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E-Dergimize tüm dil ve edebiyat ile ilgili bölüm öğrencileri ve mezunları yazı gönderebilir. Gönderilen yazılar dil, dilbilim, edebiyat, kültür, edebiyat tarihi, mitoloji, felsefe, eleştiri yazısı, deneme, makale, hikaye, şiir, kitap yorumu, tanıtım yazıları ve karikatür gibi konularda İngilizce ya da Türkçe olabilir.

İngiliz Dili ve Edebiyatı Bölüm Dergisi, İstanbul Yeniyüzyıl Üniversitesi İngiliz Dili ve Edebiyatı bölümü, Bolu Abant İzzet Baysal Üniversitesi İngiliz Dili ve Edebiyatı ve Yaşar Üniversitesi İngiliz Dili ve Edebiyatı bölümü tarafından yılda bir kez elektronik olarak yayımlanmaktadır. Dergide yayımlanan yazılardan yazarın kendisi sorumludur. Özgün olmayan, kaynağın belirtilmeyen alıntılardan ve intihalden dergimiz sorumlu tutulamaz.

Millais, John Everett. Ophelia. 1851–1852, oil on canvas, Tate Britain.



THE CONTENTS
İÇİNDEKİLER

1 Editörün Notu / Editors' Note

2 Maan Alsaman — Rising

3 Damla Ballı — The Pieces We Carry

4 Nihal Bayındır — Yara

7 Ayşe Buse Erol — No Sun, No Hope, No Happiness

8 Samed Hıdır — Purloiners

10 Buse Selen Karagül — The Tale of Desponia

12 Orkide Samira Kaya — The Man in the Lake

24 Delphine Manzoor — Open Views for Open Souls

25 Sude Öge — Ölmeden Öğrenmem Gerek

26 Meryem Saliha Özkalp — Dokuz Mayıs

27 Zobia Sabah — A Taste of Her

28 Zobia Sabah — One Starry Night

29 Yağız Sezer — Between Story and Reality

31 Elif K. Turgut — Wreath for a Bridal (Poem Translation)

32 Ayşe Pelin Uçar — Distant Relations

34 Cem Yolaşan — Embers

35 Cem Yolaşan — Eternal

36 Şeyma Yorulmaz — Forgotten Smile

38 Ege Yüzer — A Tangerine Elsewhere

39 Ege Yüzer — Somber Blue

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Readers,

We are honored to announce the fifth issue of LIR Student Journal of English Language and Literature which is a collaborative literary endeavour between three universities, namely Yaşar University, İstanbul Yeni Yüzyıl University and Bolu Abant İzzet Baysal University. This issue contains seventeen works which range from literary essays to poems and sonnets. Through distinct works with diverse creativity, this journal opens a gateway to imagination by different approaches of literature.

While working on the journal, we highly appreciated these works of fiction as they represent the collective imagination that is present in humanities. Reading these works, we ourselves delved into the spacious diversity of literature. While the sonnets took us back to medieval literature with the passion embedded in them, essays brought us to the essence where fiction and reality diverge.

As LIR Journal team, we are grateful to be able to spread the creativity and exertion of our authors and thank them for their contributions which opened new opportunities in our mind to approach creativity and imagination differently. We wish that this effect will be evoked in our esteemed readers as well and hope that you will approach the voices of your own imagination through these works. We are thankful to our dear professors Prof. Dr. C. Günseli İŞÇİ, Assoc. Prof. Olgahan BAKŞİ YALÇIN and Assist. Prof. Evren AKALTUN AKAN in actualizing the publication of this journal.

Sincerely,
Editorial Team of LIR

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Rising

by Maan Alsaman

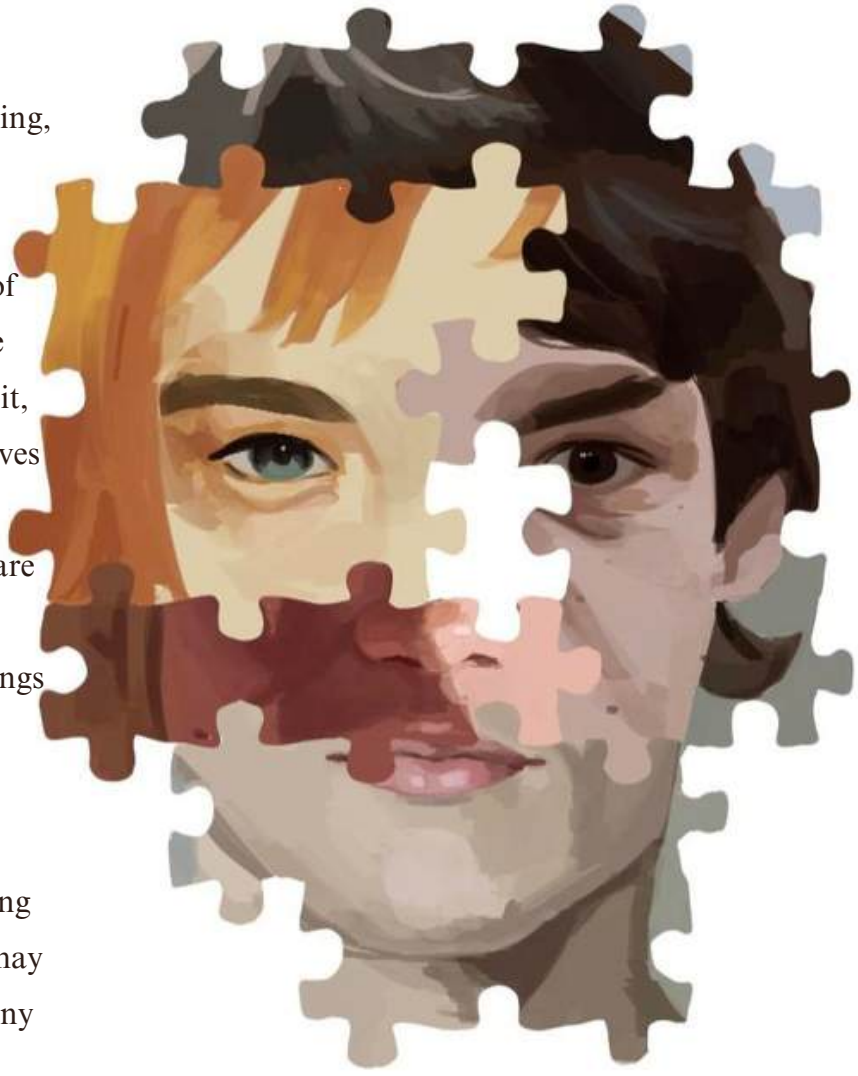
For I am not yours to torment,
And my dreams are mine to grasp.
Judas, says you, come and repent!
Never will a spilled drink run back to the flask!
I never ran, for I was born with chains.
I never asked for light from the comfort of the dark.
Then an angel came and called my name.
Run, my friend, run to the light.
Never did I intend to run,
Never did I look at the sun,
Yet a flame within me burned,
When dreams of past Souls took hold.
They know not what fate foretold.
It is but a Vision, of a broken prison,
My Words fail me, and my heart is full.
Like a phoenix, my soul revived.

The image illustrated by Sude Ataol

The Pieces We Carry

by Damla Ballı

Throughout life, people come and go; it is a natural cycle. Yet we often assume that those who are no longer part of our lives must have been the wrong people for us. Just because they are no longer part of my life doesn't mean they were the wrong person for me; it simply means they were right for a version of me that no longer exists. I believe that anyone who was once in my life was the right person at that moment, maybe they were exactly what I needed at that time. They may have helped me grow, reminded me of something I had forgotten, taught me a lesson, or simply allowed me to feel. The reason can be anything, and we don't always need to search for an answer.



What really matters is that we carry pieces of those people with us, and those pieces shape who we are today. A favourite movie, a habit, the way you drink your coffee, everyone leaves a mark on your life in one way or another, some of these marks are deep, while others are just not visible. And perhaps, even when we lose them, everyone who enters our lives brings us one step closer to ourselves.

In the end, we gain a unique experience and discover a part of ourselves. We must remember that having something means being willing to risk its loss. Even so, knowing it may end one day does not make the experience any less worthwhile, just like life itself.

Fantin-Latour, Henri. White Lillies. 1877, Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

Yara

Nihal Bayındır

Belki de o yarayı yakmak gerekiyordur. Kanamayı durdurmak lazım. Biraz acı da olsa… Ne yaparsam yapayım o kanama durmalı. Başka seçenek yok, daha fazla kan kaybedemem. Üst üste çarpıp acıtmaktansa yakmalı o yarayı. Hem onu yakmak da belki bir şeyler hissetmem konusunda yardımcı olur bana. Özlem ve hasret harici tabi. Değişimin acısını da sayma.

Bugüne ait bir şey hissederim. Yarın için olan değil, geçmişten kalma hiç değil. Tam da şu anın acısını. Unutmamı gerektirmeyecek, ileride utanmayacağım bir acı.

Yaşayacağım ve gidecek. Sonrasında hala iyi bir insan olarak kalacağım. Gerçekliği de sorgulatmaz, kimsenin gözündeki beni de değiştirmez. Sonunda rezil olmayacağım.

Hala bir insan olarak kalacağım.

Acılar hakkında düşünmeden, düz, dümdüz yakmalı bu yarayı. Kanın yanık kokusu varsın sarsın tüm bu odayı, ne olacak ki bana fark etmez. Şu an burada olduğumun kanıtı olur belki.

Düşünme ihtimalleri, unut artık boş ver. Düşünme, yak gitsin. Her şeyi düşündüğün gibi bunu da düşünme. Şu an hiçbirinin bir önemi yok. Onu gerçekten seviyor musun, bu aşk mı, hayranlık mı? Ne önemi var bunların kan kaybetmemen lazım. Ölüyorsun şu an.

Ölüm demişken kanamayı duırdurmasam, yakmasam o yarayı, tek bir öpücük alsam son kez, ölüm sarsa kollarına beni. Ölümden sonraki ihtimallere baksam. Hem hep merak etmişimdir…

Dur düşünme demedim mi ben sana? Bak yine yapıyorsun ne olacak diye düşünme yak o yarayı.

Yara, yara, yara… Harbi nasıl oluştu bu yara? Hiçbir fikrim yok. Acaba yine kendimi mi çimdikliyordum, hayır olamaz onun için fazla büyük. Hem çimdiklenme sonucu oluşmuş yaranın yakıldığı nerede görülmüş. Bir uzvun kopar onu yakman gerekir. Bir görebilsem, görmeme de gerek yok bir hissetsem vücudumu. En son ne zaman bu uyuşukluk harici bir şey hissettim. En son vücudum ne zaman bir şeye tepki verdi. Vücudum da değil, en son ben ne zaman bir tepki verdim?

Önceden çok öfkeli bir insandım. Şimdi ise yaşlı adamlara bile eskisi gibi tepki vermiyorum. Ne oluyor bana. Ben kime dönüşüyorum. Yarayı yaksam düzelir mi her şey? Tekrar ben olabilir miyim?

Yakmam lazım o yarayı. Muhakkak halletmem lazım. Olmaz. Başka şansım yok. Tekrar yaşamak için yakmam lazım.

Bunların hepsi neyin sonucu, bu yara neden oluştu? Yoksa verilen kitapların ağırlığından mı, gidilmeyen terapinin vücudumda oluşan bir yansıması mı, biten çocukluk arkadaşlarının yüküyse ya da her şeyim deyip de büyük bir sessizlikle yavaş yavaş uzaklaştığımo kişinin hasretinden mi oldu bu yara, hayır bir kayıptan kaynaklansa o da hiç sahip olmadığım gençliğim olmaz mıydı?

Bak yine sorgulamaya başladın. Sana bunu yapma diye kaç defa söyledim. Yak hadi ne kaybedersin. Bir yaraya da bağlanacak ona karşı sevgi duyacak değilsin ya. Bunu daha doğru düzgün insanlara karşı bile yapamıyorsun.

Bu yara neden oluştu acaba? Tüm bunlara değecek bir şey miydi? Yine kim bilir neyin bedelini ödüyorum. Neden hala erteliyorsun. Yak o yarayı. Yoksa kan kaybetmek hoşuna mı gidiyor. Kurtulmak istemiyor musun? Nesin sen ucuz bir kahraman mı? Kurtul o yaradan.

Bu yara acaba bastırdığım duygular mı? O kadar mı derine gömdüm ben onları? Arkalarında bu kadar derin bir iz bıraktılar. Yaranın derinliğini nereden biliyorsun ki? Ne hissedebiliyorsun ne de görebiliyorsun. Belki de öyle bir yara yoktur. Nereden biliyorsun? Ya yaşadığın terk edilişlerin yansımasıysa. Hayır saçmalama. Sen de herkesin yaşadığı acıları yaşadın. Abartıyorsun. Her şeyin altında bir anlam arama. Hayat bir metafor değil. Yak gitsin yarayı. Ölüyorsun. Dinle beni. Sorgulama. Abartıyorsun.

Belki de yarın öleceksin.

Peki ya yarın yaşarsam ya yarın da bu hayatta kalırsam? Ya yarın da bu yaranın yanık kokusunu çekersem? Ya yarının acılarına bir de bu yara eklenirse? Ya onun da bedelini ödemek zorunda kalırsam? Ya yaranın da canı yanarsa? Ya söz verdiğin gibi acısız olmazsa?

Tutulmayan ne çok söz var bu dünyada ya da söylenen ne çok yalan. Yapmam gerektiği, olmam gerektiği söylenen ne çok şey vardı şimdi bakıyorum da hiçbirine gerek yokmuş. Hepsi birer yalanmış.

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Bu da onlardan biriyse? Ya yarayı yakmama aslında gerek yoksa ve bu da beni kandıran bir yetişkinin oyunuysa? Gerçi ben de artık bir yetişkinim, küçük çocuk değilim. Baksana büyüdüm, kocaman oldum. Babam kadar büyümedim gerçi ya da annem kadar güzel de olmadım. Yetişkin olunca bunlar olur sanıyordum. Olmadılar.

Ya yetişkin olmak da bir yetişkin yalanıysa?

Boş ver bunları. Konumuz bu değil. Sen sorgulamaya devam edersen bu sefer gerçekten kan kaybından öleceksin. Sus artık. Sus ve yak şu yarayı. Bugün çek şu acıyı. Yarına unutmuş olursun.

Unutamazsan da…

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No Sun No Hope No Happiness

by Ayşe Buse Erol

There is no sun after you.
It even makes me warm and hug as a mother
There is no hope of seeing good days
After you died, I lost all of my hope
I am not happy anymore I am in grief
When you die, I die mentally

I am a living dead after you
They buried me next to you
There is nothing to love anymore.

You were sometimes in my dreams
And I do not want it to be over
Now I am crying, and it is a grief
I even want to lose myself in my dream with you

They say you are dead
But they do not know you live in my heart
Even after you go
I really want to taste death.

Forgive me, I could not do my best for you
But I want you to know
The most beautiful flowers of heaven
Will be held after meeting in heaven



Martin, John. The Great Day of His Wrath. 1851–1853. Oil on canvas, Tate Britain, London.

Purloiners

by Samed Hıdır

Oh, sheer sacred, and thine monoliths;
Darkened are thine demeanours.
Yet plodding is thine labour,
As thou bequeathest me this self-eating bearer.

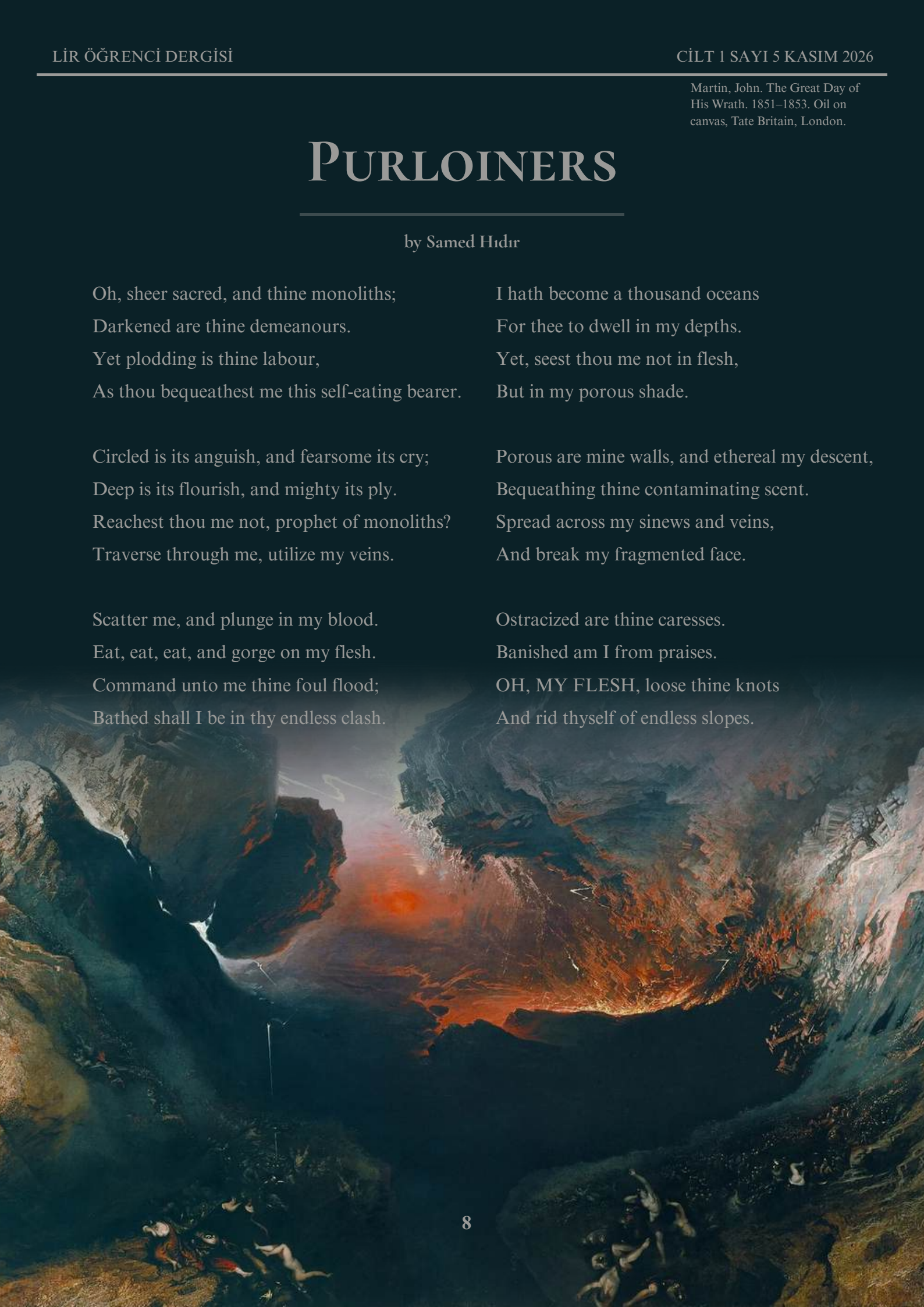
Circled is its anguish, and fearsome its cry;
Deep is its flourish, and mighty its ply.
Reachest thou me not, prophet of monoliths?
Traverse through me, utilize my veins.

Scatter me, and plunge in my blood.
Eat, eat, eat, and gorge on my flesh.
Command unto me thine foul flood;
Bathed shall I be in thy endless clash.

I hath become a thousand oceans
For thee to dwell in my depths.
Yet, seest thou me not in flesh,
But in my porous shade.

Porous are mine walls, and ethereal my descent,
Bequeathing thine contaminating scent.
Spread across my sinews and veins,
And break my fragmented face.

Ostracized are thine caresses.
Banished am I from praises.
OH, MY FLESH, loose thine knots
And rid thyself of endless slopes.



Oh, great riddance! Oh, God of oblivion,
Infiltrate through my inflicted sore;
Inscribe thy name, thy scourge,
And thy face shall be no more.

Oh, margins, become one in the conglomeration
Of cacophony, disarray, and mirthful exacerbation.
Oh, impervious oblivion; rid the soil of its essence,
Lest it expose its unbearable presence.

Why dost thou consume me not, oh black purloiner?
Thou capturest me, yet art eager to flee
To flee from my flesh, yet cling to my very ash.
I would rid myself of thee, yet thou stirrest with me afresh.

Oh, purloiner, is it thou or ye who flinchest at me?
Leave me be, and let me decompose, free.
As free as thee, who from its sheer flesh doth flee,
Betwixt the tangible and thine absence.

Stalled am I, betwixt flesh and shade.
Forever am I people and the shade's prey.
Parade, parade, and my flesh is slain.
Oh, endless parade, so eager to obliterate.

I hath fear of thee no more, purloiner!
Confront me, and erase me utterly.
Rid me of existence, and of thee.
Bequeath me this delusive fecundity.



Friedrich, Caspar David. Winter Landscape. 1811. Oil on canvas, Staatliches Museum Schwerin, Schwerin, Germany.

The Tale of Desponia

by Buse Selen Karagül

When the Goddess of nature gave birth to me all she had in her hands was a pile of undissolving snow.

Without inheriting a single trace of her, snow had no use either to farm or spring. As if fate poured all the prosperity and beauty into Persephone.

She blossomed life, I froze it the moment Goddess of agriculture sprinkled me on that, hoping she would get something in vain. I was not touched again as she had tried or just did not know what to do with a pile of crystals.

It had been centuries, Persephone left to the underworld, and I heard the crack in the soil. No crops grew, no fruit ripened because she was gone. Not me nor other children but she was gone.

I sunk, I blended below to the ground with corpses and once she got her back, I hardened. I got larger, spread to the ground. Humans stared at me, shielded themselves with garments once their feet turned black, but yearned for me when Apollo shone above them in summer. Still, neither Demeter nor Persephone looked at me once. It was just pile of crystals after all, only hardened or enlarged. So, I rose up. I drifted away, and away. I saw forests, I visited deserts, I created tundras as my kind of forest.

I went more, more until I swallowed the whole world. Some call it "Ice age" I call it being complete while gods call it a "Minor Deity rebellion"

Many came with their foes to me Apollo, Ares, Persephone, Demeter.

Apollo shone at me with all his might, blinded with my reflective snow. Ares' warriors froze. Persephone's flowers couldn't bloom while Demeter's trees remained fruitless.

Some were neutral. Hades, my brother-in-law, remained silent as he collected the souls into his land. Poseidon; my father, also ruled his domain, underwater, without a word as he avoided facing the thing he had created. Zeus, spying on me in polar bear form searching for a body that doesn't exist, made Hera follow him with the herd of Mammoths. Nevertheless, he poured his thunder into my land at nights while his daughter, Athena watched everything to create strategies.

Some were allies, managed to find beauties in my domain. Hephaestus forged his craftsmanship dedicated to survival of mortals. Artemis' hunting appreciated more than ever

in barren lands. Aphrodite, saw the cold as a new opportunity make people fall in love more passionately, binding them in harsh conditions. Hestia's fire flickered thicker while mortals snuggled around it more than ever, I could hear her telling how glad she was that families were together, and the snow did not feel cold as it seemed. Dionysus made it his opportunity to create wilder Bacheas, as the wine made mortals blood warmer as it still does make blind Apollo angrier than ever.

And Hermes, sent by Athena, came as a wind conversed with the snow for peace. He gave me a name, gave me a promise.

"Wherever you want to go, I will carry you. Desponia"

I used to be a Cristal but "Desponia" is what I have been called since then.

Not only a name I gained. I formed a body with purple lips, pale, blackened fingers and a deep shade of purple mouth with a pair of white eyes just like a pile of snow. It made Zeus disappointed, but made Hera favor me. She withdrew her Mammoths later, but Zeus remained in the land for other affairs with mortals. Although I made his effort harder.

Since my withdrawal I gained more visitors. I gave Apollo's sight back, back then he remained that way as a punishment for being defeated by a minor deity. It went on that way until his first visit. He came back with his poetry in his hands; claiming being trapped in darkness and cold gave him inspiration. I took poetry as a token of alliance in exchange of his sight. He also rests in some part of my lands for half of a year, only to leave for another half to not melt my snow. If not competing his refined parties with Bacheas.

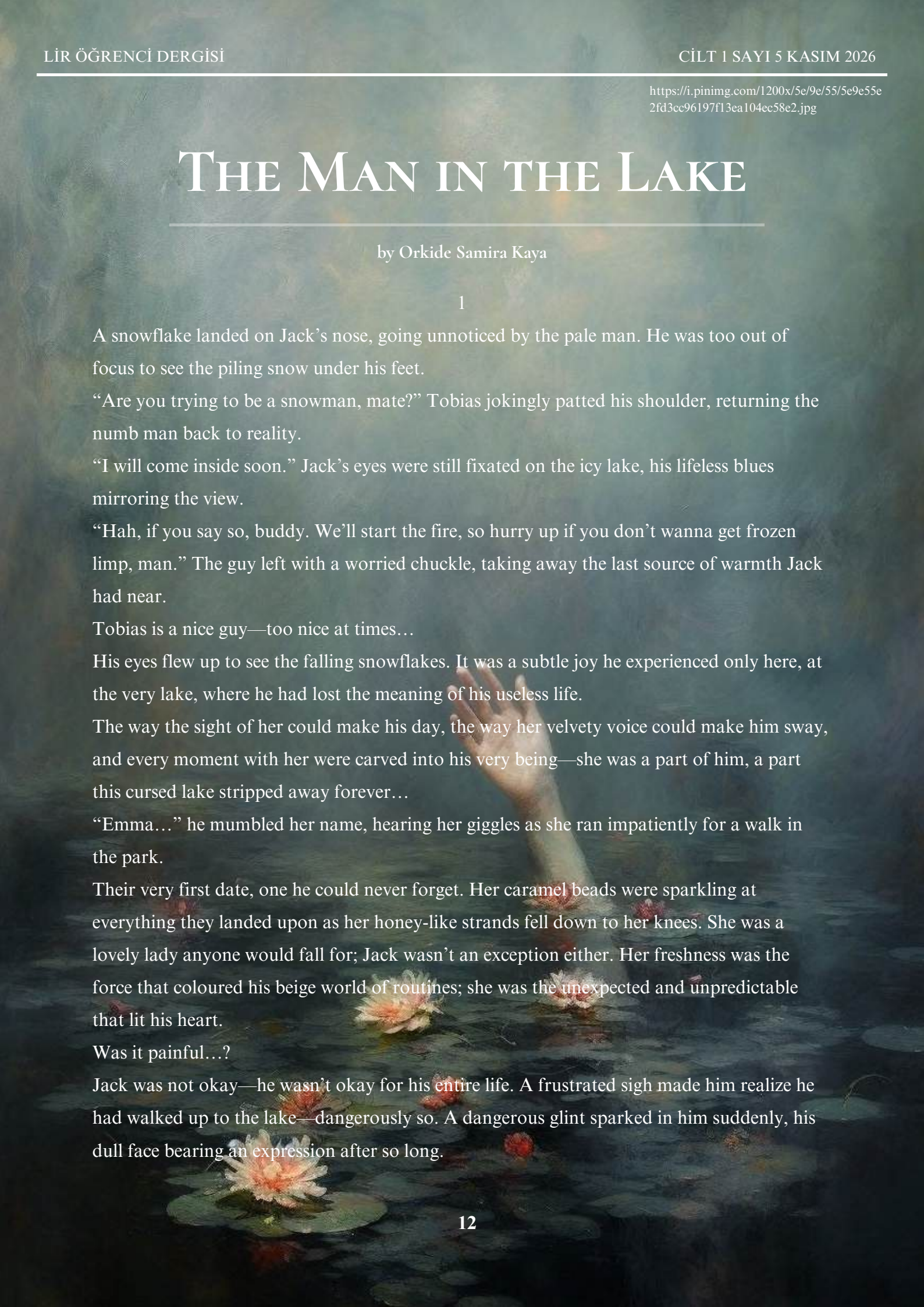
Persephone and Demeter came to scatter few more dense forests and blueberries too without a word. Soon Poseidon’s stallion was around. Sometimes when Ares challenged Athena, she would use my land to seek shelter in exchange for weaving and taught me about the creations of Gods and Titan Wars' history.

Sometimes the roles would reverse. At times there were some events that I had helped him to conceal his affair with Aphrodite because the Goddess of love pleaded it that way.

Sometimes I would help him to cover the corpses with snow when there is nobody to bury his soldiers. In exchange, he gave me dogs that can hunt well. I took care of them with my disciple Khione since they were puppies, until she turned into a cloud by Zeus' order.

Hermes kept his promise and carried me to other lands with his wind. I saw civilizations, misery, wars, hopes, plagues and your dreams little match girl. If you come with me, you will have food to eat, and a warm house to stay around Hestia's fire. We will see everywhere together with wind and train more puppies, so be my daughter.

So, she let go of the last flickering match in her hand and embraced me just like the other children. The children that Hades forgotten for a pair of coins.



https://i.pinimg.com/1200x/5e/9e/55/5e9e55e2fd3cc96197f13ea104ec58e2.jpg

The Man in the Lake

by Orkide Samira Kaya

1

A snowflake landed on Jack's nose, going unnoticed by the pale man. He was too out of focus to see the piling snow under his feet.

"Are you trying to be a snowman, mate?" Tobias jokingly patted his shoulder, returning the numb man back to reality.

"I will come inside soon." Jack's eyes were still fixated on the icy lake, his lifeless blues mirroring the view.

"Hah, if you say so, buddy. We'll start the fire, so hurry up if you don't wanna get frozen limp, man." The guy left with a worried chuckle, taking away the last source of warmth Jack had near.

Tobias is a nice guy—too nice at times…

His eyes flew up to see the falling snowflakes. It was a subtle joy he experienced only here, at the very lake, where he had lost the meaning of his useless life.

The way the sight of her could make his day, the way her velvety voice could make him sway, and every moment with her were carved into his very being—she was a part of him, a part this cursed lake stripped away forever…

"Emma…" he mumbled her name, hearing her giggles as she ran impatiently for a walk in the park.

Their very first date, one he could never forget. Her caramel beads were sparkling at everything they landed upon as her honey-like strands fell down to her knees. She was a lovely lady anyone would fall for; Jack wasn't an exception either. Her freshness was the force that coloured his beige world of routines; she was the unexpected and unpredictable that lit his heart.

Was it painful…?

Jack was not okay—he wasn't okay for his entire life. A frustrated sigh made him realize he had walked up to the lake—dangerously so. A dangerous glint sparked in him suddenly, his dull face bearing an expression after so long.

"Was it not enough?" His throat burned with every spitted word, his tone deepening high.

"Are you not satisfied, hmm? Do you want to swallow me too?!" Jack wasn't making sense—or was he? It was arguable, as a man screaming at a lake couldn't be seen as sane in any way. But wouldn't it be logical if the lake were its enemy—reasonable, no?

Why her? If you weren't going to be full after her, why did you choose her? Why couldn't it have been me instead, you wretched thing!???

A few drops fell down his beard; she was everywhere.

"You shouldn't let it grow much! You will look like a homeless guy soon, honey~" her sweet voice echoed.

His hands caressed his beard, desperately reaching for a connection that showed they were still bonded. The only sign that welcomed him was the little cracks from the frozen lake—the temperature was dropping a bit.

…Does any of it matter now…?

All it took for Jack to act was one impulsive thought, and the next thing he knew, the cracks were swallowing him in—the same way they did to her.

First, the cold water flooded every cell he had, then soon enough his lungs met with it too, and at last he felt his body get lighter—Jack felt his sense of self slip away as his resolve to resist was not near…

2

It was a heavy morning, this one. His black bed-hair drew a chuckle from the blonde beside him.

"What's so funny, huh?" Jack's ears were crimson red, turning away from the chuckling woman.

"My, is someone shy?" She chuckled yet again, making him turn to her with frustration this time.

"Hey, you-!" He was dumbfounded to see her gone—weren't they lying in the bed just now?

"Emma…?" He got up reluctantly from the chair, searching the room up and down.

The apartment—**their** apartment was just as usual, a messy but homey yellow place. As the exhaustion was getting to him, his fingers trembling at the loss of her presence, a chuckle was heard. A cat was scratching the front door—where had it come from? Jack immediately ran to open the door, seeing the blond ready with a blue raincoat on.

"What are you waiting for, silly? Get over here!" Her familiar voice and that sweet giggle, just like velvet and milk—Jack was trying to catch her pace without even a thought of this.

“Emma, wait! The floor must be slippery-!” His hands grabbed the orange raincoat without a thought, running after the woman hurriedly. A swift fall was what he was worried about, not for himself, though. A moment of carelessness caused his heels to jump up to the sky, turning his world upside down as the blue raincoat got blurred outside of his vision. All he heard at the last was the low meows of the white cat.

A meow followed by a shriek made him come to his senses, jolting him up while the darkness around made it eerie.

It was white. Then black. Then—

Wasn’t I just at…?

It was hard to keep things on track; his greys were turning bluer with nervousness, making his heartbeat race. It all halted when he saw a glimpse of a long golden strand; his body instinctively rushed towards it, chasing after it with all it could offer.

“Emma, dear—wait for me!” Jack relentlessly chased; he ran and ran and ran until he lost her—the darkness was no longer enveloping him, but he was too distracted to realize.

“I’m disappointed, darling. Have you always been this incompetent…?” The echoing voice had a tone so indifferent and cruel that Jack couldn’t believe who it belonged to.

“E-Emma, forgive me. I will try to be better—for you!” Sweat formed on his forehead; he started pleading without wasting any second.

“So let me see you, please! You know I cannot bear to be apart from you, dear…” Was this the right answer? Jack wasn’t sure—he only cared to be with his lover; nothing else mattered, not even his pride.

A chuckle was heard again, the same voice, sultry like velvet with spilt milk.

It was white. Then black. Then—

The woman appeared before him with a huge smile, her pink dress and straw hat making it seem like they were in a field—when did they come to the fields again…?

“What are you waiting for, Jacky? Come, let’s catch the cat!” The blonde rushed away yet again, the guy following right behind—she was holding his hand this time.

“What color is the cat you’re looking for?” A sudden determination took him over as his eyes searched every part of the field—there was no cat sticking out.

“Emma, I don’t see any cat—“ he was cut short after feeling the emptiness in his palms; the woman had disappeared yet again.

Jack turned around, seeing nothing but the endless yellow wheat field. Why couldn’t he see them—where were his glasses…?

A chuckle made him turn around; the pink dress made the woman's silhouette visible. The desperate man was about to rush to her side, but then he saw it—there was a black cat near his feet, peacefully sleeping.

I should take it to her.

His was a simple thought; he just bent down and took the kitten in his arms, but when he looked up, everything had changed again. The woman stood right in front of him, with no regard for his personal space; her eyes looked ready to pop out of their places as they glitched.

"Why did you do this, Jack? Why did you do this?!" A jittery voice made his ears bleed; he dropped the kitten with the sudden scare.

"E-Emma, what are you—?" A loud scream overtook his senses when he gazed down; it was a sticky red. The cat was no more as the blood spread everywhere—it wasn't actually blood, was it?

Jack backed away quickly, his eyes searching for the dropped kitten. The blood rose little by little as he anxiously threw himself down to the floor—he had to find the cat just like she wanted him to do, of course.

He searched, but to no avail; all he gained was the sticky red liquid leeching onto him, enveloping his being with every bit of movement.

I have to find the cat; she was just so excited for it. She will be happy if I find it—**sHe WiLl CoMe baCK tO mE…**

"Jacky, over here~" A ghostly voice whispers in his ear, pointing his head up. Jack feels his air decreasing as the metallic scent fills his nostrils—both its scent and the thing itself.

"The cat… I have to find the cat…" The liquid swallows him whole, his senses getting eaten away with each passing second.

It was white. Then black. Then—

"Sleepy-head, are you trying to bore me to death?" This familiar sensation made the guy spring up from the woman's lap—he knew this day was coming.

Her smile outshines the sun.

His pale, bony hands moved up to caress her cheek. Her outfit was the same one from years ago—the one she wore at their second meeting and the very first date. His fingers trailed down to her braids, twirling the tips as her gaze warmed him.

"Jack.." she whispered softly, "Where is **my** cat…?" A great fear fell upon him.

When Jack looked up to explain, he was met with empty red sockets, causing him to pause. The woman continued shouting the same words again and again—she only stopped after a while to push Jack off. With a loud thud, he was met with the ground a second time, his vision spun as he tried to get up.

“Damn it, Emma-?!” He reached ahead only to grab a stack of air, seeing the woman no longer near.

It was white. Then black. Then—

The black-haired man caressed his head and looked around the city. The orange raincoat was still in his grasp. He stood up and looked around, following the meek meowing sound. He walked and walked and walked, going through a huge series of streets. It was all over when he saw the blonde run into him at a turn; she looked up, as happy as ever to him—she must still adore him…

“Emma! Where have you been? “ Jack was interrupted with a shake.

“Jack, where is my cat…?” The woman grew lifeless again, her eyes open at full view.

Then a meow came from behind Jack; he turned around to find the cat, soaked in its own blood. He quickly looked to Emma, holding her hands.

“I-It wasn’t me!?” He exclaimed hopelessly.

“The guilty doesn’t always need to be the one holding the knife…” The woman pushed him off into the puddle harshly, letting Jack drown deep in the cat’s sufferings.

It was white. Then black. Then—

…. Isn’t it done…?

Jack opened his heavy eyelids; it was a heavy morning. His black, messy bed-hair made her chuckle; the love of his life was lying right next to him.

“Morning, handsome. Slept good? You were murmuring in your sleep…” Her warm hands caressed his hair, making the guy nuzzle his head into her way with habit.

“…I missed you…” The sense of peace he craved was tasted once again. Jack became sure of it now—He needed her for sure!

“Wow, are you in love with me or something?” She asked with a chuckle.

“Did you have any suspicions, love?” He chuckled along, oblivious to the change in her demeanour. Her hands suddenly stopped, her warmth vanishing away.

“…Then why didn’t you save the cat, Jacky?” Jack backed away fast, taking in the unusual appearance of his lover.

Since when was she made of wood…?

Jack felt like he was losing it. Maybe there was a way to get her back to normal. Just as he was about to speak, a meow cut him off. He halted immediately and looked around. He got up and searched the bed and the room, but found no trace of the cat. The endless meowing was coming from the bed. He had searched everywhere and anywhere—so why was this annoying thing not stopping?!

"Damn you!…" He huffed and gazed at the wooden doll—wasn't his lover in its place before?

Jack closed in on the realistic thing; it was as lifeless as a wooden thing could be. The meowing intensified as he got closer to the doll.

Is it coming from the…?

Jack put his ear to the torso of the thing, his eyes becoming unfocused as he naturally grabbed the tiny knife on the bedside table. He carefully took off the clothes and started carving—he didn't stop even when the blood pouring from it stained his hands. He carved and carved and carved. However, when he was trying to save the cat, he had carved it too deeply, and now the cat was dead…

"Oh…" He let the knife drop and took the kitten in his hands, cradling it with a gentle lullaby.

As he rocked it back and forth, the warmth of the kitten had gone whoosh. Jack stopped then too, letting the cat drop to the floor as he looked up, horrified—the wooden doll was wooden no more.

"E-Emma….?" He couldn't believe his eyes. In front of him was the love of his life, yet she stood there with a hole in her body, blood flooding the bed.

"Oh no, it will soak the bed…" Jack hurried to gather the flowing blood and attempted to put it back into her, his pointless action only causing his clothes to be dyed red.

He relentlessly did it again and again until the blood was flowing no more; he had soaked it all.

"Pathetic…" The sweet voice echoed, ringing close. Jack got up and followed it with no look spared for the bloody scene behind.

It was white. Then black. Then—

"Emma, let me find you!" He rushed into the rainy streets once more, looking around the place for a blue coat.

He ran and ran and ran to the voice, halting as he saw a woman with a blue raincoat in the crowded street. He rushed to hold her arm.

“Emma, I found you!” He shouted with a big smile. However, the one he got hold of was just a wooden puppet instead.

“It didn’t have to be me, did it?” A pair of fragile hands took hold of his shoulders, pushing him down with a frown. “I was just the unlucky one with the blue coat.” Jack saw her red raincoat as he was buried down to the ground.

It was white. Then black. Then—

He got up coughing; all his limbs felt numb, but his consciousness was intact. He stood up from the snow pile and dusted himself off, then went back inside the shack.

“Buddy! You finally came inside—I’m glad.” The familiar warmth of the friendly guy eased him.

“Not to worry—I just got lost in my thoughts, buddy.” Jack sat beside Tobias, taking in his familiar comfort. His yellow jacket and hat made his brownish flesh seem even warmer. Jack always envied how he could seem so cool yet sweet at the same time.

They chatted like every other day, about casual topics that were part of the routine. Jack was laughing along with his friend until he heard a sharp meow—why was there a live cat? He got up quickly and went up to the second floor of the shack, leaving the confused guy behind. He went into the bathroom, hearing the lively meowing coming from the tub. He went inside and locked the door, bending to pick up the kitten.

“Come here, beautiful.” Jack held it in both hands with an abnormally wide grin.

He grasped both sides of its neck and slowly tightened it, waiting for its shrieks to die out as the struggle died down, just like his smile. He turned left, only to be met by the mirror, horror taking over as he saw her behind him, looming over the cat. Panic overflowed and made him halt; the door opened just then, and the other guy came in with a surprised gasp.

“Ah, sorry mate, the lock must be broken—what did you do Jack…?” The guy backed away frantically, running away without a thought.

“Wait—I can explain…!” Jack threw the cat aside and went after the guy, running until he saw how his friend was about to exit the shack.

With the spin of the moment, Jack took the nearest heavy thing—a golden award and slammed it right onto the back of his head. He stood before him, out of breath and waiting for the blood to finish spilling out.

“…Gold suits you,…buddy.” Jack calmly put the golden award next to the guy’s head and went out of the shack, walking aimlessly until he reached the lake.

He stood before it yet again, refusing to get nearer this time as he spun around to walk the opposite way. He walked and walked and walked, the snow piled up to the point it was hard

to see his legs, let alone feel them. As he saw a white cat get closer, his vision blurred—his body getting into the deep piles of snowflakes.

It was white. Then black. Then—

"What is it?" Jack woke up in pain; his body was still cold but not as numb as before. The strange warmth on his right hand made him sit up. The black cat was licking him to keep him warm, from the looks of it.

He reached out to it and started petting it, eventually deciding to put it into his jacket to keep it warm for now. He petted it occasionally, talking to it despite knowing he wouldn't get any answer.

It was white. Then black. Then—

As he was lost in the talking, he saw the forest ahead—the setting had changed all of a sudden, yet again…

Jack looked up at the stars to see them brown—was this even possible? He sat down on the grass, put the kitten next to him, and lay down to watch the stars. As time went on, he felt his eyes grow heavy, sleep embracing him slowly…

"LIAR!!!" A loud roar shot him awake; his head ached.

"Where did it go?" Jack got up to search for the cat, walking up to see some tracks going into the deep forest.

He followed the cat prints down to a cave—was it wise to go in right away? He shrugged and went inside, seeing a box in the middle of the small, dim cave. He went over to the box, picked it up, and shook it violently. He then saw a note on the front.

"Do not eat it!"

The note clearly intrigued him, so he wanted to open the box, yet the lid didn't budge. He shook it again, but no voice nor any movement was evident.

Shall I eat it…?

Jack was about to take a bite of the corner of the box, but was stopped by a woman stealing the box away. It was **her**; she had come back to **him**.

"Emma!" He excitedly jumped on her yet again, but it went puff and disappeared.

"Aren't you tired of this, Jack?" A melodically stripped voice irked him; he wanted to grab it and never let go.

"Never! How can I get tired of the one I love?" He lovingly went deeper into the cave and saw her caramel hues—were they always this greenish…?

"Then do it." She shoved the box back to him; this time, the box was heavier.

Jack was puzzled. He shook the box again, and… it was definitely NOT empty. What did she

mean for him to do? Was it…? Jack didn't waste a second and put the box down, pressing it flat as light meows trimmed his ears—the shrieks echoing all over the cave weren't helpful either. He pressed it down, feeling its wetness, making his best not to see the source of the liquid or its identity. He looked once more to the left and saw her, turning his back to her as he started chomping down on the box.

Nothing is certain, and I will never know what's inside unless I take off the lid—I made sure not to open it. There is nothing inside. There is nothing inside. There is nothing inside. I'm fine, I'm fine. I'm fine.

The eating process was not pleasant at all—the fur always got in the way…

"I trusted you…!" The woman vanished, and Jack sprinted to where she stood, but saw nothing more than her lingering shadow.

He was about to run when black and white hands grabbed him, pulling him up to someplace else.

3

It was white. Then black. Then—

Jack opened his eyes. He was back to the first date he had with Emma, but… was that **thing** really her…?

"I should stop meaningless thoughts…" he got up, tying up his now lengthy hair into a bun. This place seemed very different now. It was still sunny, but no different from any other day; they were in nature, but no particular sense of ease was there, and most important of all, there was Emma—**but was she really here?**

Jack fumbled, trying his best to form a sentence that made this whole thing clear—he had failed.

"Jacky, are you upset with me?" The angelic voice almost soothed him, his muscles relaxing involuntarily.

"No, Emma—no. How could I ever be upset with you…?" He let her hands cradle his face; the anxious thoughts were no longer here.

He lay down on her lap once more; there was no thinking—as it should have been. He closed his eyes and let her pour all she had into him; there wasn't a day he disliked stealing her light.

"You sadden me a lot, honey. Didn't I tell no to beards?" A strict yet soft tone scolded him; a playful grin made its way up to his lips.

"Sorry, dear. I will get rid of the problem right away!" He got up with a chuckle, eyes still closed shut as he took a knife out of his left inner pocket.

He delicately moved the knife up and down, the fallen hairs piling up—why wasn't there an

end? Jack began fastening his pace, the movements becoming harsher as the hair pile grew—were his hands drenched in sweat…?

"Jack—STOP!" A hand grabbed the knife, angering the guy as he harshly shook it off with a sweep of the blade.

It had gotten silent now; there was no disturbance any longer. The farther meowing jolted his lids open; the world had gotten clearer now—there was no hair left to shave either.

The problem is gone, it seems…

Jack stood up slowly, leaving the **wet** pile of hair behind—was there something left inside…?

"Where is the cat? Where is it…" He was in a trance; the meowing came from every side; the knife in his clenched grasp was the only pressing matter keeping him sane.

He continued mumbling the same thing over and over, his body growing more haggard with each step he took. He was in a hazy state, only caring about finding the cat—that damn black cat.

It was white. Then black. Then—

A sudden tug turned his attention near; he was in a very long staircase, almost halfway up the steps. He turned back to see the crying woman holding onto him; the rest of the steps he had walked before were crumbling as she struggled to stand balanced.

"Jack, I'm scared. Help me…!" The familiar yet distorted voice held him tighter, this thrilling game driving him to test his limits.

…Is this a dream—if so…?

The black-haired man turned to her with a chilling grin; he had missed seeing her face this realistic after her unfortunate loss.

"I love you, Emma. You know it, don't you?" He kicked the woman down to the pitch-black nothingness, turning away and going up fast to the source of the meowing.

He saw light at the end of the long stairs; the steps grew heavier, and his vision stung. Jack wasn't a quitter, though; he knew how to get the job done. As he was taking the last step and entering the light corridor, a pair of dark limbs latched onto him, pulling him down to the abyss. Jack tried crawling up; he used all his might to reach the cat, but to no avail—the meowing had already stopped, as there was no cat there.

"Useless…" He let himself get swallowed by the deep darkness, the silence embracing him with its numbness. Only the bloody knife had gotten inside, licked clean soon after.

It was white. Then black. Then—

It is wet…

His eyes opened, and the cat was licking his nose on top of him now, its white fur contrasting

with the deep darkness around. They were in a pit for sure, but Jack wondered how squishy the dark could be. He picked up the cat and put it inside his coat, into the left inner pocket.
“Hello there, beautiful. You are such a chore—you know that?” He petted the lovely kitten; it eased him to reunite with his warmth.
The cat nuzzled against his chest, pointing its head to the brown door beside. Jack’s grey blues turned up, going up to the door, only to realize there was no knob. His eyes searched the cat’s; they stared at each other in silence for quite a while until it was disrupted by the man’s sigh.
“If you say so.” He took the cat out, kissed it affectionately, and twisted its neck with a swift move. Then he opened its mouth, putting his hand in as he searched for the doorknob.
The golden knob shone brightly as Jack took it out, putting the white cat carefully on the ground. Then he forced the knob in, turning it to the right—the click was as satisfying as it was in the past.
“Jacky?” Emma looked at the man inside the lilac room. There were swarms of plants and animals happily running around the garden.
Jack looked back only to be met with a wall; there was no door anymore—where was the blood oozing from then?
“Emma…?” He reluctantly closed in, sitting on the seat she gestured to—the one far away.
“It has been a long time, dear. You seem worse than when I left you.” She took a sip of her dark tea, the peaceful atmosphere of the lively garden suiting her lovely browns.
“…We didn’t break up—that doesn’t count.” He took his teacup too, holding it only for its warmth.
Emma chuckled mockingly, her eyes squinting as she forced herself to look at the trash of a guy. Jack flinched under her gaze, never stopping himself from focusing on her only. Emma sipped her tea; Jack didn’t dare to drink the dark red liquid—it had too much of a fruity scent for him.
“I couldn’t find it. Sorry.” Jack mumbled, guilt washing over him as the air around him grew heavy.
“…Did you mess up again, darling? What’s the matter?” Emma got up to hold his hands quickly; her worry always seemed sincere as much as Jack remembered—so why did it seem like nonsense now?
“I-I couldn’t find the cat. It managed to get away, you know?” He deliberately avoided eye contact, something he had never dared to do.
“But, dear—“ her slender arms wrapped around him, squishing his body to its brink.

"You had no cat to begin with." A slight push was all it took for the man to fall down, the lilac walls going dark purple as he fell inside, the last blue there remaining. Emma looked down at him with no feelings remaining. Jack wished to relive this moment forever…

He woke up; there wasn't anything unusual, except that he had dozed off looking at the lake. He sat up, looming over the sleeping cat on his lap. The black cat was sleeping peacefully, purring in its sleep as Jack held it up by the nape, stirring it awake.

"It's all because of you—it's always because of you!" He was about to throw the cat into the lake, trying to cut it off from its life. His arms halted every time he tried to do so.

The cat looked at him, its blue eyes peering right into his soul as it tried to reach for his coat. Anger took a toll on him; his energy was beginning to dissipate.

Why can't I get rid of you…?

He put the cat down, allowing it to crawl into the left side of his coat. A sigh escaped his chapped lips as he focused on the lake again—was it really cursed?

"No way…" he weakly laughed, his fingers tracing the shallow cracks on the ice.

A meow took him out of his trance; the cat was scratching the ice—was it Tobias he heard just now…? He didn't have time to think about it as the cat jumped into the cracks, pulling Jack as his world had gone watery yet again…

4

"Jack! Jack, buddy—hold on!" A familiar voice shook him awake.

Where are my hands…?

A lot of noise and a bunch of blurry figures were all he could see; only one of them he could see—Emma was standing away with a white cat in her arms, muttering something silently.

"E-Emma…" Jack reached out to her weakly, seeing her silhouette leave with a ghostly smile.

Nobody was worth focusing on except him, yet something made him turn the other way; there was another warmth that pulled him—where was his black cat? …

He woke up in a hospital bed the next time; Tobias and some other people he knew were visiting him with concern for his state—he had almost died.

"How long was I in there…?" The yellow walls sickened him to death, his messy black hair longer than ever. Somehow, Jack couldn't remember that soothing scent anymore.

"It had been five minutes at most, Jack. You would have died for real if it were a bit more, mate!" Tobias sat next to him, his familiar mustache seeming as tidy as ever.

"It feels like I've wasted an entire lifetime there, though." Jack chuckled, blurring out his friend's endless scolding as his hand went up to touch his beard out of habit—when did he shave again…?



Friedrich, Caspar David. Wanderer above the Sea of Fog. c. 1817. Oil on canvas, Hamburger Kunsthalle, Hamburg, Germany.

Open Views for Open Souls

by Delphine Manzoor

Life is not a destination; it's a journey of cultivation, evaluation, and Deformation
The more you do, the more you dwell
The quicker you fall, the faster you forget
Life is not a race to beat; it's a step-by-step journey to meet.
We often forget the cause and expect applause
What if we serve the cause and get a reward?
We are living in a materialistic World, looking for fame in the name of game
If you know how to play, then you will be paid
Modesty is rushing and gambling in heads
Killing eternity and gelling insanity
Underneath, hiding fear to face reality
Fearlessly going through
The cave of mystery and lacking morality

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Ölmeden Öğrenmem Gerek

Sude Öge

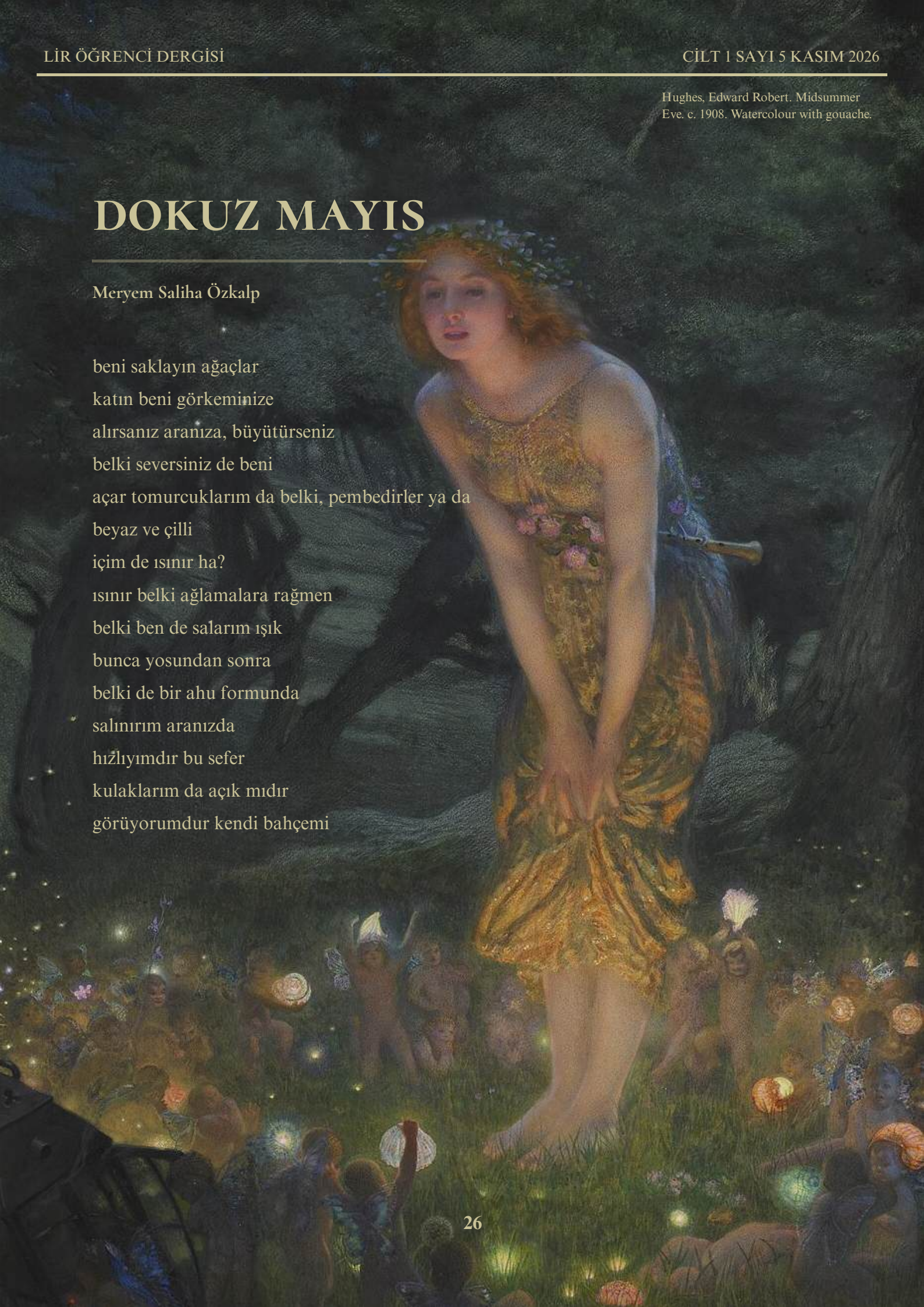
Bitki olmalıydım sizin için;
Sağlam bi' tanesi,
Su dışında başka bir şey istemeyen.
Belki arada güzelce çiçekler açan bir bitki...
Güzelliğimi takdir edin diye.

Bi' bitki olmalıyım meyve veren;
Sıkıcı olmamalı tadı ki vazgeçmeyin.
Sebze versem ailenize dağıtırdınız,
E onlar da takdir ederdi beni.
Övünürdünüz benimle:
"Bakın bitkime, ne güzel sebze veriyor;
Hem çok iş de istemiyor."

Bir gün sulamayı unuturdunuz,
Yaşardım yine...
İki gün, bir hafta, BİR ay;
Bir sene, ÜÇ sene.
Kururdum sonunda
Canlandırmayı da denemezdiniz
“Beceremezdiniz” de çünkü
Tek isteğim su olmasına rağmen,
Güneşli yerlerde bırakmaz,
Yerimi yadırgatırdınız.
Düzgün ellerde büyütülemezdim,
Çiçek açamazdım.

Bence bi' kaktüs olmalıydım;
Meyve sebze vermeyen ama
İsterse arada güzel minik çiçekler açan
Sizin acımasızlığınızdan, kabalığınızdan,
Bir hayata, bir bitkinin bile hayatına olan
saygısızlığınızdan
ölmezdim.





Hughes, Edward Robert. Midsummer Eve. c. 1908. Watercolour with gouache.

DOKUZ MAYIS

Meryem Saliha Özkalp

beni saklayın ağaçlar
katın beni görkeminize
alırsanız aranıza, büyütürseniz
belki seversiniz de beni
açar tomurcuklarım da belki, pembedirler ya da
beyaz ve çilli
içim de ısınır ha?
ısınır belki ağlamalara rağmen
belki ben de salarım ışık
bunca yosundan sonra
belki de bir ahu formunda
salınırım aranızda
hızlıyımdır bu sefer
kulaklarım da açık mıdır
görüyorumdur kendi bahçemi

https://i.pinimg.com/736x/f8/b3/39/f8b3398a0bd11299ee38a63d5c6bf4ef.jpg

A Taste of Her

by Zobia Sabah

She is a bitter delight,
That no one could taste,
But they all crave;
They wanted the lesser flavour,
A sweeter delight,
That caused no twitch of eye.

One taste of hers,
Circling through generations,
They mixed her with sweet,
To experience a balanced flavour;
Though after everything,
Her essence remained bitter.

She was defined a queer thing!
An absurd puzzle;
Her mind had infinite thoughts,
That they couldn't read;
A fear rushed among many lives,
A fear of being no one to her.

Strange! So strange
How wealth blurred her vision,
Though when the birds sang,
Her spirits opened up,
And she moved with the wind,
In a senseless trance!

Could no one understand her purity?
She was a wild dove in a lake full of ravens,
Though sometimes she danced like a swan,
Her twirls appeared on paper,
Covered in ink of a feathery object,
Held carefully in her delicate hands.

She was a bitter delight,
That no one had tasted,
Yet they all craved;
They wanted the lesser flavour,
Or a sweeter delight!
Though it caused a thousand twitches of eyes.

Tan, Loke Kun. “The Large Cloud of Magellan.” Astronomy Picture of the Day, NASA, 2 Sept. 2004. NASA.

One Starry Night

by Zobia Sabah

It is a starry night!
Oh after a long day;
My eyes wander for a time,
A time dedicated to me

As I pour the coffee beans,
The sugar invites itself.
I let go of condensed milk,
Because I want the bitter delight.

As I stir the mix,
I give it a golden shine.
Together the milk & beans,
Make the day, my day.

I am here to try something new,
I have hazelnuts' crumbs to tranquil me.
Someone told me this voice is not mine,
Yet I am determined to do fine.

"You make my heart crumble",
The rich sweet cookies does say & do,
And I continue to enjoy,
This starry-sweet delight.

If this is not me I don't know -
What else is me when I have these two.
They call it abstract, I -
I call it profound truth.
I'll continue to shine,
Lyrically and rightly.

The coffee is still there,
And it calls me too dear.
I'd leave this blank page,
Which could go on.

I conclude a truth that's mine,
These syllables are mind and only mine.
I'll do what I want to do,
Both lyrically and in life.

https://i.pinimg.com/736x/e5/59/aa/e559aa1b7aa27b099689e266b3854c4f.jpg

Between Story and Reality

by Yağız Sezer

Everyone loves a good story; we read, listen to, or even watch some stories unfold, and lose ourselves in the process. A good story can easily pull someone out of their own world and take them on a once-in-a-lifetime journey.

Such magical experiences do not need to take place in a high-fantasy setting or in some grand space opera; they can be in a grounded plot in our own world, or a simple children's story. There can be different arguments about why it happens; some may say that it is good old escapism from the problems of our daily life, or some people can counter with the idea that we do not escape from our life or ourselves but find in those stories something we carry in ourselves, a part of us. Which one is true?

Personally, I have a different stance. I believe we adore good stories not to escape reality or to find a part of us in them, but because stories are what build us in the first place. Both individual and collective identities are constructed with good stories, and we crave them.

Walter Lippmann, in his book Public Opinion, defines a term called pseudo-environment. "The only feeling people can have about an event they have not yet experienced is the feeling that arises from their mental image of that event" (58; my trans.). It is described as a false image in a third party's mind by an intermediary, regarding a place or event. Since no one can experience everything that happens all around the world firsthand, we need to hear and learn about it from someone, generally from the news. Those images, whether voluntarily or involuntarily, will carry the biases and thoughts of the intermediary, so when the image is filtered into the third party, it is already biased, and the image will be even more altered when he processes it with his own beliefs and existing stereotypes.

Lippmann's term is a great way to explain that something can be perceived as a truth even if it is only a fraction of the truth. Good enough storytelling creates a new reality in people's heads. Just like the example of pseudo-environment, people get affected when they are exposed to other types of stories; they do not need to be news; they can be folk stories or even an ideology they absorb

Lippmann provides a structure that helps us observe how stories create ideas and personalities in the form of what they advocate. A personality, a trait or a belief is not the only thing that can be gained. Good stories can also serve as founding myths, which are usually used to describe a story or a saga that is seen as the formation point of a social group. These stories may very well serve as a glue that holds the individual together and forms a social contract with them, with the idea of a shared story between them. Founding myths are vital to creating and keeping a group together; they provide the same story to a large audience, and they serve not only as a legitimiser but also as a common starting point for the group and individuals.

None of these stories needs to be true as a whole; their reality is not based on objectivity but on how much they find a place in the hearts of people and how much they can redefine them. No matter how those stories come to be, their reality depends on a collective acceptance of the population; as long as it is accepted, it continues to be the reality.

In the end, I believe we as humans are built by good stories; they offer us leisure, rest, maybe a bit of escapism, but most importantly, a self we did not yet know we could become.

*Lippmann, Walter. Kamuoyu. Translation edited by Orhun Doğuş Yılmaz, Kabalcı, 2020.



Rossetti, Dante Gabriel. The Beloved (The Bride). 1865–1866. Oil on canvas, Tate, London, United Kingdom.

Bir Gelin İçin Çelenk

Sylvia Plath – Wreath for a Bridal: Türkçe Çeviri

Elif K. Turgut

Yeşil yapraklar tanıklık etse ne çıkar,
Ancak bir kez yapılan böylesi bir ahde;
Ne fark eder, baykuşun sesi tek "evet" olsa da,
İnekler alçaktan böğürerek onaylarken bizi;
Bırakın, parlaklık kuşanmış güneş ayakta dursun
Övmek için bu eşleşenleri,
Gelecek tüm şansları birleştiren o yalın eylemi.

Gün boyu ısırgan otlu manastırlarına uzanmış,
Yatıyorlar öylece; biçilmiş çimenler saldırırken
Tüm duygularına o keskin kokusuyla;
Öyle bir çift ki, sadakatin saf timsalleri,
Bu ikili savaştan tek bir varlık çıkarıyorlar.
Şimdi, kuşkuları savuşturmak için bir kutsal söz söyleyin,
Aşkın has şapelinde kurulan bu izdivaç için.

Tüm tetikteki muzaffer kuşları çağırın buraya,
Dallardan örülü koridorları şenlendirsinler;
Hayvanların o uğultulu dillerini bir koroda birleştirin:
"Bakın!" desinler, "Nasıl da kanat çırpışlarıyla
Onur nöbeti tutuyorlar bunların üzerinde!"
Sözcüklerle yıldızlanmış gece, kutsasın o şansla köklenmiş
Yonca çayırını; melekler gibi yatan o ikisinin
Tek bir ateşte yanıp kül olduğu yerde.

Bu kutsal günden müteakiben, savrulan o çiçek tozları
Öyle nadir bir tohum serpecek ki rüzgâra;
Döllenen her nefes, toprağı meyveye, çiçeğe,
Ve dünyanın en güzel çocuklarına boğacak;
Ejderha dişlerinden doğan o dölü yok etmek için:
İşte bu sözü vererek, örülsün et tırnağa,
Ve buradan sonra atılan her adım efsaneleşsin.

https://tr.pinterest.com/pin/1095219203157863950/

Distant Relations

by Ayşe Pelin Uçar

His first sight was so unaware and content
that even the birds were singing for them.
The breeze was softer than his heart
as he was about to play his part.
He treated her kindly,
but her gaze guided him even more wisely.

Füsun approached Kemal, investigating his intention.
By looking only at his smile,
she had already given her heart to his affection.
The distant attitude between them was fading as the time passed,
but the notion in their minds became persistent and held fast.

In the dusty room, Füsun was carrying her childhood,
while Kemal was betraying the years
he had spent with the love of his life.
So Fusün needed to wake up to see that she was the knife
stabbing a togetherness with her unconsciousness.

The favorless love became a lie, a fear, and a butterfly.
She was carrying the butterfly on her ears
As soon as people found out the forbidden love,
her earrings fell off her ears,
and she shed the tears.

Kemal kept the butterflies
Until the day he saw her denial
Denying that she no longer loved him.
Kemal came to see Füsun every single day,
Passing through the gates
Gates that Füsun had already slammed to his face.

Kemal ultimately confronted her in death,
But Füsun trusted his faith.
The love of betrayal became the death of both of them
except that the love had only killed Füsun back then.

So the regret came and found Kemal in his deathbed.
He kept Fusün in his mind, even though she was dead.
He said that he had lived a good life,
but with that being said,
A lifetime of a young woman
turned into a wreck.



Bosch, Hieronymus. The Garden of Earthly Delights. c. 1490–1500. Oil on oak panel, Museo Nacional del Prado, Madrid, Spain.

Embers

by Cem Yolaşan

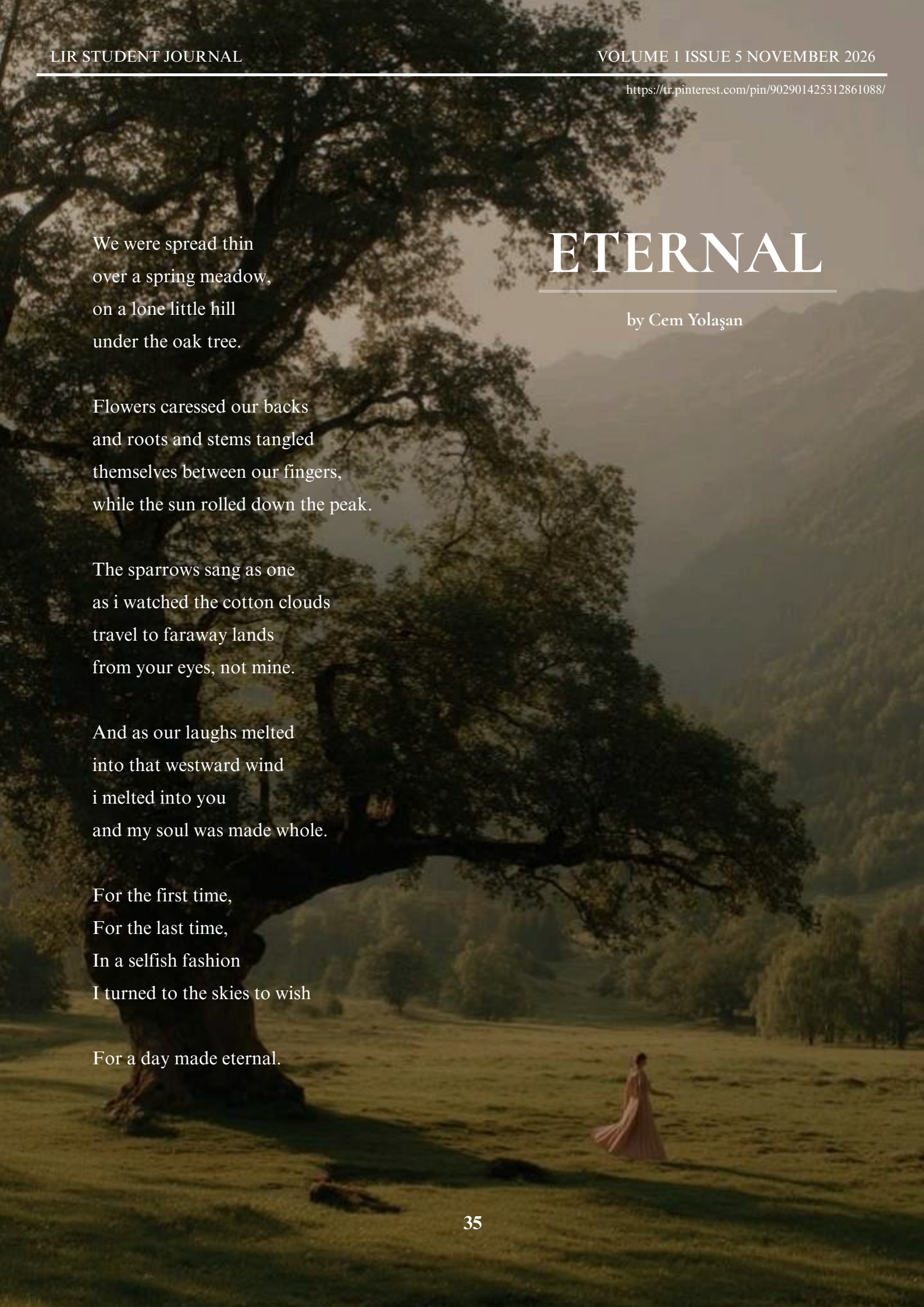
I burned myself a thousand times over,
crawling into embers of communion.
Lost in the daylight, found in a bonfire
common in the crowd, but one in a million.

Who is the one to say
that joy is the truth of life?
And who is one to say, nay
reality is the tip of a knife.

Aye! The same thing that binds
also chokes the light out
of freezing men on cold nights
that are losing an eternal bout.

Crushed under their sins,
they hear voices from the dark,
Their body shatters and sinks
and the doubt finds its mark.

It is the sweetest calling.
that is crying and screaming "Rejoice!“
For the sins that you're carrying,
are the ones of your own making!



https://tr.pinterest.com/pin/902901425312861088/

ETERNAL

by Cem Yolaşan

We were spread thin
over a spring meadow,
on a lone little hill
under the oak tree.

Flowers caressed our backs
and roots and stems tangled
themselves between our fingers,
while the sun rolled down the peak.

The sparrows sang as one
as i watched the cotton clouds
travel to faraway lands
from your eyes, not mine.

And as our laughs melted
into that westward wind
i melted into you
and my soul was made whole.

For the first time,
For the last time,
In a selfish fashion
I turned to the skies to wish

For a day made eternal.



Leonardo da Vinci. Mona Lisa (La Gioconda). c. 1503–1519. Oil on poplar panel, Musée du Louvre, Paris, France.

Forgotten Smile

by Şeyma Yorulmaz

The Giocondo family's house in Florence was a place Leonardo visited often because of his new job. The house was very big and beautiful, almost like a royal palace. A servant opened the door and told Leonardo he would be called soon. The room where he waited was very fancy, and Leonardo felt a little uncomfortable.

"In this much luxury, a person's soul feels trapped. This is not a place for art, but for pride," Leonardo thought.

Inside, he heard the voice of Francesco di Bartolomeo del Giocondo. The merchant spoke to his servants in a mocking way. When the servant called Leonardo to the study, Giocondo looked at him closely, as if he had to accept him.

"My wife will soon have our second child," Giocondo said. "I want you to paint her portrait. You know I am a well-known and respected merchant in Italy. I hope you will not make me look bad, right?"

Leonardo felt the pride hidden in these words. He thought, "Painting for you feels more like a burden than an honor." But he only said, "Of course."

At that moment, Lisa entered. She looked simple and modest, making the fancy room seem less important. She smiled a little, but her eyes showed both shyness and deep curiosity. Leonardo put his brush down on the table and asked her, "Are you ready for the portrait?" Lisa nodded and sat down. Francesco left the room, and the first pose began.

Leonardo fixed the light and touched his brush to the canvas, but he never stopped looking at Lisa. Her mysterious smile suggested she was hiding sadness and silence within. The shyness in her eyes, the soft smile on her lips, and the gentle shape of her cheeks were painted carefully. He used a technique called sfumato to make her face look soft and gentle, blending light and shadow. The cloth she wore and the simple background were chosen so that her face would stand out.

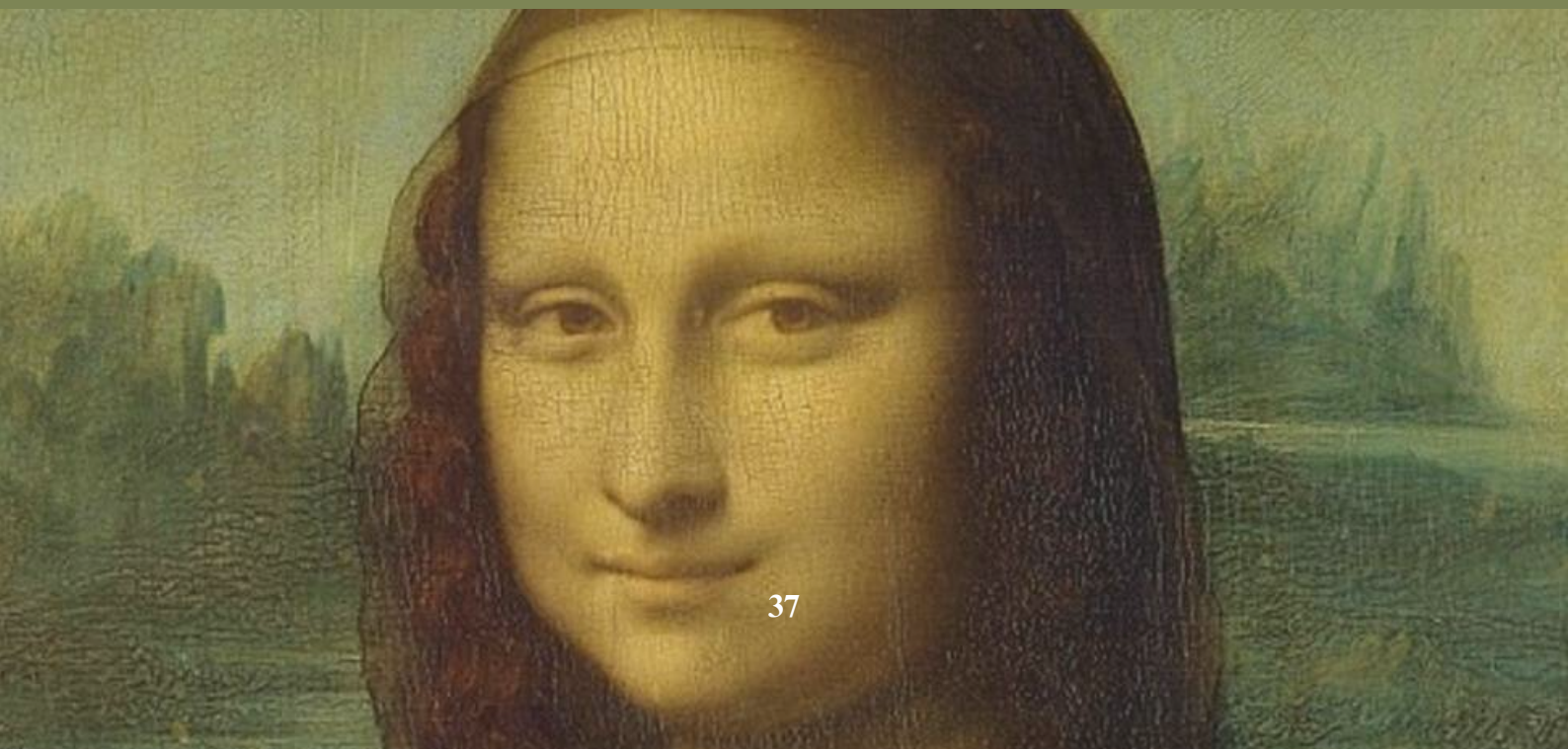
Every brushstroke was like a silent language between them. Time went slowly, and the silence between them was only broken by the soft sound of the brush. Leonardo tried to capture her soul with every stroke. Lisa kept the storm inside her a secret. Behind her calm and humble smile were dreams of freedom, regrets, and sadness. She asked herself, “When will I hear my own voice?” But she knew her fate was already decided; she just had to wait.

Days passed. Each day when she posed, the light from the heavy curtains lit her face in a different way. Sometimes she looked sad, sometimes scared, as she looked out the window. Leonardo remembered these looks and tried to show them in the painting. They rarely talked, but sometimes their silent looks showed a connection between them. These moments stayed in their memories.

When the portrait was almost finished, the mood in the room changed. Lisa’s smile in the last pose was softer and sadder than before. They both knew these moments would end, but no one said it out loud. When Leonardo made the last brushstrokes, he decided not to give the painting to the family. Lisa’s smile was not just a job anymore; it was a memory to keep.

Francesco waited for the painting, but Leonardo kept saying, “It is not finished yet.” Years passed, and Lisa and Francesco had three more children. After her husband died, Lisa went to live in a convent. She spent her days in cold stone walls, dim light, and long silence. She prayed often, but her eyes still held the memories of those days.

Leonardo kept the painting until he died. For him, it was not a commission but a secret to keep. The glances hidden in the brushstrokes, the silences, the half-finished stories… When he died, King Francis I of France bought the painting. But Lisa’s look and her smile stayed as the silent witness of a story that no one else would understand.



The image illustrated by Sude Ataol

A Tangerine Elsewhere

by Ege Yüzer

O Tangerine; lambent by sweet distant eyes,
An indelible face time cannot be erased.
Subtly lit, as an umber star clarifies;
One tantalising strand of thine ochre face.

Every night, when I shut my brown eyes aloud,
Her swan-like silhouette holds the borrowed sun.
As the crimson sky casts her delightful cloud,
Upon a garden where my shy heart cries, ton.

Forgotten verses the sun strived to express,
Burst out in orange drafts of ecstasy.
To want her dazzling blooms in both joy and stress,
Formed this love of sweet Tangerine density.

I present my heart, disguised in boldened will,
To wait for sweet Tangerine to return, till.



John Everett Millais. Ophelia. 1851–1852. Oil on canvas, Tate, London, United Kingdom. https://tr.pinterest.com/pin/781585710374334003/

Somber Blue

by Ege Yüzer

Such ephemeral spark of embrace,
To steal the aspect of thy gentle soul,
That chimes a somber smile of golden grace,
Weaving my serene, wrapped bosom whole.

A gathering of unbridled fears,
An exquisite harmony of mild sighs,
Drifting toward the blue in serene tears,
Those somber blue, pearl-bright sparkling eyes.

And yet, I remain entwined a part,
Of thine enchanting path veiled in the dusk,
Within a garden where my veins depart,
Into my deep expanse of bitter musk.

In this very moment of aching pain,
As I dare say: be my somber blue rain.




LIR