*translated by ender **gürol***

DAWN BULLETIN

The most beautiful among gods is love
Jaroslav Seifert

1.
Dawn broke early this morning;
it gently swept away its violet hat in the wind
over the laced mountains
and snow-covered valleys.
The public who had learned to write letters
and to use weapons
from films,
celebrated their new year;
with a secret code
January's exposure for the world.

-Your passes please!
said the ticket controller,
the girl students show
the first love letters.
The first love letters that were
the nostalgic flowers
of future loves
containing in them wells of spleen!
While I had been drinking
a green liquor stronger than raki
watching the flakes of snow.

That must be the reason why
I missed
the new year pigeons fly
piercing fly my palms
What will you be doing in the New Year's Eve.
I advise to you to better dance;
in dancing you can kill neither each other
nor any poems
Or you might powder your heart!
For not everyone's heart
is beautiful.

Everybody has not loved the red fish
in his childhood,
has not killed sparrows with a sling,
has not had calf-love at the primary school.

What is still more important,
no one has seen the world through
words.
One thing is certain though they must have traveled in a phaeton
and wrote letters. As a matter of fact
the address of the letters and the phaeton
are written on them. Yet no one knows
their ultimate destination..
They are as long as a river.

I am very curious to know
about the number of horses required
to prevent a phaeton from falling into the sea,
about the number of poems that must be recited
in order to put an end to wars.

As a matter of fact man fights because of his ignorance.

Life is
as fugitive as the rays of the sun penetrating through branches
as short as the steps of an ant.

Ask yourself. What have I done upon the Earth?
To how many poor you've stretched your hand?
How much did you love?
How much had your heart been ablaze with love?

2.
Dawn broke early this morning;
it gently swept away its violet hat in the wind
over the laced mountains
and snow-covered valleys.
The Salt Lake
asleep adjacent to heaven
broke out like a rose champagne
when it realized that it was the New Year.
A street-car in Los Angeles
was arrested
on charge of harassment
in the streets through which it passed.
Did you forget the great number of girls
who had harassed
Elvis Priestley?

The judge had brought restrictions to Elvis's
swaying of hips
to prevent its emulation
by his audience
as it might create too much
stir in the world.
But the rock and roll has gained immortality.
everybody was in perplexity that suited best his shrieks

3.
Everybody has a photograph
but angels' photographs are innumerable. Yet,
angels never get photographed,
nor do they ever drink tea with us.
They don't even have telephone numbers in the directory.
Even though they're invisible to us,
their immediate presence is undeniable.
They fly about hovering above us.
So much so in fact, that I heard that between the lines of my verses
they seemed to be riding in street-cars.

Angels are not counted in the world census.

Earth! Which had once been a crystal globe
you are remembered for your world tours
organized on board of cruises
aboard ships made of sedges and bamboos
the bubbling lava flowing down the heights
form the contents of library books
as though they were works of art now.

We have come down from Gargantuan highlands
and are heading for Lilliputian lowlands.
The weights of our shadows
are exactly the same.
Certain days they dwindle so much that
no matter where you go
You come back to the same place.

Our age's only free phenomenon
are winds that embrace us.

Learn how to embrace the winds!

4.
Dawn broke early this morning;
it gently swept away its violet hat in the wind
over the laced mountains
and snow-covered valleys.
And you entered the New Year
but you have not noticed that the moon
was watching you
like a daisy

What color is our world?
Are you aware that it changes its hue every second?
Can you recognize
the stardust showering on your jacket?

Go to the airport and take a plane;
Airports are the most organized
abysses of a city;
they are mass suicide attempts
in a mass of steel.
You may purchase now
perfumes, chocolates and drinks at reduced prices
from long legged hostesses
that have completed their course of eloquence.
Go and dance in discotheques
made of lemon and orange gardens!

I advise you not to drink raki while playing golf
the ball being of raki color
will be in a puzzle which hole to fall into
To my mind the best thing is clotted cream
only then will your face
be buried in dawn.

Beware not to close your eyes when you die;
otherwise you cannot see the angels
that have gathered around your head.
Angles are stark naked only when we die.

Happy New Year!

5.
Dawn broke early this morning;
it gently swept away its violet hat in the wind
over the laced mountains
and snow-covered valleys.
In Venice
birds' throbbing heart woke me up.
Why our living space is restricted to this world, I thought.
Why our brethren from the space above
do not bring us presents.
I, for my part, would have liked to receive two stars
as radiant as the eyes of a maiden
to compose poems under their light;
or a space bicycle to ride among meteors;
but no matter where we go
we'll get caught by the dawn

Dawn is omnipresent!

Özkan Mert

iç/in "Yeryüzü Şarkıları" (Tüm Şiirleri 60-08), Boyut Yay., 1.b., İstanbul-Nisan 2008, s. 349-354

iç/in "Van Gölü Savunması", Gölcük Rotary Kulübü Yay., 2001