been accepted to the Armenian Poetry Project in 2015.

His political articles on Islam and also Armenian, Assyrian, Greek genocides have been published in many countries in many languages including Sweden, USA, Greece, India, France, Argentina, Netherland, Armenia, Indonesia and Finland.

<http://paperboatsofpoetry.blogspot.com.tr/>