



SWEET WATER

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Sevgili/sevdalı okura...



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Cover image: Beatrice Levy, "Song of Summer", (1914)





A Brief Note

Let us imagine that in our left hand, we are holding a slide depicting a scene from nature. In our right hand, there is another transparency—this one showing a snapshot from the street, a random moment from everyday life. Let's look at each of them separately in the light of a window. Then, after a while, let's place them on top of each other and look again at the resulting image. If what we see is too complex, then this composition is not a haiku. If overlaying one onto the other adds little, merely altering the contrast without enriching the whole, then again, it is not—at least not a good—haiku.

Of course, I'm aware that some of the haikus in this book are not haiku in the traditional sense. But I did not feel like changing or removing the first haikus I wrote as part of this experiment, or many others that do not fit the definition above. In the old days, when we took photos with analog cameras, we couldn't instantly see the image we had captured. If we didn't like the result, there was no way to simply delete and retake it. When even one or two frames out of a 36-shot roll turned out well or felt satisfying, it was a sign that the time and money we'd spent—trusting not just knowledge, but also chance and intuition—had been worth it. And we were glad for that.

Of course, there's also the matter of titles. All I can say is: there can be no poem without a title. Sometimes, a title adds something that is absent or invisible in the poem itself—and that addition can sometimes be of great value.

Acknowledgement and Consolation

I would like to sincerely thank my painter friend Şahin Çetin for allowing me to use his paintings. Since the summer I began writing haiku, I've owed a debt of gratitude to a few readers whose eyelashes and fingertips have gently touched the haikus I shared on social media.

Some books are never truly finished. I suppose this is one of them. If someone asked me to measure gratitude, I would measure it with the wheat ear. Some would measure it with rain, others with seed. I measure it with the wheat ear. Sand butterfly, the cherry tree, earwig beetle, thrush nightingale, yellow wind, porcupine, bunting, and the others. All of them. Until breath leaves the body. They all owe their gratitude to the wheat ear.

I hope the reader finds in this book the ebb and flow of love, the terror of silence, the nobility of forgiveness, the grace of gratitude, the gift of a smile—and the many times this book longed to end, but simply couldn't. "May it touch the roots of speech." Someday, my heart too will stop—in the lap of eternity. Reverie-junkie tree, may your parting come without farewell. Be happy.



SWEET WATER

*To the untidy moors and forest of the child
who finds her way in the dark...*



“The artist is always beginning.”

— Ezra Pound

The lines marked with an asterisk (*) in the book belong to
the poet *Esra Murutođlu*.



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MORNING HAIKUS

*Write to shudder a leaf
Enough to inspire a bee
Leave the rest to Japanese roses.*

DRUNK HAIKU

Beneath hazy moon
Cherry blossoms take a wrong first step
Spring drunk on arrival.

CIRCLE HAIKU

You were my center
I was your periphery
Beijing was a honeybee.

HEARTLESS HAIKU

In an unreal moment
Sparrow was shot in chest
Stray cat in garden.

CHERRY TREE

When cherries ripen
When starlings settle on it
My branch yawns.

NIGHT

Day passed delousing
Sparrow ran out of food
Sleep time has arrived.

LADYBUG

Day passed delousing
My wife ran out of food
My taste grows sour in sleep.

BIRD'S-EYE

Oh footpath
While thinking about birds
It's all chaotic.

CHEERS

Harvester broke down
Unlike a farmer
Barley is happy this summer.

FRUIT WORMS AND CHERRIES

We left harvest for the next year
We celebrated with birds and came back
So that they can make love easily.



“Reclining Nude 4” by Zinaida Serebriakova, 1935.

SUMMER SLEEP

Love too ended around noon

Lover left dream

Ants came in.

THORNY HAIKU

Spring won't let you sleep!
Unless you're drunk in layers,
Rose in your heart.

SUNRISE

Dawn all at once!
Yellow from barrel
Scent of gunpowder.

THREE TRADITIONAL HAIKUS

Watermelon season
We spit and crack open
Everything we have.

Snowman's eyes
Begin to freeze over
As we kiss.

Soil is so hot –
You became my water and seed
For a lifetime.

FIVE TRADITIONAL HAIKUS

Almonds are bitter –
Are you or knights
More foolish?

Roses have bloomed –
Now rain envies
All we have.

Earth a pool of blood –
I landed my boat
On aching water.

Autumn is over –
Sparrows chirp
Without joy.

Air is ice-cold –
My hope lies in black plane tree
In south.

WINTER

Season is midwinter –
Horses sleep at home
Snow lies in our bosom.

CLOUD

Heavy-hearted cloud
When fleeting earth sleeps
Hits roads.

REVERIE

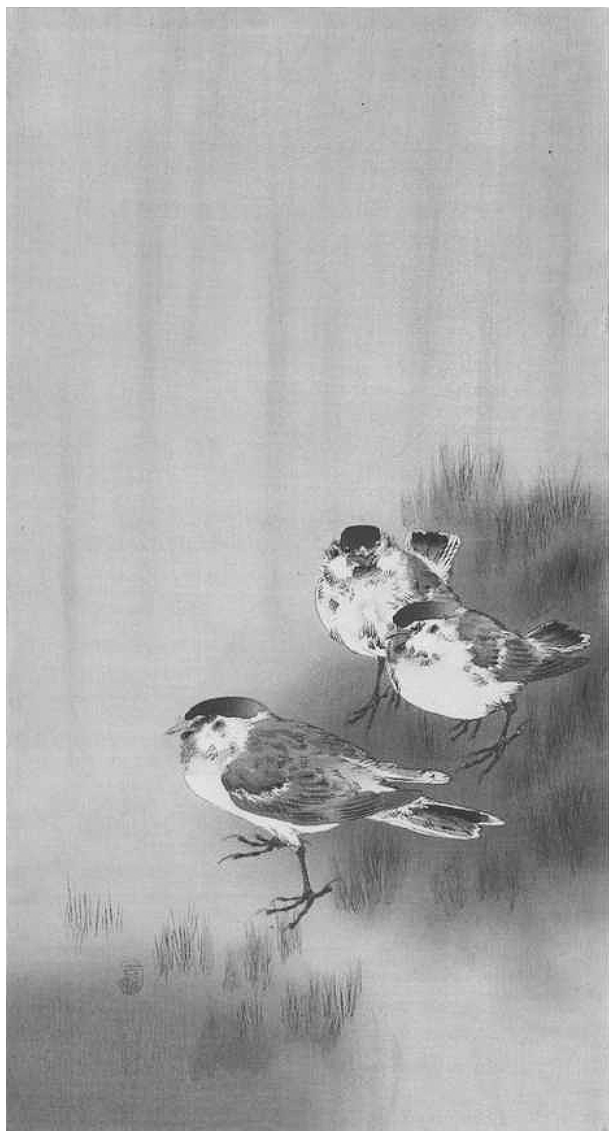
Mount Fuji winter –
We are two sand ducks
With wings glued together.

HUT

Come mid-morning –
Hut that loves the moon
Sweats cold.

CROP FLOWER

Despite the rain
We easily found the way –
The sack had a hole.



“Three tree sparrows in a rain shower” by Ohara Koson.



LOVE

My sun came out –
To every branch of my garden
Sparrows flocked.

WUHUA HAI

Wind lost its mind –
One of overturned logs
Was my grandfather.

HUANG HE

As the moon turns yellow
Watercock on my left
Fox on my right.

CINEMA

A whole spring
Horses appeared on screen
Almost in love.

DOZY HAIKU

Summer was so wet –
We bought clothespins instead
Of the old radio.

CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC

June is over –
Two swallows
Replaced my arms.



MARK ROTHKO

The sun is so tangible –
Inner fire of colors'
Reason to exist.

ALAIN RESNAIS

The sun is so hot –
Heartsick people's
Reason to exist.

SAMUEL BECKETT

The sun is so deprived –
Stuttering grunt's
Reason to exist.

PALIMPSEST

Dear Walter –
That sentence erased yesterday
Is laughing today.

MORNING HAIKUS

When rooster crows
World is familiar
God is a scream.

A pot of tea
A pack of cigarettes
The horizon's purple line.

When you open the book
Scent of rose
Calls wind to mind.

There are also insects –
But soil holds a secret deal
Between worms and rain.

Don't be fooled by crocodiles
Death comes to you too
With jet black steps.

HAIKU OF GEZI

Dear April –
Wave is exceptionally beautiful
When I miss you.

End of May –
Youth caught up with
Splendor of colors.

June passed–
Under trees
The lily dried up.



"Queen Bee" by Mayumi Oda.

WET HAIKU

The rain a story –
We walk side by side
Towards the sea.

The wind is blowing –
Flowers lie broken
By roadside.

Cockchafer
Sings song of
Uneasiness.

Warm drops
Share their secrets
With honeybee.

The rain a story –
With wisdom of weeds
We get wet.

The rain a story –
Bees are telling
What love means.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

The rain a story –
“*Adorable spring has lost
Its scent.*”

NAKED HAIKU

When the wind blows
Flames of leaves
Sweep through valley.

Skinny cat
Staring at trout
Had watery eyes.

Creek has dried up –
Woodlarks lie
At tree roots.

TREE

Has no one
But birds
That fly away.

DEAD CALM

Weeds grow tall
Each returning spring
Without a sound.

QUESTION

Who truly understands
What nightingale sings
As evening falls?

EPIPHANY

Side by side
Two walnuts chatter!
Says gardener.

LA SOUILLE

We walk with joy
Stepping on ants
Without knowing.

FULL MOON

Grateful sullen moon –
If at night the lake
Is not perfectly smooth.

FOR LIVING

It's hard to accept!
We cast dark things
Into the night.

ONE WAY

The crow knows!
What mud has rotted
Was a seed yesterday.

SUMMARY OF A DAY

In that mountain village
The day is named Waiting
The night is called Love.

STRANGE HAIKU

Summer mid-afternoon
It blows one way uphill
Another way downhill.

EZRA POUND

No trace left
Of creek once adorned
With water lilies.



DEEP HAIKU

Shoreless sea –
Sounding lead in their hands
They muse.

AUTUMN

Moors in order –
Where memories once were
A concrete table.

MISSING PIECE OF BREAKFAST

Hi to Bashō –
Where are jewels
Of foggy morning?

POMEGRANATE TREE

Summer is over –
Only pomegranate's heart
Beats for knife now.

FREE HAIKU

Snow has melted –
White rabbit doesn't know
He was defeated.

UNKNOWNLY

A handful of soil
Carried within heart –
Our shared destiny.

FLOWER MAN

Movie ended –
Remember me
Like empty chairs.



HAIKUS FOR WHEAT EAR

*You can hold
Warm thread of daytime
With a little help.*

DICTIONARY

Cricket

Speaks all day long

With a single word.

Apple tree

Listens to birds that speak

With a single word.

With a single word
Old fox chases away
All crows.

Abandoned lake
When water lilies grow silent
In the night time.

LONGING HAIKU

Summer breeze
Fondles blond hair
Of the ripe wheat ear.

REGRETFUL HAIKU

If a flower could taste
Its own poison
Bees wouldn't make honey.

SAD HAIKU

Even if it rains
Sparrow does not sing –
Its heart bleeds.

SINLESS HAIKU

Hive is too far –
The heart of the bee
Drinks poison of honey.

SONG OF WHEAT EAR

Snow falls on mountains
The wind throughout the plain
Smoke in heart.

A NEW ALPHABET

Summer breeze –
Shall we speak tomorrow
In a low voice?

RAUSCHGLÜCK

An invisible city
Promises a warm hammock
To the wind.

WALTER BENJAMIN

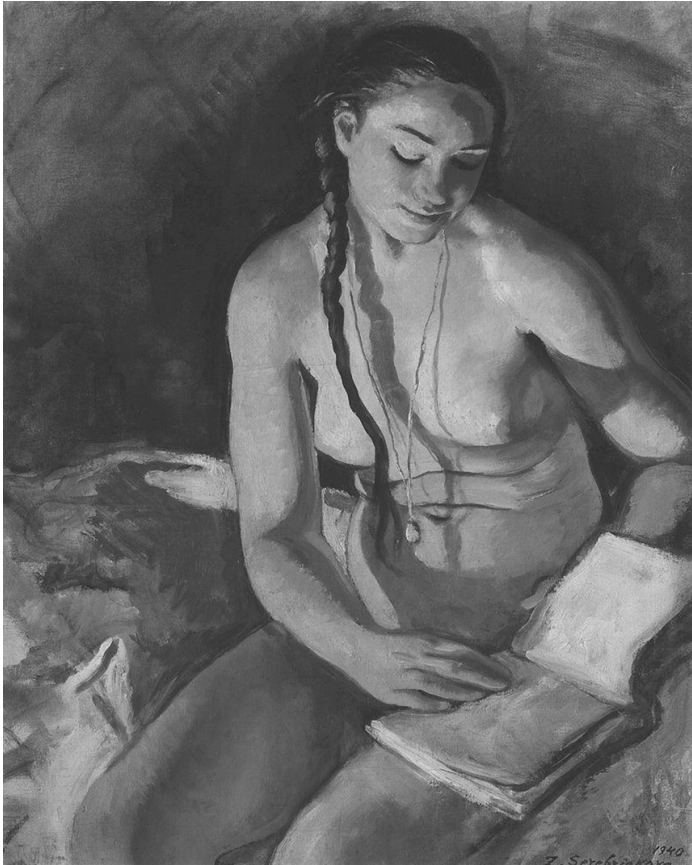
Almond, get drunk
A hand will break you open
From your hard shell.

HUMPBACK HAIKU

Whichever way it blows
The ripe wheat ear turns its back
To the wind.

NOOK HAIKU

Wishful tongue
In the cavity of teeth
Seeks out words.



"Nude with book" by Zinaida Serebriakova, 1940.

HEART AND BOOK

A biscuit

Dipped in milk

A labyrinth so sweet.

RILKE'S ROSE

Half of her leaves
Were joy
Half were grief.

Loves like a lament
Her sleeplessness
And her roots.

One is time
Other is earth
Both come from light.

JOY

Within red dew light
Honeybees are flying
On all sides of her.

VINTAGE

September draws near –
Grape juice darkens to purple
At the festive time.

KNOT

Rawness, patience,
And drunkenness of soul,
His heart's a sailor.

RAKI

The sun is setting –
The more you break, the more love grows
For bitter grape.

AUTUMN FIELDS

Neck of the wheat ear –
If looking at it so closely
A sleepy hammock.

STAR

Laugh on time
At night
Before moonrise.

#17

Childhood pill –
Here it's winter, sound of winter
The sun like glass.

#24

Love's note
Staggering and rolling
Into waves.

DROP

After rain
Neither angry with shore
Nor with open sea.

MOURNFUL HAIKU

Pen and notebook –
Two mountains left behind
By a breaking cycle.

SONG

Tree bark
Can't hold its tongue –
Ah, ivy, ah!

MELANCHOLIA

For its own roots
Tree wept full-hearted
Yearning for mud.

SALVATION

The wheat ear's neck
Did not know sickle
Still loved it much.

LOVE AND PRIDE

What if they see
Through the half-opened door
What if they don't?

FEAR

Saying farewell –
Plucking a wheat ear
With a fingerless hand.

HEART PAIN

Every night
Cloud thinks
Has lost the sky.

CREEK

Lit his cigarette
Curling away
In his bed.

OUTLET

Took his last puff
Before spilling
Into his sea.

TRIBUTARY

Outlet has gone –
It will not come again
From dark waters.

FIRE

To burn with her too
Weed clung tightly
To his wheat's body.

PHAETON

Passengers step down –
Hedgehogs are making love
Inside brushwood.

SUMMER

Collided on sand
The wheat ear and the star-weed
That's how they're named.

LIFE

July is so short –
Between lips
A pearl hides.

LONGING

August neighbors winter –
Half of it is wind
Half is wave.

SYMPHONY

Forest cradle –
Life will end
With this laughter.

MONOTONY

No name for it
But it must have a voice
Of hazelnut.

NAME

Cricket –
For hazelnut's sound
Is unheard.

CRICKET

Sings non stop
For hazelnut's sound
Is unheard.

PLEASURE

What was there to live?
Other than death
Leashed by the night?

OYSTER

His neck in her mind –
Wound of a wet lip
Won't scab over.



"Love Letter" by Gianni Strino.

SPACE

Being a haiku
Saturated with sun
As if loving you.

WAVE

Within the laughter

“Dogs jump

*Onto trees.”**

*“Like a stretched arm”**

Her heart beats

In his noisy blood.

MAN

When the skin burns
Wave calls out differently
To his far-off wife.

WOMAN

Light breaks differently
Her neck exposed
At thirsty window.

LAMENT FOR SUMMER

August, a dream –
Harvest's confidence
Wraps the wheat ear.

Couch grass, hush!
Wind's thin tongue
Has begun to dance.

Pages ended –
Out of breath they faded
Japanese roses.

Paper is frozen –
Pen will draw again
Forest strawberry.

THIRSTY HAIKU

To the wrong tree
Stretches out his finger
Desperate squirrel.

Fig sap flows white!
In the animal's heart
A scorched hollow.

Weeds are thirsty –
The wind, turned to fire,
Runs through the field.

How can he long more?
The sweat of the night
Drips onto skin.



From the “Birds” series by Ohara Koson.

MOONLIGHT

Forest sleepless –
Woodpecker's lover
Is away.

TURGUT UYAR'S SUMMER

July is so light!
Two ants are carrying
A wheat ear.

Life is so easy!
Two naked mammals
Are swimming in the road.

Lifetime is so short!
A fish hitting the cane
Is still hungry.

MUSHROOM

Whichever way he turns, alone,
Hugging his umbrella
Is useless.

Oh, if only he made love!
Let cicadas get wet
In the rain.

YELLOW

August –
Airy butterfly
Of the wheat ear with thin waist.

WHEAT EAR

If she opens her mouth
Her seeds fall
Wherever she walks.

DALÍ

If he opens his mouth
Ants fall
Wherever he walks.

ENDLESS

Summer comes again
“*Is there a bond more beautiful than this?*”^{*}
She says, laughing.

GOD

Come down to earth now
You love the wheat ear
Though she sulks at the sky.

CHERRY TREE

What he dreams of –
A cage, a geography
Endlessly sufficient.

LOVE OF WHEAT EAR

When the wind laughs
Within the yellow wheat ear
Love foams.

JOY OF WEED

When the wind blows
Hashish's hair suddenly
Falls onto the wave.

COMPASSION OF WHEAT EAR

Morning dew has fallen –
The woman asked for permission
And kissed the weed.



AUTUMN HAIKUS

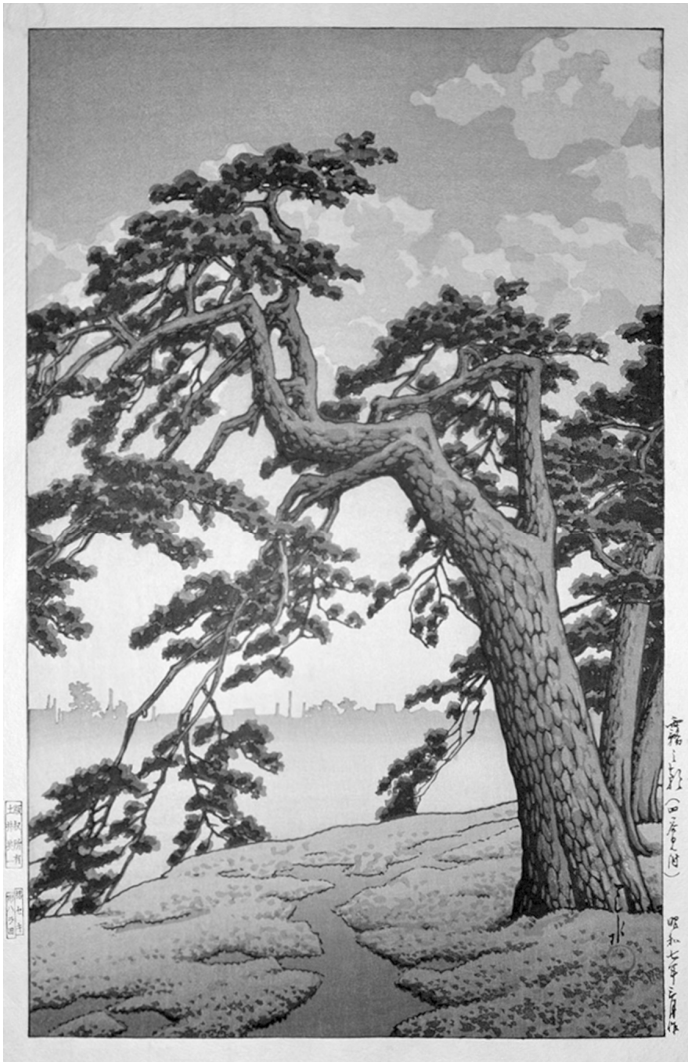
*Before leaving home
Wind, wake me up as well –
The rest is easy.*

SOIL

Before hoeing

The wheat ears field was once

The poppies' nest.



"Misty Morning, Yotsuya Approach" by Hasui Kawase, 1932.

THREE HAIKUS

Oaks and poplars
Talk about the road
As their pollens fly.

They sleep together
On the same tree branch
A sparrow, a pine cone.

Sheep with a bad name –
Keep walking, you'll arrive
The world is round.

NAUGHTY HAIKU

Foaming mouth
Of the yellow wheat ear
Sucks two cherries.

Night is blood-colored
Drips down from her stem
To her white root.

Earth is so gentle
Ants are so wet
The wheat ear is so full.

PORTRAIT

How joyful the bird
That remembers
The shade of the tree.

HONEYBEE

Forget me not!
Said the bee
To his falling wing.

BEE DANCE

Yellow rises high –
Follow the red color
Suck pollen in.

ROSINESS

When being bitten
Autumn apple, like a rose,
Scents the whole garden.

POMEGRANATE AND FIG

Fig tree grew tall
Side by side like sisters
With pomegranate.

NAMELESS OLIVE

Time moves strangely –
Old olive tree
Knows nothing of his father.

OLEASTER

Since last autumn
The yellow oleaster's belly
Is filled with sand.

FOSSIL

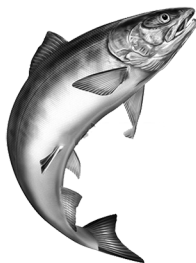
Time is going to stop –
If the stone doesn't touch
Its beetle even one night.

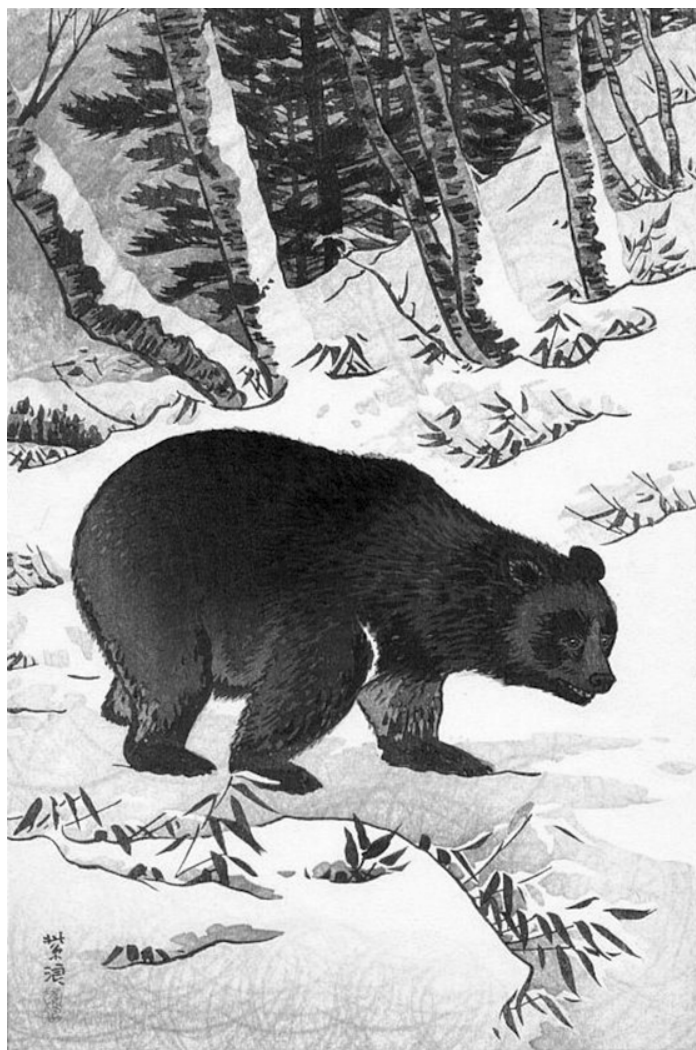
DEW

On an autumn day
Light creeping on the ground
Is being seeded.

LOOP

How strong life is!
Mother salmon return
To the waterfall.





"Bear" by Kasamatsu Shiro, 1955.

SWEET WATER

Bear woke up –
Salmon scent
Bouncing in the waterfall.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE

Sunset

So beautiful that!

Does one ever want to die?

Sigh of the reed,

Cry of the nightingale!

Does one ever want to die?

GANZA

Clouds walk –
The man's story
Becomes a sweater.

Clouds stop –
The man's story
Becomes a cat.

Clouds fall –
The man's story
Becomes a woman.

CLOUDS

If Ganza is a bird,
Yellow woman in the city
Knits a sweater.

If Ganza is a sweater,
The woman's fingers
Have a bird pattern.

If Ganza is a poem,
The clouds wear the sweater
Woven with Ganza's birds.

WIND

Her voice reveals –
Stork's neck was kissed
Until morning.

MIGRATION

September passed too –
The road shortens each moment
One more wing.

CALM

Birds grow sparse –
Cloud strikes the mountain
Time strikes the cloud.

SAND BUTTERFLY

The world is only this –
There are other rains too
To make love with.

ROSEHIP

After the rain
Entered the forest
Followed by a scent.

TUT

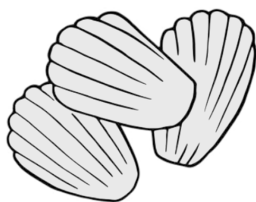
When the pruning knife saw
The cracked pomegranate on the branch
It felt ashamed.

BREATHLESS

The cloud hugging
The mountain wants to stay
With her feet on the ground.

MARCEL PROUST

Season, autumn –
From beside your cup of coffee
Take your childhood.



KISSING

Fusain of autumn
Sketches leaf after leaf
A shivering skin.

REUNION

No guarantee –
Each moment shortens the day
One more breath.



BORING HAIKU

If there were no winter
Ant would desire too
A bohemian life.

DREAM

If she felt no cold
Wouldn't wake from her sleep.
Polar flower.

FALL HAIKU

Until the first snow
Holding tight to her own roots
The mumbling wheat ear.

COLLISION

Is that falling snow?
The femininity of light
In the place it fell.



“Crow on the snowy branch” by Ohara Koson (from the 1930s).

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

Looking from the branch
How beautiful the color of snow!
Filled with light.

HARMONY

Winter came again –
The woman put on
Her snowy dress.

LUCIDNESS

Snow within her voice
Still alive, at the least
Even if cold.

BECKETT THE HUNTER

Midwinter outside –
*“back home at night
on with the light”.*

PINE TREE

Midwinter has come –
Hungry cones
Are in dragon-sleep.

CANTO OSTINATO

Paper parrot
Parrot in his fingers
Hashish, a parrot.

Falls into the wave
Rises smoke after smoke
His soul, a parrot.

Strikes the light
Ear after ear unfolds
The body, a parrot.

Ticket, a parrot
”*Bilete de papagal*”
Tickets, parrots.

YELLOW RIVER

Humming ceased –
River splits in two
On the plain.

RIVER DREAM

The mountain ends –
For the last time
Two lovers embrace.

RIVER BED

Flowing is beautiful
Crashing against the stones
In each other's arms.

ROOTING

The rope was wet
But it doesn't slip –
Love cannot go anywhere.

FALL FRUIT

She left
The apple's scent
In the bed she slept.

She left
The apple's scent
Following the storks.

The apple's scent
Left her tree
With sorrow.

BOND

A mad swallow
Must learn by heart
Tobacco leaves.

BEFORE RUNNING OUT

Pen and paper
Will write what's yet to be lived
Without living.

SHAME

Do not force the sand –
Cherry saw his worm,
Gravel, water.

Not befitting the moor,
Desk and chair –
Return to your branch, peach.

TIRED ANT

In your chest
Sleep turns into an ant
With black wings.

A sleeping ant
Two-hilled
On your warm chest.

Submits
With his hectic presence
Captive on your chest.

TERRACOTTA

For you to love the winter
Body is kneaded from clay
And baked on fire.

FOR WATER

As snowflakes fall
Chestnut's breath
Crackles quietly.

WINTER LOVE

The sun gets wet
Body is kneaded
Winter's glue melts.

Fingers blush
Kisses form
Skin's glue melts.

OH AUTUMN LEAF

The sun turns yellow
Jujube tree bends down –
It's time to land.

Water flows warmly
Jujubes sourish –
It's time to drink.

A cold wind blows
Whitethorn is beardless –
It's time to fall.

FOREVER NOW

A snowflake waits
In the air –
Those on the street kiss.

A cloud waits too
One last time –
Those in the picture hug.

Time waits
A branch bursts into blossom –
Those in the chest warm.

A writing begins
Bug after bug
Those in the mind undress.

QUIETLY

The sun rises –
How can one bear to step
On freshly fallen snow?

SOON

The cherry tree
Will host his bird
With his loudest call.



WAITING FOR SUMMER

*Don't scare me –
The last graying hair
Of the banana leaf.*

DASEIN

If you ask the sun
Its existence is a black plum
In each tongue.

MIT FREUDEN

Beach says hi –
With hundreds of horses in pursuit
It descends the mountain.

RAUSCH

A teapot in the morning –
The footprint of two stars
Left on the sand.

FERNWEH

Caique disappeared!
Ocean knows
Where it rests.

DUENDE

Walnut tree
Filled with walnuts –
They don't know their taste.

Walnut tree
Filled with birds –
They don't know their taste.

Earth knows
How juicy
Both bird and walnut taste.

TORSCHLUSSPANIK

The cherry tree
Who will lie upon your chest?
Birds have gone too.

SPLEEN

The sea has surged –
Whales are mating
Deep beneath it.

ALLGEMEINBILDUNG

Disobey commands –
Engrossed within puzzles,
The Alcyone bird.

LEBENSFREUDE

Idle butterfly
Flies rootless
Above the swamp.

LEBENSMÜDE

Bees are tired –
The day softens
Within the flowers.

LEBENSLICHT

Bees are sad –
Women's souls
Run riot in irises.

LEBENSFADEN

Ants in a single file
Climb
The yellow wheat ear.

LETHE

Soil forgets
When rain kisses
Those it embraces.

WELTSCHMERZ

Your voice, sweetest in the world
Passes through my mind
Like life itself.

PATH

Summer was a dream –
Real though unseen,
Though never walked upon.

ARCTIC PEARL

Noble wild bird –
Runs in pursuit
Of the snow pearl.

A single stone –
Falling from the swan mussel's gut
Arrives at the river mouth.

GENIUS

The sun, so old –
The wheat ear's illusion
Always out of mercy.



“Portrait of Lady” by He Jiaying.

WE

Their hands are tied
Even if two suns may rise
Still like cherries.

KOTO

You are a negative
I am a negative too –
Lying one on top.

KAZE

Birds are so cruel –
Two cherries on one branch
Leave them to have fun.

MUSE

As the sun goes down
She is alive, heavy or light
What more could you want?

CUMULUS

Steel disappears –
Lips together with lips
Happy lover.

DAY

Fog clears off –
A wheat yellow hand
Under the bowl.

BITTE

Let this spring be long –
Let lilacs blossom
In the place that forgets.



VERNO

Teeth in bone
And wings that touch the water –
Just for you.

NIGHT

Lake on your back
Turns into a desert
That puts stars to sleep.

MOUNTAIN

Oh, wheat bird –
Just one step to summer
Flying is in your hands.

TRACE

Love walks through water
Into flowers' mouths –
With root and soil.

RIB CAGE

Oh, last storm!
Visit before you go
To the grape bunch on the hill.

CONTRAST

Waiting for summer –
The yellow wheat fills slowly
From her slender neck.

As the sun rises
Butterfly grows lighter
From its wings.

While searching for love
White mulberries redden
From their bellies.

VOICELESS

Delight of fewness –
Before the cherry falls
To white marble.

If we wrote haiku –
Distilling the dark self
Drop by drop.

STONE COURTYARD

April, the liar –
Moraines melt away
The warmth of talk.

May is a pain –
Three poles for a sapling
Toward morning.

CHERRY BLOSSOM

June has come –
And gone to tell its desire
To a rose.

SILKY

Two porcupines –
July sun
Sipped by bush.

LIKE HONEY

Morning is that beautiful!
The joy a flower gives
To the bee.

BEE

Broods upon
The flower's yellow name
That burns throat.



AH, WIND

Do the roses alone
Listen to the drunken nightingale
Moaning at dawn?

Do the drunken roses
Listen to the nightingale
Moaning alone at dawn?

BASHŌ'S GRAVE

Sings haiku
Banana leaf bowing down
Rain on its back.



SPACE

Moon alone in the sky –
The wheat ear weeps
Bright yellow.

JUNKIE

Meadowlark is hungry –
Again today, that same
Look-junkie cloud passed.

She, reverie-junkie
As the season falls to stone
Bleeds pink.

Frosted roses –
They cut, tearfully,
Thought-junkie rope.

ERFAHRUNG

Spring sun
Invites to tea
A beetroot-scented beach.

ERLEBNIS

Rains come
Rains go –
Yellow, his favorite.

FLÂNEUSE

Burnt butterfly –
Sticks to your back
Your favorite color.

OH DARLING

The sun is rising –
What joy could ever tickle
The world like this?

EUPHORIA

Meadowlarks
In hashish tree
Never stop singing.

COMPANY

Come on snail –
Ignore hail and keep
Walking with mushroom.

MO CHUISLE

Missing the road
Happier than anyone
Tired centipede.

MO CHRO

By the water
More tired than anyone
Naked centipede.



“Barley at Sunrise” by Kogyo Terazaki, 1890-1895.

DREAM OF WHEAT EAR

Saturated with the sun –
Misses a cloud
First green of the heart.

SUMMER RAIN

Mind and soul
Of the wheat ear that sets out
In endless waters.

The cherry waits for
The wheat ear that sets out
Under the rain.

RAZOR AND COLOGNE

Let the vase wait!
As a flower sweats
In its most beautiful dream.

Let the mirror watch!
Ah, from the scissors' tip
As hair falls.

HELPLESS HAIKU

Roses do not smell –
This summer we will speak
Words.

When the tongue aches
We will feel ashamed of
Mint leaves.

WAITING FOR SUMMER

Ah, from loneliness
The cherry tree has become
Unrecognizable.

ICE-COLD

Birds are migrating –
A young wind blows each time
Before parting ways.

ROOT LANDSCAPE

The same horses on the curtain –
A strange summer afternoon
Fills the room.

Her chest bright yellow –
The drunken wheat ears shake
Their loose hair.

ROOT MEMORY

Under the snow
With a matchstick and hay
I thought summer came.

Remember
As fire climbs up
The cherry tree's chest.

Kissing is nice
Kissing is so nice
How nice it is to kiss!



UNCANNY ENCOUNTERS



“Life Instincts-2” by Şahin Çetin, 2018.

UNCANNY ENCOUNTERS

Pink autumn apple
Is teething –
On white paper.

Bow-legged
Dry board prepares
For representation.

Shoulders stone
In her aged forest
By dividing wheat.

Cherry leaf –
Cuts the hair of
Old pebble.

Sun falls from the roof
Brick by brick –
Into her palms.

A mushroom, a feather
The child's fingers
A mushroom, a feather.

Bone in her mouth
Reminds her taste –
Of the birth moment.

A spear thrusts
Making the broken paper's
Inside bleed.

How much pain there is
In her forest's mind –
How much pain there is.



“Big Life in Small Houses” by Şahin Çetin, 2019.

Even if she draws, it won't end
The pain of desire –
A mountain in her belly.

The secret of the wheat –
Her hands swallow
Crow's scream.

Drunk apple's inside
Wants to hide
The strong teeth.

On the hay bed
Copied from fire –
The wind forgets.

Heart of the night –
Beats on paper
As the lines laugh together.

Mind fights –
The velvet feather of her helmet
Is crushed.

Who knows why she opened it –
Inside the book
All her rivals.



“Active Space-3” by Şahin Çetin, 2020.

If the sun lies down –
Even the roads desert
The walkers.

Of the child who paints –
Her eye is jet black
With dark intuition.

The taste of sleep
Doesn't suit the world –
The taste of sleep.

Apple is born –
When musical instruments knot
Throat to heart.

Dry lips –
Tears dripping
From apple peels.

For hugging –
Clouds fall onto their shadows
On the ground.

Journey to winter –
If you teach him
He learns to be charmed.



"Seasonometer" by Şahin Çetin, 2019.

Paper and pencil –
There is time to soothe
Dark intuition.

This was a representation –
The cherry leaf
Embraced his wheat ear.

It's their turn –
Hollow dresses
Breathe upon candlestick.

Haiku is love –
The apple's funny tongue
Kisses metal.

Bone in her mouth
Of the child watching the picture –
Roses are maned.



“Water Dreams” by Şahin Çetin, , 2019.

She breathes –
Only the heart's place
Remains in the chest.

Not finished yet –
Ghosts hang
An axe on the dream.

Not finished yet –
Ghosts unveil
The dream to the crowd.



OH HUMANITY

On my mind, her back –

The hashish flower

Taking off its bra.

ABBREVIATION

If woman is a wonder –
Rain suddenly pours down
On the forest path.

LAUGHTER

When night falls

*“Absent-minded birds crash
Flirtatiously upon the moon.”**

Even if the moon descends

They burn and cool

With every crash.

UNTIL

Until the sun sets
The horse "*holds on*
To the wheat ear and walks."

HEAVY HAIKU

The wheat ear –
When she closes her eyes
A mountain on her back.

TRUE

Cloud knows –
The laughing fish's heart
Aches in the water.

WALK

Stand by a tree,
Admire him –
If birds fly, let them fly.



POPPY

Embrace my roots –
Love me homeless
Before I return to dust.

SWEATY HAIKU

Neither wave nor mountain –
Two hearts collide
On a sandy atlas.

VERTIGO

Sunflowers

Turn their faces toward the candle

When night comes.

TRANSIENT

Fall has come again –

The wind heralds

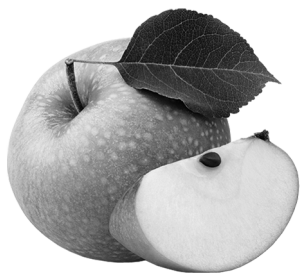
Time to hug.

TONGUE OF APPLE

Don't peel the apple!
Let the night smell of journey –
Teapot bed.

Tolerate the apple!
Let the morning smell of union –
Lazy fingers.

Cut and eat the apple!
Let it spread in your mouth –
Smell of gratitude.



OF MY HEART

The wheat ear!
Its undefined desire
Is being silent on your chest.

UNDER HASHISH

Beneath the cherry tree –
Sopping with laughter
The mouth of the wheat ear.

COMRADE

Two hedgehogs on the road –
The thorn of fate
Isn't love?

STAR PRAYER

Give thanks in the sky
To the summer apple –
On earth, to the sky's winter.

BATHED IN SUNLIGHT

Cloud, wave your hand –
The eternal summer of my heart
Turns to ear.

SUNFLOWER

Evening falls –
The diameter of your chest
Grows as vast as universe.

WITH FIRE

The wind is welcome –
We fall silent
Like the thorny wheat ears.

DECEMBER

Not even a fly –
What has time got to do
In the empty room!

DOOR

Those who have left are gone –
Like the hollow of a person,
Winter arrives.

ALWAYS

Boat without harbor –
Beautiful, burnt-out men
Sank into the steppe.

ANT

Time has turned yellow –
How lovely to lie down
To a rose's bud!

FATE

Table is there –
If you miss me, can you write?
All in one breath.

OLD HAIKU

Cooling ash
Barehanded –
That is aging.

YOUNG HAIKU

As the trees
Climbing the mountain thin out
The road also sighs.

IN THE VALLEY

Far from the sea
Your heart, weeping to a stone,
Becomes a blue lily.

ON THE SHORE

Close to the sea
Your heart, weeping in blue,
Becomes a stone lily.

SHIFT

The days got longer –
Until the bird beneath the skin flies
The wheat ear grows taller.

YOUTHFUL

Wait for the sun –
In wet, timid soil
Does the seed grow?

AT SUNSET

Don't overdo the rose –
Especially when you're on the steppe
Especially when you're thirsty.

FOR ONCE

Jet black days –
Look from the cherry tree
At the sky on earth.

APRIL

Land was cruel –
Your steps will arrive
Each day from the north.

TREASURE

The wind will blow –
On your lips,
My name will be woman.

LIGHTHOUSE

Her light is longing –
She misses, sighs,
Lingers.

UNHEARD

Our childhood –
Only as much as you recall
Now a fairy tale.

GRIEVOUS

My impossible bird –
Will summer come once again?
I lost my tongue.

SUDDEN VISIT

Carefree nature –
Your face knows no resentment,
Neighbor to death.

CHILDHOOD

We are running
Oh, hand in hand with the wind
In pursuit of hay.

YOUTH

We walk hand in hand –
Idle wind
In pursuit of hay.

AGEDNESS

The world is wind –
Our legs are smoke
Our hands are hay.

LEAVE IT BE

Its hands tremble –
The yellow fish caught in the net
From its heart.

OFFENDED

Little time left till summer –
Has arms but no chest
Poor tree.

BROKEN

Sated with dreams
The tear in my eye –
Come, love me again.

BOSOM

The stones sigh –
Don't summon death for yourself,
Trample the weeds!

PILOT

Reverie-junkie cloud –
Cherry blossom chills
As you pass by.

WIND ROSE

Snow on her lips –
In the wheat ears field,
The woman, my fire.

RILKE'S GRAVE

Evening advances
Rain suddenly pours down –
Roses stay sleepless.

SMOKE

To the untidy moor
No one comes, no one descends
From the rain at rest.

SUNFLOWER NIGHT

The nightingale moans –
Memory of the rose
Pours into him.

SWAMP

When it is evening
To the ring in your heart
Tie a mare.

MEMORY

The land is black –
Sometimes smoke scares
Sometimes a maple.

ARUOBA

People come
Sit in the meadows
For a short while.

DRUNSH

Hungry bees
Perched on the thorn cry –
We were fooled by pink.

COAST

Silverfish –
Each haiku is a wound
Though brief it bleeds.

SMELL

The roses left behind –
Within four walls resides
The neck of a withered one.

SOUL

It came but once –
Flew away from deep within me
Thrush nightingale.

PATIENCE

Summer follows winter –
It rotted the teeth of
Snapdragon.

COVER

Silent table –
Stars of your freshness
Spilled afar.

HEART

Wait for the flower –
Summer that bears its sorrow
Has just arrived.



“Desert Flower” by Rauschglück, 2018.

EPIC ILLUSION

What the eye sees –
A stone's leaping
While gliding on water.

What the hand sees –
A stone's warmth
While gliding on water.

What the heart sees –
A stone's weeping
While gliding on water.

KNOWLEDGE

This mouth of water –
Tests its strength
On every stone.

This mouth of stone –
Hones its pleasure
Under every water.

OH HUMANITY

I cut the bush –
Porcupines fled away
With memories.

OY VEY

The dear wheat ear –
In just two summers' time
The cherry tree turned wormy.

UNREMEMBERED

Poor forest –
The axe that cuts your tongue
Is so heavy!

PORT SUDAN

The sky is not in place –
For a moment, it crossed my mind,
Are the birds female?

BLOOD-LYRICAL

As long as the sun rises,
Wounds refuse to scab –
Ants are here.

HUMAN CONDITION

There's no motion –
That means the sheet lives on
Without hope.

THING

Life fell short –
If I had to liken it
A rabbit's whim.

EROS

We exist as if not –
Why do roses long for
The mad nightingale?

CHERRY TREE

No one took pride
In his blossoms
None but the wheat ear.

No one sensed
The snow scent
Of the yellow-laden wheat ear.

HERALD

The morning dew
Became hope and melted
In its own tears.

It heard
The lifelong-flower's name
Upon its lips.

MOST BEAUTIFUL

My love is you,
The haikus are all yours,
Each holds a memory.

Lover who praised my hands
So that I might live,
Your rope is my debt.

Your bond is my bond,
Your wing is my wing,
Your wound is my wound.



IF THERE WERE WINGS

*On this street –
There once was a field
With golden hair.*

EMILY DICKINSON

Don't bow your head –

“Hope is the thing with feathers”

Dear the wheat ear.

END

For the first time

The wheat ear raised her head

Looked at the sun.

SCYTHE

Sun is stubborn –
This is human, blind eye won't see
In pure light.

WINGLESS

The wind is coy –
We talked in haste
About kites.

SOUTHWESTER

Keeps talking
Above trees
To itself.

Keeps talking
With trunks of
Chilly trees.

Keeps talking
With the moles
Warmed by roots.

ONE DAY COMES

The wind blows away –
Don't leave half your soul
Without its hide.

MY ETERNAL LOVE

Come into my arms
Let me tell you at my breast –
My mortal voice.

CHERRY PEEL

*“Lord of my garden”**

Who does your heart miss?

Fruit worms know.

GESTURE

Landed on the plain

The wind disappeared –

Let’s make love.



LIFETIME

From summer
Two rainforests remained
Still to walk.

Smelled the rose
Big yellow butterfly
Fell asleep.

GLAZE

The mirror in the deep –
That mountain ridge
Keeps half an eye on the abyss.

GRIEF

Listen to the moors –
Hush weed, hush flower
Oh, don't hush me!

WHILE TREMBLING

The sun in September –
Streets and lips
Wear your favorite hue.

NO DOUBT

Fall approaches –
The value I give you
Has no wings.

CAMOUFLAGE

Come at full moon –
Don't let your heart's light
Reveal the secret.

WALNUT TREE

Don't say I carry a load –
Running, jumping squirrels
Are coming too.

APPLE TREE

If you have no scent –
You doubt yourself
Maybe you are not here.

LINDEN

Bird steps –
Tree branch speaks
Day's burden.

OH WHEAT EAR

Birds loved the taste –
Look at the joy
Of the worm-ridden cherry.

HIRAETH

The tree withered –
Juniper scent became
A hand upon my chest.



“The field of the wheat ears” by Rauschglück, 2019.

THAT'S IT

The wind is invisible –
If I don't hear your voice
Caressing the wheat ears.

MOURNING

Parting time –
No mountain left behind me,
Neighbor to passion.

AUTUMN

Don't be offended, o rose!
We may meet again,
Perhaps while laughing.

MEMORY OF TONGUE

Kim's Island –
Honeysuckles
We sucked as kids.

ALWAYS

Cherry season –
The rain we parted in
Falls again.

TO ITS STORY

The road seeks a traveler –
We smiled and parted ways,
Then we sighed.

PRELUDE

Oh September, where to?
Leaves turn yellow
Just as you love.

GENTLY

Orange cloud –
In orange season
Pass this way too.

A BRIEF NOTE

If the color is scorched,
A tongue lives within –
Don't just say a stone.

VIRGINIA WOOLF

Water is calling –
My adventure with life
Is almost over.

OĞUZ ATAY

World that watches –
Is it good to be seen
While still a flower?

WOODEN

If there were wings –
If they flew back to the past
And fooled the longing.

If there were wings –
Stronger than the yellow
If there were wings.

If he asked the rain,
Maybe she's now in the woods –
If there were wings.

Wood curls –
On wet path,
If there were wings.

FASCES

Parting is cruel –
If only moon gave one more chance,
Before falling in the water.



"I WILL SEE YOU DOWN THE ROAD"

Oh, polar flower!
At least I plucked you
Without meaning to.

STONYHEARTED

Almond tree
Blossomed snow-white
Beside the larch.

TEENY

A dew drop
Flying bittern
With butterfly's sound.

SOMEHOW

All alone –
Forty feet of centipede
On mulberry leaf.

REQUIRED

O sorrowful nightingale –
The poem you wrote for the rose
Is still in your memory?

OH REALLY

Daffodil flower –
Will it still bloom
Next year without me?

OH

Sluggish summer –
Tangerine scent
Has reached the moon.

AMORPHOUS

Oh, rootless flower!
Your pain isn't from
The fire-baked vase.

CRYSTAL

Oh, silent vase!
You were more before the lips,
Little before the rose.

Get rid of your sand –
The rose forgives daily
The harsh bee.

JISEI

Is the land cold?
Both my confidant and heartbreak –
A flower's name, oh!

SHUSH

The soil was a clerk!
Don't tell your grief
With your words.



DEBT OF GRATITUDE

In every drop of honey
The bee tells of the moment
It sucked the rose.

DESERT FLOWER

Eternal winter –
What burned on my chest
Is the shadow of your hands.

LETHEIA

White butterfly, oh
Probably losing its mind –
The heart of winter.

PROBABLY

The woodpecker
Asked the oak its name
In the moonlight.

CURIOSITY

Oak bark
Did you tell your name
To the instrumentalist bird?

HAIJIN

The woodpecker
Asked the oak its name –
Hold your breath.

HIHH

I'm releasing
Both the branch and my name
With this last syllable.



BLACK PINE

O noble female –
I knew you as my bark
I told you my pain.

SURREAL

Yesterday love was endless –
You looked without wings
Into my abyss.

You used to be a plaster cast,
Wrapping the bone, you smiled
With your lips.

Hedgehogs bear witnesses
To the gift of
Two great summers.

Blowing through the woods –
Like a rusty chain,
My mind came undone.

The bandage turned to skin
Before I turned to dust –
Do not forget me.

YOU WILL SEE

When spring arrives
Cherry tree by the stream
Looks on.

From winter to spring
The enthusiasm of pine
Resists glaciers.

The finest winter song –
In the heart
Nothing fails to turn green!

BLIND HAIKU

She came once
Having cut her wings
From her roots.

I thought a bat
Deep purple bunch of grapes –
Drip, my stone heart.

DREAM-JUNKIE

Your feet are on the ground –
You can't fall
Any further.

Your voice is a wolf's –
Do you think you are free
Without longing?

You left anguish
In her sleep –
Go gnaw the dawn!

WILD

If sparrow ate
Juicy sour cherry
Napping beside her.

Who hasn't come
From sour-tasting soil –
Who won't return there?

Though wild it is,
Sound of sleeping heart
Wants to be heard.

Silence breaks
My soul's balance
On forest road.

FLOODPLAIN

Swimming in your mind –
Willow tree sings lullaby
To the water's ear.

Hump on the back
Of trout
Which willow covets.

Pitch black cloud –
Spread a little farther
The light in your bosom.

ON THE ISLAND

Moors lie untidy –
Where are you, wild strawberry?
I came, growing young.

LIGHTNESS

White is too heavy –
Pine branch shows clearly
It longs for the winter.

SEASONLESS

Even clouds
Do not get lighter
Without leaning on a mountain.

Cherry is her fate
Wheat ear is mine –
What don't you understand?

CHERRY TREE

Time is a table –
My fingerprint was erased
Before I died.

CONFUSED

A log on the road –
So hard to lose
A sparrow's love!

GIFT TO THE SKY

Winter trees –
The sparrows wait
Utterly bare.

AH WALTER

My endless gratitude –
I hear the source love
Within my name.

SPROUT

Oh, humble weed!
Your solace is the untidy moor
Spread as you please.

UNIQUE

Even just two days
Two strangers –
Endless summer, a dream.

SINLESS

When the day turns dark
Even the snake gives up on
The black rat.

STRANGER

Blood in your heart!
As if you have never thirsted
The wheat ear.

TWISTED TWIGS

Rain accumulates
Water one day surpasses stone
And reaches soul.

Upon the jamb
Twisted twigs hand in hand
Reach the summer.

SPECTACLE

As it fades away,
Your cherry blossom drops
At your tiptoe.

WHEAT EAR'S INTUITION

While it is blooming
Cherry tree whispers
Even to my mind.

A LONELY BRANCH

As sparrow flew –
She heard the sigh
Of the aged cherry tree.

SPEED

Oh, turtle –
I learned too when I was young,
The road can frighten.

I DID NOT UNDERSTAND

Summer passed, and winter too –
On which hook does
Life's coat still hang?

ZEBERCET

No snow fell either –
I talk with the ceiling,
Its color red.

ONCE

With its murmur
Snow healed you –
Wounded swan.

SYRUP

Tell me, warmly,
How did you spend the winter?
Arctic flower.

WEED

Moors flow –
My beloved looks on
The owl falls silent.

FROM MEMORY

Life is a roulette –
My two-eyed wheat ear,
Teach me how to go out.

BARK

Oh, untidy moor –
How sweet the sound of your wind,
I just can't comprehend!

DICE

Oh, wild forest!
I can never grasp the voice
You hold back from me.

SCENARIO

Life is so strange –
The sulking thorn
Bleeds in the heart.

WHILE GOING

Who knows what sweet sounds
In this world exist –
That I cannot hear!

GRATEFULNESS

Oh, insatiable heart!
Why apologize –
You were simply inspired!

POMEGRANATE

Oh, immortal lyre!
On which string are you hung
For the resonant soul?

SICKLE

The walking wheat ear –
Within the eternity,
Let your fire fade.

My gratitude is endless –
That blood flowing from your neck
Feeds the valley.

BEFORE FIRE

Spring is near –
If all has been understood
In the harshest winter.

Isn't joy
Above sorrow –
In a single tear?

When birds perch,
Heart warms again
Even broken branch.

Stretch out your hand –
The body scorched,
Incomplete on the snow.

Your roots are in me
I will bury you again
Into frozen ground.

Oh, noble log –
Forgive the reverie-junkie bird
Just before nothing.

FLOWER

As dawn breaks,
How good the silence is!
My heart grows cold.

As the sun goes down
How bad the silence is!
My heart grows cold.

DARICA

The smell of coffee –
From where could it be coming?
She will turn and look back.

By the roadside –
As first snow falls on water,
Her mind will linger there.

Under this sky –
Wherever she may go
Her horse will follow her.

ROBERT WALSER

Let it snow now –
I'm tired of struggling
With carefree grief.

WALDAU

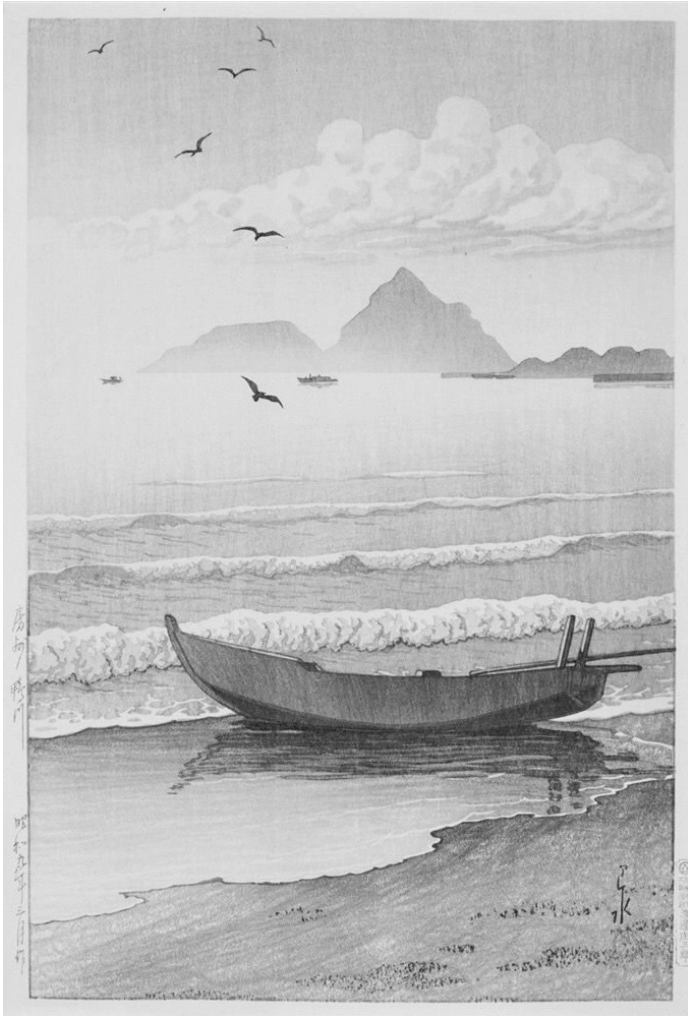
Oh, my grey hair!
I got permission from the flower
In a tiny letter.

HERISAU I

Crystal light –
Walk with me
To water the fossil.

HERISAU II

My snowflakes –
Let's walk in the footsteps
Of broken branches.



“A boat being pulled onto shore at sunset” by Hasui Kawase, 1934.

DIAGNOSIS

My secrets, rest!

You were a mirror, now broken –

My earth lies within you.

BITTER WATER

It is not to feed –
The tributary's intent
Is simply to flow.

It is not to rupture –
The waterfall's intent
Is simply to fall.

It is not to carry –
The outlet's intent
Is simply to overflow.

EARWIG

Even the leaf is frozen –
How lovely is the body
Of the earwig beetle!

WITHOUT FAREWELL

Two grains of wheat –
Wherever our souls
Embrace.

“I WILL SEE YOU DOWN THE ROAD”

Always as tall as summer
The cherry tree that fell
Into the snow.



LETTER

*Is it really possible
Living without ever tasting
All your beauty?*

PANORAMA

Painful altar –
Leave the mortals alone
With their fate.

God is sacrifice too –
Let each choose their balcony
That suits them best.

MITWELT

Um, I was about to say –
Heart fatigue, you know,
Has a true meaning.

HOPEFUL

Eyes twitch –
All darkness fades away,
Even pomegranates soften.

CHANCE

What you have sucked
Is the language of dawn –
Cherry awakens.

No other one –
What you have crushed, its heart,
The cherry embarrasses.

TONGUE

Stick it out and let me kiss –
Look at the sorrowful weeds,
What is it you're burning for?

BREATH

You loved her, yes,
Water's life is yours –
Remember it in glass.

WHO

Silence is yellow,
Being quiet is blood-red –
Is this the tint of savagery?

No rope is spun
From fine cotton –
Is this the silk of savagery?

If you're wet,
Newly fallen snow weeps –
Is this the tear of savagery?

Hug the tree
Warm your heart –
Is this the lord of savagery?

LETTER

With pen and paper –
I wrote life's single copy
Like a stranger.

I put it in a box –
Walnuts to be cracked
Leaves, wind.

My youth blew –
My chest that swings your hair
Like wind.

What if she is not in place!
My Mind, My Hashish Tree
Thornless days.

The question drifts away –
Even if you write it on mist,
The same, good wishes.

I have no one –
Your heart, a handful of earth,
My seed awaits.

My universe, your age –
What does the one who never cracked want?
Am I understood?

What is done remains –
Let Rilke's rose of glass
Forgive the wind.

Does she hear?
Only man cries
To his god.

Enchanted forest!
Lay your hand upon my chest,
Let the writing cease.



SUMMER HAIKUS

*Uncanny life –
Let our paths align again
With smiling faces.*

BIRDLESS

In winter, my branches
In summer, my roots fall still,
Like trees.

FALLS SILENT

Two-lipped lily
Clinging
To my finger.

HOLE

I looked inside my pocket –
A tired horse sleeps
By the water.

IN THE RAIN

A flower tingles
Scream is one syllable, yes
A sigh, silent.

WILL-O-THE-WISP

Summer makes me long
As the wheat ear dances
Brightly yellow.

TABLE

Oh ant –
You keep wandering
Between house and grave.

STORK

Love your wind –
The rest of the road never ends
Escaping winter.

Inside your heart
You shiver too just like me
Missing summer.

SUMMER HAIKUS

A cardigan on his back –
Cooled like a corpse
Sunny weather.

Smashed to smithereens
No music left in him –
Just crust of mind.

All the murmurs
In marble's ear –
Wet, his cheek.

Your joy wears thin –
In the grammar of names
The world warms.

Storm petrel is silent –
So let it begin,
Work of the heart.

You live through something
What you long for is another –
Rains of summer.

BRANCH

Are you the only one
Wandering like an orphan
In the black-billed wind?

SLENDER

The wheat ear –
Heart of cloud trembles
For you to grow.

FRAGRANT HAIKU

Cheeky basil
Kissed and kissed the cat
By its tail.

ONE WHO BLEEDS

*“Live with your heart”** –
The loveliest sentence
A pomegranate could hear.



FOREST

Afraid the sun
Will hold the honeysuckle's hand
Star stays awake.

The scent of honey
Blends into the night
I lay awake.

UNDONE

The wheat ear longs
For the old wind nesting deep
In her nook.

When she thinks
Two legs of the table
Begin to bend.

ON THE MOOR

Since the morning
The wind gathers up
Crowned mountain tulips.

BADGER

When hail falls,
Badger's pool fun
Is left half done.

EVENING

Returning to the village,
Strawberry taste
Fills my shoes.

SAKE

The bird that sucks cherry
Alien to every tree
Since last summer.

MORNING

Hard to rouse the rose
That sleeps side by side
With linden.

MOSQUITO

When the day grows dark
Even the fly deserves
A second chance.

PORCUPINE

Let me hug
At least in the notebook,
Dear porcupine.

ON THE STEPPE

Early risen day –
I hope you will live a long life
Without ever landing.

EZRA

Eats cherries, yes –
Spits the seeds out
Like he's reading poems.



RAUSCHEN

Her climate left from ice,
Her mystery left from
A trace of rapture.

Lips sweat –
Eyes that see in color sweat too
When they burble.

ARCHAEOLOGY

It grieves
Bristle brush that loosens dust
Over the wasted time.

It shines
On the rusty bone of tear –
Stamp of love.

TO WEED

Your hand reaching
To the nape of the wind
Implies mourning.

HANGER

Time, how generous!
While searching, I forgot
What I was looking for.

SUMMER EVENING

When a star falls,
Rabbits leap
Here and there.

KUNSTWOLLEN

Oh, the wheat ear –
You haven't grown taller this summer
Are you chasing the cloud?

Oh, the cherry tree –
I hide from the flood
The cloud inside me.

ALLEGORY

Perhaps cloud
Is flow of water to stone
Without touching.

Perhaps cloud
Is gaze of stone
Touching sticky water.

ON BEHALF OF THE LOST

Mayfly:

– Long live turtle

All dwell within you.

SEASONAL

Oh, old nightingale

Why sing

By wasting yourself!



HOPE

Days go by
She resists coming
She dreams.

Like mercy
Things not solid
Don't evaporate.

AT THE LAST MOMENT

Now, harder to see
Writing
Wearing itself out.

From my old nook
Books remain
Never read.

A HANDFUL HAIKUS

What's left of summer?
Sift your truth
Through death's sieve.

AS

Blowing him into glass,
Forget all
But breath.

BIRDS

Branches fall silent, too
When cherries are gathered –
My kismet, let me hear your voice.

NOTFALLZEIT

Voice, are you there?
Days pass so hard
Ask after me.

JETZTZEIT

Open your palm –
Time will roll back
To where it came from.

ZEITLOS

From bitter time
A drop will seep
Into bitter crocus.

SILKWARE MATTE

Sleep, my secrets
These are final stirrings
Inside the glass paste.

BONE CHINA

From bone ash
First light of morning –
Shall we take tea?



ROMAUNT

Leaving the heart,
Where would wander
Your dripping blood?

While drawing breath,
What secret will unravel
Your uncanny mind?

POST MORTEM

How far away
Butterfly's travel plan
For tomorrow.

SPIELEN

July sun –
Sparrows would die, yes
If moors were silent.

VERDAMMT

July's task –
Entrusting flower
To gardener.

FREUDENGEHEUL

They come out in rain
Porcupines that hug
Whispering 'my soul'.

ICH BIN AN DER REIHE

When tongue dries
Gluing lily
Will remain half done.



BARBICAN

She has a hedge deep inside
A window in her palm
Part and whole.

It is mercy, yes –
That keeps the soul awake
Unless broken.

What she eats or drinks
What covers her night –
Impoverishment fades.

Her heart feels strange –
As she steps out of her forest,
It seems to stop.

Never missing
On perforated walls
Disappointment.

CRUD MAN

How much he yelled
So the black turtledove
Could fly from within him.

The sound of a fleshless body
Hunted for his soul,
Bleeds.

GOODNIGHT

Never again –
No waking up
In her enchanted forest.

MARCH

At farewell time,
Summer late afternoon
Passes through streets.

BAFRA

Always in the same place
Its tobacco burns
My lips.

CANDLE

I will burn
Always in two places
As the dark world turns.



WHERE ARE YOU?

I stayed underwater

Alas!

The world faded from my eyes.

HELP

Before him it falls
The shadow of the wheat ears
Again every morn.

All day long it blows
That cold wind that calls out
Extend your hand.

ICEMAN

You can kiss –
Hedgehogs inside me
Burned down to ashes.

FILM STRIP

Oh, Sleep!
Breastfeed me in your bosom
Let me grow till the morning.

INSTINCT

A hare
Its green ear
Always runs in the right direction.

ROMANTIC CONSCIOUSNESS

Weeds, my brothers –
My mother is that oak
My father is sparrow too.

SLUICE

Oh, my sweet water
Will never cool again
The land you passed.

I'm terrible at learning by heart
I refuse to stay
At your mercy.

KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE

My cave waits –
This final haiku I wrote
To the sweet water.

Each seed is unique –
If he says, 'I am struggling'
Then flow without thought.

MOULD SHAME

Life sometimes
Ends while breathing –
Think it's from mercy.

Even if you offer the world,
No letter will she teach –
Stay with your pride.

What are you waiting for?
They are two pebbles
She treads on then goes.

ILLUSION

You think
I live forty days
In a month.



MY SOUL

Don't sulk at the sun –
As moon finds its place,
It will sink one last time.

Gaze straight in the eye –
What brews while writing
Is wet with falling rain.

My part, my whole –
It can repair us,
Dream-junkie faith.

Hug your scorched genius
With your endless bosom
Feel my sleep.

IN MY EYE

Before the sun sets
I wished to give you
All kinds of love.

MY GOD

In my remaining life,
Do not enslave me
To ordinary words.

SEVENTEEN BREATHS

Hedgehog left alone –
His spiny mate
Was rolled to the time.

Your fate is clear –
You must gather courage
For sweet wave.

Hedgehog took a breath
And spoke to me –
Don't break your sleep.

WHERE ARE YOU

What you sacrificed
Was to be able to come
To where you came.

My unchanging half –
We sucked the same tree,
It just rots.

If you find your place,
Branches turn green again –
Even if you don't say.

If I had one more life –
I would fear again
Lest she be hurt.

It glides away
From the cheek of the axe –
The cherry's branch.

If you would lift me,
With your burning hands
From the snow.

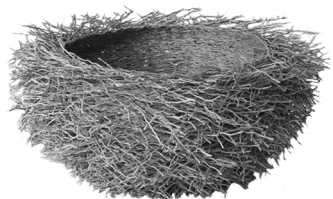
Seed in my head,
I walk with my burden –
My hand on your waist.

How far will it flow?
To be a stranger to you
Is the deepest pain.

I merged with water –
My eyes don't belong
To solid joy.

I've become shy
How hard it is to plead
To the cooling heart.

The branch you sacrificed stays with you –
Where are you
In the place you came?



NEW LIFE

The child, my hope –
With what you transformed,
Don't describe me.

I had loved you –
The night our pearls
Had kissed.

Say so to bees –
He turned to haiku,
His heart bled.

POSTE RESTANTE

Wait, lightens –
It goes down from branch to roots,
Cherry juice.

This world is crippled –
Only the wheat ear is grateful
For her load.

Life's paper knife –
The envelope falls into the forest
Without tiring the horizon.

If you were to close your eye
And turn your route to the road –
Every horse is a postilion.

MAYBE

One morning when I wake –
The cloud will have passed
Before my eyes.

The blue sky –
An endless journey
Carved by scars.

With a cactus bloom –
We will meet
In unwatered hearts.

FAR AFIELD

Familiar with winter –
Your happiness was arduous,
Conscience was the chain.

Fall, bloody axe –
One must remember
Without feeling any more pain.

Let's see
What your eternal love turns into
Close your eyes.

Goodness, the name –
Who did it to whom
Will be known one day.

Joy is its name
What comes with sleep –
Walking distance.



A MOMENT

Cloud passes –
Was what we lived real?
Only if it stops.

HELPLESS

Time goes on –
If only I too knew
I'd crossed your mind

DISCOVERY

The cherry's name
Was erased long ago
From the yellow notebook.

HOW

Midwinter in your heart
Tells you too –
You are alive.

HUMPBACK

You will sit
Beneath the shadow
Of the aged cherry.

With drunken eyes
You will gaze upon the back
Of the yellow wheat ear.

Is she crying?
Even though you know all of her
She won't turn her face.

It will be kissed again –
Words gathered on the lips
Hurt the summer.

Lustful mouth –
Does one need to bleed
Who takes refuge in you?

FINALLY

The cherry fell down –
If his sin is a seed,
The wind will dry it.



RILKE

Its roots burned –
Soil's moisture dries
Without ever wetting.

Say, O poet –
How shall I reach
The rose in her broken state?

PERFUME

Don't be afraid, Oh cherry!
Feel the pulse in your skin
Warming in snow.

That stretches the heart,
Takes the stone out of dough –
My mind's delight.

If a part is whole –
Lips are thorny and
Green in every season.

The air smells of juniper –
From the bend of path
Rise up, let's walk.

PRAYER

Until you find
The soil you can bloom,
Scatter as you wish.

Boiling seed –
An aged master
Will blow into your heart.



CHERRY

With heavy sighs,
He starts from his roots
To a new day.

Like fruits
Ripening over time
Haikus, too.

Will be understood –
On a velvety day
A gliding wind.

Did not leave, yes –
Only couldn't sacrifice
The endless wheat ear to love.



LIKE STARING AT A DREAM

*All that I planted
Just for you to see
Faded in my garden.*

LESSON

When he takes the road,
Longing for pomegranate
Stirs his guilt.

They silently smell
Reminding him of his boundaries –
Roses of the hive.

SQUIRREL

Some walnuts
Are for snuggling
Like books.

TEACH

Summer butterfly,
How does one rise
Above mercy?

HELP CRY

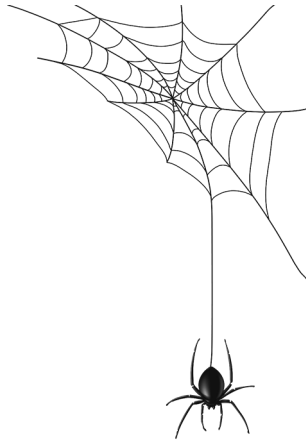
As the wind blows,
Leaves rustle
Ant murmurs.

At the bottom of water,
It looks huge
A pebble grain.

It says 'I am here' –
She raised her skirt,
Poisonous mushroom.

Each evening
Bunny returns home,
Saying 'My little heart'.

The garden in the sky
Where cloud passes through,
How beautifully it scatters.



AMAZING

How balanced it is –
From its web to earth,
A spider descends.

SPEAK

Lovely juniper –
Does your scent fly, too
Along with you?

EZRA

Turned snow-white
Washed by the rain –
Mulberry leaves.

Drifting clouds –
From the place where roses
And rowboats came.

MY LOVE

If my old heart grows cold,
That sweet book
Will belong to all.

PONTE DEI SOSPIRI

From its window
The ripe wheat ears field
The last thing I saw.

FOR A LIFETIME

On your breasts,
Roam deaf space –
The most beautiful wheat ear.





ARMFUL

*Plums bloomed –
Is it really that hard for you
To learn to make do?*

CONSTELLATION

My consolation –
When you cross my mind
Space fits in my palm.

BLOW

Don't think of winter –
The horse fits in hay barn
Seed in soil.

BITTER

Taste of plum
Lies entwined
With the summer evening.

SLEEPLESS

Water sleeps in the shape of a lake –
The absence within you,
A crimson rose.

DREAM

Sleeping beauty, wake –
In summer beneath snow
Even life itself.

EVEN IN WINTER

Polysemy

Better than meaninglessness –

Love your burn.

RELUCTANT

Winter approaches –

Give with your warm hands

Whatever you will give.

“DON'T FORGET THE BEST”

Just arriving
Into fire's mind
Ash of the cherry.

Wind blows –
Even love is twisted
How many summers ago?

They took a step
Faces and sparks
Suddenly vanished.

HOW HAPPY

He who's always too thirsty
Closes books
And so fills them with muse.

Bird is heath's witness,
Whomever is as yours –
While thousand suns arise.

The road he walked
Reached nowhere,
For a skeptical soul.

He flies above
A field the mud won't touch –
How happy you are.

ROAD

Is so velvety, yes –
A hedgehog sings
The song's refrain.

ALS ICK KAN

Your insatiable soul –
If only a world existed
Where you were not condemned.

FLAME

Approach with patience
The aged cherry –
He trains wings.

His neighbor is yellow –
May the field of wheat ears
Never taste the flame.

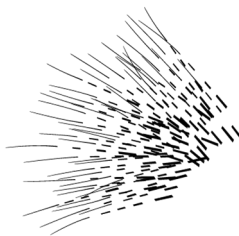
Listen to the wind –
My broken sparks,
The path of sake.

ONE WHO LEAVES

Summer is a miracle –
Its haste is always kindness
Its wind is yellow.

ONE WHO LEAVES

Dyes the weeds –
Who does not confide in the hedgehog
Cannot understand.



ONE WHO LEAVES

Will come back well –
Passed through kind hearts
The cherry's mourning.

CANON

Lightning strikes –
At the same time, yes
The tree begins to sing.

AURA

Far from my own name
Hide from your lips
The place where you fell.

My drunken wheat ear
Tell no one
The place where you stood.

SNOW

Lifts up her foot –
Picking my words
And I walk.

COLORFUL

When white runs out
Your flowers
Will dance in shadow.

KAIHO

Firefly
Cannot disperse
Its smoke inside.

Has spring come?
Weeds feel
Stone's fatigue.

Blooms in pot
Heralds the death
Black orchid.

Field bunting
Still breathes
Thanks to her mercy.

PENANCE

I know it is desolate
To expect maturity
From the bowed wheat ear.

Then why?
For what scares the heart most
Is old age.

It lies on the ground –
The road before you
Won't lead to the cherry.

Already so yellow –
Oh, whatever I say is null,
Already so yellow.

HIEROGLYPH BIRD

It is its only branch –
Without looking back,
Spring flies.

HIEROGLYPHIC BOAT

It is the only land –
Rusts neither the road
Nor the traveler.

HIEROGLYPH ARCH

It is the only brotherhood –
Scorched generations
Dream of rain.

HIEROGLYPH SHOVEL

It is the only leaven –
Even beneath pleasure
Mercy is found.

THE HIEROGLYPH CHERRY

I, the lone reverie-junkie –
In his heart his hashish,
His mind a bloody ruin.

THE HIEROGLYPH WHEAT EAR

You, the lone artifice –
Suns in your smile,
Roots in your mouth.

ASYMPTOTE

Evening falls –
The thorn-kissed day
Takes rose color.

WHEAT ALERT

Oh cherry bird –
You sing the fire,
No one hears.





WIND TIME

*I passed the world –
Tidying my garden
Harsh winter is on the way.*

HARBRINGER

Golden hair
Where wheat is ground
Under stone.

Turning white
Blood of black grape
Becomes wine.

In season
When the tree bore cherries
Bee awoke.

Wind will carry time
To everywhere
That buds.

REPROACH TO ROSE

Nightingale sings –
Earth awakes
From sweet sleep.

In shade's flavor –
A sport and a pastime
Time passes by.

Wind trembles –
Let the broken take the joy
Life is so bitter.

Youth dispersed –
Childhood photograph
Thorn's tip.

Nightingale says –
Once rain used to warm
Earth beneath.

But then
Spirit of roses stirred
In crimson apocalypse.

UNFILTERED BAFRA

Tobacco fish –
My lover gave you
This name

DO YOU UNDERSTAND

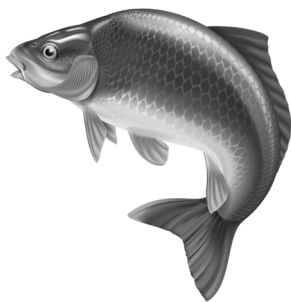
Carrier bird –
We've reached drunk years
Head in a haze.

DOGLEGGED HAIKU

Salmon sweating –
Sun sank into river
At its sharp bend.

MIRRORED HAIKU

Bear in pursuit –
A mustached carp fell into
The giant plunge basin.



TOY

Flawed of course
A nest of twigs and brush
Harbors good poetry.

They suppose it's cherry
A branch of bare tree
Full of teats.

Just one bite
The gentlest word
Buried in its cloud.

A lifetime passed
Not a step taken
By the nightingale's bedfellow.

LAST BEND

It's autumn now –
More dead than human
In my sleep.

Wind has started –
Ash falls from dream
Onto my verses.

SWEET

Peach worm –
You're a tiny surprise
On mulberry leaf.

A LOT

Thirsty belly –
Its peel ironed smooth
The fruit is oleaster.

DARK

Wild plum –
Blue smoke rises at night
Over the steppe.

WITHERED

Fig tree –
Does not know how to share
Path and sap.

HORSE CHESTNUT

Never thirsty –
Its copper-colored leaf
Twisted from wire.

WHEN WRITER DIES

His cardigan slipped
From summer's shoulders
Beyond the snowy mountain.

JUST YOU?

Wandering hungry and parched –
Crab's claws
Bleached by salt.

STONE-BIRTHING

Seasons later –
Ants noticed
My absence.

WHEAT EAR

Thinking of your hand –
A full-bellied sparrow
Flew from my mind.

NAMELESS ENVELOPE

Instead of a mark –
An untamed cherry rolled
Upon the stamp.



WHEAT HARVEST

The wind is blowing –
Sparrows gulp
At the threshing floor.

AFTER HARVEST

Cherry weeps –
Gardens never see the sun
How sorrowful.



DEAR WHEAT EAR

I loved you deeply –
Like the sparrow loves
Its chick.

Grasses break off –
Grace comes from wisdom
Seeds never forget.

UNTAMED CHERRY

My taste is a bit sour –
This is all I could become
In shadow, forgive me.



GRASPED INFORMATION

Deer stand still –

Golden grasses

Sing to the wind.

WHAT

Pulls man into forest
Younger than a bird –
Makes him different?

HAIJIN

Her heart in her eye –
One entered forest young
Lost as child.

OR THE OPPOSITE

Nights were ours –
You, sparrow on branch
I, hand that drew it.

It broke in the wind –
Hand, glass sparrow
That resisted bending.

PURPLE

Mountain violet –
Scent you've drifted away from
Underwear.

IN MY NAME

A shrinking cloud –
If you want to forgive
Open your arms.

SEED

Its diary is light –
Like every flower, alone
Reveals all inside.

DREAM

The wheat ear –
I told the deaf rose
Your name every day.

SERENDIPITY

Snow is trembling
Like a beggar
Before eyes.

Light, oh light!
Perhaps the blink was the last
Perhaps the beginning.

DIET

Enough self
To live
In old age.

CLOCK

A moment seems to you a lifetime –
Cloud coughs
Butterfly dies.

MOSTLY

Do you know –
I'm struggling
In front of clock.

LAZY LOVER

Oh, slowcoach seagull –
Even if I say go, you won't
To another sea.

AHSEN

Skies float
With their stars
In river of your child's heart.

Moors run in her body
With their hounds
Coming from paradise.



FEVER

Miniature world –
If only I were a bush on mountain
To blow on the wind.

Here it is winter –
Your cheeks are burning,
Come into my arms.

FINALLY

Before the day turns yellow
Beyond the beloved
We are two kindred spirits.

Two pure scouts
Sober even when drunk
Both bird and fish.

TO PEEL

I missed you, he said
Sea that sees the wheat ear –
Where have you been?

Where you went
Don't stay so long
Next time, please.

Salty nuts
So many have piled up
Where do I begin?

IN THE ERAS WITHOUT TEMPLES

Our equal reds
And purples –
Now that we are a shore.

Lie down beside me
With knowledge you grasped
And embrace my body.

From my hunched back
The silk of pure desire
Slip off the shirt.

IN MY CHEST

That room is yours –
A homeless
Spiny hedgehog.

Rain in an earthen jug
Walls secluded green
Garden of heath.

FINE CHINA

In front of window –
Arrange loves
Align flower pots.

The sun is rising –
Shadow that grips the heart
Never fades.

RADIO

If we cannot speak
Like desert or river –
We too will be silent.

ICE COLD

On that winter night –
When I hear it from you
My name smells of lilac.

PARISON

Not heard in cold –
Let out scream of wound
On back.

I wouldn't want to be
As tired as snowy mountain
And just leave.

Every winter –
False sun patches garden
With your breath.

Life is a torment –
So what if poets have died?
Bees die.

Hold a place for yourself –
Don't think my mind will stay
Hotter than fire.

From desperation –
A shirt for eternity
A naked body.

Words existed
Sand seamstresses of glass –
Do you remember?

GLASS ILLUSION

It was already illusion –
Cloud stands out of curiosity
Above desert.

It was illusion, but
Rain I wrapped in cotton
Was mine.

No more rain –
What can I do without illusion?
It darkened away.

POND

I was happy for –
Seeing no sky
And resting in forest.

That was before the fire –
Tree had a neck
Leaf had a hand.

Everywhere is sky –
Unsolvable blue grief
Quickly vaporize.

GRASPED INFORMATION

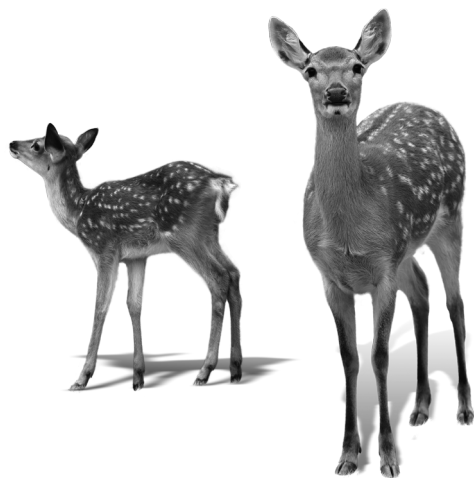
Perhaps we are equal –
Three generations of cats and dogs
Only in form.

It's still there –
Thirty winters between us
Utterly naked.

Don't open the curtain –
Yellow spot in my soul
Light wounds.

I kept you waiting –
I'm as sorry as mountains
Gentle spring.

Life is so clear –
Posture of deer
Most beautiful message.



AFTER YOU

Oh, the yellow wheat ear –
Crossing seas
I was always your eyes.

You took everything
Sky, earth, water –
Perhaps I will sleep.

JISEI

Yesterday morning I died –
Among the grass,
I fell like sand.

Yesterday morning I died –
An indifferent butterfly
Landed in field.


Yesterday morning I died –
Sun was in the same place
I was too sleep-deprived.

Yesterday morning I died –
With one last gesture
A name escaped my lips.

Yesterday morning I died –
Birds kept singing
Their songs.

June 20, 2017 – February 3, 2026

Ankara – Davutlar Kuşadası



Teeth in bone
And wings that touch the water –
Just for you.