

**DEYANET OSMANLI**

**THE SOUND OF BLOOD**

*It's devoted to all people in the world*

**Baku – 2015**

Translator and Editor  
**Ph.D. Ilaha Abdullayeva**

**Deyanet Osmanli**

The Sound of Blood. Baku, AzAtaM, “Science  
and Education”, 2015, 144 p.

*Email: osmanli.d@gmail.com*

*Deyanet Osmanli’s selected poems had been  
compiled in the book.*

**ISBN 978-9952-8176-5-2**

**© “Science and Education”, 2015**







**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.

***Deyanet Osmanlı***

---

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.

**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.





**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.

***Deyanet Osmanlı***

---

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.

**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?









**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.





**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.



***Deyanet Osmanlı***

---

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.



**IN THE HOPE OD 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.

**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.







**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?

**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.

**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.

**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.

***Deyanet Osmanlı***

---

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









**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.

**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.



**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.

***Deyanet Osmanlı***

---

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.

**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.



***Deyanet Osmanlı***

---

The spiders have hung themselves  
through the ceiling.

The hearts of lovely spirits beat  
at lovely nights.

**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.

***Deyanet Osmanlı***

---

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.

**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.

***Deyanet Osmanlı***

---

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 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.



*Deyanet Osmanlı*

---

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.

**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.

**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.

*The sound of blood*

---

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.



**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.



*The sound of blood*

---

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 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 dimly ignites the exhausted  
mother hope.

**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.

**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.

**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 sound of blood*

---

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 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.

**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 dawn 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.

***Deyanet Osmanlı***

---

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.

**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.

**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 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.

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.

**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.

**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.



**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.

***Deyanet Osmanlı***

---

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.

**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.

*The sound of blood*

---

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.

**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.

**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.



**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.

***Deyanet Osmanlı***

---

He had nobody and nothing.

He was buried in the shadow of one  
flower pot.

They sew flower petals on his grave  
and disappeared...

**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.



**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...

**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".

**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 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.





**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.

**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.

*The sound of blood*

---

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.

**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.

*The sound of blood*

---

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.



*The sound of blood*

---

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.



**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.

**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.





## 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 loosing our last hope.  
We greet each other in the morning  
We have consolation to live our  
last time again.

**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.

**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.





**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.

**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?

**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 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.

**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.

**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.

**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 bar 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.

**CONTENTS**

Farewell, the Passed .....3  
The Last Breath of Winter..... 5  
When Everything Grows Hoarse at Nights ..... 6  
Nothing Remained to Forget .....8  
Autumn..... 9  
You Weren't There .....10  
I Forgot Myself .....11  
At the End of the Darkness .....12  
Did You Know .....13  
As a stone.....14  
Again I Find Myself in Isolation .....16  
I Move off Loneliness .....17  
If Down is Coming.....18  
In a Dead Autumn Day .....19  
Forget Me .....20  
Somebody is in Agony of Death .....21  
I Forget You .....23  
Your Letter is Still on the Table.....24  
An Autumn Holiday .....25  
Don't Believe and Wait.....26  
Freedom Has Met An Accident.....27  
There Was a Distant Way.....28

***Deyanet Osmanlı***

---

The Pleasure of Longing .....	29
A Word Being of the Same Weight with Heart.....	30
In the Darkness of My Heart .....	31
Where I Turned to My Spirit.....	32
At Two Crossroads.....	34
In the Hope of Doomsday .....	35
December .....	36
My Face is Cold .....	37
I Am the Murderer of My Soul .....	38
The Hope of Longing .....	40
Everything in Your Heart.....	41
The Prayer of the Last Day .....	42
September Saturday .....	43
My Heart Has Ruined.....	44
It's Autumn Today .....	46
Unfortunate Words.....	48
The Track of the Pen .....	49
Lovelessness .....	50
For the Memory of March Night.....	52
April Night.....	54
At Lovely Nights.....	56
My Last Word .....	58
The Sound Of Blood .....	59
After a Long Way.....	60
I Cry for You.....	62

## *The sound of blood*

---

I've Never Seen My Heart with My Own Eyes .....	64
That Day .....	66
God Can Be in Need of Poet .....	67
Where the Songs Disappeared.....	69
On That Side of Life .....	70
My Dead Days .....	71
The Ways are the Cemeteries of Dervish.....	73
You're Here.....	74
The Shadow of Justice .....	76
Black Blood of January, 20.....	77
A Man with Wing.....	78
A Sense of Immortality .....	79
The Air of Freedom.....	80
On My Father's Grave .....	81
The Place of Oath.....	83
The Smell of Longing .....	84
On the Military Cemetery .....	86
Worm-Mouthed Grief .....	87
On the Elegiac Ways.....	88
Without Breathing.....	89
Only Mothers Can Love.....	91
Waters of Dunay .....	92
Dudayev's Heart.....	93
I Wasn't Young.....	94
The Desire to Live Increases.....	96

## ***Deyanet Osmanlı***

---

At the End of Everything .....	97
Let Everything Be Dear.....	99
Rainy October .....	100
Injured Spirit .....	102
The Life of the Real World .....	104
The Picture of the Last Day.....	105
A Woman Distributing Drinks .....	107
In the Night Tram.....	108
The Picture of the Rear and the Front .....	109
The Sound of Silence .....	110
The Photo of the Last Moment.....	111
There Isn't a Place for Me in Your Heart.....	112
Hopes are Still Alive .....	113
Dreams Lead Astray.....	114
My Life Misses .....	115
Show Your Face, God.....	117
Memorial Life .....	119
Inside Longing .....	121
Life Doesn't Renew .....	122
In the Tired Time of Life.....	123
To Live with All My Power .....	124
Consolation. ....	125
Anxiety of a Black Day.....	126
I Forgot Him.....	127
Isn't There Anybody .....	128

***The sound of blood***

---

A Message to Friends .....129  
The Wing of Freedom .....130  
My Prayers Return Back .....131  
The Memory of 23 Years .....132  
Every Day .....133  
Earlier Than Birds .....134  
Last Saturday of Autumn .....135  
Between the First and the End.....136  
I'm the Silence of a Word .....137

The Director of the Publishing House  
“Science and Education”  
**Prof. Nadir Memmedli**

Computer Designer: **Zahid Mammadov**  
Technical Editor: **Tunzale Vahabova**

Date of Printing: 04.08.2015  
Printing Paper: 7,5 , Order: 296  
Size: 70/100 Number: 300

It had been published in the Publishing House

“Science and Education”

E-mail: [nurlan1959@gmail.com](mailto:nurlan1959@gmail.com)

Tel: 4971632; 0503114189

Address: Baku, Old City, 8/4 the Second  
Magomayev Turn