# **DEYANET OSMANLI**

# THE SOUND OF BLOOD

It's devoted to all people in the world

Baku - 2015

#### Translator and Editor

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# **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 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.

# 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.

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.

#### 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.

#### 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.

#### 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.

#### **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.

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?

#### 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.

#### 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.

#### 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.

#### **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 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.

#### 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.

#### 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.

#### 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 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.

We burnt and felt cold in vain inside heat and frost during years.

Every day it snows from night on your terrible dreams tartly.

#### 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.

#### **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.

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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

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.

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It's autumn today,

My star falls over my head.

Now it's cold,

It's night,

Probably, the birds sleep.

#### **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.

#### **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.

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.

## 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.

#### **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.

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.

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.

#### 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.

#### 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.

60

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.

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.

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 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.

#### 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.

## **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.

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.

## 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.

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.

#### 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 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 flied 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.

# 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 misleaded 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 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 flied 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 flied 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.

## **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.

## 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 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.

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.

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

is tyrant.

## INJURED SPIRIT

and to travel long.

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

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.

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.

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.

## 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 loosing its patience.

The memories in my heart visit and return to the dwellings where dear people live and move.

#### 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.

# 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.

#### 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.

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.

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.

#### **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.

The paradise flied 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.

#### 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.

#### 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 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.

#### 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.

#### 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

Every day I made a fire and cried.

My waist became erect

when God raised the sky.

as a lovely wander.

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 flied 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
Lovelesness	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

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