Three Poems, a Testimony : *Burnistan, Sığınan, Yaz Düşer*

(With their translations into English and French)

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BURNISTAN

Önce renkleri dökülmüştü ve adı
ardında şiiri
ve birleşme zamanı geldi
- ne acı..

Sere serpe
yayılmış sarı
Tahıl ambarı gibi
yanar
Akşamları
Kalbimin anavatanı
İçimdeki Burnistan

1. After signing the *Academics for Peace Petition* in 2016 for a peaceful solution to the Kurdish question and democratisation in Turkey, Seref Kavak moved from his native Istanbul to Paris. This politically turbulent period deepening the precariousness in academia has encouraged him to express himself not only through conventional scholarly methods and means but also through art. Since then he has written numerous poems. The ones in this volume *Burnistan*, *Sığınan* and *Yaz Düşer* are his first published literary pieces. As a testimony of a researcher who lived in Turkey, United Kingdom and France in the past decade, all three poems are presented in the respective primary language of these countries.

Ardından ifil ifil yayılan
Katran karası dumanları
Çağrım sanadır tek sana
Neye kupkuru bakarsın öyle
Neden tozda susarsın
Ağlasana

Ben o buğdaylardan kalan emanet
Yetim *dığa*
Kırık olsa da
ört üstümü duanla
Bir kez daha
Tebessüm et
güneşi koynunda saklasana

Şeref Kavak,
18.03.2016, İstanbul

BURNISTAN

First its colours faded, and its name,
then its poem
the time for union has come
- how bitter..

Spread out
scattered yellow
Like a granary
burning
In the evenings
The homeland of my heart
Burnistan within me

Then, moving gently in the air
the dark smoke – colour of tar
I call for you, only you
Why do you look on, so dry
Why remain silent, in dust ?
- Cry !

I, the spared bit of the wheat pile,
the orphaned child
Broken, yet
tuck me in your prayer

Once more, smile
and hide the sun in your bosom

Şeref Kavak,
18.03.2016, Istanbul
Translated from Turkish by Ömer Şener

BURNISTAN

D'abord ses couleurs s'estompent
puis son nom,
ensuite son poème
le temps de l'union est venu
- si amer..

Dispersé,
Un jaune disséminé
Comme un grenier à blé
brûlant
Tous les soirs
La patrie de mon cœur
Le Burnistan en moi

Puis, la fumée noire, couleur de goudron
Se déplaçant légèrement dans les airs
Mon cri t'est destiné, à toi seulement
Que regardes-tu si sèchement
Pourquoi se taire, dans la poussière
- Pleure !

Moi, l'abandonné, que reste-t-il du grain,
l'enfant orphelin,
Bien que cassé,
couvre-moi de ta prière
Encore une fois
Souris
et cache le soleil dans ton sein

Şeref Kavak,
18.03.2016, Istanbul
Traduit de l'anglais par Emmanuel Delangle

SIĞINAN

İki şiir arasında

bir gül

ki sana ait olmayan yerde

bir yol

aksın gitsin

martıları koyver
Üzerine sinmiş bu yılan inceliği
neyin nesidir ?

Esmeyen kalabalığadır sözüm
beton ve kireç yüklü

damarlarında

Tek suçlu sen

değilsin elbet
İlkyaz kadar nemlisindir

İki gül arasında

bir şiir

ki kolları açık

baştan ayağa

yarayı, acıyı, derdi unutup
sığınıvermiş oracıkta

sevdaya

kavuşan kimdir ?

Şeref Kavak,
21.05.2017, Paris

SHELTERED

Between two poems

a rose ;

in a place, not yours

a path

let it flow,

let the gulls soar
What is this serpentine fragility
that pervades you ?

My call is for you

unwavering crowd

cement and concrete, in their blood
overflowing
Surely, it is not only you who bears guilt,
You are moist, just like early spring

Between two roses

a poem

arms open in an embrace
Forgetting its bruises, suffering and pain
sheltered, right there
yet who has been united

with love ?

Şeref Kavak,
21.05.2017, Paris
Translated from Turkish by Ömer Şener

À L'ABRI

Entre deux poèmes

une rose

dans un lieu, qui n'est pas le tien

un chemin

laisse filer

Laisse les mouettes tournoyer
Quelle est cette délicatesse reptilienne qui t'envahit ?

Ma parole t'est destinée, foule immuable
Ciment et béton, dans leur sang
s'écoulant
À l'évidence ,

toi,

le seul coupable
tu ne l'es pas
Tu es aussi moite qu'au début du printemps

Entre deux roses

un poème

Ses bras s'ouvrent grand
Oubliant ses bleus, ses souffrances, ses douleurs
Ce chercheur de refuge, juste là
aurait-t'il retrouvé

l'amour ?

Şeref Kavak,
21.05.2017, Paris
Traduit de l'anglais par Emmanuel Delangle

YAZ DÜŞER

Sınıf mücadelesini sınıflar arası kavga sanardım
Sınıfımla kavgam gelene dek rüyama
Evet doğru duydunuz yeni başladı kendime salvolarım
Acımam, vurmam, yüzüme ağlamalarım

Öyle bir düş tuttun ki senden gayrını kırmadı
Yoluna sular dökülen göçmen çocuktun
Ağdın mordun tepetaklaktın
Toprağa verildin kırk kere
Doyulmayandın

Yaz bunu yalnızlarım
Direnişim, korkaklığım, yanlışlarım
Kaydı gitti
Görmediğim gözlerde yakarışlarım

Bir gün bir sınıf türküsü daha duyarsam
Kararmış bir banliyönün sarı yazında
Uykunun pençesinde gün ortasında
Ne eder eder sana yazarım Kazırım adımı kiri gizli duvara
Kaldığımız yerden vurulacağız
Yaz düşer nasılsa

Şeref Kavak,
31.07.2018, Champigny-sur-Marne

SUMMERFALL

I used to think
that class conflict was a mere quarrel between classes, until
in a dream, a war broke out between me and my class
Yes, you heard it, it started just now,
my salvos against myself
my pining, my lashing, and on my face
my weeping

You held such a dream that it broke no one but you
You were the émigré child whose paths
were blessed with water
You were a web, purple and upside down
Laid down on the earth a hundred times
they couldn't get enough
of you

Take note of this, my forlorn ones :
my struggle, my timidness, my mistakes
have all faded away
- my supplications in eyes that I cannot see

If I hear ever again, a class anthem,
in the yellow summer of a blackened banlieue
in the clutches of sleep, in midday,
I will write to you, whatever it takes
and I shall carve my name into the wall of hidden stains
We will be shot at where we last stayed
And summer shall fall away

Şeref Kavak,
31.07.2018, Champigny-sur-Marne,
Translated from Turkish by Ömer Şener

FIN D'ÉTÉ

Je pensais que la lutte des classes n'était que simples querelles,
Jusqu'à ce qu'en rêve, une guerre m'oppose à ma classe,
Oui, vous avez entendu, et elle commence à peine,
Ces tirs contre moi-même, ces lamentations, ces drames,
Et sur mon visage, ces larmes

Et ce rêve n'a brisé personne d'autre que toi,
L'enfant émigré qui flottait sur la juste voie,
Devenu toile pourpre et informe,
Jetée à terre plus d'une centaine de fois,
Jamais ils n'en avaient assez de toi

Retenez ceci, mes affligés,
Ma lutte, mes peurs, mes erreurs,
Se sont évaporées,
-mes supplications à des yeux que je ne peux pas voir

Si j'entends à nouveau un hymne de classe,
Au cœur de l'été jaune d'une banlieue noire,
Etourdi par le sommeil, à midi
Je t'écrirai, et à tout prix,
Je graverai mon nom dans ce mur souillé du passé,
Nous serons abattus là où nous étions la dernière fois,
Et l'été se terminera.

Şeref Kavak,
31.07.2018, Champigny-sur-Marne
Traduit de l'anglais par Joëlle Le Marec, Marc Jahjah et Olivier Jacquelin

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