

DEYANET OSMANLI

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THE SOUND OF BLOOD

It's devoted to all people in the world

Baku – 2015

Deyanet Osmanli

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FAREWELL, THE PASSED DAY

The day passed,
I'm still at home.
Memories fall like dead birds
 alighting from the nest.
Anxious spirits appear and disappear
 occasionally.

I'm still at home.
There are a lot of faces in my memory,
 heaps of snow outside.
My miserable heart has turned blue
 from cold in my poems.

Farewell, the passed day,
I'll not forget you for the sake of the
 flowers being covered with blood;
I still keep them.

The sound of blood

The day passed,
I loved everybody and everything once more,
I loved, but couldn't complete.
The ways returned from the people incompletely,
The paths remained on this length.

There is a bunch of words in my pen,
 heaps of snow outside –
I turned white.
Farewell, night,
I'll not forget you for the sake of the
 sleepless words.

In spite of being in my heart,
Farewell, farewell dears.
The picture of memories had been
 torn on this length.

THE LAST BREATH OF WINTER

Snowy night passes in front of my window,
The photo of the day when I felt cold
looks at me from the wall.
Do you remember how I was desperate
when you trembled from cold?

Snowy night passes through the words
soaked up the smell of your hair.
Your thoughtful eyes will read more the
memory of the day when you shivered.
How I loved winter when you were not with me.

Snowy night passes through my table
like the last breath of winter.
I'm lonely like the paper on the sky.
You feel cold,
I burn the words.

The days land on my dreams like a
pile of autumn leaves,
I become naked and alone
If you don't sing an emotional song
When everything grows hoarse
at nights.

**WHEN EVERYTHING GROWS HOARSE
AT NIGHTS**

Each night, each cold, each death,
silence howl for the desperate
senility of the world.
Dreams are death times of days
When everything grows hoarse
at nights.

Dreams carry the memories alive
from my heartbeats.
The song which sense is unknown
is the breath voice of birds,
When everything grows hoarse
at nights.

Love moves like birds from autumn
of lonely life.

NOTHING REMAINED TO FORGET

All beauties are the pictures of spirit,
The wind is the sigh of all creatures.
I'm a walking soil,
The soil is more sorrowful
 than everything among people.

The bees carried spring from flowers,
The birds took the weather of the sky.
The birds with the bees exhausted
 love before people.

We handed spring, flowers and grief
 in our house over the earth.
Nothing remained to forget in the day
 when we died from pain.

AUTUMN

The weep of rains brought the cold faces again.
The leaves took their herd with birds
The birds were crying silently the whole year
round.
You're going nakedly,
The birds with yellow mouth die in the rainy
days,
Don't come back,
For God's sake,
These paths in life are cold like autumn.

The autumn flowers in my garden got sensitive
like an autumn apple,
White cheeks got crust before saturating from
their beauty.
The houses got cold and drowsiness of silence
began.

I FORGOT MYSELF

Death, how did you come to my sense?
I wanted to see you in an unlucky day
when I turned away from all.

Death, how did you come to my sense
in an unlucky way?
Lost dreams mixed to forgotten dreams.

I forgot myself without being offended;
I remember the days and people that I
forgot and lost.

YOU WEREN'T THERE

I called you in a dark muffled day,
having a temperature.
You had disappeared like bodily pains.

Do you know when the storm broke out?
The windows shivered and groaned.
A song got pollinated on my lip after the storm.
Were you among disappeared people?
Fresh dust was falling from the sky.

A horseman was returning near the completed
days,
from the darkness you disappeared.
His spirit was sparkling in his green wound.

I called you while passing through my body
crowd by crowd...
You were not there where I died.

AT THE END OF THE DARKNESS

Don't you want to walk till the end of the
darkness,
I'm there lonely and guilty.
May be God is more guilty and lonely than
others.

I'm there like an absolutely empty valley,
Don't you want to live trembling.
Evening and morning stand sideways from here,
Don't be afraid of, I'll hide you from God.

Do you hear me?
I'll not return,
My dear open your eyes,
I go,
I go,
I go...
I'll meet an accident without you.

DID YOU KNOW

Did you know what happened?
Throes of my spirit leaked from the walls
of my body that day.
I was expelled to the shores of the night
having a dark framed picture of blissfulness
on my hand.

Did you know what happened?
Joy that you gained from divorce,
Loneliness that I got out of morning
 forgave and twined each other.

Did you know what happened?
Love remained without corpse unknown
and lonely on the shores of night.

I grew heavier as a stone when I felt in love.
God doesn't know whose stone grave is this?

If I pass away in a remarkable day,
Don't cry.
Angels and dears I'll die if nobody loves me.

AS A STONE

I can pass away in a remarkable day
when you have tears in your eyes.
If my life is shorter than the ways I go,
Don't cry.

One-man unlucky life,
One bush bottom spring,
The shadow of a tree
sufficed for me to see a new day.

Let your new dress be out of fashion, mother,
Don't let a holiday and mourning come.
The lulls didn't make me happy,
The songs didn't enliven me.

AGAIN I FIND MYSELF IN ISOLATION

Blissfulness smells of child at each night
and in each sleep.

Can I live if old and clear pains are substituted
by a doleful song.

I want to exhaust myself for somebody,
Perhaps, I find myself isolated again,
The trees keep silent again,
Life beats like heart under my feet again.

A poet wants to run out of me.
Where can we go waking up?

I MOVE OFF LONELINESS

I'm lonely as I'm loved,
But I'm happy as I lost my loneliness.

I remember the day that I didn't see,
The clouds fall upon my head.
The darkness is young on my frown.
You fill into my eyes like light,
the flower of my meadow,
Detach from your meditations.

You're soft, wet and tremulous like calmness
remaining after a headache and long ways.
I move off loneliness at the expense of sin.

IN A DEAD AUTUMN DAY

The skies miss the birds in a dead
autumn day,
The winds beat their faces on the closed
windows of a regretful country.
The breath of wind has remained on the
dried grass...
Return my ointment wind,
Take regret of the people
like the last word of an old song.

In a dead autumn day in Baku
My mother's last born-child beat
his face to the wind and said:
If I were dead, God.

IF DAWN IS COMING

One night the winds took you niggled,
mad and crazy.

The city remained empty again,
The benches leaned against the trees.

The cloud suddenly stroke on the asphalt
like nestling,
Your sleepily footsteps are in the wet streets
of the city...

I'm not alone.

It's getting dark,
Only sins remain in my memory,
I forgot where I should go.

I say, if dawn is coming,
I'll get out of the darkness.
The darkness looks like dark days.

FORGET ME

The days passed near the trees like cars,
I couldn't reach.

Friends, forget,
I'm oppressed by living in harmony.
Forget me like your childhood.

Forget little birds, hungry cats,
nice days and misfortune.
Friends, forget life if it replaces
senility with death.

The days passed near the trees like cars,
I couldn't reach.

SOMEBODY IS IN AGONY OF DEATH

The watch is slow,
The darkness moans.
Move slowly,
Somebody is in agony of death,
Regrets come together.

Loneliness approaches crowd by crowd,
The breath of sins beats on my face.
The starry face of the darkness,
The starry branches of the trees
keep silence like dead songs.
Move slowly,
regrets come together
Somebody is in agony of death.

I FORGET YOU

Is it possible to think so?
You get out of my mind,
I forget you totally,
Come in time.

In a snowy night I've leaned against
the stripe on the window.
As if skies fall on the snowflakes.
Soon you'll disappear in the snow covered
path of my heart.

I think too much,
You get out of my mind.
Your footsteps whimper,
My headache accrues.
I forget you totally,
Come in time.
Soon you'll disappear in the snow covered
path of my heart.

I know time will come when I'm
in agony of death,
You'll move off like crowd.
Lonely words will be written
on my gravestone,
You killed me.

YOUR LETTER IS STILL ON THE TABLE

I left the night and came to my room,
Your letter is still on the table.
I look at your letter through the portrait
A man being unable to return from
long ways.

This is the city of Baku being blue
bloodstained of the Caspian Sea.
You live in my dreams like my
youth, mother.

Your letter smoothes the open eyes
of my poems on the table...
Your letter is anxious like you.

AN AUTUMN HOLIDAY

I dream vineyards an autumn holiday
inside it.

I've not hope to see you
But I calmed looking at the autumn picture.

This autumn holiday shakes lovers and
friends like a mulberry tree,
Bodily pain and joy fall like the autumn leaves.

The way that you went had taken a lot of people,
Somebody isn't satisfied with love
Somebody isn't saturated with life given by God.

FREEDOM HAS MET AN ACCIDENT

Every day I hurry to the distant valley
Freedom has fallen accident there.

I'll be a red flag - like the bloody
shirt of the country
in this bloody crash place without crying
for this black news.

I'll shake the eminence
I'll lacerate the darkness over your head.
I want to swing there with old grief over skies.

DON'T BELIEVE AND WAIT

I'm colder than the country where the poets
were born and died.

I write you a letter from fear of parting.
Don't believe and wait.

The last summer day is love that you expect.
It'll get cold again
Grief of my soul will shiver from fear of
parting.

Don't believe and wait,
Nobody remained here alive except love.

THERE WAS A DISTANT WAY

There was a distant way,
You didn't go.
I fall in love with you there by chance.
The trees were caught to the rain,
Shadows suffered,
Did you hear?

There was a lonely day you didn't see.
You were my blue grief,
I'll bear it by force till the end of my life.
Did you know what rain said when you
stifled from blueness?

THE PLEASURE OF LONGING

You people, getting disloyal from me.
I'm in the crossroad.
I'm tired waiting, thinking, living
among trees, people, shores.

My spirit came back from the alien
countries,
I flew like bloody water out of the surface
of the country.

You people getting disloyal from me.
I'm alone,
I'm lonely in the crossroad.
I'm starved for you.

**A WORD BEING OF THE SAME WEIGHT
WITH HEART**

I lived this life alone,
I beat the earth,
I beat the sky,
It was difficult.

God isn't aware of the country where I lived.
I went round with my spirit.

Transition was between us,
Only words remained, they were wounded.
You are a word being of the same weight with
heart,
I was pestered, come.

IN THE DARKNESS OF MY HEART

Was life or people cruel?
The last autumn wind took the darkness
in my heart.

We could spend the night there in the
darkness of my heart last time away
from the people and life.

Let the star of autumn set,
It falls on my wound.
My spirit creeps as a snake.

Don't miss my spirit,
Time will come,
Life will be tired of people.
The last night of pang will come to an end.

WHERE I TURNED TO MY SPIRIT

When you entered my heart garden
My inner world was ransack,
You took my all and gone.
I built a house and hung a flag where
I turned to my spirit,
Sometimes come and kiss it.

My heart made moist in the breast where
I turned to my spirit.
It'll rain,
The wind will blow,
I'll rejoice,
I'll be irritated,
I'll get wet from body to my spirit.

It'll rain on my paper,
New words will make moist.
Everybody will say:
What ruthless word is this?
A fire will be lit,
The wind will blow,
I'll writhe inside my dreams.

AT TWO CROSSROADS

Life has stood in the middle,
Autumn causes everything to become yellow.
Come here once more.

The sky trembles star by star from the fear
of the darkness.
Shadowless trees whimper like my heart
at two crossroads.

Rivers washed your name
remained on the side of seven rivers.
Come here once more.

IN THE HOPE OF DOOMSDAY

This fortune given by God isn't opened as a
hank,
I didn't die in your absence.
I live the days turning from one side to other.

I was dismissed from the paradise you were
dismissed too.
There isn't trace from the hope given by Devil.

We've found shelter in the hope of doomsday
being tired of a long way.
My soul is hot in the midnight...

The candle quavers between us.
You say:
Don't breathe,
We can make a mistake at this evil time,
Our lamp may go out at once.

DECEMBER

Today it dawn is coming desperately.
As if all horrors will begin this morning,
Everything will perish this morning.

It's covered with snow in December,
Silence turn into the monument.
Fear ices up in my soul like cold.

It's covered with snow in December,
Mad wind takes all hopes to the slum of
doomsday.

Snow covers the last footprint.
Miserable wind sings with disgust:
Where are you, my dear?

MY FACE IS COLD

February,
 Snow,
 Wednesday...
The wind drives winter out, my dear.
As if it's a crazy memory out of cold
 that didn't allow a wounded life to die.
As if I was dismissed from hearts into snow
 on Wednesday in February.

God's breath doesn't heat,
My heart and your face are cold.
Every day it snows a little upon the hope
 that was alive yesterday.

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We burnt and felt cold in vain
 inside heat and frost
 during years.
Every day it snows from night on
 your terrible dreams tartly.

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I AM THE MURDERER OF MY SOUL

I'm the viceroy of grieves,
I came back to my soul.

Snow melts the darkness.
Only the way seems from the East to the West.
Your naked heart trembles,
The face of my soul isn't near you,
Cold has taken it.

While I was going towards your love
 I fell,
 I came across with accident,
You didn't hear.
My golden blood is upon snow.

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THE HOPE OF LONGING

I'm the other side of the mountain,
You're a flower
 blossomed on my face.

I fall into a disesteem,
Your face shows my trace.
A bunch of hopes gets broken
 from the thick side of life.

The hope of longing increases
 when I cause the child to grow old,
 when I stretch my hands,
God flies up in the sky.

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EVERYTHING IN YOUR HEART

You hurried without knowing where.
I'm inside your spirit.

While saying good-bye
everything in your heart
will wound your shadow
as destiny.

Everything in your heart
will wash the innocence in your face
as the autumn rain.

Your inmate spirit will mix with the colors
of loneliness and regret.
You will die for me while feeling partings.
What will you get off if I'm far off?

SEPTEMBER SATURDAY

I remember nothing,
The illuminating side of everything
looks like cold and darkness.
September Saturday became ruined.

The friend's heart is the darkness,
The leavers have taken their stars.
The pale side of the hope warms up
only by the night lamp.

The skies of autumn are moved into tears
by the words being in memory.
The spirit of the shadowless day
twines round the trees.

THE PRAYER OF THE LAST DAY

My fate resists against the sad day
when the flag downs.

Our mornings are from battle,
Our nights are from slander.
God is on the top,
Devil is at the bottom of our world.
We didn't know from where the rain drops,
We didn't know from where the sun falls on our
love.

Whose devil are you?
You aren't the devil of the spirit,
Where do you live?
The prayer of the last day is your song.
The last most beautiful song is sung
in your absence.

MY HEART HAS RUINED

Today the nestles blueness dozes
in the eyes of the birds as usual.
It seems it'll be breaking from the
nest of the birds.

I think, I'll see autumn,
morning
early every day.

I'll see the sleepless side
of the blueness
in the sound of the bird-wing.

Each lonely grief passes through
the door of my heart unquestioningly
when it freezes from cold.

I was a poor mad,
I said something for each being,
The leavers took them
My heart has ruined as the autumn forest.

It's autumn today,
My star falls over my head.
Now it's cold,
It's night,
Probably, the birds sleep.

IT'S AUTUMN TODAY

It's autumn today,
My star falls over my head.
The spirit that I offended passes
near me,
My young soul thrills.

What better,
I have still fingers and heart.
I idle with the happy pen singing
a fate song.
I absorb the weather,
I absorb,
The sky fills my inner world.

UNFORTUNATE WORDS

The birds carry the sky somewhere
over my head.
The surface of life opens
Sins drop on the earth.
Sadness in my heart
will never come back
for spite of words
on the light of burning hopes.

Those unfortunate words that
you have never said
will fall asleep perpetually
on your new tomb,
on the dear writing,
on a paled bayati.

THE TRACK OF THE PEN

The smell of the wick in my room,
A lonely hunter in his handle,
 remind the destroy of life in torment
 in the distant snow covered forest.

On the table
White desert (paper)-
A man with black track
 goes somewhere.
Distresses of the whole world
 and richly hopes
 have bent his hopeless body.

... Perhaps,
 this fight
 will end when I die,
 my dear unfaithful friends.

Will you hear,
I lived a day
And I can die at one night.

I get dry like green valleys,
You may be waterless
Promise of life can pass
 as a cold winter day,
Lovely death can dismiss everything.
You will remain icy once more.

LOVELESSNESS

The heat of my heart may touch,
Icy regrets may melt,
My grief may show its face
 to autumn,
 to rain,
 to elegy.
Lovelessness may become dropwort
 while being washed away.

You're a little nesting,
I can not hold you.
You missed,
You stifled from lovelessness
You look like my loneliness
At crossroad of the evening
 and morning.

FOR THE MEMORY OF MARCH NIGHT

At night of March,
On Tuesday
While leaning against the coffin of samani
 I waited for the breaking of days.

March night
The sea was churned star by star,
The darkness was churned fishy and starry.

The weather has the smell of cemetery,
The spirit of dead days was churned,
The darkness moaned song by song.
Crowd being starved for silence missed.

The color of night is inside me
Mixed with the darkness,
 with stars,
 with songs.

The night fell,
fell,
I've not hope for its gone,
I've not hope.

While leaning against the coffin,
I felt sorry for the coming days.
I forgot the disappeared days.

The coffin of samani was taken
towards the Caspian Sea
from the Inner City.
My spirit, I lived you with sorrow
Having a spring cloth on you
in the New Year evening,
in the blueness being old and dark.

But the wind sings:
It'll pass, my tree, it'll pass.

Morning smells of bird and man
Shy darkness has run and hidden
under the stones outside.

APRIL NIGHT

When evening comes
the darkness dismisses me to the clarity
in my room.
The darkness that I touch with my eyes
lies on my narrow bed with me.
Loneliness in my room
gets tangled with my feet.
A piece of darkness suffers
under my chest until I fall asleep.

April night outside,
The trees are alone,
The branches make noise from fear.

AT LOVELY NIGHTS

My legs got tired,
My neck bent from
the weight of my eyes.
The face of the lamp smiles,
Perhaps, it'll go out when
I fall asleep.

The roses colored with henna outside,
They die from their odor.
Silence is pierces with holes from
the song of birds.
Small grass fades away without turning green,
Glib roses grow old.

The poems and the trees have mixed
with each other on the paper.

The spiders have hung themselves
through the ceiling.
The hearts of lovely spirits beat
at lovely nights.

THE SOUND OF BLOOD

The earth has hung through the moist wall,
Grounds being starved for scuffle
 have achieved their desire.
This is the picture of blood,
My friend,
 those looking at it can not see.

The sound of a familiar song
 runs on my dry lips.
This is the sound of blood,
 My friend,
Those hearing it can not forget.

The spirits sing
on victory holidays,
at the farewell ceremonies.
This is the sound of blood,
Those listening can not know.

MY LAST WORD

My fate is upon my eyes,
My eyelids will descend
 from the weight of red days
 and black flags.
My last word will strike
 against the walls of my teeth
 and awfully crackle.

Then, my remaining will cry,
 what would you say,
Forget.
Your last word will die
 before reaching my ears.

My eyes still look at the pen
on the table,
The words agonize looking
at my face.

AFTER A LONG WAY

Joining and regret are in one step,
Joy and punishment of life are behind.
My power mixed with fatigue
can whimper under my foot
after a long way.

I was born
 among songs and elegies.
I grew up when my hands reached unhappiness.
I fell down near love looking.

I dandle the world,
puzzled,
delirious
in an embrace with memories.

I'll disappear,
The ground will look behind me.

The Sun rising from the cemetery
will set on my window one day.
My black spot will disappear
in an embrace with my sins.

The rain covers the night,
I cry for you, my happiness,
I cry for rain in the streets
mixed with my vagrancy.
I cry for those having any trace.

I CRY FOR YOU

Whenever,
Whenever,
I grew up earlier than the trees
in that odorless days,
in that country.

While spending my loneliness
in the parks,
at hotels,
at the cinemas
I lost sight crying for you.

Though, I'm oppressed from
starvation and cigarette
I go on living.
Who knows,
I walk in the streets like vagrant.

**I NEVER SAW MY HEART WITH
MY OWN EYES**

I never saw
my heart with my own eyes,
I know love in my soul is covered
with my blood.
I loved you till the end of my life,
Flower is in one hand,
Power is on the other,
Lovers.

I became a word on the face of the wind,
I went round the trees.
The branches have been carrying for my death
since that day.
My life lives in the hope of love,
I couldn't touch my heart ache
with my hands.

Your innocent name
hang itself from the tip of my tongue.
Either I was ashamed
or afraid.
I didn't know whether it was storm
or darkness.
I never saw
my heart with my own eyes.

GOD CAN BE IN NEED OF POET

One day
You'll leave my dream
on the halter of angels
as being oppressed from all.

I hide the words becoming outdated
in my heart from
death again.
Your memory growing in my life
can soak my eyes.
Love that you cherished may
be your enemy.

You know,
God can be in need of poet if you implore me
word by word,
pray by pray.

THAT DAY

I didn't know whether you were glad
or sad that day.
I was looking at elegiac Thursday
hopeless outside.
When I remember my soul snivels
like weather.

The cloud disappearing behind the rain,
The ways running after my feet,
Old eyes being lost after the stranger
joined, joined...

The rest of grass and flowers fell down
on the shoulder of the earth.
The neck of life bent towards the breast
of spirit.
I killed my dead youth like a tree
on the hands of love.

The poets can move palanquin,
Empty caravans can pass through your dreams.
One day
I can disappear like a golden palanquin,
You can find me as an elegy.

You know
When everything came to an end
you would love me like a wolf.

WHERE THE SONGS DISAPPEARED

Holidays remained behind
 where the songs disappeared.
Children being glad on holidays
 grew up and died.

My face setting now and then like horizons
 may be seen from the disappearance
 where the songs fall asleep.

My happy face brave mother,
Whose spirit was it
 singing a lullaby like a battle song?

Do you remember,
 We would sing songs for skies
 and darkness.

Though many years pass
 those happy nights glowing star by star
 can still look like freedom.

MY DEAD DAYS

I loved happy life.
I pampered hopeless life,
 bodily pain.

I kissed lovelessness,
I hid loneliness,
I was jealous the memories
 to my dreams.

I put in place to the dead days,
I wish the man I saw last time
 not to share them.

I changed the darkness inside me.
I changed the odor into intimate,
I didn't wish anybody, anybody
 to have the dream like mine.

ON THAT SIDE OF LIFE

There isn't death to meet
 in the place where love is,
There isn't life in new days
 to be born again,
There isn't silence to rest.
What kind of life is it,
 there is nobody.

I wanted to live there, on that
 side of life once more.
The inhabited country of my spirit
 fell down out of horse nails.

I wanted to live where the monument
 of dear days created from mourning,
I wanted to live where the monument of
 songs created from the wind.

I didn't lift my pen like
 a fallen tree.

I said nothing to others, Miss World
I caused to grow them old at the bottom of my
 heart.

**THE WAYS ARE THE CEMETRIES
OF DERVISH**

The native land has moved,
The place of hearth is still hot.
The ways are the cemeteries of dervish,
The voice of God flies from exile again.

The world has moved,
Neither condolence nor people has awaken
the steppenwolf sleeping towards Qibla.
The sky has gathered the stars,
It has obfuscated from regret of howl
becoming elegy.

I'm the dawn of that happy steppenwolf
plundering the nights
I came accidentally;
Neither life nor death found.

I waited you to come in Novruz
holiday like samani.
I hung your picture over your feeble
table.
We spent the holiday well,
You're here,
You're here,
No matter where you're.

YOU'RE HERE

My brother,
Our village becomes poor at nights.
The vine heart you know is a little bit
pogrom with love.
I forgot divergence and you under
the rain, wind and darkness.

If you wait me once more the days
won't end.
There isn't heart becoming word
in the place that God lives.

Heat is purred out of the wings
of birds mirage by mirage.
But ice of the prayers read by
a madman doesn't melt.
Every new day quivers like snow
flower,
I become a tale in your memory.

THE SHADOW OF JUSTICE

Doomsday begins from the devil's nest
being out of God's verdict.
Free life monuments can create mother
hearts.

The shadow of justice can fall through
God's heart.
The spirit of angel baby can be down
in mother's womb.
Mother's smile can shine blood-red and
dry on the enemy's sword.

The heartbeats of the country can be felt
like a battle drum,
My lonely spirit can not find place to walk,
My lonely spirit can not find sky to fly.

BLACK BLOOD OF JANUARY, 20

The color of the telephone booth reminds
the red days like black blood of
January, 20 in this shabby street
in the evening.

Our lovely holidays are suddenly covered
with snow within night.

A poor painter sells his painted spreadsheet
of those red days.

Those black and red days are black striped
school band tied on the flag under
the hum of rain.

The window of the house looking towards
the telephone booth has been broken.

At nights the lamp heavily glittering in
the railings dismally ignites the exhausted
mother hope.

A SENSE OF IMMORTALITY

A sense of immortality is in my heart.
Everything is in the future,
Without living today,
Without touching the future
As if I'm in the middle of time.

Fate makes a way from human feelings
to God's final conclusion.

Every day the lovers of God die
like those dying of hunger and love.

I look through the middle of time
to the destroyed hearth.

I'm unaware of wayfarers.

I think about my settling at the last inch of soil.

A MAN WITH WING

One day if it's said,
a man with wing has been found in the world
believe, this will be only my country.

Vagif Bayatli Odar's wings burnt in the fire,
His autobiography remained unknown.
The majority has seen him blowing sideless
like wind after his spirit in Baku streets.

Last time he had fled from the evil age
of the world to the clarity of the eye,
said his acquaintances.

While returning back he had sung one or
two songs about life and love
with tempered enthusiasm.

His grave had mixed with soil in Istanbul,
He himself lives in the picture

in Baku.

His winged monument over the Yenisei
can not fatigue his wings.

THE AIR OF FREEDOM

Freedom
looks like the motherless nestling
learning to fly in the country skies.

A holiday dressed Evil
on that bird's beak
can fly in Tebriz streets,
can build a nest at the frontier post
or at the top of the tomb.

Our way can disappear in the captured
lands.

Our lost spirit can wince
in Borchali,
in Goycha,
in Garabagh...

An apology wish can cinder
my inner world a lifelong.

ON MY FATHER'S GRAVE

In Borchali,
In an old cemetery
My father is guilty as detained spring
In Osman's grave like a small meadow.

My sisters' tears are in the smell of clove,
In the yolk of daffodil
And at the bottom of strawberry bush
planted by my brother.

The cloud passes over his head slowly
This small meadow sheds its flowers
from fear.

The strawberry bush drinking tears
at the end of spring
is proud of giving his pap to the
migratory birds as fodder.

THE PLACE OF OATH

Is this land is bigger than the earth?
Though the moon rises every night,
The ways remained from dark days
are horrible again,
are dark again.

I returned from exile on the halter
of a nice word
in that dark way passing through
the moonlight.

At last I misled death and died
in the place of oath.

Is this land is bigger than the earth?
The starved nation can whimper
morning and evening.
His love is exhausted from the smoke
of our love.

And here
He wants to go after the passers by
With the same smile in the morning,
With the same regret in the evening.

THE SMELL OF LONGING

I'm the smell of longing in the wormwood
grave of a large steppe.
My bloody heart is full of love,
And love has sunk inside it.

The age of the world outruns,
Everyday at down the smell of the doomsday
falls on my verandah out of the feathers of
the birds.

The fate is an old dervish wearing a new dress
every day
Shabby days remained from the days of thirty
years
in the saddlebags of fate.

The way has been dark and long since night,
You ran looking at the wind,
You fled with birds.
Do you hear now being stupefied?
I'm the smell of longing in the wormwood
grave of a large steppe.

WORM-MOUTHED GRIEF

Rainy last Tuesday soaked this shabby joy
on the last holiday.
The breath of wind remained
on the dry grass.
Evenings can not fall here, my tree,
my kitchen garden,
the shadow of my head.
Bend to your shade, the world fades away.
If you're its dear,
If you're its eye
Cloud in the sky won't rain once more .
Let worm-mouthed grief be my friend,
peoples,
animals,
trees,
grass.
The last word of this rainy day is my last breath.

ON THE MILITARY CEMETERY

The weather is expiring,
The axised chests of the mountains
on my thorax rise and fall.
A bunch of words in my mouth,
The soul of heroes comes out of the
blessed mouths like an anthem.
The flowers fade on the military cemetery,
The weather smells of flower and blood.
The light of miserable faces mixes
with the water of seven ditches.
Everything with its desire,
or with noise,
or with silence
grows old and dies.
Your soul doesn't stir, my God.

ON THE ELEGIAC WAYS

The smell of the burial flowers
has remained on the elegiac ways.
I withdraw from Adam's vine homeland
tirelessly.
The poets with heavy walk have been lost here.
When my moist and pale success is away
from accident
it smells the burial flower.
My grief elevates silence.
I'm a single passenger going in the direction
of those mountains,
The skies grow old on my shoulders.
My eyes stand before the open door of Qibla
without touching blueness.

WITHOUT BREATHING

My God,
The head of the lonely road
is your sanctuary.

Three days – three nights
It snowed thick on the wheat face
of that lonely street.
There isn't fire smoke to heat my heart,
There isn't fire smoke to rub my face.
There isn't my distant relative's face
to go after.

Three days – three nights
Without breathing
I hid my soul,
I waited the snow to melt,
I waited the fire to be kindled
I waited the trace to appear.

ONLY MOTHERS CAN LOVE

Only mothers can love breathing souls.
Life is a great and a new scuffle
All scuffles are for mothers.

Brave sons of the native land came back
from the captured provinces.
They fled from the opposite side of death
as a bird.

Life is our voluntary suffering.
The end of the captive mothers' wings
is a free homeland soil.
Our martyrdom is permitted for
that dear freedom.

I waited
the snow to melt,
the trace to flow,
The fire was kindled and went out;
A palm of ash of my soul remained.

Now I heat by the ash of my soul
As if a homeland has newly moved
through my palm,
Its place is still hot.

WATERS OF DUNAY

My brave mother,
Do you remember
Three days - three nights ago
Silk waters of Dunay took the Turk's
bruise skies from here?

Waters of Dunay dried among us
passing from Qibla every night
dumbly.

Saline waters are stupefied
from the smell of longing.
Ruins of old land had a good time
in my heart every night.

DUDAYEV'S HEART

The soldier Dudayev's
infused heart –
the tattered Chechen soil,
the poor soul of the wounded heroes
are squirmed by the enemy's breath.

Two-headed eagle has flied from
this land,
Their eyes are in blood.
It looks for the Jewel's spirit
without breathing.

Wind,
Weather,
Blueness have been ravaging
in the vine country skies.

The tree grew old turning to
the loneliness of the earth.
A song was flowing into my veins
belonging to night.

I grew old...
I grew old.

I WASN'T YOUNG

I wasn't young
if I didn't see such senility.

I didn't grow so old,
The bottom of skies was a little bit cold.
When our hands touched each other
my regret perished.

My beloved,
When you were young
I learnt imprisonment
perhaps in the heart of one Steppenwolf.

Then I saw,
The appearance of the people
had bent from joining and living long.

THE DESIRE TO LIVE INCREASES

Each new creation
is the continuation of world life.
As if the number of the days increases
during sunrise.

Each new creation
is a new picture of life
drown by a new brush
in God's notebook.

The stars fuss without people,
The number of the day diminish
between the hell and paradise
from each ill-timed living.

Every day
as the desire to live increases,
as the desire to die diminishes,
my soul is heard in my voice.

AT THE END OF EVERYTHING

What a pity,
Because of this love
 we gave life to winds.
Its water can exhaust,
Its trees can not grow,
Poor homeless,
 unconscious land.

Many sheep were sacrificed,
The stones of the sanctuaries
 are counted like hungry man's bone again.
The old is the God,
The young is the devil of our world.

LET EVERYTHING BE DEAR

As if everybody
 can live in the place of that tomb
 like a breathing headstone.
And all is ready to sigh for the place
 of that tomb last time.

Our predetermination has turned grey
 from cold,
 from hot
 on the dear people's face.

Let everything be dear.
Our heart is a living bird,
Our wing is a flying stone.

What a pity,
Because of this love
 we sang songs,
 we said elegies.

At the end
 we erected a dry headstone
 on this silent land.

RAINY OCTOBER

Rainy October
A sweet Japanese tanaka
 devoted to autumn
 finished like a cup of tea.

I was lost in the vineyards in such
 a moist day some years ago.
The smell of soaked grass filled my
 room with the sense of nostalgia...
And in such moments I want a bitter
 tobacco.

The rain stopped quickly
 perhaps earlier than tanaka.

But the sparrow rushing in the struck of
 strow,
 running from coldness
 were complaining the whole night:
Autumn is tyrant,
 is tyrant.

He had nobody and nothing.
He was buried in the shadow of one
flower pot.
They sew flower petals on his grave
and disappeared...

INJURED SPIRIT

He was born in the venter
 staying alive from heart attack.
 He lived as long as he wanted but
 in bed.
 He wanted to see distant people
 and to travel long.
 I saw,
 He was in bed without rustle.
 Train accidents and pneumonia
 reddened in his cream colored face.
 He was stretched out upon immaculate
 flowers plucked from distant meadows.
 Soil had been taken from far countries.

THE LIFE OF THE REAL WORLD

The life of this real world is an old
winter tale.

The taste of the heroic life lasts by the
smoke of the stove in the long
dreams of winter nights.

The moment of my anger is thousand years
real world.

Sometimes joining is better than longing,
Death is the only open way for all
closed doors.

The life of this real world is an old
winter tale.
Rarely brutal silence destroys the papers.
Now and then my effendi God asks:
– Where were we?

THE PICTURE OF THE LAST DAY

It snows at the last winter night.
An old painter paid all debts by his
lovely faded and yellow picture
in the tea-house.

As long as this tea house is here
the most precious thing will be
the picture of the old fisher's boat
thrown to the shore by the yesterday's storm.

A snow covered boat,
The fisher's clothes scattered around,
And bloody mouth fishes are on one side,
And the bearded old liking the brush is on
the other side.

105

A WOMAN DISTRIBUTING DRINKS

A woman distributing drinks waits for the rise
of the morning settling accounts with the last
customer at the night bar.

The delight of the last night has circumvented
the neck by her died hair.

Torture,
hunger,
lost sleep,
unforgettable,
strong life
and unfilled love wait for her at home
despite everything...

107

Who knows,
How this poor man went to the highland park
in the frost of snow,
waited for the beginning of the storm
in the sea as he finished to draw this
picture.

He tries to dismiss cold from his body by tea
he drank in this tea-house every evening.

106

IN THE NIGHT TRAM

A construction soldier was going
to the service unit in the night tram.

He had a dirty uniform,
He was half-starved,
His face sprouted from frost,
His fingers were red.

He remembered his yesterday's love letter
forgetting how he washed the floor...

There was a schoolboy,
He had surprise bigger than his own
to the majority of human beings
in the world in his green eyes.

This surprise will cherish, bring up and
kill him without saying "uf".

108

**THE PICTURE OF THE REAR
AND THE FRONT**

The picture of the rear and the front:

The officers return from the daily military
service,
The workers return from the night shift in the
electric train,
with the curse soldier jokes
and frivolous memories.

A dirty train without being in a hurry rocks out
the monotonous life.

As if
the officers return home to bid farewell with their
wives,
the workers go home only to spend the night.
The most difficult and last battle may happen in
both fronts tomorrow.

THE PHOTO OF THE LAST MOMENT

I lived to my heart's content,
My little heart was loosened.
The Sun hit my body,
All sins disappeared.

My heart is filled
The words that I hid from you
leak on the old pictures
only witness of my childhood.

We're drown, born,
dead pictures.

We seemed like the axised heroes
on the photos
at our last moments.

It seems that, the photographer
was shocked while copying us,
As if he has read his name in our views.

THE SOUND OF SILENCE

The phone is silent.
The rhythm of the wind is broken by
the sound of the truck,
I see myself in the street remembering
uninteresting life as if
waking up from the hut.

The phone is silent without losing
its patience.
The memories in my heart visit and return
to the dwellings where dear people
live and move.

**THERE ISN'T A PLACE FOR
ME IN YOUR HEART**

The darkness is the prisoner of my heart,
The rising morning is a paper.
The doom wanting my soul is poor.

The days got cold as my soul,
You left any hope.
I came, you weren't at home,
I stayed in doors.

You thought I was your dear,
I was a walking illness.
I was the side of the stone fallen
on the ground.

There isn't place for me in your heart,
My nestles love grows old.
You go taking my heart,
My spirit looks through my wound.

HOPES ARE STILL ALIVE

The people are again cold-blooded,
Nights are dark again,
Mornings are white again,
Hopes are still alive.

To see the yesterday off,
To think about tomorrow with
the same habit,
Knowing nothing about the rise of tomorrow.

Azan being sung as a heap of birds from
the Minarets of the Mosques every day
is the elegy of the Doomsday.

To hear the same news,
To knock the door of the life
with the same anxiety,
with the same hesitation every day.

113

MY LIFE MISSES

My life misses, where can I take it?
The end is unwritten, incomplete life.
There is neither comer nor goner,
The door of both worlds is open.

That homeland is very old,
I can't recognize it,
Top Shennik has moved down.
The hearth of the fireplace has collapsed.

The places have ruined, the cemeteries remain,
Joy is dead, grief is alive there.
This is the place where the homeless, stranger,
friend, enemy ask mercy
from alive creature.

115

DREAMS LEAD ASTRAY

A grave is dug for a hope every day,
The nest of justice has collapsed
and left its spot in human's heart.

Now a lucky star – a crape lamp,
Dreams not the birds lead astray.
Now the feather of the wealth bird
doesn't fall on the shoulders to deceive heart.

Everybody is at the head of his way,
He asks mercy from his naked spirit.
He hasn't read his predetermination,
He makes amendments in his life book.

114

My father can come tired to my dreams
from that cemetery
disappearing within the lilac bushes.
He can open my way from a distance
His dream can look round from a living bayati.

Perhaps I passed through that path thousand
years ago.

There are ways, cities between us.
My spirit sleeps in his room,
And I go,
The beginning of my way has mixed
in the middle of life.

116

SHOW YOUR FACE, GOD

The traveler has confused his step.
Where do your ways go?
Where do your ways come from, my God?
Show me your face,
Who are you, my God?
Let me know your identity,
Don't let your hopes disappear.

I'm converted to the true faith
either early

or late.

I throw a stone to the devil,
A man dies, my God.

I'm a shadeless tree
in a dry-farming avenue.
The enemy clouds can pass through
the tip of my nose.

117

MEMORIAL LIFE

The days are old,
It's impossible to live.
I couldn't come back.
I lived,
I lost,
I won, but
I couldn't invent a memorial life.

Who taught me to love so much?
I want to be either a dervish or a martyr.
There is nobody for whom I can sacrifice my
life,
Life became longer, I wasn't pestered.

I didn't drink the water of vitality,
I was tear coming through God's eyes.
I wanted to live, but died.
I couldn't become friends with my spirit.

119

Rain can be my anthem
in a dry-farming avenue.
Wind can boast,
hang from the branch.

The sound of Azan can be heard
from the top of the Minarets.
The flags can be lowered from the sky
of the captive land.

118

The paradise fled from destiny like a bird,
Everything remained...
Death wandered alone as a Steppenwolf,
The kingdom was very cold,
I couldn't come together.

120

INSIDE LONGING

The days pass from my life like a bird.
I run after you, my God
 with overwhelmed hope
 inside longing.

I have been running after you for years,
My footsteps disappear.
I reach you,
My eyes go out like a lamp.
My broken-hearted hope
 is lower than heart.

Every night
 when everybody fall asleep
 you come covered in sweat.
You create a new world, my God.
Every morning covered in sweat
 I destroy again.

121

IN THE TIRED TIME OF LIFE

Life became longer,
The days didn't remain.
The earth dies itself,
There isn't place to dig for grave.

Happy days come to an end,
Patient elegies smelling autumn
 remain alive.

I went to live in the sky,
My spirit dismissed me from there.
In the tired time of life
The last hope died, as well.

LIFE DOESN'T RENEW

Every morning I wash my sins
 from my face,
It brights again.
I become sad,
 I become glad,
This old grief,
This old joy
 renews again.

Rains of thousand years
 continue to rain without interval.
But life doesn't renew.

Inside this dusty life
I ran after the fate
 which doesn't wait for me.

122

TO LIVE WITH ALL MY POWER

I either object or become happy
 against everything,
As if nothing happened.

Every day in a vagrant appearance
I go thousand ways.
I pass near joy and bad news
 saying – whose this poor man is?

I want to live with all my power,
I want to live not to die.

CONSOLATION

As if nothing happened,
Nothing will begin.
As if my lovely friend suddenly
will tell me bad news.

Every day we say good-bye
to each other,
We are afraid of losing our last hope.
We greet each other in the morning
We have consolation to live our
last time again.

125

I FORGOT HIM

When I saw the poet he was alone with his
friend's hopes.
As if his glory was waking up
with him.
And every evening
he understood again
the cigarette butts were
his friend's consolation
remained on the ash-tray.

127

ANXIETY OF A BLACK DAY

As if it was my last moment,
I lived the sleepless day of my life
with last anxiety.

God, you showed me only the place
of my grave.
Only the light of my eyes remained
from honest life.
That light can not brighten black days,
That light can keep them for black days.

126

ISN'T THERE ANYBODY

Isn't there anybody to live
the last day?
Isn't there anybody to fly after
the wind,
the birds
as a desert falcon on
the earth?
Who can cross near the door
of Gibla in this last day?
But again
he can stay as a last dear
creature near God.

128

A MESSAGE TO FRIENDS

My friends,
Send me a night in a black framework.
Send me a meadow with the martyr bees.

Send me a cloud full of blood of spirit,
Send me a cloud with the red wound,
with a new death in its shade.
How I wanted to live that bravery again.

MY PRAYERS RETURN BACK

I get over longing,
I reach to the end of the road.
New days crinkle under my feet.

I run
The plaintive voice of death covers
the corpse of life raising
the dust of life after me.

There is flood on my blood being
splashed on my dreams
The mouth of life still smells of blood.
My prayers return back and cover
the corpse of life.

THE WING OF FREEDOM

Only the bitter taste of a cold message
has remained from my country.
Here I created the monument of
the Judgement Day.

The birds can not fly and return from
spring to spring.
This is the place where the wing of freedom
got broken.

My sins,
can you live again if I close my eyes
after love accident?

THE MEMORY OF 23 YEARS

Only the words of my 23 years
have remained
on somebody's dusty
memorial book.

The words heavier than my head
have bent my neck.
I lost those words in a train,
in a car,
on a plane
one by one
in Baku-Borchali way.

When the things that I forgot
returned me from my way
I saw nothing except my mother's tears
in the house of my youth.

EVERY DAY

Worm-mouthed love
 has slept in my heart
 falling in love.
Grief is a mad waiting for me
 in the Doomsday
 as a lovely wander.

Every day I made a fire and cried.
My waist became erect
 when God raised the sky.

I looked and listened to my breath
 thirty years.
I couldn't recognize love entering
 through the door of my soul.

LAST SATURDAY OF AUTUMN

Rain sings a song of autumn
 left under the fallen leaves
 on this Saturday.

Nobody sends his greetings in this
 rainy, wet day.
Nobody has desire to hurry somewhere,
Nobody has desire to greet somebody.

On the last Saturday of autumn
 rain keeps silence,
 song keeps silence,
 wind beats and makes
 the old messages dance.

EARLIER THAN BIRDS

This morning I woke up
 earlier than birds
 with a bitter regret.
A suckling love coming
 from a distance
 died in my blood
 throbbing.

One lucky man woke up
 earlier than birds
He absorbed and exhausted
 the air of this morning.

Except all these
 somebody left three
 black dots in my heart.
And the other lived the half
 of the day and disappeared.

BETWEEN THE FIRST AND THE END

All ah and prayers fled and returned
 to their nest from the sky
 with own habits tonight.

But a joy walking on my face with
 a butterfly gait didn't return
 to his new nest in that day.

I thought,
Perhaps either he has met an accident
 or snow has barred his way.
The whole night I was trembling between
 the first and the end cowardly.

I AM THE SILENCE OF A WORD

I'm a man being turned into silence
 by rain,
 wind,
 word.

You'll recognize me remembering how
 I hit the roof of the forgotten
 native land,

You'll recognize me remembering how
 I flattered the lamp,

You'll recognize me from the memory
 soaking your face.

My sleepless life –
 can tremble like a bird heart
 escaping from the bullet
 between the first and the end.

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