

Walnut Tree

My head foaming clouds, sea inside me and out
I am a walnut tree in Gulhane Park
an old walnut, knot by knot, shred by shred
Neither you are aware of this, nor the police

I am a walnut tree in Gulhane Park
My leaves are nimble, nimble like fish in water
My leaves are sheer, sheer like a silk handkerchief
pick, wipe, my rose, the tear from your eyes
My leaves are my hands, I have one hundred thousand
I touch you with one hundred thousand hands, I
touch Istanbul

My leaves are my eyes, I look in amazement
I watch you with one hundred thousand eyes, I
watch Istanbul
Like one hundred thousand hearts, beat, beat my
leaves

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neither you are aware of this, nor the police