

Ayhan Diril

- Őirler -

Yayın Tarihi:

07.03.2022

Yayınlayan:

Antoloji.Com Kltr ve Sanat

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A Cigar Butt

This little cigar butt, in a street corner
Must be thrown away by a mourner.
For the last time with a deep inhale
It was pressed by fingers that were frail.

For a while smoke lingered in the air
With the memories to share.
This tiny cigar butt can resist not much
To the hopes, it's too weak to touch.

Stepped on it , hundreds of feet
Smashed like a tiny vase, on this dark street

Ayhan Diril

A Cold March

It was a cold night of a March.
Our world seemed like a butterfly.
born for a day of five hours.
That butterfly had a kingly life.
Though it had a short life-span.

Wishing these hours would go on for centuries.
At the top of the clouds the lovers were helpless.
Watching their desperate world,
With just a prayer of hugging forever in real.
When the repentance delet our sins,
It would be miracle to see our hands meet each other.
May be that day is to come soon.
On a morning or a noon.

When the God's mercy opens its doors to us.
I look for the day to see the day
when our pains end.
I wonder if we see the day comes true
While swimming in this fantasy world.
How I wish to have a clue,
To see the shining clouds in blue.

A dropp of hope remains in the sea.
Barriers are like floods.
Only hope is the God's mercy.
Creatures would drown us in the seas.
While sighing in longing,
Our breathes melt the mountains.
Hearing your voice is my sun,my light
In the black colour of the night.

The joke of staying friends rivets our strong feelings.
How odd to see my hands and legs are tied in chains.
Taking you away to mountains is just a pleasant illusion.
I look for the keys to stop these pains.

It is a week ago before april rains,
In this cold night our souls and minds stay in fire.
We live in a fairy tale.
We write the best novel and poem.
The only proof of the word 'peace' is this cold night.
Are we living the real in the world of dreams?
Or the dreams in the world of real?
Your voice is the only cure in this silence.

The darkness is in rush,
To meet the bitter point of the day.
The hours are eager to catch the next day.
It has no intention to stay.

Why don't the clocks hide their strikes?

Even if we hardly open our eyelids
We keep whispering our magic names.
We keep looking for a fountain
to stop these flames.
As our lips smile our hearts weep.

On one side we warn the time to sleep,
On other side we mean staying some more.
We are hidden under the blankets
Whispering to stay some more.
It is over three,nearly four.

As our souls dance with each other
It is our bodies being tortured.
It is our love in the forbidden zone.
In the last cold days of March.

While the leaves are silent,the trees are asleep.
We keep whispering the sweetest word to each other.
All the lovers would be shocked to learn what love is.
The meaning of love would be more meaningful.
We would be writing the best poems
We would be writing the best novels.

The fake lovers would draw a lesson from us.
Our names would still be everlasting
At the top of our tongues.
Even if we take our weak breathes,
Our names would be sung by the birds
Of this cold night of March.

Ayhan Diril

A Day at Borabay Lake

This is the lake where the green and the deep blue meet.
This is where you can hear the lonely nightingales tweet.
At this place, you hear the cries of little kids in their games.
The picnic fire warms your freezing body with its dancing flames.

Small waves tremble in the evening to hit the rocky shore.
Little birds around me keep asking for food more and more.
For a few cents, an old man walks on the path playing his flute.
How happy he seems in his torn shoes, on his back wearing an old suit.

Happy couples on benches look into each other's eyes.
The engine sounds of the tractors are heard on the highs.
Bungalows seem like secret shrines as the evening sun sets.
Nature falls into deep sleep, hopeless fishers pick up their nets.

Ayhan Diril

A day in paradise

When the cat's away the mouse play.
It is what the dad would say, every day.
Neither mum nor dad was home.
It was a Monday when it proved right.
Two naughty kids met at lunch time.
It was the right time to be free.
They counted one,two,and three.

Not wanting disturbance on the floor.
They closed the entrance door.

Since the cat's away, they had a lot of fun.
From corner to corner, they started to run.
Like little babes they lifted each other.
Thank God, there was no father, no mother.

Doing contests by squeezing hands for power show.
They were sometimes fast sometimes slow.
Like birds feeling free they were so content.
It was the best moment to know what living meant.

It was the right time to break the rules.
Wished the day never end,but take years.
Hearts beat fast in cheers.
Smelling the secret perfume,
Everything was moving not stable.
Spilling coffee was no problem,on the table.

Soon they opened door of the fridge.
They grasped a banana and some cherry.
All was so delicious so tasty with the blackberry.
In the heat they melt.
So passionate,they felt,
To taste what was in the fridge.
For them it was a day in paradise.
Finding the happiness in their eyes
They were hand in hand,
Never wanting this moment end.

Two olives were on the plate,
They tasted them before it was too late.
Checking all the forbidden zones at home.
They were two crazy kids.
All the rooms were open for a roam.

The crystal vase was free to touch
Crystal bulbs were easy to clutch.
Hearts beats beating hard,
They had the best day in their life.

In a vase were two red tulips.
They were there for pleasure.

Though he knew it was not right,
Inside he tried hard to fight.
But naughty kid felt free to bite.

Behind the long columns, played hide and seek
Leaving the room in mess, they had fun on the peak.
As the room got hotter, they realized a bottle.
They drank all the water, breathing was hard for the throttle.

They talked and talked, their tongues were so busy.
Their hands were naughty, they felt so dizzy.
That house had never seen this much naughtiness.
In a corner was also an unopened chest
Soon it was discovered, it was the best.

They cannot always be free like this.
They will never forget it, they will always miss.
It was a good opportunity, it was fine.
This memory was a golden mine.

When the clock stroke four, it was hard to say bye.
They wondered why had not they met before,
It was a hard question, hard to see it why.

Ayhan Diril

A dove on my windowsill

Your absence grows in my nights,
tearing my soul into pieces.
This helplessness sends me
in a dark cell.

Like a beggar in front of the door,
I wait for a sign from the Sultan.

Like rolling bushes on a desert,
I feel the storm is like hell.

There is neither a hi nor a smile.
Is it you or the mirage disappearing?
At least come for a second
into my dreams.

When a brown dove perches
Onto my windowsill
and smiles into my eyes
great excitement overwhelms me.

As if you will fly into my room ,
I wait and wait for hours.
I see a dove carrying a tiny branch in its peak
I wonder if it is a small message from you.

Ayhan Diril

A few minutes more

Stop, my tongue
Don't move my lips
Don't say goodbye
Let me stay with you,
A few minutes more.

Don't move, my feet
Let me fix my eyes on you.
Let me see you
A few minutes more.

My eyes are wet with tears
My heart always fears
What if I can't see you again?

I want no jewellery no luxury
No other love but yours.
The sun may shine tomorrow
But what if I can't see you again?

Will the day have any meaning?
I don't mind crying again.
But what if tears shade your view
Let me see you again and again
What if I die tomorrow?

Ayhan Diril

A miracle

It was a cold night, I was alone on the streets.
Chasing my shadow, I heard hungry cats scream.
Let no one blame us, we have an innocent dream.
I had a paper on which our wishes were written.
Who could I present it? Who could help us?
Can you guess how helpless I was?

Our love should live for ages.
But we are kept in different cages.
Like two budgerigars we were,
The chains were all around.
Meeting chance seemed one percent.
Then I looked at the bright moon.
Remembered your beloved one,
Dividing it in two parts.

I felt the burning fire in my heart,
That scene came to mind when
Abraham was relieved,
When You told fire to be cool.
There grew roses instead.
We are no prophets, no sinless.
We are just beggars in front of your door.

The mountains are around us,
The roads lead us to blind alleys.
We are lost in big valleys.
We are in between the devil
And the deep blue sea.
Oceans roar like lions
As if wanting to drown us.

Oh my Creator.
I know you see all of this.
I know you reply our secret prays.
Give us a miracle to get away from it all.
Like Moses divided the sea into two
To lead a way out.
Send us some rain,
As we live the season of drought.
You are our only shelter, show us some mercy.

Ayhan Diril

A Red Rose

On a wooden table
I stare at this glass vase
In your brown eyes I am lost.
This is a hard case.

In it there is a red rose.
Reminds me of you,
In its delicate pose.
If you wish to smell this rose,
Do not break its twig,
It is so sensitive so fragile.

Takes so much time to grow
It is miraculous, it lives on a desert.
Has any of its thorns bitten you?
Has it hurt your soft fingers?
Just waits for your heavenly smell
Never goes away, it just lingers.

Keep whispering love words
Let it face no reproves.
Only food it needs is hidden in your heart
Do not deprive it of your burning breath.
Grant it life not death.
Water it sweet, add no bitter one.
The leaves are tired, branches are weak.
No longer can it endure pain.
Like me it is on a dead end lane
Do not cause any drought
So that it doesn't wither.
Let it have a new sprout.

Ayhan Diril

A short pray

My Creator! You are the one who makes the mountains walk.
On the path of happiness we look for, when will you let us walk?
My Creator! You are the one who shifts the dark into light?
Will we ever wake up, in our hearts with no fright?
My Creator! You are the one who hears the voice of a tiny ant?
We need a soothing breath, please give it to us as a grant.

Ayhan Diril

Addiction for coffee

Stars are asleep in their dark sky.
No devil eyes are there to spy.
Since the winds have frozen to death,
Let me sip my coffee, taking a deep breath.

A cup of coffee is all I need tonight
My addiction is for it, I am right.
Each drop is a flashback of our story.
How addicted I am to you, my morning glory.

Ayhan Diril

All I want

All I want is a handful of water.
Neither seas nor oceans.
What I need most is
A little smile.
At least for a little while.
I want no laughter
To be heard miles away,
On a silent day.

All I wish to have
Is a few happy tears
Flowing down to happy valleys
Through the green gardens.
I wish no tears
supressed by mountains or high walls.
Competing with the running waterfalls.

All I want is just a rose
Whether it is red or white.
I don't want the whole rosary.

I would like to see some small pools
Where kids play with muddy faces.
I am not after the Olympic pools
With medals or races.

All I want is
to scratch a few happy moments
on my diary in peace,
when my last hour is about to cease.
I want the moments to make me fly,
not the ones to make me cry.

Ayhan Diril

All is lie

When the rain stops
And the storms keep quiet,
there is only you.
Day shifts into night
Night shift into day.
All is a big lie.
You are the only one
That is alive.

The open doors shut
Mounts break into pieces.
As the morning light
Destroy our dreams,
No need to have eyes
As you are there
Always in hearts

All will be dead
When you are alive.
Sun picks up it light
Saying "enough for today",
Friends close their doors
One by one
All is a big lie
You are the only truth
Only one alive

Ayhan Diril

All of a sudden

If you came
all of a sudden
like that crazy character
wearing a disguise of glasses
and carrying a walking stick
like an old person
who is in our famous novel
and gave life to this dry desert,
it would not be the end of the world.

Ayhan Diril

An Observation

I watch the earth over the skies.
Down there is a large lake
where the frogs set up their best traps
to catch the innocent flies.

Iron ties clasp the soft clouds
with their giant hands.
When the beggars wait for a few coins
lying back on the moldy walls,
a soft feather of a pigeon
swirls in the air and falls down.

A frantic boy holding a rosary bead
keeps saying all the holly names.
As this observation goes on
our lives are recorded in details.
Best memories are carried away
by the strong flows of the river.

In that long night this poor woman
keeps waiting for a miracle
next to her dead cat
that used to keep purring
in those lonely nights.

Ayhan Diril

An October Day

This is an October day,
I feel little bit cold.
This is the month when
Most glamorous
love stories are told.

As I step on the falling leaves
Like a soft carpet
I hear them whisper
our melody in your sound.

In every step,
they join our prayers,
Like wishing to die
for drying our tears.

On an ordinary morning,
This is an ordinary walk.
By my side is this river.
They call it 'green river'
but they don't know how
it flows into my world
Surrounded by grey mountains,
through your brown fountains.
This is the river we expect
Our impossible dreams to flow.
This is the river to fill our
moments with happiness.

I put my hands in my pockets
And keep my walk, slow.
With this spirit,
Sometimes high
Sometimes low.

So bad it is we can't come together!
Time picks up its happy times,
Doing best to escape from us.
I fill my lungs with this cold weather,
Trying to cool my longing heart
burning like hell.
But wishing to be as light as a feather,
and inhale your adorable smell.

I wish you were here,
for I have so much to tell.
In my throat with lots of knots
I sail deeper and deeper
In the sea of thoughts.

I meet those youngsters
sitting under an arbour.

Dancing like crazy butterflies,
their happy cries float in the sky.
I wonder if anyone claims
they can be as excited as us
like on our secret days,
with secret touches and meets.
Then you would be off my sight
getting on the bus,
like a bird about to flight.
Just like a blue kite,
In the high sky.
Just like a day ending
With a heartbreaking 'bye'.

Oh, those days!
The real days
in joy we lived.
I call the rest 'fake smiles',
On dusty pages,
Spent in early ages.

How happy those kids seem under the arbour.
On the table, with their birthday cake!
They dance and sing.
Then for a piece of cake
to take, they give a break.

Colored candles emit their gleam,
Like your starry eyes in my dream.

The chocolate cake,
as sweet as your smiles.
On it, the cherry is so appetizing.
It seems as sweet as the fountain
where the three sweetest words
Of the world are chanted.
Yet those words are the joy of my heart.

I wait for a single light in our dark skies.
Being in the winds of hope,
how I wish to end these cries.

When I plunge into past,
I remember no cake, no candles.
Because I was not born on my birthday.
Considering the days spent in vain,
like aimless times, spent in pain.
I feel so sure,
I was born on your birthday.

I watch those kids for a while,

Before it gets colder I had better walk home.
Let them live in their own world.
I take a deep breath to feel my own,
With a few lines of a poem
coming from my heart,
How I wish to see you again,
With a prayer in my palms,
I beg for a piece of April rain.

Oh, this is your birthday dear.
I wish I were with you to celebrate it,
For I am away, for I am in fear.

No matter how strong the winds blow,
In my blood, your affection and love flow.
Happy birthday to you,
My morning coffee, my sweetest toffee.

Happy birthday to you!
The owner of my shining stars!
The best prize in my life.
The meaning of my life.

You fill each second of my hour.
Happy birthday to my spring flower!

Hard to challenge this cold weather,
I keep swinging my arms and take a walk.
I wish you were here,
I have many things to say,
Desperately I prefer silence,
Trying to smile at the day.

Enclosed by those lovely moments
I wonder when our lips will smile.
I wonder when the miracles come true.
Will we ever blow out our burning candles
of our own birthday cake?

I will reach the peak of happiness
on our birthday when
my lonely planet finds its orbit,
when my heart melts in your soul.
You are my half to complete the whole.
I refuse the days without you!
Never do I claim
I have ever lived them.

My seas were not blue,
Until my life had colors with you.
Even the birds know it is so true.

I know, I was not born on my birthday.
I was born on your birthday.
Happy birthday to us.

Ayhan Diril

Appear Once

I wish you appeared once to knock at my door,
To take me to the heights, with a sudden sore.
Hold me, with your soft hands, to take for a flight,
Carry me to the snowy clouds that are white.

Pick out a rosary to find the reddest rose.
Surely you smell the best, everybody knows.
Say a few words when I'm totally silent
when your name is said, no storms are violent.

Your smile makes the wildest storm
like a timid cat, makes the ice warm.
Sunflowers stop following the sun
And start following you, on the run.

I see the shadows keep writing your name
Cupping my hands on the hidden flame.
Come to touch deepest wounds heal,
Praying in a holly place to make wishes real.

Ayhan Diril

Arabesque Night

As I listen to a sad song of Ferdi,
On my lips with this plea,
I beg God to break this chain
So that I can be free.
This is my arabesque night,
This is my endless fight.

The kindling voice makes the saddest cries,
In the song, the singer wonders
if the bird flies happily or dies.

Under the pain of seperation
It is so hard to live in tears.
I just wish to have a little sign to tell me
If it takes months or years,
To look into your eyes with no fears.

When the birds sing their happy song
In your absence, is it easy to be strong?
Do not throw me into the darkness,
Come soon, hold my hands tight.
This is my arabesque night.

I will decay like a fallen leaf,
If the miracle is late to stop this grief.
As I accompany the singer I cry it out;
You are the star of my dark night.
You are the only flower in my garden,
Only star in my sky, there is no doubt.

This is my arabesque night,
Swim through the oceans
Come to me, my water sprite,
Making my dark skies bright.

Ayhan Diril

As If

I feel as if there is some light rattle,
Is there a pigeon at the window sill?
Are the dancing leaves forming her image?
I feel as if she is coming through the darkness.

The devil still enjoys its tyranny
It seems as if this knot will never be solved.
The prayers have already left us behind
The sun left me in dark as if I am blind

Ayhan Diril

As if

The midnight hour is determined to keep me awake.
With my rebel sleep, I am up for a forced coffee break.
There I see a new mail, I say let it be a Picture of the loved, please.
With accepted prayers your picture draws me into big deep seas.
Your wavy hair! Like the waves of the oceans.
I feel as if I am going to be drowned in them.

The way you look into the sky is so touchy.
I feel as if you are going to say something to excite me.
I feel as if a miracle is going to unchain us to set free.
In that graceful face you seem as if you are a delicate daisy,
The petals dancing with the rhythm of the soft breeze.
Under the effect of those angel looking brown eyes
Finding no way out, I can't help going crazy.

Your eyelashes are like strong weapons
Forming a big fence in my heart,
I feel as if I am trapped in it forever.
Your smiling lips are my unique relieves.
On a cold autumn day, like the dried leaves,
I feel as if I am I am going to be thrown away.
Still I believe to reach you with a sincere pray.

Ayhan Diril

Autumn

On a weak branch there is just a soft leaf.
How weak it is to carry the increasing grief.
Clouds never frown in vain.
Oh, the notes of this song again
Are never ready to release the pain.

Ayhan Diril

Be Patient

Be patient my heart
There is a long way to run.
Your patience is for the Beloved one.

Be patient my heart
Just smile, don't be sad.
Never grieve over the bad.

Do not be in distress
over what they conspire.
The clouds will end this fire.

Don't distress yourself
because of their plot.
The prayers are to untie this knot.

Be patient for your Lord.
God is Sufficient for all of us.
He, one day, will stop this fuss.
He is the best disposer of affairs.
Step by step you climb the stairs.

Ayhan Diril

Bears in Rosary

In our beautiful rosary
We had planted red roses.
It was great to hold them
close to our noses.

Through the mountains
when the two big brown bears
came running, it was the end of
the hopeful,lonely prayers.

Brutally, grumpy bears
ripped off the fragrant roses.
Those disgusting grunts
ringed in the hills.
They were the poor ones
but not the tiny roses.
They didn't know it
and they will never know.

As if the wind is missed
by the winds,
those red roses were
the best of the wills.

All the petals of the roses
were thrown in a corner.
They were so blind to see
their roots descended
to the deepest of the black soil.

Their hands would
bleed for a few seconds.
They may never know that
love of roses will
not fit in centuries.

Ayhan Diril

Bilyelerim ve Zaman

Dönüp bir baktım geriye.
Dün vardım bugün yokum.
Hayat nedir bizim için?
Koca deryada minik bir kum.

Gün oldu günüm yıl oldu.
Gün oldu yılım gün oldu.
Zaman sildi dostları hep.
Anılarla uçtu kayboldu.

Saat 12 yi çoktan geçti.
Uyumadım bu gece ben.
Kapatamadım bir türlü nedense.
Gözlerim uykusuzluğu seçti.

Şöyle bir dolaşıp baktım.
Oğlum, uykudasın mışıl mışıl.
Başucunda bilyelerin,
Rengârenk, ışıl ışıl.

Avuç dolusu ,şingir şingir.
Biri sarı öteki kırmızı.
Küçükken uzanamadığım
Daldaki kiraz sanki.

Bak biri de bembeyaz,
Aynen pamuk şeker gibi,
Aceleyle koparır yerdik ya.

Bir diğeri de sarı,
Yine gittim eskiye.
Dersimiz `resim`di
Güneşi bu renk çizerdim ya.

Şu yeşillere ne demeli?
Korkardı benden çekirgeler.
Yakalayamazdık bir türlü.
Anılar dillendi her renkte.
Maziye bir kapı araladı bilyeler.
Şingir şingir,ışıl ışıl.

Bırakıyorum başucuna,
Uyu sen güzelim.
Bizden geçti artık
Bilyeler sende kalsın.
Dua et gözlerime
Artık uykuya dalsın.

Ayhan Diril

Bird on snow

Snow seems to stay all day.
Happy kids, ride their sleigh.
Cold and so hard is this frost.
This poor bird is weeping and lost.

Soon little hope is to freeze.
Nowhere to shelter, no trees.
With a broken wing it lies.
It begs for food saying 'please'.

Its black eyes write a novel.
Sure, this is the last grovel.
Waiting at the door of the death.
Pitty! This is the last breath.

Had not it been that catapult,
This would not be the result.
On its way all is a block
A dream, flying in flock.

I wonder how long it will beg.
With this wound, and broken leg.
Sun is offended with it too
The sky is dark, not blue.

It is giving its last fight.
All it needs, some food to bite,
As its heart wants some love to warm,
God, please say 'be'! End this storm!

Ayhan Diril

Birthday Candles

Birthday candles are ready on the table.
Each one is alluring like an old fable.
As you get older, you don't look stable.
For the broken promises put a red candle.

Keep smiling to have fun as the sun sets.
This heart is too old to have new bets.
Add a white thin candle in the middle.
To dry the tears in the hardest riddle.

Ayhan Diril

Bribe on the eyes

A strange dream, I had last night.
It was two beautiful guardian eyes
That were brown and bright.
Following me wherever I go.

I looked left then right.
It was hard to escape in the night.
I dipped deep into the oceans,
Dipped in to the seas.
Brown guardians were everywhere,
Following me wherever I go.

Hiding myself behind tall trees.
I felt my legs chained.
No power in my knees.

Soon they were there next to me.
It was no use escaping either.
I could not resist anymore.
I got caught at last.
I begged them to set me free.
I guessed it was a tough plea.
They said no but on one condition.
I asked them what it was.

Soon I learned it was a soft kiss.
It was not hard, I liked this.
Putting a soft kiss on each eye
I felt little bit shy.

I was free in the night
Feeling a bit blessed.
For a while I could rest.

Deep in heart with some vibes,
Kisses were the soft bribes.

Ayhan Diril

Call me once

In the streets you have been to
Still remains your fascinating smell.
My world, without you, is nothing but a cell.

Falling leaves make me wonder
What causes the distance between us.
Would it be easy to find a bus
And reach you in this fuss?

In the darkest time of the night.
If the moon feels shy
And gives a smile for awhile.
At the top of the hills.
Then the snow will melt
It will be the end of the
Endless longing I felt.

It is no use washing these dirty hands.
What becomes white is not my hands
But my hair having the color of snow.
If there is no hope of rain,
There will be no rivers to flow.
No winds to blow.
No blood to run in my vein.

Your name always echoes in my ears.
The closed doors give no hope to my fears.
It's not that easy to be patient for years.
Give me a chance to wipe the tears.

As this longing grows each second,
I wish you called me once
Before the stars die, before the moment I die!
Then I would be sure my love isn't a lie.

As I sigh in my last breathe out
How I wish to whisper your name.
How I wish to rest in your green paradise.
I will get crazy otherwise.
I wonder if I will see the red roses again.
I wonder if your smile stops this pain.
Your name is like a prayer in my tongue.
Your absence is like a fire in my lung.

Ayhan Diril

Can I hug you once?

On the narrow pavements,
I get closer to a giant block.
My feet are so tired,I can't walk.

There will be no turning back,
nor any repentance.
Just a word not a sentence.
On the lips, only 'farewell'.

Let all the streets be yours,
In each corner ,play hide and seek.
These eyes will hide their leak.

Pick up all the joy of the kids
playing at the parks.
Keep all their smiles in your pockets.
Keep all the light of the moon.
Don't worry I won't come soon.

You lose all the magic
without my source of life.
Let me leave you forever
when the memories hurt me
like cutting with a knife.

Oh cruel city! You left me breathless now
whereas once you were the reason to breath.

I will never come back here,never.
Let me leave you forever.

In sadness I listen to the songs
that once I used to listen cheerfully.

Can I hug you one more time
like hugging an old friend?
Can I hug you one more time
like it is the last second to spend?

Ayhan Diril

Can I hug you?

On the narrow pavements,
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Ayhan Diril

Challenge

If the sun is put in jail forever
To hide its light from me,
Letting me have no light, never.
Can it stop my love for a second?

Enchain my legs, my arms,
With the strongest chains.
You can stop me physically,
Can you stop my mind to fly
To her breaking this tie?

Promise me an extra day
For the each day without her.
Do you think it can work?
Do you think days will have meaning?

Let the most scary nightmares
Be my guests in the night.
My love would be my knight
To kill you in this fight.

Bring huge ice cubes from the pole
Surround me to freeze my body my soul
Send me to the deepest hole.
The fire in my heart is hot enough
To burn you all, as a whole.
Let this street lead me to the darkest dead end.
Let the commanders pick up all the strongest armies.
Let the highest mountains build their barricades.
Let the hungry oceans drown me in their depth.
Bring the Chinese walls between us.

Sorry, you will be disappointed.
I defy you all.
My love is real love.
Even if I die, I will love her.

Ayhan Diril

Challenge and Missing

Who says it is easy to forget the beloved one?
Does it matter how much you cried?
After the beloved one's gone.
Does it matter how many roses got dried?
Is it easy to forget it so soon?
Does it matter if it is morning or noon?
When the image of the lost reflects on the moon?

When your smell is brought to me
By the lonely winds as I close my eyes,
The world stops telling lies as the devil in my heart dies
There in the skies a door opens.
An angel smiles at me to dry my tears.

Can the dances of burning candle tell you
If it is itself or missing you that burns me away?
Does it matter to play or pray
When the memories disappear
Day by day in the trace of a sleigh?

Who cares if all the music stops?
Who cares if all the rhythm gets tired?
Oh, the pitiless world! Take your hands off me!
Don't give me a touch! You know I miss her so much.

Ayhan Diril

Chatting to my mirror

As the clock strikes it's almost night.
There starts a fight in my heart.
I gaze at you dear mirror on the wall.
As I start chatting to you, in my deep trance.
Tell me the truth dear mirror of mine
When you first got sight of me
Just tell me how long have I lived.
How much time have I spent in this world?
Why is it I'm feeling dizzy
As the world twirls round and round?
How much sunshine beat on that head of mine.
No need to hide the truth, tell me where is my youth
Is it you or is it me getting older?
How often I combed my hair in front of you dear mirror?
Where has my head of thick bright hair gone?
How fast time has flown, and soon I'll be alone.
I wonder if the blowing wind has worn you or me so thin.
Can you recognize this face easily, dear mirror?
My youthful features gone but not forgotten.
Is it really me or someone else am I in a dream?
I can't remember it, can you? How often I was happy or sad
Maybe you can tell me where those standing next to me have gone.
I know they left me one by one dear mirror, can you tell me?
How many times have I dried my face while gazing at you?
While you gazed at me after the April rain dear mirror of mine,
Come chat with me dear mirror, Give me answers dear mirror of mine.

Ayhan Diril

Clouds

Freshly washed clouds in tides
start taking their routine rides.
They wonder the white doves
flying with their flapping loves.

An umbrella of a cloud covers that village
As a lonely eagle takes a great milage.
The leaves turn yellow, a lonely child
trembles in the corner, with lips never smiled.

These clouds are heralding the fall,
between us building a high wall.
Even the sparrows disappeared
No more birthdays are there.

Birthdays ,not known by sparrows
Yet they have been hit by arrows.
Clouds gather in groups to make a move.
Forget? So hard to get out of a groove.

On my forehead clouds give me a kiss.
As if giving sending me some bliss.
Clouds over my head boiling slow
Clouds, don't leave us without glow!

Ayhan Diril

Cobbles

Cobbles, tired and old, lie on this busy street
Complain about you, under my feet
For their broken notes, saddest songs weep
When the black eyes are about to sleep

Ayhan Diril

Coffee

Every day,without you is an imprisonment for me.
My prayers are on the peak of our plea.
Earth will shake if there is a delay in meeting time.
Never mention about leaving dear, it is a big crime.
I wonder if there is any cure to put out this fire.
My eyes go crazy if I don't see you everywhere
Each of my cell is filled with your love, I swear.

Ayhan Diril

Coffee break

Let's have some break .
Open your arms wide.
For a cup of coffee
sitting side by side.

Let's watch the chimneys
of the ships emitting smoke.
Let the seas sing their best songs.
Let's rest in the middle of nowhere
hiding from evil eyes.

How about running along
the ridges of the high hills?
Let's discover the memories
hidden in deep wells
inhaling the best smells.

Let's build stone castles around us
for a short coffee break
Let's rest for a bit
in calm rivers.
Let's have some coffee break
as we discover the mysterious
smiles on our lips.

Ayhan Diril

Colors of the City (2)

As I start my regular jogging on a warm, sunny day,
I feel the colors of this city have many things to say.
I take paces, meeting black, white or yellow races.
They are all our guests from different places.

A tall boy, on my jogging along the green river, I see.
He seems happy with his earrings, sipping his morning tea.
A few meters away some gypsies sing their best songs.
They seize the day with the rhythm of the gongs.

Jogging a little further, I see black men in white skirts.
Cannot be living here, they must be from the outskirts.
Sometime later I meet those swearing angry girls.
They must so be rich considering the shiny pearls.

People are equal like the teeth of a comb.
We are just the dwellers of this huge home.
People are the colors of this beautiful city.
Without respect, life would be great pity.

Ayhan Diril

Come

Come to me, breaking all the chains.
Come, with the joy of the new born babies
Sending out their the first cries.
Come, in the riot of colors
On the wings of the butterflies.

Come for the sake of the creator
who averts the hearts.
Come with God's mercy
Who engraved your name on my heart
making the best of the arts.

Come before I lose all my hopes on the prayers.
Come with the nightingales' early songs at dawn.
For the sake of the white swan
Swimming in our hope lakes.
Come, with the light of the polestar of the night.
Come, before my hopes diminish and say
This is my last pray to come together.
Come, before all my hair gets gray.

Come to me in a rainbow
With its seven colors after the April rains.
Come to me before I fix my eyes
On a corner of my dark room,
And give my last breath,
To the angel of death.
Before I say farewell to the world.

Ayhan Diril

Come back

This isn't living nor can it be life.
It must be nothing but hell fire.
I can't write any more poems,
I have no power to inspire.

My soul,the work of God
Is being pressed under the mountains.
My heart,burning in fire,
Can't be put out by any fountains.

My God!You have given this life to me.
Then changed me into a dried branch of a tree.
Break my chains,set me free.

What happened to the clouds?
Why did the time go crazy today?
Why is it snowing in May?
Minutes got stuck in the mud.
Why are my tears like flood?

Where did I find this picture?
Why don't these eyes give no more comfort?
Why are they are fixed at the horizon?
Why aren't they touching my heart deeply?

Now all the flowers are just black.
This picture does not substitute for you.
When are you coming back?
Come back before my lips dry.
Come back before all my hopes fly.

Ayhan Diril

Confused

Never think a toy
This loving heart is
Either be mine forever.
Or leave aside
Out of my way
At the first wink.

My feelings are upside down
I am a ghost in this dead town
What kills me is not the angel of death
But your eyes which are brown.

Each of your messages
Causes a new shake in my soul
Don't break my heart anymore.
'Cos I want it as a whole.

All you say flies up.
Telling me good-bye
Up in the sky
All I can't say
Echo in my ears
Like these broken glasses
Lying on this old tray.

It is so hard
So hard to solve you.
It is so hard
So hard to know what you think
What you think of me
Is a great puzzle.
Our giant love soon
Is about to shrink.

I want no more dry wind
I want to have the rain
I want no life in vain.
This is your last chance
To catch the train.

Ayhan Diril

Crystal Beauty

This crystal beauty is a magic.
It alleviates my pain,
when I feel tragic.

I keep watching it
to get the best pleasure.
It's my everything.
It is my treasure.

At the moments when I am weak
I present my sincere thanks
to the Creator, looking at it,
wishing all prayers
will be accepted this week.

Let it shine forever
Never losing any gleam.
This is my crystal beauty,
my only dream.

It is what I would like to see
First minute when I wake up
It is what I would like to see
last minute, before I close my eyes.

My secret that freshens my soul
My unique dream, only goal.
It is what quenches my thirst.
Let me watch it once more,
before the storms steal it,
before the smiling stars
stop this unending core.

Ayhan Diril

Deep in hell

Deep in hell I sip my coffee,
Scorching fire wraps my soul.
Poisonous snakes break my comfort
Cup in my hand I drink my coffee.

I stare at my coffee, though cold.
In each second I get a century old.
Snakes are the helpers of those dragons
Crazy scorpions bite with their weapons.

Ayhan Diril

Depth of my soul

I am walking through a long shadow.
Without you who I am, I don't know.
You are my soul, I feel it deep in my heart.
Though I am in pain I wish you have a new start.

All over my table, even if I had honey
Without you it would all taste poison
My days would be no sunny.
This missing and leaving is my unique friend
To you, my tears are all I can send.

Ayhan Diril

Don't go daddy

Don't go daddy,
Stay some more.
Do not close your eyes.
Do not leave my hand.
No more can I stand.

This is so early.
It was you yesterday
Watering the flowers
In our garden.
Will I water them?
On your grave soon?

Let me dry
Your cold sweat
Our eyes are also wet
Do they hurt you much?
Shall I give you a soft touch?

This story ended so early.
Is it another joke you make?
Please angel of death,
Give us one more night.

Look it is me on the right
Mum is on his left.
As if you knew beforehand
You would leave us
You would never smile.
So hard to withstand.

Don't go daddy,
Stay some more.
At least for a day.
Let me finish my pray

Ayhan Diril

Don't Go

Do not go away dear,
stay here!
Stay forever, stay in my heart,
Be in front of my eyes.
Stay away from cold hands,
From cold soul and lies.

In your world, let no one find space.
Let no one has any trace,
In your memories,
Or in your life.
Others' false smile to you
is like a knife.

Like hours, each minute would seem.
When you go away, the sun loses its beam.
Your absence becomes a sad song,
I collapse on my knees, feel no strong.

Come quick dear, do not be late.
I have no power to wait.
Leave all the chains behind,
Come back to me, dear.
Know that you are always in my mind.

Come to me with the april rains
Feel the love in my veins,
Do not stay there long
I miss you much
I wish to feel you
with the warmest touch.
I miss you much

Ayhan Diril

Don't Touch Me (1)

This is my life. Please, don't touch me!
Let me float my paper boat on my sea.
The bees buzzing over the flowers are mine.
For me, the dusty roads I walk on, are all fine.

Consider the two seas, simultaneously released.
On their own ways, they look so pleased.
One sweet, the other is bitter and salty.
Show respect to those who are even faulty.

It's my shadow moving, why should someone care?
If it extends or stays stationary, why should you scare?
Stare at your blue, cloudless skies, let me watch mine.
Drink your wine, while I pray in my sacred shrine.

Ayhan Diril

Doves On My Window Sill

Two doves perched on my window sill.
Flirting with each other in great thrill.
It was clear in their eyes, they were cheerful.
As I look into the clouds being tearful.

The female dove started cooing
Being sure of what it was doing.
As I kept sipping my tea
I tried hard not to make them flee.

The male scouted around to see
if there is any disturbance,
they wanted to feel free.
They turned around and danced.
Like stars, their eyes glanced.

I had better give them seed
Before they plead.
They meet here every day,
They serenade during this stay.

As I stare at the garden
With many colorful flowers,
I think the doves are great lovers.

From right to left, moving its tail.
The male covers the female.
Its white wing has a black dot.
It whispers as if it misses her a lot.

Each morning when I open my eyes
With my longing as high as skies.
If they knew how much I miss you,
Certainly, they would envy you.

If they knew I miss you so much.
They would have no power to coo.
If they knew I would die
even with your silky touch,
on my tips of my finger.
When hopelessly I linger
On the streets of love.

Ayhan Diril

Dream or real?

What a strange dream this is!
In the land of giants I am.
As the death stays uneasy,
Some dwarves keep on drinking
Either from the glasses
Filled with salty water
When others drink
the sweet tasty one.

In the blue skies
Air is inhaled
In the air it smells sins.
As some smell the good deeds.

There flies up two balloons
People beg for surprises
Their palms up
They don't know which hand
Will get it soon.
The right or left.
Kids run after the balls
On which some have light color
Some have dark color.
Suddenly a kind of joy
Overwhelms my heart
I see some multicolored beads
Sprayed on the clouds.
As I try to grasp lots of them
I wake up in the dream
I begin to wonder if I had a dream
Or still I am in a dream.

Ayhan Diril

Early Leaving

It was your pale silhouette again.
Staring at me, in my dream.
There I was hopeless
Waiting to touch you once.
In a narrow, suffocating lane.
Begging my heart to end this pain.

Still it is so difficult,
To think of a moment without you.
I even missed the bad memories
That we shared in the past.

I should have known beforehand
You would be leaving so early.
Oh God, delete my memories
I feel no strong to withstand
To withstand this endless ache.
There is a huge huge quake,
Neither songs nor prays
help me to give a break.

Clouds are there, eager to pour.
all the raring water
In my heart to stop the volcano
Like an angry lion
That is about to roar.

Your early leaving
Is a huge barrier to all.
I need a huge hand
To break down this wall.
To free my soul.

Ayhan Diril

Elephants

Trust not those fiery hooks in your hands.
Soon the rains will destroy your plans.
You'll burn yourself sooner or later.
The sun will reveal the traitor.

Remember the cruel armies came together,
preferring ferocity and, brutality, rather.
So atrociously their army attacked,
With the hearts, diseased and black.

They announced their intention.
But the holly temple was not destroyed
Their plan did not work
for the believers the came the sun
shining through the murk.

God made their plan into misguidance
causing them to perish.
After some darkness came
some light, some chance.

How treacherous their plan was.
They all went astray in a blink of an eye.
Flocks of birds came from the sky.
Struck the huge monsters
with stones of the hardest clay
leaving them in poor cries.

The tiny birds grasped stones.
Started hitting them so hard
Soon they were all laid on the ground
Like eaten straw,,
their names were never found.

Ayhan Diril

Ella

I said 'hi' to a new morning,
With some storm in my heart,
Feeling sad, feeling desolate.
Day has no meaning without you
I care not if it is early or late.

Was it our hope like a broken glass?
In front of my garden with falling leaves,
Shedding tears is no use to give them life.
In the garden of my heaven,
A dark rose makes me feel drunk.
In my throat leaving a knot,
It burns me if I touch it or not.
It burns me day and night,
Whether I smell it or not.

The dark brown eyes bring me happiness,
I get burned whether I look into them or not.
The smiling lips bring me sunshine
With you everywhere is a shrine.
I get burned whether I kiss them or not.
As my feelings overflow, my eyes get wet.
My heart beats keep calling your name.
At the tip of my tongue a happy song,
Standing under the umbrella
I Keep saying your name Ella, Ella.
I beat time with the song Ella, my Ella,
Whether you hear me or not.

God is my only hope, the most merciful.
I ask him for help, you will be only prayer.
I will love you forever I swear,
Whether He grants you to me or not.
Even the sun feels shy to shine
To a day without you.
Let's wait for the night
To see if the stars will appear.
It is so visible so clear,
You'll be my only star,
Whether they greet me or not.

Ayhan Diril

Empty Cage

On the stairs I hear a little boy
weep a few steps away.
Sure,he has something to say.
There was an empty cage
I wondered where the bird was.

Getting closer to the boy I ask
what the story is.
He says he had a yellow canary.
Someone had left the door
of the cage open on purpose.

He kept crying without stopping.
He kept talking about it
saying how much he loved it.
I offered him buying a new one.
He said he just wanted the same.

I patted his head to calm him down.
His little hands were wiping his tears.
He said it was his everything.
It would sing him the sweetest songs.
There was just a little mirror left from it.
Yellow canary was the meaning of his life.
He said it might come back one day.
He kept looking at the branch of the tree
where the cage was hung.
Its name was the only word on his tongue.
I did not want to disappoint him.
He just kept praying for the bird to come back.
Its absence was a great lack.
Come back dear canary,
come back to your nest.

Ayhan Diril

Everything is Fine

Everything is Fine

I have my tea with biscuits.
I watch the news before I sleep.
Before leaving for the work
I smell the roses on my table.
Everything is fine.
Do not worry!
Everything is stable.

The kids are still happy in their play ground.
As they sing and play
The mothers are happy to hear their sound.

The sun doesn't need to hide in the clouds.
It still shines in the east and sets in the west.
I never feel lonely in the crowds.
I wonder what makes you think you are the best.

You thought I would cry?
For you, my eyes would cry?
And wait for you to come and dry?

Nothing has changed, all is fine.
I don't go to bed at nine.
I watch the stars rise and shine.

No more your image is in my eyes
No more your name is in my cries.
I just watch the deep darkness.
I just read my prayers.

Nothing has changed,
Since you disappeared.
The world has not come to an end.
No longer you are a dear nor a friend.
Your leaving is not the end.

Ayhan Diril

Expectations always hurt

Life is never so hopeful but covered in dirt.
Do not hope much as expectations always hurt.
Eat whatever is offered to you in your small turret.
Angel of death is at the door, be alert.

When the winds blew hard
trees would dance in the evening
Now look at these looks
as love stays in history books

I keep climbing up the hills
until I pay all my bills..

Ayhan Diril

Fable

The lion of the jungle needed some vacation.
The birds said it was last seen at the station.
A great opportunity was this, for the jackals.
Soon they started uttering their grumbles or cackles.

The chief jackal scratched his fatty back.
'Ooh la la' shouted the sly one, turning back.
The boot licker's eyes shone brightly lying on his knees.
The sneaky one felt it was the right time to seize.

It was a feast day for greedy jackals with their eyes, bright.
So much was hidden in their ugly smiles, causing fright.
Departure of the lion would bring justice and peace!
On the first inheritance division was a deer and some geese.

The female jackal walked crookedly looking up the sky.
She said 'I must get the biggest share, I am female that's why.'
Within minutes, the poor deer lost more than half of its body.
'It is not enough' said she shaking her fluffy tail, feeling gaudy.

The short jackal attacked the geese with his watery mouth.
Eat your carcass, until the lion comes back from the south!
Then the bold, black-backed jackal moved his long alert ears.
Conferring favor upon the oppressed was their promise for years.

Where is your justice, where is your peace in the wood?
Hungry paws, sharp teeth! Is it what you call brotherhood?
On their hunts their eyes were on each other's food.
Move your tails, the jackals, winds will wipeout your happy mood.

Ayhan Diril

Fairy Tale

Once in a country there lived a queen.
In a small town which was so green.
She had tears in her eyes which were brown.
There was not a single clown
To make her tears dry.
She was so cute and shy.
She cried all the time
No one knew why.

Everybody loved the king.
There had to be something,
Something to be done.
Announcements were made
All around the country.
For the queen, everyone prayed.

The rich donated all their gold.
The best stories were told.
The farmers were there to donate
All the farms they had.
It was no use, this was her fate.

So the days passed one by one.
There was nothing to be done.
But there was a poor man
Who was in love for long.
He thought this love was wrong.
He cried all day and night.
As he had nothing to give her
For him the sun was no more bright.
He picked up all his tears,
Presented it to the queen in fears.
The queen found the happiness again.
Now in her heart, she felt no pain.
Tears match the tears.
They were so precious.

Ayhan Diril

Fake smiles

How can you think
barricades are strong enough
to stop these roaring rains?

How can you think
a tiny tap you have
to put out this unending fire?

A piece of soft eraser cannot
delete the carved letters
forming the names of the loved
which are the reasons of joy.

After all the claim
to live not a second
without something and
you still live without it
means nothing but dying.

Don't inhale this breath
when you are blind to see the one
in whose breath you are.
Fake smiles can't hide the feelings
when they are reasons of tears.

Ayhan Diril

Farewell

Farewell

Hard to say it though
It is time to go.
Nothing is there to do.
Tears are left behind you.

Look at this poor garden.
Roses will soon fade
They bend down their heads.
Who will water them now?
Since you leave so early.

We are in a cold room.
There is your breathless body.
Eyes are fixed on the ceiling.
Walls are like clawed monsters.
Wrapping us with bare hands.

The dead body is at attention.
Looks like frozen in cold.
Ready to meet the God.

Hasty hands rush over you
Each has a bowl.
Pouring the last water
As if cleaning all the sins.

People in the room say
It was just yesterday
That you were alive.
Hard to believe you are gone now.

It is time to go now
Who will give us a smile
On those praying lips?

The water clears away
Not only dirt or sins
But also all our hopes.

Pour some more please.
To put out this endless desire.

They take you out of the room soon
Like a bride for the groom
Farewell to you
My dear uncle.
I know the leaves will dry
It is time to say bye
Steps are sad to move
Soon we will be home.

Since you desert us like this
I know it better what zero means.

Ayhan Diril

Farewell to the dreams

While waiting for the clouds of rain
We fell into the fire of hell.

Trying to delete the beloved one
is like falling into emptiness,
like deleting the time
from the universe.

Hands are ashamed of
rising for prayers now.
Memories once were
Claimed to be unforgettable,
Now they are already gone
with these harsh storms.

The windows were left open
for the hope of your coming
at dawn when you were asleep.
When I look at this picture
for the millionth time
who knows in which dream
you are in.

It's no use searching for
water in this endless desert
I guess it is time so say
farewell to the cold water
to stop this thirst.

I guess it is time so say
farewell to the dreams
which will never come true.

Ayhan Diril

Feeding the Sparrow

Up in the skies I watch
the hesitating clouds,
Like me and you.
about to cry at any second.
For the new dreams reckoned.

Down there is me praying helplessly.
As the dreams overflow my heart,
It is another daybreak with secret news.
Away from my left part.

I sit awake while the world sleeps.
My silence is broken by this sparrow.
It lands at my balcony to search some food.
I feed it with three pieces of cake.
Like the syllables of your name.
First it looks right, then left
Then starts to take
The little pieces of cake.
Soon the day is to break.

After tasting each piece,
It looks at me as if praying
For our meeting.
Silently I watch it eating,
Feeling its tiny heart beating.
The way it looks is like saying amen
For our wishes hidden under glowing coal.
How lonely I feel at this time
I am half-way not a whole.

It beats its wings
reminding me of our heartbeats
On every occasion we see each other.
Saying beware of the frowning father.

It walks with fearful steps
reminding me our secret meets
hiding from evil eyes.
Hard to give answers to questions
Starting with whys.

It is happy to get the food
Completely it is in a good mood.
Little bit frightened though it shakes
Reminding me when our hands touch.
I wonder if it feels I miss you so much.

At last the sparrow finishes feeding.
The look in its eyes is no more pleading.
It flaps off slowly,
rises in the sky.

I watch the sparrow fly.

Ayhan Diril

Feelings at dawn

It is dawn,
No sleep in my eyes,
Watching the world
Through the curtains in my room.
Darkness is to set off soon.
Stars are on their way to escape
Diminishing one by one.

Look at the trees in dark!
I'm jealous of birds,
As they compete with each other,
To whisper your name.
In my heart,it causes spark.

Sliding dew over the leaves
Is the witness of your existence.
Mountains would crash into pieces
If your name were not on the skies.
There would be more cries.
Tears would seem meaningless
If shed for nothing but you.

Soon it is gonna shine everywhere.
A new day will begin.
Will there be any light in my world?
When you smile at me once,
Will there be any fight in my world?

It is high time I went to bed.
Hope I'm no longer sad.
Soon it is gonna shine everywhere.
A new day will begin.

Ayhan Diril

Feelings of a migrant boy

Strong winds blew in my world.
How suddenly we were thrown away.
Now my clouds are
no more white but grey.

I am in a strange land
thrown here like a dry leaf.
My destiny is a thief stealing me
from my town leaving me in my grief.

My heart is lonely
I feel lonely and strange.
Nothing is familiar
Language is new food is new.

Streets lights don't shine bright.
They are always dark.
Roads never take me where I used to be
Oh,how small this cage is!
Mountains surround all around me.
I feel trapped.

Looks seem no friendly.
I am a lonely child
Watching the kids
As they play happily at the park.

My work tools are
my unique toys.
I envy the other boys.
It is so difficult to be
A migrant in this land.
Where is the world
To give me a hand?

Ayhan Diril

Firtına ve Kedi

Firtına vardı o akşam yine,
Uzun ama çok uzun sürmüştü.
Renkler kaybolmuş gölgeler büzülmüştü.
Kimseler kalmamıştı yollarda.
Aniden durdu şiddet, sessizlikti dallarda
Nihayet bitti dediler, devam etti kalanlar da.

Damda minik bir kedi vardı,
İçeri girdi camdan.
Rahatladı bir an, ama soğuktu hava.
İçeriden çıkmadı, kıvrıldı oracıkta
Leğenin içine yattı, kapadı gözlerini.

Ayhan Diril

Fire or Ice?

Such a majestic space it is!
There floating lonely me.
Deeply sank all my entity
Into this dead darkness.

Though it is this soul
That rebels at times.
It is the only source
To know your entity.

What is nonexistence?
So hard to conceive it.
All the mystery is solved
When your majesty
Touches softly on heart.

Lead me to your path.
Burn my sins and faults
Into ashes to throw into the seas.
It is your greatness to forgive
This rebellious side of me.

I ask myself if it is
Ice or fire.
What would burn me
Would not be the fire of hell.
What would freeze me
Would not be the ice
If I am to tell.

Only cure to my pain
Would be your forgiving.
Neither ice nor fire
Would end my living.

Ayhan Diril

Flowers on the grave

Never could I imagine
The heart once loaded of love
Would fly away one day
Leaving me with my pain together
Like a tiny feather.
On a sunny but cold weather.

Those burning hands of you
Must be frozen now like ice.
I see that life isn't that nice
As it seemed to us.

Look at all those flowers
You used to water them once.
Flowing on your grave
Under that soft breeze
How could I pick them up?
Who could I give them to?

My tears will water them
Do not worry much
You just rest in peace.
There will be angels
On your face to touch.

Ayhan Diril

Flowers tell

As I pass by this sea on my morning walks
I hear fluttering waves flatter you in their talks.
If I look at the mountains when the sun shines
the best poems praise you in the lines

The most beautiful flowers tell your names.
Red roses remind me of the hottest flames.
Waterfall springs sing that song while the daises sleep,
I keep watching this shepherd looking after his sheep.

If I took my instrument and played a folk song,
Howling tunes tire me, no more I feel strong.

Ayhan Diril

For Ella

I said 'hi' to a new morning,
With some storm in my heart,
Feeling sad, feeling desolate.
Day has no meaning without you
I care not if it is early or late.

Was it our hope like a broken glass?
In front of my garden with falling leaves,
Shedding tears is no use to give them life.
In the garden of my heaven,
A dark rose makes me feel drunk.
In my throat leaving a knot,
It burns me if I touch it or not.
It burns me day and night,
Whether I smell it or not.

The dark brown eyes bring me happiness,
I get burned whether I look into them or not.
The smiling lips bring me sunshine
With you everywhere is a shrine.
I get burned whether I kiss them or not.
As my feelings overflow, my eyes get wet.
My heart beats keep calling your name.
At the tip of my tongue a happy song,
Standing under the umbrella
I Keep saying your name Ella, Ella.
I beat time with the song Ella, my Ella,
Whether you hear me or not.

God is my only hope, the most merciful.
I ask him for help, you will be only prayer.
I will love you forever I swear,
Whether He grants you to me or not.
Even the sun feels shy to shine
To a day without you.
Let's wait for the night
To see if the stars will appear.
It is so visible so clear,
You'll be my only star,
Whether they greet me or not.

Ayhan Diril

For fear of

I'm afraid of writing your name
For you might be fire
and burn my fingers.

I'm afraid of looking at your picture
For fear of breaking my resistance
And call you back.

I'm afraid of walking
on the same streets
where we have been to
for I might see you
turn your head other side.

I'm afraid of falling asleep
and dreaming again
for when I'm awake
I know you will go away.

I'm afraid of raising my hands
Up for pray over and over
And be refused again.

I'm afraid of looking at mirrors
for fear of seeing your reflection.

I'm afraid of living
for fear of dying without you

Ayhan Diril

For midwives

I know you are all angels

Laboriously working, -
Objecting no one, in respect.
Very much needed by mums
Eager to help the patients.

All flowers bloom with your smiles
Laid on the table.
Lilacs envy your names.

Midwives are always there to give you a hand
Your eyes are full of affection

Miracles are first greeted by you
In the hearts you shine
Don't be modest anymore
Wings are the only difference than angels
In all mothers' hearts
Very effective place you have
Each new born loves you much
So happy with your touch.

Across the corridor a midwife shines
Yearning to help all, making no discrimination
Hospitals would be deserted without you
All-embracing with soft hands!
Nests find happiness with you!

Daddies get the best news from you
if you were not here
Radiance in their eyes would die
indeed you must believe
Lights of the Fridays you are!

Ayhan Diril

Fun with the jinn

Far away on this island
lonely man was bored
There was just a tiny tree
to walk toward.

Storm was singing
its horrible song.
A bottle approached the man,
he said something was wrong.

He grasped the bottle
took out its cork.
It was no ordinary bottle
nor a letter from York.

There popped a magic jinn
In a second out of the bottle.
Make your first wish it said.
Only she was in his head.
He said make me forget her.
begging more 'hurry up sir'

Jinn spent great effort
to make it come true.
Hours passed it never happened
Jinn was helpless ,so far away it flew.

Ayhan Diril

Gas Lighter

It was such a cold and stormy winter day.
She had no bed to sleep, no place to stay.
Scrambled in a dark corner, in hand, a gas lighter,
She was cold and weak, no longer a big fighter.

Grasped a few pieces of a branch to burn,
Oh, this cruel life gave her many things to learn.
A bit of heat touched her cold fingers.
There in the sky, what a sad memory lingers.

This gas lighter reminded her of that gaslighting.
She wonders if she went crazy, her nails biting.
This little lighter reminded her of emotional abuse.
Her arms and back still hurts with all that bruise.

That man had left her feeling dazed, in stunned silence,
Oh God! How terrible it was, that unending violence.
Her perception of reality and memories float in deep seas.
She questions her insanity, in cold, waiting on her knees.

She thought of the moments wearing her down over time
So much she was neglected, yet blamed for all the crime.
Desperately she walked away in search of another corner.
How bad it was to feel, even in her home, to be a foreigner.

Blatant lies were told, everything said was to deny.
So often she thought to herself better die
No action of that narcissist matched his words.
Would it be so hard if she could fly as free as those birds?

Ayhan Diril

Glance at the farm (8)

Humming bees fly over the flowers.
Ducks quack in their muddy pools.
Flies buzz around the brown mules.
Lambs start bleating in early hours.

This is our small farm full of all kinds.
Owls screech to give some secret signs.
When the cattle low and the goats bleat
One sees the world is so much sweet.

Let the happy birds sing and twitter.
Look! In their playground the kids titter.
Horses neigh boasting about long tails.
Donkeys wait for their food, behind rails.

No animal has complaints in this farm.
They live happily, giving nobody any harm.
Hens cluck, dogs bark aloud, parrots talk.
How about, hand in hand, taking a peaceful walk.

Ayhan Diril

God is merciful

Let someone stop this endless rain!
I would like to live the spring.
Look at those poor birds!
Just tell me why they stopped singing.

The heart lost all its joy.
In the hands of the cruel,
Love is nothing but a toy.

I keep asking myself 'where is the spring?'
Let someone tell me why it is late again?
I just want to break this rusty chain.
I just want to end this pain.

As the prayers keep my tongue busy
In a corner, it's me feeling dizzy.
In search of miracles, my eyes are.
Though this longing is a painful scar.

In the darkest moment of the night
I sit on my chair, dreamy and quiet.
Suddenly I hear a knock on the door
I become hopeful more and more.
Where is the spring?
When will the birds sing?

Let me pray one more,
Saying this will be accepted.
Who knows the sun will shine tomorrow,
Who knows the spring will come soon.

When all the colors leave one by one
When all the memories run,
There stays just black and white.

I know these hands are sinful.
I know the tongue is sinful.
But hope is still there,
God is merciful.
When the lovers are painful,
They still know God is merciful.

Ayhan Diril

Good night

Little bit of beam slides through the crack.
Stay some more, don't pick up your pack.
When the leaves are dancing at night
Hopefully, a white carnation blooms at sight.

When the breath is held for one more miracle
Daybreak bleaching seems no lyrical
Oh,night!Stop don't make a move!
Be dumb as there is nothing to prove.

Stay some more,my sweet dreams
Until you hear the last screams.

Ayhan Diril

Grave Digger

Don't drop your shovel,
keep digging the grave deeper.
Think not a second of the weeper,
before you say bye to this hovel.

The hole gets larger and scary.
The load is too heavy to carry.
Complete it before the sun sets.
You have no time to dry your sweats

Ayhan Diril

Grizzly Bear

One day the grizzly bear saw a huge tree.
What was at the top, it wanted to see.
He climbed there within a second.
Beehive seemed so delicious to reckon.

It pawed a huge part of honey to taste.
Hurry-scurry it kept eating it all in haste.
Oh no! It saw another beehive on the right.
Also on the left, so attractive was it to bite.

One beehive was not enough to satisfy.
On its head appeared the stars, that's why.
The fickle bear lost its balance and fell down.
It seemed as funny as a clown.

Ayhan Diril

Gypsies by the road (3)

On this hot summer day, a little break would be fine.
I saw these gypsies, some dancing or resting under a pine.
I asked myself 'what was the source of their joy?'
Playing in a pool of mud, how happy looked that boy.

Regardless of weather, a ragged man was playing his guitar.
Some girls were playing a romantic flamenco near an old car.
Happiness should not be sought far, this must be the center.
For a while I thought it was a perfect world for me to enter.

By water, some women with earrings, were washing dishes.
Leading such a happy life, why need to make more wishes.
They all wore multicolored dresses from head to toes.
I got closer to one of them to give a red rose.

I love you dear gypsies, play tambourine, dance, and have fun.
Let the pouting world envy you, keep smiling under the burning sun.

Ayhan Diril

Happiness

May happiness be your shadow.
Everywhere, all the time.
Let the stars shine in your eyes.
In those dark, gloomy skies.
Keep this sweet smile on your lips.
Everything to happiness is hidden there.

Ayhan Diril

Hell needs more wood

Leave the one who loves you halfway.
Forget one by one all the prayers you say.
Play with your beloved ones, play.
Hell needs some more wood.

Lift your hand for another slap.
Set your most dangerous trap.
Pull a long face in every lap.
Hell needs some more wood.

Never keep the secrets in a chest.
About the serious love, just jest.
Delete from your life, all the blessed.
Hell needs some more wood.

Ayhan Diril

Henna Night in Tokat (4)

How beautiful wedding customs Tokat has.
Cookies are prepared, musicians are hired
to play at night while henna is applied.
This is the Henna Night in our town.

A red dress is worn by the bride.
Cheerful friends are there on her side.
Local motifs, colorful beads enrich her beauty.
Girls spin around her with candles as a sacred duty.

Girls sing the saddest songs to make the bride cry.
They start spinning around her before a last bye.
On a shiny tray henna is ready, soon to be applied,
Closest friends are there to support the bride.

The bride refuses to open her hand,
Until a gold gift is given in her palm.
This is an interesting tradition in town.
Some wonder if bride is crying or calm.

Ayhan Diril

Hope of world

The hills rise higher and higher.
The sun doesn't warm enough.
No more do prayers touch
on the hearts.

Millions of words
stay imprisoned
in the iron bars .
Sometimes fumbling for
a few good memories in
the memory book.
make us feel tired.
We try to run away
from our shadows.

It is then prayers make me little bit cool.
Blowing on my face like a soft summer breeze.
Sometimes you feel you are
Between the deep devil and blue seas.

You find the similarity
between the black eyes
and the smoke rising
from the chimneys in winter.

You find the similarity
between the unending missing
and mirage on the deserts in summer.

Sometimes a tiny rose bud
causes some vibration in spring.
in Autumn all the hopes
fall down the trees.

Ayhan Diril

How could I know it?

Clouds are strange today.
I wonder why they are frowning.
Not a word comes out.
My soul is tired,tongue is tied
In my room the walls roar,
Each is a hungry lion.
Pressing me hard
Pressing me more and more.
In a corner down the cage
The budrigard sings no song
How could I know it would be offended.
It turns back to me as if blaming me
For this seperation.
Wherever I look at
I see your smile.
How could I know
Even the soft breeze would turn into
A hard storm
As minutes seem like hours
Hours seem like days
Memories are huge monsters
Chasing me.
There is no doubt
I see no way out
How could I know without you
Even the leaves would fade away
I open my hands for pray
Hoping you turn back
How could I know life would be
So hard without you.

Ayhan Diril

I am surrendering

I am retreating.

I am surrendering.
Like a tired warrior
Leaning against a tree.
Thinking nowhere to flee.

My eyes keep staring
Up into the sky.
My past is a clip of life.
All my memories parade.
Can't solve why.

I am surrendering
I am retreating.

If these eyes can't look
Where you want.
If these sinful hands
Never caress an orphan's head
If this tongue don't mention
your name properly.
Then my sould is dead.

Forgive me
If I can't spend
My breath for you

I can't carry this load anymore
Take this trust back.
Or lead me into your path.
If these flowing tears
Give me a bath
For this vanity world.
No need to dropp them in vain.

I am surrendering
I am retreating.
This soul is yours.
This body is yours.
All the doors.

Ayhan Diril

I want to fly

No longer can I stay here.
Far away my soul wants to fly.
Before the leaves dry
Before the clouds cry
I want to fly
Where you are

Squeezing the past
In my hands,
With a soft whisper
On my lips
There stays your name.

Leaving my shade
Behind me
I want to fly
Where you are.

Ayhan Diril

I will come

I feel like a cocklebur
trapped in a handful of wool
on a desert burning like hell.
When the camel passes
through the eye of a needle
I will come to you
When the knots of the witches
are untied by a miracle
I will come to you.

Ayhan Diril

I will forget you too

One day,
If the sun forgets to shine
and forgets to set,
I will forget you too.

In your absence it is my heart
That is charring and burning.
If the time forgets flying,
If the seasons forget changing,
I will forget your hair shining like stars
I will also forget the pain of loneliness.

I will also forget your eyes shining like stars.
I will also forget the nights when I get burned
In the heat of your absence.

One day If the wind forgets to blow,
And forgets to stop in time,
I will forget you too.
It will be my heart thrown into the air.

If the day forgets the night,
If the seasons forget to change,
I will also forget your hair shining like stars.

One day if the green leaves
Forget to get yellow,
If the kids playing happily
Forget to embrace their mothers,
I will forget you too.

If the lovers forget to write poems
For their beloved ones,
If the april rains no more excite us
If the birds on the trees
Forget singing I will forget you too.

Ayhan Diril

I wish

My heart can't get rid of you
I wish it could but it can't.
I wish I could delete your image
from my eyes, but I can't.

I wish I could suffer the pain
Of being without you, but I can't.
I wish I could stop checking the doors
To see if you are there, but I can't.

Ayhan Diril

I wish I could

I wish I could run to you
to watch all the places
where you had been.

I wish, in the streets I could walk
for hours, watching the most admired.
I wish I could inhale the fragrance
of the red roses deep in my lungs.

I wish I could close
the last pages of my life
only for you ,on your path.
without God's wrath.

I wish I could hear nothing
but heart beats in excitement
and cry out the holy names
of the God.
I am sure your presence would
put out all the flames.

I wish I could give my last breath,
purified from all my sins
as the swallows flap their wings.
I wish I could stay there and never say bye

Ayhan Diril

I'm nothing

No matter where I stare
You are all there
You are everywhere.

It's me, just a drop
Compared to your ocean.
All loses meanings.
No emotion,no notion.

Let the sun shine.
Let the leaves fall down.
If you give me no hand.
I'm nothing in this town.

Ayhan Diril

If

If I held your hands freely,
If I looked out the window,
And see you come, really,
Would the world come to an end?

If there was a beam of hope,
If there was a sign of a miracle,
If the eyes had no teardrops,
Would the sun set and never shine again?

What if I found the only comfort in your soothing voice?
What If I smelled you instead of all the flowers?
What if I looked into your eyes for hours?
Would the rivers flow up instead of down?

What if all our dreams came true?
What if all our skies were blue?
Would the green leaves in june
Go pale and lose their colors?

Ayhan Diril

If I don't

No longer do flowers bloom
If I don't whisper your name.
The sun hides its light
If I don't whisper your name.

Birds stop singing
Flowers feel ashamed of
Showing their lovely colors
Bees wonder why
They should make honey

Kids have no wish to play
Fountains stop pouring water
Time comes to an end
If I don't whisper your name.
My heart feels too old to beat
If I don't whisper your name.

Ayhan Diril

In a coffin

Farewell to worldly breathing.
My heart stopped beating.
My body is getting cold.
So fast, years made me that old.

Who has wrapped me in a white shroud?
Where am I being taken by this crowd?
Am I going to hell or paradise?
My body is frozen like ice.

My coffin is hard, made of wood.
The world is a huge falsehood.
Cover my body with soft soil.
Don't know when it will spoil.

Ayhan Diril

In a flower shop

I need a bunch of flowers,
For the best flower in the world.
So I find myself in this flower shop,
On a sunny day,giving a short stop.

Multicolored flowers are everywhere.
All shine the brightest, smell the best.
hard to decide which one to buy.
It is such a hard test.

Should I buy this purple one?
What a lovely name it has.
It is called erica.
Or should I but that one?
They call it morning-glory.
This is so miraculous,so delicate!
As it wraps its arm to another,
How proud it is to be the best of art.
They are all purple,yellow and red,
Giving a comfort to the heart.

How about that one?
The florist says it is an ice plant'.
Contrary to its name,it awakens my soul.
I am sure it is as beautiful as that nemesia.
Would it be a good choice if I buy that edelwise?
It gives visual appeal to the eyes.
It is as white as the snow.
As pure as your feelings.

I guess you will like it most.
So hard to choose a flower for you.
How beautiful these flowers, full of fire
Full of desire.
I need a bunch of flowers.
For the best flower in the world.

Ayhan Diril

In a maze

Looking round the horizon
was never so gloomy.
Where are the gardens
we hoped to see bloomy?

This river of longing overflows
just before reaching the bridge.
While my soul is in fire
I feel frozen in a fridge.

All the songs throw
wailing note of grief.
Darkness leaves me no way out
I am lost in a maze, in brief.

As the winds blow hard
Dark trees rustle in the night.
I pour you into my cup,
groveling for the days
to bring you at my sight.

Ayhan Diril

In a Scorpion Field

In life we all have ups and downs.
As we pass through different towns.
We feel like a deserted word in repentance
Staying in the middle of a meaningless sentence.

Our load is too heavy to weigh.
There is always something to say
Never say never,
Destiny always gets its pay.

Life is shattered hopes are tired.
Roads seem separated no one looks back.
Taking different steps makes a huge crack.
Suddenly the moon hid its light, and got black.
You sometimes live a life in your head
rather than the world,- in dread.

You beg God not to leave you
At times when you leave yourself.
Crying it to be so hard to be strong
When you miss someone so long.

You miss your granny's garden
That smell sweet basil
looking at the lilacs in a dazzle.
You miss your happy old days.
Then you see you have
no more hopes to chase.

This is a scorpion field
Your heart is never healed
The dearest one is always waited
Even if it is a lie ,never stated.

Ayhan Diril

In a spider's web

Roses are far away.
Thorns are on my way.
I wish I knew how to reach you.

Neither prayers work
Nor wishes are answered.
When the winds blew
the clouds were no more blue.

Is it my breathing or the heat
in a dragon's fire?
Being trapped in a spider's web
my arms spread wide and
I get closer to its bite each second.
All I drink is two drops of water
Then why burning in a scorching desert?

If I try to leave this city for a while
your clouds would cry.
You would claim this story would go on
until our breaths leave our souls.
You would say the months would collapse
on their knees ,if you don't see me a second.
Oh,there is no way out of this web
The spider has such a tight grab.

Ayhan Diril

In fire

I can't touch the leaves,
they fall into the river.
The river is in fire.

No longer can I breathe
the summer nights.
The air is in fire.

The pen is afraid of
spelling your name.
The pen is in fire.

Wishing to raise my hands
for the last wish, I feel
my hands are in fire.

For a short trip in past
I close my eyes for a while,
My memories are in fire.

Each time I look at this picture
I feel my heart is in fire.

A young dove is in a cage.
No use to try to save it.
Irons bars are in fire

Ayhan Diril

In June

Neither the shining sun
Nor the rising stars
Can make me smile.
I wish I could forget you
Forget you for a while.

The moon looked the other side
When your gloomy eyes cried

Are the mounts pressing my heart?
Or are these the seas boiling inside?

The prayers felt tired
Words have lost their meanings
The angels care us no more
They are on their own way
It is just another cloudy day.

Have we any other door
To knock at though?
No, answer is "No"

I am there again
Stronger than before
Since we have the God
To support us all the time
I will keep on asking.
I know even if it is not today
The flowers will bloom soon.
May be not in May
But I'm sure in June

Ayhan Diril

In your absence

This heart is fearful in your absence
Like a crybaby, like a little child.
I go crazy, I go wild.
I plunge into thoughts, in your absence.

I have nobody as lonely as a street boy.
I feel destitute, having no joy.
I am like a bird with a broken wing.
In a deserted house, with no song to sing.

In a dark room, craving for the sun
I cannot walk, I cannot run.
My clouds are no longer bright blue.
It is so hard, beforehand I wish I knew.

In your absence, I am a walking dead.
I am confused, white is black, green is red.
My skies are partly cloudy. I fell into pieces.
Millions of hungry birds fly over my head.

If I am asked the meaning of love,
I would tell them your name.
I would tell them about your eyes.
I would tell them they were the flame.

I would tell them about your hands.
Grasping me tightly, warmly.
I would tell them about your smile.
Melting my heart in their heat.
Feeling your heart, feeling that beat.

If I am asked the meaning of love,
I would tell them about your magical looks.
If they said love had four letters,
Objecting, I would say it has five letters.

Time flies, the nights emerge into days.
Darkness falls into my world in a thousand ways.
In your absence, this longing burns me.
This grief grows as big as the sea.

Ayhan Diril

Innocent Questions

I was at a park, resting a bit.
There came to me this little kid.
He seemed pretty and jolly.
In his hand eating a lolly.

He said he had some questions to ask.
He explained it was his school task.
He asked me what brightened the world.
I smiled, I knew what brightened the world.

Second question was how love should be.
Then he asked 'what is the source of glee?'
He asked me who can make a miracle,
With the smile of the eyes that are lyrical.

Maybe he thought I had no answers, none.
Next he asked if there was someone
Whose jolly speech reminds us the nightingales,
Making us fly, like in those fairy tales.

Questions followed each other
I said, sorry I should go little brother.
The answer was just your name .
All the answers were the same.

Ayhan Diril

Invitation for tea

Listening to the rustling trees
I sit alone feeling this soft breeze.

My teapot is on the grass,
I hold my glass in my hand.
And there is an extra for you, my friend.

It is an invitation for tea.
May be we can flee
from the worries
hidden in our memories.

I wish you could fly
with an angel wings,
high up in the sky
to bring me the springs
deleting my winters.
A moment's smile
would take out the splinter
from my bleeding heart.

Come before the tea gets cold,
before we totally get old.
Here is the chocolate you like,
ready waiting for you.
Let's have it together!
I would feel as light
as a feather.

As we stir our tea,
let's fly in the skies,
let our happy hearts beat.
With your company,
everything would be complete.

Ayhan Diril

Is it easy?

On a hot desert I find water at last.
It is a pity; it is in a glass of fire.
Is it possible to drink it?

Comforting eyes are far from me,
Close to me are cold, with meaningless looks.
Why shouldn't I crave for the peaceful ones?
As time flies fast for an end
Is it possible to stop it?

Surrounded with lots of thorns,
My joy is a red rose, smelling the best.
Oh, God, this is such a hard test.
Is it possible to smell it?

Some claim never say amen,
For a wish that cannot be accepted.
Do they have the pen of the destiny?
Even if hope is a sand in the ocean,
Hope is our only source of life.
Is it possible to stop it?

Feelings flow like flood,
They care neither friends nor enemies.
Is it possible to stop them?
It is easy to advice for a heart
that never tasted love.
It is easy to say it but
Is it possible to control the feelings?

Oh, the beloved one!
Let your jealousy kill me time to time,
I guess I find life in this death.
Is it possible to live without it?

There is a precious diamond
At the top of a castle.
Glittering my eyes.
It is in the hands
Of a wild dragon,
Protected with guards around.
Though it may seem
impossible to reach it.
Is it easy to give up the try?

Ayhan Diril

Is it love?

I can't breathe in this blind alley,
As if in a dream in this endless valley.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

Feelings can't be expressed, words are weak.
I would die for a kiss on that rosy cheek. .
I wonder if it is what they call love.

You're my only reason to smile.
Let me hug you for awhile.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

How I wish to look into your eyes,
Giving a break for these cries.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

A kiss would excite me so much.
I would get burnt with a soft touch.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

Let these shocking waves go on forever.
Never say good bye dear, never.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

My tongue slips, I can't talk.
Hand in hand how can we walk?
I wonder if it is what they call love.

Barriers are there waiting for us.
May God give some light for this fuss.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

Talking to you, I see time flies.
I would be lost in your brown eyes.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

To write a poem, you are the unique reason.
Without you I just have winter, no other season.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

I would give everything to have you in my arms.
My eyes would see nothing but your charms.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

How I wish to have met you early.
To watch your beauty which is pearly.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

Tears are ready to shed; can I give you a hug?
Your absence makes the effect of deadly drug.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

How miraculous it is to be in your dreams.
Otherwise how could I stop the screams?
I wonder if it is what they call love.

Just be near me, even if there is no touch
I wish some cure to stop this fire so much.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

I open my window in this cold weather.
With your prayers I feel as light as a feather.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

I would talk to your picture many nights.
Your shining eyes were the only lights.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

I still keep the dried flowers in my books.
Is it possible to forget these charming looks.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

Still, in my heart I have great pain.
You are the blood in my vein.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

You are the only owner of my heart
My thoughts are full of my sweetheart.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

It is unbelievable to hold your cold hands to burn
From your lips, be sure, I have lots to learn.
I wonder how it can be as cold as ice
I would get drowned in the depth of your eyes
The white handkerchief will be my only relief.
Our souls will meet, I will never lose that faith.
We are like runaway school lovers.
I wonder if my heart recovers
From the pain of separation.
Is it possible to forget the innocent face?
I feel like flying in a strange space.
I wonder if it is what they call love.

Ayhan Diril

It must be love

When the missing seems endless,
And everything but her seems meaningless,
You can be sure it is love.

When each second is filled with her,
And the prayers are for the meeting day,
Be sure that it is love.

If you're still looking for a way out
In the darkness of desperation and drought
Then it is love.

After having many hours of talk
If you still feel it a minute's talk
Be sure that it is love.

If you look at her pictures a thousand times a day
And feel her name is as beautiful as a pray,
No doubt that it is love.

When the air is cold and brisk,
If your love is still strong at risk,
Then it is love.

When each second with her is worth
all the jewelry and gold in the world
be sure it is love.

When each hug drifts you away
To the heavens, opening a way,
Be sure it is love.

Ayhan Diril

It was you!

It was you!
The star of my nights.
It was your eyes!
The sun that lights,
All my world, all sides.
But now, it's over.
All is over now.
It was my love that used to flow
Through the green eyes like a river.
It was my love that used to flow
From the sweetest two lips,
Not just two lips but tulips
That grew in my heart.
I remember yesterday just like today
When we were hand in hand.
See me now, crying and sad.
Again it is me at the end
Just a broken heart all I have.
Just repentance all I have.

Never never can you guess dear,
How thankful I am to you anyway,
As you already let me taste the death
For it will be easy for me
To taste the real death.

Ayhan Diril

It's raining black roses

It's raining black roses.
Roses are everywhere.
As needles stick into soft hearts
prayers fade away in horizons.

As if promises had never been done
old pieces of film strips lie
on damp corners of the wreck house.

A white cat gives a bitter smile.
Black roses are raining on a white cat.
A tired prisoner paces up and down the corridor.
Laments are recited through the minarets.

The old postman must be drunk
walking heavily, dropping down
his white envelopes.

Pavements are covered with little snakes
as they smile at broken promises.
Nightingales sing no more songs
for their beloved roses.
Instead they are in search
of worms in stick mud.

A traveler passes by a graveyard
just a whistle on his lips.

A scorching wind blows
the leaves on trees.
Sweats drop on black roses.
Roses are everywhere.

Angels come together
thinking why
dry deserts wish no more rains.

The world is a witch
wearing an angel mask.

There comes a day
when the hazel eyes
become cross eyed.

Parallel lovers avert
ninety degrees.
It's raining black roses.
Roses are everywhere.

Ayhan Diril

Just be there

Either you reproach or flatter
both are fine, it doesn't matter.
Give me neither a daisy
nor a drop of water.
None makes me crazy.

Just be there with me
in the same universe.
Or nothing can be worse
than feeling your absence.

Each pain makes us stronger
to reach our destination
on the roads that seem longer.

Just be patient and be there.
No pain is forever.
God is with those
who are patient
not those with
who give up, never.

Ayhan Diril

Keep on fight.

The ashes in my heart
Should all be washed out.
Where are the golden tears?
To clear out all my fears.

Two exits appear on my way
One is more hopeless than another.
In each room there I see
An executioner
Doing his best to give harm.

Once you are in
You can't go out easily.
Last regret works no more.
But still wish to find a door.

Mountains pile up on each other.
But just wait to find some light
Though the wind blows dry.
I am not beaten yet
I will not cry.
I keep on this fight.
At last I am sure
I will find the light.

Ayhan Diril

Kids Play (6)

These kids came together for a nice game.
Each from another country not the same.
Happily shared their best toys under a tree.
Granny watched them in her chair drinking tea.

The blond boy flew his paper airplane.
It was a sunny day, the sky had no rain.
The black boy drove his small car.
All the colorful marbles flew out of a jar.

Even the white clouds could hear these happy smiles.
Cheerful company of the kids shortened the miles.
How different games they played hand in hand.
Respect was the main path on this happy land.

Ayhan Diril

Let's go to the funeral

It was a snowy Tuesday
I was afraid to start the car.
Having just a few coins
I stepped on the bus.
The driver said
All I need is a ticket
I checked my pocket.
It was the first time
Money did not work.
He was such a jerk
I was asked to get off.
Nobody had an extra one.
It was no fun.
The situation was so bad.
Humanity was dead.
I asked the travellers
who were all students.
If they had an extra one.
In their hearts
Suddenly they had
The fire of knowledge.
They stared at their books.
There was a change in their looks.
The situation was so bad.
Humanity was dead.

There at work soon
Seeing the head I asked
if I could ask something
for a second or more.
He showed me the door
Saying he had no time
'cos he was to reckon
some stupid sheets ahead.

Just saw another friend
Who is to go downtown
I asked him if he could give
Me a lift on the way
As it was an annoying day.
So precious the car was
I could not see at first.
He said he had no room.
There in my heart
I felt a deep gloom.
The situation was so bad.
Humanity was dead.

I went to the fishmonger
In need of some delicious fish.

All the neighbours pressed their noses
When the fish was on the dish.
The smell was dreadful.
I asked myself why?
I got it at last
The situation was so dread.
Humanity was dead.

Let's go to the funeral.
Humanity is dead.
Situation is bad.

Ayhan Diril

Liar Birds

I had some birds settle on my windowsill.
Thank Allah I had some grain to spill.
It was enough to quench their hunger.

About you, they started to talk.
For me it was a great shock.

One said you had all the gold and money.
It made no sense as it was so funny.
One said they carry you on their wings.
Claiming you had no winters but springs.

One said all your hills became plain.
You have no storms but just rain.

One said they sing for you all the night.
In your life there was no black, just white.
One said all are inspired by your eyes
Carrying you up in the skies.

One said the sun envies your shining hair.
For you, the rivers keep saying a prayer.
They say you have a palace in paradise.
Surprisingly, I said it is so nice.

They say, the Miss World you are elected.
By the angels you are protected.
One say servants were there at your service.
Hearing this made me laugh and feel nervous.

The more they talk the more I smile.
I know all is a lie.
How liar the birds are!
I had no more grain in the jar.

As I sit by the windowsill
I watch the liar birds and sit still.
Look at all those long beaked birds.
I am sure no one has seen birds like these.
Oh, Pinocchio! Where have you been?
You should have come and seen.
The world is still the same since her leaving
Who would believe this lie, all is deceiving.

Ayhan Diril

liFe

F is for fidelity in liFe
F is on holiday now.
Rest is just a lie

Ayhan Diril

Life Beyond

Just three days world has.
As I stand at your grave and weep for you my dear.
As the rains make me wet I feel sad.
You are always there in my heart.
God help me before I go mad.

You are in the winds to blow.
You are the rivers to flow.
So hard it's to be without you.
In my eyes you would glow.

Life beyond death never seem to me easy.
I grasp a dry branch of tree, when it's breezy.
On the ground I draw a zero
The world is sick and wheezy.

On this grave's your name.
Your epitaph, such a great flame.
No longer can my feet carry me away.
Take my soul to the life beyond.
My wrinkles are my bond.

Ayhan Diril

Life Beyond (2)

As you watch the world from a long distance
some squirrels climb up the trees in a wild wood.
Happy birds, then keep singing to remind your childhood.
A white blanket covers you to end your existence.

Fallen leaves symbolizes the life beyond this life.
You feel scared, disappearing into a crazy world.
On the hill the strongest winds blow .
Birds flutter their wings, all over you flowers grow.

Fluffy blankets disappear to have their eternal rest.
Forests no longer fall into sleep to pick stars from the sky.
Wolves prowl around your memories to die.
Owls hoot from the trees to keep you company high..

Where are the butterflies gliding among the fresh flowers?
Who thinks about the snowflakes falling steadily?
Thunders growl, stars wink and twinkle.
No more can the rich boast of their gold .

Happy kids quit throwing crumbs for the birds.
Instead, the shadows play hide and seek.
Life beyond is hard when you are forgotten in a week.
Somebody hands over the thrill, sparrows feel weak.

Time deletes all the reflections in the windows.
You can't see the letters of the beloved fairy.
taking shape on the steamy glass.
Life beyond smiles like a red rose in glass.

Freezing outside a poor child cries.
The seas wash away his sandcastles
making him freeze ,hide behind the trees.
Life beyond is the touch of snowflakes on our leaves .

A fresh body sleeps beneath a willow tree.
No one is at sight ,just your mother is by
Even your soul can't answer why.
Hope your soul fly high when you die.

Ayhan Diril

Life melts

Life melts

You can't grasp it, life is melting away
Is it the day dying or your hair getting gray?
It was the bright moon we dreamed to see most.
Look! What I have is in my dream is just a ghost.

Tough storms caused us to have tough hearts.
It was them each time destroying the new starts.
Whether you wish or not time had to fly.
You smile or not, tears had to dry.

On the day you disappeared like a hasty star.
I burned up all the memories by this cigar.
Though I prayed and prayed all the night.
Still I don't see what is wrong what is right.

There were times we offered roses
To those who were not worthy.
It was not love, we realized late.
What she had in heart was just hate.

Sometimes we offered smiles.
Hoping it would warm the hard ties.
Late as usual we saw the lies.
The distance was miles and miles.

Ayhan Diril

Linden Tree

This is our young linden tree.
I planted it for you, my dear.
Just believe the happiness is near,
Hoping to embrace you in a year.

As the sun glitters its light on its leaves.
Let it fill our hearts with happiness
Making our lips smile, leaving no grieves.

It will blossom sooner or later
Each day ,our love will be greater.
This linden tree will witness our joy.
Under its branches who knows
The playing baby will be a girl or a boy.

Ayhan Diril

Little Girl walks away

This little girl walks away,
Leaving the memories back,
with gloomy clouds,
on this windy day.

On her lips are dead prayers,
she wonders if anyone cares
about her heart or tears.
Little girl walks away.

In her ears the wishes scream,
as the winds blow the trees,
eyes have no gleam.
This little girl walks away.

The mounts shake hard
as she sighs in no relief,
oh time is a great thief,
stealing herself on each leaf.

Carrying this rotten clay,
This little girl walks away.

Ayhan Diril

Little Jane

You should have seen
how happy this little Jane felt.
This was her unique pleasure.
She claimed it was her treasure.

It seemed as if it was not her
who said these words before.
You should have seen how instantly
this toy was thrown away.

This Jane is a little girl.
In her hand she got a toy.
To keep it, she held it so tight.
For this she might even fight.

As a joke I asked it for a while.
She refused this, saying it was her best.
With some smile, I did a small test,
So I gave her a new one.

You should have seen how instantly
this toy was thrown away.

It was the same toy
which she would say
she would never
prefer it to any other.

You should have seen the joy
in little Jane's eyes.
How lively
her pupils of eyes were.

Ayhan Diril

Little Jane is happy

You should have seen
how happy this little Jane felt.
This was her unique pleasure.
She claimed it was her treasure.

It seemed as if it was not her
who said these words before.
You should have seen how instantly
this toy was thrown away.

This Jane is a little girl.
In her hand she got a toy.
To keep it, she held it so tight.
For this she might even fight.

As a joke I asked it for a while.
She refused this, saying it was her best.
I needed a small test, with some smile.
So I gave her a new one.

You should have seen how instantly
this toy was thrown away.

It was the same toy
which she would say
she would never
prefer it to any other.

You should have seen the joy
in little Jane's eyes.
How lively
her pupils of eyes were.

Ayhan Diril

Love doesn't hurt

Before the sunset, I placed a small box
on my windowsill, some water and my hugs.
Piece of grain is ready for you, shy doves.
Love doesn't hurt, don't hesitate to come.

I have picked up a few tiny branches.
Do not stare at any other windows.
Fly to me doves, for your new nest.
Love doesn't hurt, be sure it is the best.

Feel yourself at home, break that rusty chain.
Fly here before the brightest colors die in vain
Just wrap each other with your white wings.
Love doesn't hurt, keep your love in golden rings.

Ayhan Diril

Make Your Cruelty

Make your day, have fun.
Keep swimming in the best beaches.
Let your laughter ring in the skies.
Take a shovel ,dig a well for all sizes.

Wear a mask, start stealing happiness.
Stick your needle into fresh hearts.
Don't worry, you are immortal.
Close your ears to silent cries.

Just search for new traps.
Reach the highest tower of your lies.
Throw all the roses under your feet.
Take the devil as your best friend.

Put a new tick on each day,
for each of your trick.
Fumble for sins in secret pockets.
Make your cruelty.

There's more time to doomsday
never spend a minute
to burn new hearts.
Make your cruelty.

Like you own the whole world
make your cruelty.
Holy book in one hand
and black dagger in one hand.

What if you forget what will happen.
There is the God watching over you.

Ayhan Diril

Market Lovers

Market lovers meet once again.
It is what they do now and then.
They wish there was another way out
To quench this longing and drought.

Birds are everywhere to blow the whistle
Market is safe, away from any missile.
Fixed on each other, the eyes are shy
Being together, feelings are high.

For market lovers happiness is a few minutes talk.
They had better leave the market before five o'clock.
Seeming an accidental touch, their hands exchange the heat.
Nothing in the world would cause such an exciting heartbeat.

Ayhan Diril

Mecnun And The Antelope

Mecnun was on the mountain.
He met an antelope
Looking for water,
Looking for a fountain.

The antelope was trapped by the feet.
His eyes were so cute, so sweet.
He likened them to that of Leyla's eyes.
He felt sorry for its helpless cries.

He waited for the hunter
to pay for the ransom.
He waited under a tree.
At last he set it free.

Everyone asked Mecnun
why he behaved so.
He said it was not proper
To be cruel to someone
Who look like Leyla.

Ayhan Diril

Miracle

Where is the miracle to happen?
In the same city we are still far away,
We just meet when we dream or pray.
Let the time stop, as we have a lot to say.

Ayhan Diril

Miss You

One to Krakow one to Venice.
Out of my cage, far away,
Two birds flew.
Instead of flowers in my garden
Your longing grew.

Should I count the minutes
Or the days never ending?
Are you in dark at nights?
Do not worry.
Here are the stars I am sending.

Never feel you are alone there.
Know that this is the picture.
When I miss you I stare.
I miss you so much I swear.

Ayhan Diril

Missing

In front of my eyes, your memories are there.
Your absence is deep in my heart, everywhere.
Look! Nobody is left to share my joy, my sunshine.
Even the birds cried over you, as I smell that pine.

With a wish to reach you, my feelings riot.
Since you disappeared my streets are so quiet.
Your death, suddenly separated us one night
Missing you is so strong, nothing will end this fight.

The sky you gave light has turned dark.
Even the candle on my table has no spark.
Like an innocent child who lost his mum
In my ears, my childhood plays a drum.

Ayhan Diril

Missing the past

The blazing sun
on its own way
is to fade soon.
The clocks strike
The last hours of my life.
Breaking the memories
Into pieces with a sharp knife.

Sitting in my corner alone,
Many questions floating
on my puzzled mind
I think of you again and again
I can't delete the past.
I wish I knew
How fast the life flew.

It was just like yesterday
Your laughter would race
With joy in our garden
On one side was the sun
The other side was your image

Stars would be jealous of you
Years threw our days away
Before knowing what's what
I remember playing marbles
The red one hitting the other.

Now the life hits us badly
I keep thinking of you
Is it the bell calling me?

Ayhan Diril

Monkey in a red tie

There escaped a monkey
from the zoo.
Soon he found a shelter.
In the center when
The sky was blue.
It was an office of men
Where he grasped a pen.
He thought he was a man.

He glimpses at the hanger
On which there is a tie.
To grasp it then
He jumps high and high
Now it is in his hand.
Wrapping it around his neck
Thinks that it is a nice tie.
It is a red tie.

Sitting on a chair so high.
He falls asleep for a nice dream.
In dream he finds himself in a forest.
All the others think he is the king.
'cos he is wearing a red thing
Around his neck, a red tie.
Starts his show to charm everyone
The more he acts the lower he falls.
Escapee monkey should turn back
It is not his tie
The one around his neck.
As the magic is lost
The king ends his post.

Ayhan Diril

Mr High.

It is a cold day outside.
Hills are covered in snow.
Everywhere is white,
Everywhere is dyed.

Entering the room,
At once I see him.
All romance is lost.
Suddenly I feel the frost.

Not a single 'hi'
I hear from the lips.
As if they are sealed.
With that nose in the air,
With those legs crossed with pride..
I wonder if that soul is healed.
When you learn what is right.

Is it your heart or eyes
As black as hell?
You have the heart to tell?
Why your head is so high
Won't you die, Mr.High?

With that nose up in the air.
You have to know,
It is not fair.

The world is mortal.
Stop pretending as if
Noone is around.
You are alive today.
Tomorrow will be the day
Your body is underground.

Look around!
To watch the trees dropping the leaves.
It will be too late.
When your beloved one grieves,

When the white cloth shrouds
Remnants of your body will be eaten by insects.
It is not worth poisoning your eternal life.
Why is that pride?
Why is it so, Mr.High?

Ayhan Diril

My Kite

I took my kite out to fly on a sunny day.
The clouds were blue, before getting gray.
Flapping like a bird, it rose up and up.
I was so eager to see it at the top.

I watched it dance in that white cloud.
My eyes glittered, I felt so proud.
I thought I was a prince in a tale.
My kite was happy waving its tail.

More and more I let the spring of the kite.
It was nearly getting out of my sight.
Then this strong wind started to blow.
My heart beat fast, my fear started to grow.

The string could not bear the wind much.
It broke off then, it was so hard to clutch.

Sorry, it couldn't climb to the crest.
Surely it was a part of life, a hard test.
It floated softly on the ground.
As if weeping, making a strange sound.

Ayhan Diril

Next to your grave

I don't know if the bottom
Or top of the earth is cold.
I wonder if the fallen leaves
Or my hopes that are dying.
Like an old story told.

My feet obey me no more.
Stuck here next to your grave.
I don't know if leaving
Or staying is hard.
I feel like a guard.

Desperate feelings hug me
I must leave you here soon.
All I can do is pray.
I wish you peace forever
May your stop be the heaven.

This is your first night
First time I am leaving you alone
So difficult it is surely
This is the destiny, no objection.
Listen to this sad groan.

I entrust you to the cold earth.
To keep you warm.
Do not worry, you will not be cold.
I will have prayers to perform.

I am jealous of the grave
As I won't be hugging you
But that poor earth.

Let the yellow flowers
Be your company.
They will reflect me
Your blessed face.
When I look at them

Even if my body will be away
My soul will be touching you.
Rest in peace.
I will come again.

Ayhan Diril

Nights

Dark nights are not dark enough
To cover the darkness in the hearts.
Though the cold breath boasts itself
It is not cold enough to put up this fire.

Arms of the trees fumble for something
It is a pity, it is tired again.
As it finds nothing.

Time rushes for the eternity.
Rivers are silent
Birds are silent.
I wonder why the world is so violent.
People know no fraternity.
When we run for eternity.
Oh, nights you are not dark enough
To hide the darkness in hearts.

Ayhan Diril

No joy

Mountains gossip on your words
thinking you were so loyal
You were envied by the birds.
This feeling was high and royal.

By tears epics were written.
Now in sorrow the lips bitten.

Those who claimed to destroy
all the obstacles yesterday,
stay today in a corner
like a kitten spilled the milk
leaving no smile no joy.

Ayhan Diril

November skies in Tokat

In Tokat, the sun has already set.
The charming view is the best, I bet.
When the streets shine after the sun
Lovers walk hand in hand and fun.

Carrying their shopping bags, men roam
As women feel happy on the way home.
Little kids want to be out some more time
Peddlers on the pavement sell their corn.

Young man calls out saying fresh chestnut
Oh this spells us with that smell
Just taste it to see, I have no more to tell.
Waiters, for the last customers, yell

November is a bit cold.
We live in Tokat and get old.
While walking along this river
I try to warm my hands but I shiver.

The couples, at the queue, for a film
In their clothes t look so nice and slim

On one side holly words are recited
Through the minarets of Alipaşa mosque
On the other side, some sit at Taşhan
sipping their tea and eating some bun.

Tokat is a magical, unforgettable city
Hiding inside the forgotten ones and the pretty.

Soon half-moon shows its shining face
For some it is time to dream at some place.
Time to return home, for the rest,
Look! The doves sit in their nest.

There is a Sunday market
You see people carry their food
The bags are full of fruit
So delicious, nothing to dispute.

Minibus drivers pick up the last passengers
Some are local ,some are black messengers.
Trees fall their golden leaves down
How magnificent is this town!

Cafes are satisfied with their lovers
They sit silently, in hands with flowers.

Here we go on the streets of Tokat

Eating some sunflower seed or nut
Silhouettes come to sight
Tokat is beautiful at night

Ayhan Diril

On a Paper Boat

I float on a paper boat on a harsh river.
For you, carrying my tired heart to deliver.
The frowning winds drift me from my destination.
I can't bear to see my heart in fire, before reaching the station.

Sticks and twigs, on my way make my face sallow.
To reach you, how I wish to find a sign to follow.
Firing monsters are waiting for me setting a trap.
Cruel rocks are ready to give me another slap.

My paper boat is getting wetter and wetter.
Strong tides roar, make me feel no better.
I am on a paper boat floating to unknown land
Oh God! Without your help how can I stand?

Ayhan Diril

On the highway

There was a cyclist
travelling on the highway.
When the police stopped him
he thought he was the prey.

He said he was the police of love.
He said 'You failed to keep your promise
to love forever.'
It was what he would expect never.

He said to the cyclist
'Your licence to love
was revoked immediately
This is an urgent revocation
for the safety of other lovers.'

Ayhan Diril

Palestine

The world is round
The turn will be yours one day.
So many cruelty it has seen.
Easy to kill the innocent.
Easy to shed blood.
Power is with you for now
One day we will see
Turn will be ours.
May your faces be in mud,
History will sweep you
In a horrible flood.
You will reap what you sow.
Not a damned head
Will you have to bow
We are coming in line
Sun will shine for Palestine

Ayhan Diril

Parade of the Cultures (5)

This is the Charles Bridge where cultures parade.
This is where the lovers walk in sun or in shade.
Some touch a statue hoping for more luck.
A little boy throws into river his cake to feed a duck.

One can have a view of all the colors on this bridge.
Two kids hand in hand happily walk on the ridge.
There the priests are distinguished in their ornamentation.
There is a parade where you witness a piece of each nation.

A few muslim women pass by fixing their modest headscarves.
A little girl watch the alluring history feeding a pigeon that starves.
No one cares the man with earrings nor a with a striped skirt.
This is the bridge everybody pays atteention so that noone can be hurt.

Ayhan Diril

Pink Clouds

This is a strange country
made of pink clouds.
I am lost in the endless thoughts.
I feel lonely in crowds.
I wonder where I am.

I look at the image in the mirror.
I keep asking if this is me or not.
Let the distance be lost in the hell.
What freshens me is your smell.

In your absence I feel trapped in a cell.
I need a miracle or a spell.
Before I break this mirror,
Come to me, get nearer.

Is that the sound of the waves outside?
Is there a sea around here?
Or is this your hair waving
in the sea of your eyes?

Why is my breath so hot?
Is there a volcano inside
Or the reason is darkness
caused by your absence?

As I open my arms wide,
I know you are my pride.
I see you run to me
Over the pink clouds
through the hillside.

Why are you on each page of the book?
Why does each sentence begin
With the first letter of your name?
Why doesn't the sun warm me
As much as your smile?

What kind of world is this?
I wonder if it is really a world.
Oh I hear the flash of lightning.
I believe it is about to rain.
Sooner or later.

Ayhan Diril

Pray for Coffee Brown

I am a sand in the ocean
Tiny and full of emotion.
How I wish you be optimist
Ignoring the word pessimist.

Keeping in mind
Who makes the impossible possible
With His endless mercy
With his command of 'be'
Makes our souls feel free.

Let the river of hope
Run forever in your veins.
Bringing you new rains.
While you knock His door
Let the cat purr on the floor.

As the baby eats some toffee
I wish you have a cup of coffee.
As your admirer tries to find a rhyme
Hope you have the power all the time.

When you feel like a bird
With broken wings in the winds
Know that God has the power
Over all things.
He can give you new ones
To start the new runs.

The stars are jealous of your eyes
With the gleam that shines.
Let Him stop all your cries.
As for those destroying your smiles
In your innocent angel face,
Let them have no happy 'emojis'
In their mobiles.
In their lives.

Please have a piece of happy heart
Not a palace nor a yacht.
Be sure in my life
You have a precious part.

Hope you find happiness.
When there is something to stop
Your innocent smiles.
When there is something to stop
Your sweet smiles.

I pray for you to reach your dreams
Which seem impossible

with the help of God.
When you feel totally trapped
You find an open door.

When you have locks on your door
You have a hand to stop this war.
When you have a piece of dirt
In your brown seas,
Hope in the end you feel unhurt.

let the only heavy load
On your shoulders be a shopping bag
You carry from the nearest mall.
Let those who break your heart have no peace at all.

In your eyes let me see the same happiness of your profile.
After so many years still with that smile.
Never feel the sadness for a while.
Hope those who look at you with devil eyes
Are destroyed by your magical eyelashes.
While your mum making the sweet pies.

I hope you have a cup of coffee
At a small balcony of your tiny house.
Let the thieves stealing your sunshine
Forget the meaning of fine

Let God who has given you the will of wish
Wish to give you too.

Ayhan Diril

Puzzle

do never go away,you're the apple of my eye
if I don't see you I will have no freedom
right on your black curly hair should be confetti
in our dream,on our wedding, on our horizon
let me be the only smile on your angel face

Ayhan Diril

Rain

Streetlight in the background,
It reminds me of the best shadow-show.
Some men walk home hastily.
It's raining on the streets of Tokat.

Like blowing a fast kiss,
Rain drops hurry but in bliss,
I watch it as hopeful as the earth.
It's raining on the streets of Tokat.

As the rain kisses my roof,
My eyes shine with a proof
Of God's sign of grace.
It's raining on the streets of Tokat.

Let the rain grow the flowers.
Let the city have the best showers.
I keep praying till the sun shines bright.
It's raining on the streets of Tokat.

Ayhan Diril

Reason of my happiness

I climbed up the snowy clouds.
I felt I was on the field of cotton.
They became my cushion,
To rest my arms for a while.
Oh God, it was such a huge pile.
Now all my pain was forgotten.
I jumped from one cloud to another.
They smiled at me, I was a happy child.
My joy was overflowing, I was going wild.

Then I met some lazy stars to stay till noon.
I got them in my hand and started playing with them.
Smiling at me, then I met the moon,
asked me why I was so happy.
I gave no reply, keeping it as a secret.

Then I dived into the seas,
Into the oceans,
With the highest motions.
Blue water gave me a soft embrace.
Missing no time to waste,
I felt it wrap my waist.
Dolphins started dancing and singing.
All the fish got the rhythm of the song.
I was so happy, nothing was wrong.

I looked up the skies, saw a flock of birds.
I jumped high to grasp their tales,
To travel far and far.
Being surprised, they asked me
Where I got this power from.
I kept being silent, gave no answer.

I saw some happy kids jumping ropes,
I joined their play and jump.
A dark haired kid stopped to ask me,
Why I was as happy as him.
I kept silent and gave no reply.

Ants forgot to carry their food into their nest.
They just stared at me giving a short rest.

Then I went to the beautiful gardens.
Full of beautiful flowers.
I smelled them all,
Remembering your scent,
I could resist no more.
I had to tell the reason
of my shining eyes at last.

I told them the reason of my joy
The reason of my smile.

It was your sweet voice dear,
Soothing my pain,soothing my fear
I heard it today.It was your voice,dear.

Ayhan Diril

Red Carnation

No one but you can cheer me up.
You are my only consolation.
You are my first and last station.
Here in my hand is a red carnation,
Take it before it dies,

Accept it as a memory of the day.
Don't go away, next to me, stay.
You know you are my addiction.
You are my dream, my fiction.
Here in my hand is a red carnation,
Take it before it dies,

You are in each of my heart beat.
I wish you were not so sweet.
You are my nightingale in my heart cage.
You are the best poem on my life page
Here in my hand is a red carnation,
Take it before it dies,

Ayhan Diril

Red Rosebud

As silence plays drums in your ears
all your dreams turn into unknown fears.
Then a lonely dove lands on your windowsill.
Your favorite star shoots down making you ill.

Hundreds of questions tie your tired feet.
Time swallows the perfumes that once were sweet.
Beloved one disappears throwing away the red rosebud.
Life confuses the flowing mind leaving you stuck in mud

Ayhan Diril

Reflections by the river

Oh, green river! How joyfully you flow.
Just like the day she left with a hard blow.
Birds singing their best songs still enjoy.
White clouds move with the same joy.

Tiny branches of the weeping willow
Dance with the music that is slow.
You keep playing in your playground.
with a new toy, giving me no sound.

No one claims to be indispensable.
When the insensible
replaces for the sensible
the world is so odd.
Now there is love
between me and the God.

You are not the black diamond
Not the most precious one.
Not the hidden in the darkest forest.
Not a red rose sold in a florist .

Now there is love
between me and the God.

Ayhan Diril

Reflections on the lake

The blue lake is asleep.
Never wake it up.
How nice to watch the waves
spreading larger and larger.

Sun is jealous to see its
broken reflections on this lake.
Look at those fishermen!
They fixed their eyes on their
fishing lines hoping for some fish.
Today fish is their only wish.

Small bubbles boil down.
The surface of the lake is smooth
and so green.
A scaly fish jumps up first
and then dives into the river.

An eagle's flap drops some rocks
down into the lake enough to
disturb the silence in the lake.

The lake pouts for a while
It knows no beauty is incomplete
without yours.

I inhale all the air and the lake
deep into my lungs.
You might think all the water
would evaporate soon.

A helicopter insect lands down
touching with its tiny feet.
The impatient silver fish
misses no second to catch it.

Close to the lake is some iron bars
between which a spider
has woven its web on which
some dead flies lie down.

This blue lake carries you
into some strange world.
Far away the school of fish is seen.
Little fish chase each other.
They shine so bright
like a handful of silver coin.

The green moss hugs the water
licking the old rocks around.
How relaxing the nature would be
if you were not on my mind

for a second or a minute.

Ayhan Diril

Remember me

When everywhere is full of your memories,
and you fly from heart to heart
from town to town
remember me.

When you are like stone or a wall
and destiny speaks its last words,
When the black roses are trapped in dark
remember me.

When the poems are indecisive who to address,
when the songs are lost in broken notes
when all the promises are forgotten sharply
when the coffee is no more tasty
remember me.

When the bullets suggest meeting no more
when the name repeated million times a day
is deleted from your diary
remember me.

When the lilacs are tired of the sun
and prefer the stars at night
when once it was called as a legend
has another fame as a black magic.
remember me.

When what once was called as breath
Is left without breath,
when you are online to everyone
but offline to me
remember me.

Ayhan Diril

Resignation of my heart

There was a knock at the door.
It was late, three or four.
In the sky there was no moon.
I opened the door so soon.

There was something strange.
It had the shape of a heart.
It was holding memories in one hand.
And the broken hopes in one hand.
I was losing my power to stand.
I realized it was bleeding,
I asked where it was going.
It said nothing.
It handed me a piece of paper.
It was a petition for resignation.
It was my heart standing there.
It was its resignation.

Ayhan Diril

Rhyming

Each bloom in your brown eyes make me fly in the sky.
Vacation is to end soon,then I know I will cry
A flow of tears will never dry, no matter how much I try

Ayhan Diril

Roses

As the black roses vanish without a sign,
who expects the gardener to be fine?
Hearing no news no call,
This is what brings the season of fall.

When the smoke rises through the stack
all the black seems white,
all the white seems black.

Ayhan Diril

Roses in the Vase

Remember the roses in my vase?
How much you used to like them!
Their faces are sulky now.
As they lean down to the stem.

The sun is no longer cheerful.
Look at the branches of cherry.
The singing birds are tearful.
This pain is too heavy to carry.

When the sky is gray or blue
Either water the roses yourself
Or bury them into the earth
Breaking the vase into two.

Ayhan Diril

Seperation

As the strong blowing winds
shake the branches hard.
A farewell song is there
to touch the weak heart.

A black ribbon wraps the soul tight
when tears are shed
as you pray for a bit of light.

Eyes miss those sweet memories
Separation is as bitter
as the bites of the bees.

Ayhan Diril

Since you left me

Life is so cruel to me
Since you left me
I could not put your picture away
Since you left me
I walk on dark streets
Your image is there
Looking at me earnestly
Pavements are so silent
When I ask them where you are
They keep quiet

Two drops of tears
Slide down to my heart
Missing their way down my face

Life is so hard
Since you went away
In the past
The bird would sit on the trees
Singing their best song for us
Now they are shy
They are ashamed
Since you went away

Ayhan Diril

Smile of life

No beauty is left there,
All disappear one day.
Each one leaving in heart
Just a dropp of poison
This is the smile of life.

No one has an idea
What we will see next.
We have no wings
To fly to the dreams.
Sometimes tears drop
Burning the traces.
On our faces
Shading the lines
On our cheeks
Nothing brings the past back.

Everything reflects back to us
With just the opposites.
This is the smile of life
We just live and see.

Hot is no real hot
Cold is no real cold.
It is the time like
Thunders as we get old
Leave us wounded
Our sins get like mountains
Bending heads is no way out
Time finishes all the bargains.

Even if all rains
Wash out our hands
Black never gets white
Until we win the fight
In our heart
This is the smile of life
Why wait for a hand from the sky
We cheat no one but ourselves
It means nothing
Just closing the eyes
Our souls see
What they don't see.
Death is by our side
So close to us.
We must wake up this sleep.
This is the smile of life
That distracts our mind.
Don't imprison yourself
In this vanity world
Feel the eternal smile
Then we find richness.

Ayhan Diril

Smoke

It is a winter evening
My curtain is half drawn.
As I stare into the grey skies,
Smoke goes up through the chimneys.
Smoke! Dark smoke!
As dark as your eyes.
Goes up into the skies
Dancing,climbing up in curves.
There on the left a flower forms,
Making me smile for a while.
On the right, smoke forms a heart,
Then grasps the flowers with its devil hands
Tears down the pedals of the flower.

Chimneys on the roofs emits dark and smoke.
When the blue skies turn into grey
I keep watching the wind
Whirl around the trees,
Dragging the memories away.
Time for bed now
Leaving not a word to say
I had better go,
Draw the curtains.
Closing my eyes once more
I try to clear all the smoke,
The smoke covers my soul,
The smoke that the chimneys emit.

Ayhan Diril

So be it

The roads would seem endless
Strange that they come to an end
Glowing smiles lose all the charm
the daisy is thrown away suddenly.

Night prayers are replaced with curses
the poems are silenced in dark oceans.
The skies wait for the doomsday.
This is a strange land-called Ellaland.

Bright waterfalls are no longer clear,
the clouds are no more blue.
Look at that football field!
Players kick three balls.
The referee is taking sides.
Take me out of this land!

What a strange nightingale that is!
While it laments for the red rose
it does please the other colors too.
The pen is in the hand of the cruel
who starts the game and make the end.
How soon hazel eyes turn into the cross ones
How soon the poems are left orphan

Why are the songs imprisoned in blind corners?
Once sun would get the shine from those smiles
how soon the faces became sullen.

Why isn't the kid
not pleased with one toy?
Why are those who say they would collapse
on the leave,stay still like strong castles?

Ayhan Diril

So why is this pride?

No support do skies need
To stand on their feet.
Sun needs no strike
To set the fire.
What is destined is happening
With your weak hand
You stop nothing.
In the end
Everything becomes dust.
Night merges into day
Day into night.
You are not much bigger
Than just a drop
In the endless ocean.
So why is this pride?
Why is this fight?

Do not keep your head so high,
It can't be as high as the cliffs
Your cruelty dies.
There remains no names.
All is forgotten
To play any games
You can't find any mates.
So why is this pride?
Why is this fight?

The light in your eyes
Will fade away.
Your tongue will stop
No words will be there
Neither to think nor say.

Those hands will give no harm.
To this beauty, this charm.
Your name will be recited
Through those minarets.
Your name will die
You will be as if you had never existed
So why is this pride?
Why is this fight?

Ayhan Diril

Sorry

When the time dies
at the moment you forget
I will be saying I'm sorry.

When the time loses its meaning
deadly winds will be throwing
this scorching heart away,
leaving with the dead memories.

When the time stops
at the moment you forget
I will be saying I'm sorry.
Sorry for still thinking of you

Ayhan Diril

Sparrow's Resistance

Sparrow resists

On a tiny branch of a tree
this little sparrow stands.
Clasping hard with these weak legs,
it leaves back all the plea.

How colorful the feather is
but so cold and icy.
Storm is strong, weather is freezing.
Neither a nest nor a shelter there is.
In this small heart occupy great worries.

Silent reproaches rise up in the sky
Turning back onto the world
Feeling offended with everything,
the sparrow falls into deep thoughts.

How can it survive, it wishes it knew,
in fear of death at any moment.
There is God's mercy to support it though.
Far away in horizon little bit of gleam
shines in its pale eyes.

Two drops of tears fall down
to make its chest warm.
The chest is still alive and brown.

Only weapon it has
Its belief in God
This storm will fade away.

Ayhan Diril

Sparrows' dance of death

Two sparrows landed on earth.
Their wings were wet after a rain.
Being afraid of the cats around, they were in pain.
The cats were starving and ready to catch.
It was a cold winter day.

We were like those sparrows, remember?
It was the month after December.
But our hands heated the world.
With your breathtaking perfume
Your hanky in my hand was curled

The hearts were in fire.
The love was not a liar.
It was a cold but sunny Wednesday.
It was the real love not a play.

I hope you could understand
What the heart shaped meant.
How I wish the first hug would never end.

As the calling for noon prayer being recited
Our hands were tied, we were so excited.
We presented our wishes to the God.
Time was running after us.
While our souls are in peace
What is all that fuss?

You can never guess how hard it was
To be first to take my hand back,
To be the first to end this hug.
In the lift, take me up into the white clouds.
Lock the door behind me, never set me free.
Give me one more hug as huge as the sea.
It was that day the love said it was there.
We were the soul mates but felt like fugitives
Asking for a picture you were so shy.
Why is it so hard, just tell me why?
I would spend all my hours, break all my ties.
By looking into your meaningful eyes.
How bad it was not to see you off
As that blue monster took you away
How bad it was not to see you off.
Never can I describe this feeling
I wonder if there is any healing.
We felt flying over the cloud,
While we had screams inside aloud
With you I was so happy, so proud.
You are my dearest Miss.
You are a great bliss.
Sorry for the shy kiss.
On your soft cheek.

No longer could I resist,
I was so weak.
I say again it was a great bliss,
I love you, understand this.

Ayhan Diril

Stars question me at night

In the middle of the darkest night
I start a chat with the inquisitive stars
thinking of the memories in scars.

I tell her this melody is not yours.
It is not your song I hear.
It seems a strange scenario on the stage.
Whose pen ended this film?
Is it a new puppet show?

Since when have the magical eyes are
full of dark magic?
Why are all the beginners end up tragic?
Since when have Romeo and Juliet
diverted their story?
Why did the desert walker give up searching for water?
Why do lovers in snow get hotter?

Since when are the hearts on sale?
Why are their faces all pale?
Do actors act only on stage?
Is love a candy covered with poison?

How hard it is to find the answers.
I feel tired of thinking hard.
I feel drowned in their questions.
Helplessly I close my eyes
trying to sleep for a few seconds.

Ayhan Diril

Strange Dream

Parachuters land down the sky
As soon as they touch the ground.
They turn into dervishes
Hard to know why.

The dogs are set free.
Streets are icy and creepy
As being no happy
The kids start to flee.

The ground trembles
Sky is dark.
People feel confused.
As the assemble.

What is that strange dream?
Where am I?
When am I to wake up.
To stop this scream?

You swift the day into night.
You swifth the night into day.
Show your grace on me
To make my days bright.

Ayhan Diril

Streets in the night

Just wanted to have an escape
from you and the past.
It seems not possible
to get rid of the blast.

Why doesn't this river
flow without singing your name?
Why do all the stars
have the face of the old flame?

Why do these dancing leaves
wave for a heartbreaking bye?
Why do all the traffic lights
have the color of dark brown?

How rancorous the streets are.
They never let me give a chance
neither to escape nor to reach my star.

Ayhan Diril

Stuck in a deep well

Struggling desperately to get out this well
I find it hard to find a way out.
Is there a possibility for this violet
To show its head, to sprout?

Fighting is hard, tears in eyes,
I feel drunk, no more wise.
Little bit jealousy is fine,
Proving your love, it is a sign.

Is jealousy love or hate?
Is quarrelling our permanent fate?
Know your place in my heart
Please make no things hard.

We are stuck in a deep well,
Down is dark, up is dark,
Oh God, send us some spark,
For some good news to kill this dark.

Ayhan Diril

Submitting my heart

When the winds blow,
My feelings overflow.
And the nature covered in snow,
I'm submitting my heart to you.

Keep it in your hands,
Let it see no scary lands.
You are the best to make plans.
I'm submitting my heart to you.

You are best of caretakers.
Hide it from those who
are unaware of the meaning of love
From those who are cheaters,
From those who are self-seekers

With all my sincerity
I am giving my heart to you.
Put it on those soft clouds.
In serenity, away from crowds,
So that it can play with the shiny stars
In the longest hours of the night.
Keep it away from the evil eyes
As it may be in the hands of the bad
You know how to care it best.

Ayhan Diril

Sudden leave

So sudden was this leaving.
Like a bus between two short stops
when the time meant nothing.

It was your leaving that
woke me up from this dream.
The streets cry in your absence.
Even the pale picture of you feels orphan.
Let me feel it with all my heart,
bring me no morphine.

The wind is blowing harder.
Now you're in dark and desolate.
In a lonely corner without light
when you are far away from the eyes
know that you are in my silent cries.

Why should someone think you are in dark?
As in each of my heartbeat you shine.
Our memories have started the parade
Passing through my joyless eyes,
Like a roll of film.

My fingers hold a tiny cigarette tight
As tight as your hugs.
How sincerely you would hug.
So sudden was your leaving.

Gone with the wind, your angel face.
Soft touch was my power of life
Your leaving cut like a knife.
Without you I am in an empty space.

Rest in peace, I will water your grave.
The seas will help me with each wave.
Whenever I would knock at your door
Your welcoming would write the best notes,
replacing this wooden house with a palace.

What your epitaph says has nothing
To do with you.
It is the streets and all the corners
you have been too.

I look into the sky and sigh.
I wonder why this leave
was so bitter and sudden.

The last door has been closed
No coldest water makes me cool.
I can never forget you, I'm not that fool.
I feel I am a foreigner without you

though this is my hometown.
How sudden was your leaving.

It is when your name is mentioned
that I start shivering
as if hearing a sad song.

Two tears are dropping on your picture
Maybe you will never feel.
Just rest in peace.
There will always be my prayers
For you, at nights to heal

Ayhan Diril

Sunflower

Bring me some red roses
Rest can be yours.
Over the clouds you see me then.
Never shade your smile from me
As I am a sunflower living with you.

Ayhan Diril

Sunset and the cat

The sun is about set soon.
No one is around but the tune
of this whispering wind.

As the silence falls as of death
a cat comes close to the man.
as if offering a company.

The man takes a deep breath
saying 'what the eye does not see
the heart does not get upset'.

He watches the paper boat
drifting out quietly into the sea.

The cat gets closer, rises
yawns for a while.
The man looks at this poor cat,
starts tickling the side of its head.
The cat sticks up its tail in a rigged manner
wipes its nose against his legs.
As the sadness pervades the evening
The cat becomes his only relief.

Ayhan Diril

Sword Of Love

A cannibal has kidnapped the princess.
Taken her away in the mist of the seas.
Building huge and strong walls,
He stopped her voice being heard.
She was helpless, uttered not a word.
Thinking of the the memories blurred.

The cannibal blew out the stars in the skies.
Made her unable to move with strong ties.

The prince has the greatest agony, in pains
Begging for help from the miserable cranes.
Distance is far between the cannibal and the prince
Prince wishes to find a way to convince
the cold winds and the seas to freeze.
so that she could not be drifted far away.
He wishes God to show a small bay,
Believing sooner or later He accepts this pray.

The prince has great hopes
The sword of love will cut
All the strongest ropes.

Ayhan Diril

Symbols

In the silence of the night
Staying there is
Just a clock
On my wall.
My eyes keep wondering
When it will stop clicking.

Some days I stared at the clouds
Insistly looking for the sun.
Some nights I stared at the flame
Of this poor candle
There , on my table
Poor flame!
So weak you are that
Any wind can kill you suddenly.

Some days ignoring my angels
I played puss in the corner.
With the devil
Sometimes I keep asking myself
What all this effort is for
Where the road ends

No advice I need now
White hair on my head is enough.

Ayhan Diril

Take a deep breath

Take a deep breath as your eyes closed.
Under those shining stars.
Get out of this boring town fast.
Break is all you need with some rest.
A new future is to replace the past.

Ayhan Diril

The album

The album closes at last
There stays a few memories.
Time? All a blink of an eye.
Between present and the past .

Some make you smile
Some make you cry.
Today the trees have blooms
Tomorrow the branches dry.

Do you know anyone
Whose all dreams came true?
Do you know any day?
Whose skies are always blue?

Live each second well
Before the album closes.
When it is dark in the garden.
No more you see the red roses..

Ayhan Diril

The Beggar

In this palace, so high and amazing,
the king needs no praising.
It's cold and the beggar is outside,
begging for food, hands open wide.

Walking to the gate with sinful feet
brings no help on this painful street.
Each day the storm is getting worse.
Is it the herald of mercy or curse?

The beggar is aware of his misdeed.
Still his heart is full of hope, indeed.
He should not have smelled the forbidden rose,
in the king's garden, with this damned nose.

He prays to the king to forgive.
What other option can he have to live?
Oh, His door! As long as he has this heart in his chest
he can go nowhere, neither to the east nor west.

Beggar is helpless, no food no drink.
His dark eyes get wet at each blink.
He turns back to go, shabbily dressed,
wait for the days that are blessed.

Ayhan Diril

The Beggar (7)

Far away in a country, we met this old guy.
His eyes were bright, cheekbones were high.
His hair was a mess, no teeth was left in his mouth.
Who would care if he was from the north or south?

There was a yellow flute in his dirty, wrinkled hand.
A few cents might be all his hope for food in this land.
Next to him there laid an old coat to wear in cold.
Sitting on a stool, this old man had no hand to hold.

The saddest story of love was read in his eyes.
He might have drowned in the sea full of lies.
This may be his destiny, hungry and grieving.
Why not give him some food before leaving?

Emotions are universal, feel it looking at his face!
Language is different yet we all share the same space.
In poverty though, on his face one can see the warm smiles.
We have such a long way to feel it, hundreds or more miles.

Ayhan Diril

The candle

So long ago
Picking up
Their tiny torches,
Even the stars
Disappeared
In the silence of the night.

The clock strikes
The midnight hour
There is just a candle on my wooden table.
The shadows are the only friends of me
The window has a little crack to breathe.
Incase you might fly back soon.
What if there blows a strong wind.
If the candle looses its power.
Then there would be no shadows
To pleasure me
Nor the dream of meeting you

Ayhan Diril

The Candle on the table

Around the flame,

Dances a tiny fly.
Perhaps it thinks
All is a game.

When the light dies
What will I do?
Where will I go?

My poor candle!
Don't fade away so soon!
Look at the sky!
As it lacks of the moon.

For now it keeps burning,
For now it keeps shining.
Soon it will come to an end.

Just the memories
And this dying candle
Are my only company.
In this lonely night.
Holding me tight.
Never can I know
How to end the fight.
Happening in my heart.

Ayhan Diril

The film hasn't ended yet

The wolf holds the lamb captive.
For now, freedom seems so away.
Let's wait for the sunny day.
The film hasn't ended yet.

Many fences are there to jump.
My shoulder gets hurt much,
Though the missing is a great hump.
The film hasn't ended yet.

Days have lost their meanings.
I won't greet them by saying 'hi'.
Until you get rid of your tie.
The film hasn't ended yet.

Our hands are up for prayers,
There are lots of stairs,
To reach the happiness, I bet
The film hasn't ended yet.

The white pigeon will come one day
May be next April or May.
I hope God will show us a way,
The film hasn't ended yet.

Ayhan Diril

The Kitten

There is a kitten that is cute and brown
Sitting in front of a butcher's in this town.
At the shop window fixing his eyes
for a piece of liver it cries.

Hungry looks never make the butcher think,
Considering his body in the pink.
Hunger blurs its sight, meows in pain,
On this tiny body, hunger puts a great strain.

Ayhan Diril

The man with an umbrella

On this hot desert
hell fire freezes everthing.
Neither the bushes move nor swing.
Even the flies have no power
to move a wing.

Up in the sky
is a hungry vulture
making big circles
wheels and wheels..

It is strange to see this guy
with an umbrella in his hand
holding for long on the hot sand.
It surprises you all to see him so hopefull.
With his gleaming eyes staring up the sky
I wonder where he gets that hope.

No clouds in the sky
Though no hope of rain
To fall on this dry land
No little breeze

This man has an umrella in his hand
Waiting for the rains to pour
With his weak knees

Ayhan Diril

The Nightingale and the Black Rose

This nightingale lived in the cage for years
with this broken heart and the wing in tears.
Neither songs nor roses had nothing to mean,
it kept watching the world from its screen.

As the spring came roses had to bloom,
The nightingale felt sorry, cried for its doom.
The smell of the rose was so charming
It is a pity this broken wing was harming.

This black rose was in a forbidden zone,
It could never fly there by its own.
But when it found the power to fly there,
It landed near this black rose, on a broken chair.

The nightingale thought it found happiness at last.
It began to have dreams forgetting all its past.
Oh no! There was a snake hiding under the eaves.
So fast it bit this poor bird, it fell on the leaves.

Ayhan Diril

The Nightingale and the Rose

One spring day, the breeze
was singing a soft melody.
There was a nightingale
landing on a tiny branch of a tree
and watching its joy of life.

It was the only black rose,
to make it happy with its presence.
It is a pity there was a snake
hiding in the bushes.
It had set up her trap
for its deadly attack.

The nightingale was watching
the black rose with admiration.
It bit the bird so hard that
it had difficulty in moving.

Though the bite was deadly,
in a weak attempt the bird
whispered her last question;
'do you think your poison
killed my love for the rose?'

It made one more try to say;
'on the contrary it doubled
and doubled each second'.

Its weak and small legs
could not carry
his light body more.
It is a pity it slipped down
the branch slowly,
leaving its soul to the rose.
It was the last three
magical syllables on its tongue
that echoes in the skies for hours.

Ayhan Diril

The river

Under the white cover, this place is today,
Like the line of my life, trace of a slay,
I keep walking behind my shadow.
Watching the footsteps in the snow
I listen to Yeşilirmak murmurous flow.

Just keep running hopeless and broken down.
Don't think of me if I am alive in this town.
With your foams as white as that cloud,
Flow downhill into the rivers or the seas.
Take me too, wherever you go ,please.

Sometimes silent, or sometimes like a roar,
Take all the memories far, more and more.

Ayhan Diril

The roads and you

January was ending, on this cold day.
On the way home I felt alone in the crowd.
My eyes were weeping, silent not aloud.
In my car, my mind was full of you.
My neck, without you was bowed.

I travelled between the high mountains
Covered with the whitest snow.
Oh, how high you are!
Give me some of your white cotton.
So that I can cool my burning heart.

Oh, the longest tunnel!
I can see your exit, it is visible.
Will I ever have the exit,
Getting away from this dilemma?

Oh, trees, standing still!
Know that, she is my last will.
As if lost your mum or dad,
Why are you so sad?

Where is your soft breeze?
Shall we beg for some,
To bring me her smell,
Like some good news to tell?
Or maybe your dry leaves have
Some fun, with the wave of my hun.

Oh, stones and rocks!
Should I be jealous of you?
For you seem so tough so senseless.
Without her I am so defenseless.

Oh, poor fountain!
Is there nobody to taste your sweet water?
Running through this tap, having no aim?
Would you be happy if my black eyed came
To you for a handful of water,
To splash on her angel face?

Oh, unending roads!
Won't you ever take me to my wavy haired?
When will you do this favor to me?

Oh, dark brown soil!
You are as lovely as her eyes.

The signs on each side!
Some are narrow some are wide.
They would mean something to me
If they lead me to you.

Soon some fog appeared on the peak.
Through which your face is seen.
Arch shaped hills resemble your eye brows.
Which make me unable to speak.

I stopped for a while to touch
The snow, to feel it in my hand.
It was not only cold but soft.
Reminding me your hands.
Soon it began to melt,
With the heat of unending fire.

Soon I saw some tall plane trees,
With the branches begging like me,
Begging to meet you soon.
In a few months, maybe till june.
Twigs are so neat so elegant.
Like your eyelashes.
Causing in my heart high smashes.

Travelling along the lonely roads,
I was about to fall into the river of
Hopelessness, I heard the call for noon prayer.
As it said the God was great,
It came to me as a relief.
Giving me power to wait.
My hopes increased.
With His highness, I had the courage to live.

My mind was with the paradise smelling perfume.
On one side I saw a graveyard.
The home of lonely souls!
I am sure some must be like my heart.
Like the times in her absence.
Everything is dead.
Nature is dead.
I feel dead.
When you are away.

Ayhan Diril

The weep of the palm stump

The story of the palm tree, do you remember?
The holly masjid was again full in a December.
There inside was a pulpit made of a palm stump.
It was a dry one, into pain which would soon slump.

During His sermon, against it, the prophet would lean.
On the idea for a new one, the ensar was so keen.
He made a three-step pulpit for sermon, the beauty.
He brought it to place in the masjid for the holly duty.

The prophet went up to the pulpit for sermon on Friday.
Everybody was puzzled, what a poor thing could say,
when the moment the palm stump started to moan.
This voice was like a lament, a heart burning groan.

This sounded like a camel that was about to give a birth.
For some, it was like a hiccup of a crying child on this earth.
This weeping touched all the hearts in that heavenly place.
The poor stump was deprived of the blessed touch and grace.

Had the prophet not touched it and embraced it that moment
the stump would groan until the end of time, in torment.
A little touch would make all the best perfumes jealous.
It was for that smell the humanity would be zealous.

Ayhan Diril

There comes a day

There comes a day
when the snakes of the nights
are poisoned by their own bites.

There comes a time
when the cruel are drown in the sea of lies.
There comes a time
when you pass, in cries, through the street
you left the happy child in sore eyes.

There comes a time
When the blackned eyes with kohl
Now seem , cross ones all.

There comes a time
when the hopes once kicked
like a ball smash into your face.

There comes a time
when the best toys are replaced
with the new ones

There comes a time
when stories are buried
as if they had never been lived.

There comes a time
when you bitterly remember
the door you shut happily.

There comes a time
when you crawl the roads
in search of most wanted healings.
after making fun of the pure feelings.

There comes a time
when you reap what you sow.
There comes a time
when the desperate prayers
carry you to the clouds with the stairs.

There comes a day when the leaves fall
down the tress like dries tongues
as if saying 'let's not meet anymore'!

There comes a day when the holly tomb
gets cursed while once was praised.

There comes a day when rose presenting hands
turn into fire with sharp thorns.
There comes a day when the missed ones

are now missing

Ayhan Diril

They call it life

'L' is for the leaves of our life tree.

'I' is for the intolerance we suffer.

'F' is for the futile friendships we live.

'E' is for the sudden embrace of angel of death.

Ayhan Diril

Thirty years

Season is winter so I am cold
I am tired I am not thirty years old
Stars lead no targets to run
they slide one by one.

Thirty stars are in my hand
As they burn me in this land
Why more should stand?

Touch a black rose once
smell is in your hand forever.
Once the volcano erupts
Ash is there forever.

Unless the hand is not held tight,
who is there to share your cry at night?

Life is an ocean,
tides are down today,
they rise tomorrow.
Memories move
as if in slow motion

Break the branch of the rose.
Thorns hurt your fingers.
As your heart is broken into pieces
bad news pleases the ringers.

Ayhan Diril

This is life

God is the only branch to hold.
This is what I have been told.

Stars fade away one by one,
leaving the sky in dark.
Beloved one kills
the feelings leaving no spark.
Before you ask 'why'
she just goes with a a big lie.

Though these snakes bites
hurt my heart deep.
I know one day
there will be no weep.

Tonight I am chatting to the skies
May be they will end these cries.
Since the choise is yours,
Noone locks the door.
Just keep walking on the floor

You prefer to be far away.
Farewell is all I should say.

This dry leaf has to move,
when you leave a heart
with a deep groove.

Noone will remember the story.
Who knows if it is a big glory.

You have no place in the future
I have to stick to the present
I have to be strong.
Just forget about that sad song.

I am waiting for the white daisies
come down through the white skies.
Even the alphabet
refused to keep
the letters of your name
on the day when you left.
Now your picture is prisoned
in a frame in this stupid game.

The magic disappeared.
Dark clouds cleared.
Sometimes peace
Sometimes strife
So this is life

Ayhan Diril

Thoughts float

The winds are glad to carry you here
As the golden sands repeat your name.
You are not there but here with me.
Your absence is no pity to this sea.

The burning fire in the soul
embraces your eyes
as black as coal
with that scorching heat.

Being apart from this town
does not separate the heart.
All the memories come to life
On this beach as I sit down.

You are not there sipping your coffee
You are here with me.
I have carried you here with me.

Who has the courade to think
that I am far from you?
Your name is carved on the trees
I have carried you here with me.

Ayhan Diril

Thoughts in the night

No wings to fly
do I have.
Neither fin of the fish to swim
To you through the seas.
All I have is
Just a few tears
Running down my eyes

Nights disappear
Days disappear.
None stays forever.
Smiling faces swift into
Sullen ones soon.
The only truth stays there
Is surely you.
Liar facts occupy my mind
Past echoes in my ears.
Devil does double shift
To call me into fire.

I am so weak that
As it is too high.

I cant climb up to your castle.
What I feel is not mine.
Let the fire in my heart
Burns the volcanoes
The sun is about show up
Its smiling face soon.
Drawing up the curtains means nothing
If you give me no hands.

The streets frown at me.
When I think of you soon
All that anger dies.
Is dream real or the real dream?
I wish I knew the answer.
Do I wake up after the dreams
Or do I find the real in dreams.

The pen is offended with me
When I don't write your name.
Can someone explain it to me
Why I shiver in the heat of august.

Ayhan Diril

Thoughts on a Sunday

A Sunday, when joy never drops by for a while.
A sullen face, looking at the clouds with no smile.
Fingers calling every second felt totally dead.
Now a chubby cat sleeping in her corner instead.

A pale painting hangs on the trembling wall.
In my mind, far away shadows seem so tall.
Neither the clips nor the poems taste like before.
You are still hot, my spilled coffee on the floor.

Ayhan Diril

Time flies

When I am with you
Time flies.
Without you I suffocate.
As I glance at my watch
I realize it is always late.
Time flies with you.

I wish to put my head on your knees,
To feel the peace and happiness
together with the soothing breeze.

Being with you is magically serene.
So lonely have I been
When you are far away
All my skies are grey.

I keep picturing us in the same place
Where I hugged you first time
It was the place where we had
the best memories
and where I learned to fly.

Do not wait for long ,come soon
Time flies, come tonight
Under the light of the moon.

Ayhan Diril

Time stops

Not a single leaf moves.
No soft wind whistles over the cliffs.
No piece of cloud carries rain
To this blind lane.

Tongue resists pray for the beloved.
Time stops in your absence.
Poor beggars wait for your smiles
That will cause a resurrection.
Without you I lose my direction.

Roses hide their smell
In your absence.
As the butterflies drop two tears
Your absence grows my fears.

Ayhan Diril

Time to go

Time to pack my things up
I must get ready soon.
No more shine do I have of the sun
Maybe little bit of smile of the moon.

Keep smiling ! The cruel world.
Offended with you,I am like a kitten
Feeling tired ,in a corner curled.
Time to say bye to you.

You never make us know
What is real what is lie.
You play with us like a toy
We never know why.

Time to say bye,
As all the hopes rise up the sky.
Let the seas and earth be with you forever
Since you never make us smile,never.

Ayhan Diril

Time to leave?

How I was used to your presence.
How I thought I found happiness.
It was then I forgot all my pain
Was it the time to leave me again?

There was the happy picture of us
It got pale in my hand.
Your name turned into sobbing.
It was never planned.
Was it the time to leave me?

Even if I asked for,
you would never come back.
It would hide my world in black.
I know you wouldn't come back if I asked you
I know you wouldn't love again if I asked you
You will never know how I am in despair
Know that you are my only prayer.
Was it the time to leave me?

Ayhan Diril

Trust in God

In its final earthquake
as the earth is shaken,
It will be late to see
All of us are mistaken.

When all the mountains
Are blown away with a blast.
There will be no way to escape
All is asked for the past.

When the heaven is split
When the Horn is blown
Keep in mind that
All the secrets are known.

When the scale of justice is placed
When we will be exhibited for judgment
Not hidden among us is anything concealed
We see what we value is just a waste.

The heaven will be folded
Like the sheets of a book,
While the earth discharges
All the burden it took.

As we are about to see
The result of our deeds,
Whose sins are washed
By an ocean or a sea?

As the world crumbles into dust
And the men hasten to the Lord,
If we can't clean this heart
From all the dirt and dust
Who else can we find?
Where God is the one to trust.

Ayhan Diril

Turn Back

Stay here more or I become so cross.
This soul is not ready for another loss.
My favorite tea does no more look my taste.
I can't stand it getting from the double -faced.

It may have already been planned.
But don't stay long in that black land.
Look! The fog has covered all the hills.
High winds stopped turning the mills.

This city collapses in silence.
The words lost all their sense.
The sun hides itself in a dim corner.
Without my rose I feel like a foreigner.

Carry all our memories in your trip
Let the angels hold you when the roads dip.
Distance is never an obstacle to separate us
My heart prays for you, it always does, thus.

Be safe wherever you fly
Keep your spirit up and high.
My friend, safe and sound, turn back.
Disperse all the cloud that is black.

Ayhan Diril

Two suns in two tears

Once there was a man in a well.
That was a great hell,a horrible cell.
The well was so deep and dark.
In his eyes there was no light to spark.

The well was so stuffy and cold .
He got no notch to hold.
His weak cries echoed all the night.
There he had no power to fight.

Tales of prophets came to his mind.
Ibraheem the prophet was the first to think.
He knew God told fire to be cool and safe.
Then in his eyes some gleam started to wink.

Ibraheem was thrown into a fiery furnace
As the cruel Nemrud stayed in his palace.
With God's help the fire was cool.
As it became garden of roses
Nemrud seemed a great fool.

There was Yunus in his thought.
To that man that story was brought.
It was Yunus trapped in a huge fish.
To be safe was his only wish.

Thrown into a well likeYusuf.
His misery was his proof.
Then to him there came a hand to aid.
For hours in the well this man prayed.

This man prostrated on the ground.
It was the best moment to be crowned.
As two tear drops were shed.
He realized he was alive not dead.

God said 'be' and there it was
It was two tears becoming two suns.
They were enough to brighten the well.
Lifting his head up this man felt well.

This was the source of a new hope
Thrown for him,this was a strong rope.

Ayhan Diril

Until I heard your voice

The day had lost all its colors.
The birds forgot to sing
their beautiful songs.
All the rights became wrongs.
It was not possible to understand
Why lovers were not hand in hand.

The bees were not willing to make honey.
It was a cloudy day, not sunny.
The rivers were not sure where to flow.
The wind sent the strongest blow
On the innocent cloud.
As I cried your name aloud.

Time forgot to fly, noon was lazy to come.
Inside me the volcanoes kept erupting.
The mirrors were angry with me for not smiling.
Every minute, every second I waited for your dialing.
Only when I heard your voice all my fears died down.
Without you I feel so lonely in this town.

The roses hid their smell till I heard your sweet voice.
The notes of the cheerful melodies had disappeared.
My breathing seemed so meaningless
Until I heard your voice.
Know that you are the only choice
To my pain, to my grief
So cheerless I was, in brief,
Until I heard your voice

Ayhan Diril

Waiting for you

Look out again, it got dark.
No kid is there at the park.
As the shadows frighten us
Only a few men are there
Waiting for their bus.

I listen to my window
As it whistles that song
I listen to the angry storms
Waiting for you life long.

Ayhan Diril

Wake up! The world!

A piece of paper
In front of me
I'm scratching a small world.
Near this a young girl,
Curly hair, shaby dressed
No hope in her chest.
No help from the West.
Tear in her eyes,
No toy in her hand.
No peace in her land.
We are her unique hope
Forget the rest.
Wake up 'the World"
It is your test.
Justice must be your crest.
I crumple the paper and
Throw it away.
Let's all pray
God help her and others.

Ayhan Diril

Walk in My Shoes

Consider not everyone is laughing like you
as you sit proudly on your flamboyant throne.
Walk in my shoes and see if the life is as it seems.
Some are living in a real world some are in dreams.

Don't blame me for what I have in my dirty hands.
You will see it when your ship strikes the sands.
Feel free to fly happily in your rose garden,
While I wait for the snow on my hills harden.

Walk in my shoes, leave your pride aside.
Hold my hand to make me happy, be on my side.
Let the sun warm my heart, and your heart.
In this film believe this will be the best part.

Don't throw thorns on the roads I walk.
Don't watch over my head like a hawk.
Try to live my life before you judge me.
Walk in my shoes while you sip your tea.

Ayhan Diril

Walking on an icy road

Dark clouds cover the whole city.
Some heavy steps keep moving
Against the icy roads feeling gritty.

Sharp teeth crack as it gets colder
No one knows what is hidden behind
These frozen lips, carrying the load
Resting all the lies on the shoulder.

Steps on the icy roads shake the grey sky.
The words are so harsh I wish I knew why.
Let the sharp knives cut the snowman the kids made.
Let those who are in the light do not consider those in the shade.

Every winter leads to a summer, every night has a bright day.
Hope for the time when the dark tunnels lead to a bright way.

Ayhan Diril

We are in the exam

We are in the exam
This is a Sunday morning.
With pupils working hard,
We are in a big test.
They try hard to be the best.
As this is a hard test.

Sure it is so important.
Some shake legs while answering.
Some clean their noses.
As the time passes by,
Excitement reaches high.
The teacher walks around the class
Wearing a black suit and a tie.
He checks to see if someone cheats.
The lady is sharpening her pen.
It is nearly half past ten.

In a corner a boy is yawning.
Fixing his eyes at the clock,
Has a few seconds rest.
He seems so stressed.
As it is a hard test.

The class is a bit cold.
A girl wants to leave early.
Her hair is curly, she is rather old.
We asked her wait for a while.
As each second is a piece of gold.

Checking the time again and again
The boy with thick moustache
Is stretching his legs bending knees.
The class is so cold.
Soon we hear another sneeze.

Questions make everybody sweat
I see it in their frown eyes.
Eyes shift between the pages.
Some are twenty some are thirty.
I check their id cards
Hard to find similarities.
In the same class at different ages.

Bottles of water in hands
Some take a few sips.
Prayers in their lips.

There is another boy at the corner.
With the eyes as blue as the sea.
He keeps biting his pen.
So excited he must be.

Silence is broken with the last warning.
They have 5 more minutes
In this cold Sunday morning.

This is a small test
Life is a big test
Time goes fast
This is a test.

Ayhan Diril

Welcome to the funeral

There is a funeral today.
I have buried my love into the grave.
I feel weak and trapped. I'm no longer brave.
Oh! Mountains,rivers and hills!
Today is your festival. Enjoy your time.
My tongue stopped, I just mime.
Oh,dark clouds! Do you need some more rain?
Or shall I support you with my tears.
Oh,hope breakers! Do you need more hopes to break?
If you can find you can search more to take.
There is nothing to do just wait for
The resurrection day.
My heart feels like clouds to pour.

Ayhan Diril

What happened to this city?

Offended with something, my city is so quiet.
Closing all the curtains, it refuses all the delight.
No school kids around, what happened to my city?
Streets are deserted, oh, it is a great a pity!

The parks, with their empty benches, wait for the old men.
Will they come again leaning on their walking sticks? When?
The Stone Inn feels orphan, as the cheerful couples are lost.
Misty eyes look at the gray sky, fingers are crossed.

When this river will stop flowing joylessly, everybody asks.
Why are the people hiding their faces in their white masks?
I wish to see my students laughing cheerfully, in the class again.
Covid, stop please! Let the sun shine on this city to end this pain.

Ayhan Diril

What if I had not a picture of you?

There is a picture of you in my hand.
As I feel lonely in this cruel land.
Just staring at these dark brown eyes,
And the smiling lips,
Which heat me at this cold night.
Your vivacious eyes are so bright.
How I wish you were close to me,
Not far away, just on my right.

The way you look grasps my hands
from falling down the high cliffs.
The way you put your hand under cheek.
Causes vibrations in my heart.
Without you I feel too weak to speak.
Each second seems like a week.
What would console me without this picture?
How would I calm down
If I could not see those eyes tinged with kohl?
I would be feeling parted not whole.
I would not smile but frown.
How would I calm down,
If I had not this picture in my hand?
Totally sad I would be in this land.

Ayhan Diril

What would you lose?

What would you lose
If you handed me a rose?
What would you lose
If you smiled at me once?
Would all clouds stop crying?
Would the world turn backwards?

I did not ask
all the roses in the garden
I did not ask
all the rivers flow to me
All I wanted was
Little bit of water
in your hands
What would you lose?
If you touched my hands
Once more.
I did not ask you
To carry all the hills
On your shoulder
But to carry my hopes

I see the story ends so
You go on your own way
I go on my own way.

Ayhan Diril

Where am I?

Black monster is there
Keeps peeking at me.
Darkness is everywhere.
Am I in a fearful dream?
Or who knows this is real?
Where am I?

Time and the storms
Chasing each other.
We are about to close
the curtains soon
That we used to think
It would never end.
We are never sure
Where is the real friend.

All we have is
A piece of heart
But hard to believe
It is in a huge fire.
Where am I?
Am I in real or a dream?
Where am I?

Ayhan Diril

Where is my childhood?

So many years passed.
But I remember the past.
Ten years ago or more.
I was at this town before.

Again I stood by the lake
Like in those old days,
Real ones not a fake.

My mother used to make bread.
The smoke would dance,
Passing through the flue.
Softly the wind blew,
The lake was more blue.

There were happy birds,
Singing in the soothing wood.
Tell me where all the birds flew.
Where is my childhood?

I met my nephew on the street.
Looking at his face I asked,
What happened to this city?
I asked him about my kitty.
He said it died. What a pity!

There was the house I was born.
Who knows when it was torn.
I can't see it anymore.
It wasn't what I looked for.
Standing at a corner,
I thought I was a foreigner.

With their marbles, the kids played.
They were happy in their first grade.
Girls skipped ropes.
There were smiles on their faces.
Running after each other,
They were happy in their races.

Where did all those familiar faces hide?
Nobody remembers when the granny died.
Where is my childhood?

Ayhan Diril

Where is your cat now?

Is your cat in your room?
Is it sleeping next to you?
Is it naughty or cool?
Does it have fur as soft as wool?

Is it purring happily on your lap?
Or looking for a fly to trap?
When does it take a nap?
How often does it get your flatter?
In your presence I am sure it feels better.

Does it leap on your shoulder?
Playing with you, it never gets older.
It is lucky, you listen to its cries,
As it licks your face or hand.
Will you give it food that is canned.

It must be the luckiest cat in the world,
On a corner of your room, when it is curled.
It gently meows for it needs, looking into your eyes.
There are many questions to be replied starting with whys,
I wonder when the time comes to end these cries.

Ayhan Diril

Whispering lovers

Is it the gloomy clouds
Or the sulky sun
injuring my heart?
How long can I prevent my tears?
How long will the April rains
Compete with my tears in fears?

How much power can I have
to stand this endless yearning?
To put out this heart burning?

I wish no jewelry no gold.
All I wish is your soft hands to hold.
No golden palaces are in our dreams.
Some cheese and a few olives
will be enough for our breakfast.
You are the only prayer
From the God I asked.

Whether my dreams are black and white.
please, be close to me, not out of sight.
Let the sun feel miser
To give its light to us.
Who cares whether the stars
Shine or keep their faces in shadow.
Keeping a distance with the glow.

Let them blindfold our eyes,
To prevent me from seeing my dearest.
Still my heart to you will be the nearest.
Leave us on the deserts or on the poles,
No one is to harm the peace in our souls.
Our sheets of love poems will be our blanket
To cover us in the depth of the grief.

Nightingales envy whispering lovers,
Nightingales envy our sweet talks,
No need to scream, no need to shout aloud.
Just a soft whisper is enough
To express our storming feelings.

As the angels admire the whispers of the lovers
Under the blanket, whispering lovers
Shyly will be sending flowers.
When the hours pass like seconds
I wait for the happiness that reckons.

Whispering lovers are sailing on blue seas
Whispering lovers pray for meeting on their knees.

Ayhan Diril

Who are they?

Like a bunch of freshly plucked flowers,
Gifts of the nature, abundant rain showers.
Known to carry fresh spring-scented clouds.
Without them we would be lost in crowds.

When the doors are opened after a long day.
The tired faces forget the burning sun in the sky.
Twinkling stars are offered to you in the nest.
Fragrant food is cooked, so delicious and blessed.

A gentle touch is the best cure for your wound.
They are the queens, but not officially crowned.
We would be half without them, no eyes would shine.
They are the bridal arches on our hearts to twine.

Ayhan Diril

Who would

Who would let me smell my black rose
If it were not for your high permission?
Who would show us the door of happiness?

Who would let us wipe our tears out willingly?

Who would spray a few drops of water
on our burning hearts,
while the others are swimming,
in the depth of blue oceans?

Who would say a big amen
For our secret weeping prayers?
Would there be anyone to tolerate
Our innocent dreams?

Who would not be surprised when Allah
Made our dreams come true?
Would there be anyone to cheer for us?

Who would not be shocked to see
The highness of our love?
Who would let our dry lips
Have a few drops of water,
For the sake of the holly lands,
Where the rains are generous.

Who would let me smell my black rose
If it were not for Your high permission?

Who would not be in shock
When the Most Merciful accepted our prayers
With the tears shed with the heat
Of our hearts in the darkest nights?

Ayhan Diril

Why?

Why are the clouds offended with me?
Why do they hide their rain from me?
When it is plentiful on mountains
Why should I be deprived of a single drop?

While the violets are smiling at everyone
Why are they making a face to me?
When I wish to leave here
Why do roads clasp me in their claws?

When I ask for a soft breeze of the wind
Why does it roar like an angry lion?
When I stare at sleeping waves
Why do they wake up to slap my face ?

While sharing sweet memories with others
Why do the leaves turn pale and fall down?
When the nights boast about covering everything
Why do they burn off in my scorching heart?

Ayhan Diril

Windy day

So furious today, is the wind,
Blowing hard on the leaves
Resist it, if you can.
The leaves are chained slaves.
As if looking for an escape,
Looking for a span.

Oh, leaves, force not in vain,
No use leaning the heads
From right to left,
Run, if you can run.
Time causes this theft
To steal our lives
From ourselves.

Be modest, do not boast!
The long, heavy branches!
You can be bent down, too.
Let me see you, poor leaves
Stand straight! If you can

Golden hair of the lover
Is helpless now.
As the wind grasps it
With its pitiless claw.
Flings it into my heart
Hold it if you can now.

Leaves are dried.
Leaves are bent.
Falling in the river.
Oh, great plane tree!
You think?
The leaves are yours?
Or are they the pages of my life?
Prevent the pages of my life
Try, If you can.

I close my window slowly.
Time to say bye.
Now there is neither your blowing
Nor your burning cry.

May be it stops soon
What about the one in my heart?
Stop it if you can.

Ayhan Diril

You

You are always in my mind.
You are the only door I pray
when I am totally trapped
by unacceptable prayers.

Your presence is my source of life.
You have the only door I knock at.
You are my unique harbor to shelter
when I feel exhausted.

Your name is the only branch to hold
when I feel lost in an unknown.
Believing in you is my greatest power
smiling me from the highest tower.

Flowers fade away, floods stop.
All green leaves get dry and cry.
It's my proud to shed tears for you.
You are the only way out
to lead me out of the blind alleys.

When I am having my last breath
I wish to whisper your name many times,
before meeting the angel of death.

Ayhan Diril

You always make me happy

When I run up the hills
to watch the giant mills
you always make me happy.

When I smell the fresh dew
at dawn before the day is new
you always make me happy.

To the sky,when the tiny sparrows fly up
I smile and sip my coffee from this cup.
Know that you always make me happy.

When there is a little gleam
rising among hundreds of plane trees
you always make me happy.

When I am soaking wet
even hiding under an umbrella
you always make me happy.

Ayhan Diril

You are my consolidation

What had I done you?
So you sulked and left me.
My grief was for poverty,
You showed it as a pretext.
Not sure what to suffer next.

How are you leaving me
Showing no reason,
In this cold season?
Leaving me eternally not as a vacation.
Leaving me alone at this station.

You are my only consolidation.
You don't understand me.
I was labored under the heavy burden of life.
You had no difference from my unsmiling destiny.
Cutting all my hopes with a knife

Ayhan Diril

You are not forgotten

Smoke is resting on the high mountain.
The fresh water has already left the fountain.
Trees are silent, the sky is still grey.
The birds aren't flying happily today.

Try your sweet cherry cake.
Eat some more, for my sake.
Blow out the red candles.
Blow more, to put out the fire,
the fire also in our hearts
that we can't control.
I can't see the gleam in your eyes
that are as black as coal.

Sing happy birthday songs
in the silent sea of wrongs.
Anyway be happy forever.

It's so hard to be strong
when you are missed so long.
It's so hard to be deleted
from someone's life,
when you are in each second,

Ayhan Diril

You are the chosen pearl

When a door opens don't make it in vain
Make the treasure of time as a gain
Go over it with a fine tooth comb
Leave the last judgment to Allah
You are the chosen pearl
Never escape from the line of destiny

Ayhan Diril

You can't

If your temple is a mosque,
You can't stare at a church.
Don't try to search for
others `mistakes
in a drop of water,
or you get drowned
in deep,dark lakes

You can't throw those
who you say you die for into hell .
You can't look at the face tomorrow
while you spit on it today.
You can't reach your paradise
by sprinkling thorns on the roads.
You can't fit two loves in one heart.
You can't be happy
by being a trap setter.

Ayhan Diril

You mean everything to me

You are the joy of my heart.
Your eyelashes are the best art.
Nothing pleases me as much as you do,
You mean everything to me.

How I wish you could come
one day in an early spring.
You are such a wonderful thing.
You mean everything to me.

How I wish I slept curled up
so close to you like a purring cat.
Always you keep me breathless, I bet.
You mean everything to me.

When I feel close to tears,
the hope of meeting diminishes my fears.
You're the reason of the vibrations.
You mean everything to me.

I am imprisoned in your eyes,
Your eyelashes are the guardians.
I have no complaint though, as
I could stay this way forever.

It would be a pity if I can't give you a pat
and brush your dropping tears in need.
With you I am most fortunate, indeed
You mean everything to me.

Depths of your eyes
give me the courage to whisper
my unending love to you.
You mean everything to me.

Without you I am silent and pale
In the seas I can never sail.
You are the writer of my best memories.
You are my snowdrops, violets and carnations.
You're all kind of flowers I'm fond of.
Without you all my flowers lose their freshness.

How I wish there was a cure,
And a miracle to reach you.
Oh dear! Your love is so pure.
You mean everything to me.

Every minute without you
teaches the meaning of loneliness.
Under the effect of those eyelashes
time seems to have frozen.
Being your lover I feel I'm chosen.

You mean everything to me.

When I close my eyes for a moment
your face enlightens my dark world.
When you- the star of my night- disappears
I can't know where to go.
You mean everything to me.

When I feel like hugging you
to my breast forever.
How bad it is to watch you
vanish after each short meeting.

Those shining eyes arise
in my mind all the time
I would die for a small hanky-panky.
You mean everything to me.

Ayhan Diril

You will reap it

Nobody thinks it is safe
to take a piece of cheese
from a mouse trap.
Not only the cheese is spoiled
but also trap is harmed.

Never make someone feel small
or you lie in a grave that is small.
Be ready to get burned
when you burn
an innocent heart.

You will reap
what you sow,
remember
Hell is large enough
for each member.

If you torture beloved one
as you fly high
soon you start
breathing the hell fire.

You get drowned
In the sea of your lies.
If you break this heart
and desert it at night.

Ayhan Diril

Your Name

Running by the river,
Hand in hand
We fly like birds.

Sun gives life to earth
With its merry light
Your name is a prayer
Always on my lips

Wind brings your smell
Like the roses
On my table.
Smell just like you.
Violets are the signs
Of the spring
They look like you.

Your name is a song
Nightingales sing it
Their melodies are soft
As soft as your hair
They are just like you

All the colors
All the beauties
Are nothing but
a dropp in the ocean
Compared to your face

Ayhan Diril

Your Picture

Your picture, carved in my brain.
Your soft voice, echoing in my ears,
Finding the rhythm with my prayers,
Whispered secretly in the middle of the night,
With the hope of reaching you forever,
Looking for a bit of light.

Sweet taste of apricots are so shocking,
After having the best short walking.
On a cold January day all was so fiery.
Leaving an unforgettable memory in my diary.
Each second holding your hands was a compensation
For my destroyed past, I feel I found love at last.
When it is not a bank robbery nor a killing
It can't be a crime,we meet soon,if God willing.
I am eager for the days the sun will shine
You belong to no one,you are just mine.
When this body is trapped in a net
The time has not come yet,
to take you away my dear pet.
The longing has become as hard as a rock
Doors! Wait for the right key for an unlock.
Each excuse is a miracle to watch your eyes.
In your hot hands,how badly this heart fries.

Ayhan Diril

Your Presence

Where are all the trees?
Where are all the green leaves?
When were they set on fire and scorched?
What a huge disaster your absence is!

Still there could be darkness,
In spite of the sun.
Some would say so,
Though I believed not.
I said it must be fun.
They were right.
I learned it soon.
Oh, it is such a boring june!
Can it be because of your absence?

As long as they could breathe,
Men would live.
It was what some used to say.
I used to believe it so.
Feeling suffocated, I see that
your presence is breathing.

Ayhan Diril

Zapadoceska

When it ends one day
and the pitiless wind
drifts me away
where can I find the love
that I most need?

Neither the sun
nor the moon
can bring me
happiness or fun.

I wonder if my heart
could change a bit
and shade would give way to joy
like the hesitant clouds in Plzen.

No need to ask me
where angels stay.
Look up the sky!
See Milada, Helena and Libuse.
Trays in their hands
Smiles on their faces
Serve nothing but blessings.

Oh, you Czech airlines!
Do not be proud of yourself.
You can carry my bags
You can carry my body.
But never never
can you move my soul or memories
They will stay here forever.

Let the waitress of Sveyk
show us her sullen face.
I do not care it at all.
What freshens my feelings
Is seeing Charles Hall.

Will I ever see Helena again?
Oh, skies will get dark then.
Will the birds not sing Marketa's name?
Oh, the roses will lose their fame.

Look at the clouds!
They are about to cry.
No longer can I hold my tears.
Soon I am going to cry.
History, nature or
"blondies' paradise" I call.
How can I forget you all?
No need to try more
Soon I am going to cry.

It was yesterday we said hi!
How soon is now we say bye.
Time to leave now,
I will miss you
Zapadoceska Univerzita

Ayhan Diril