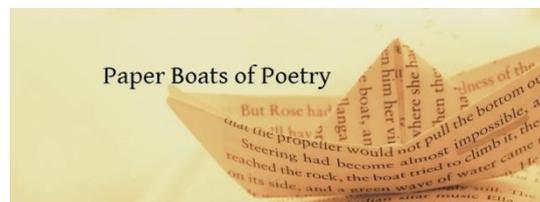




**COME ON MAMA, KILL ME!**

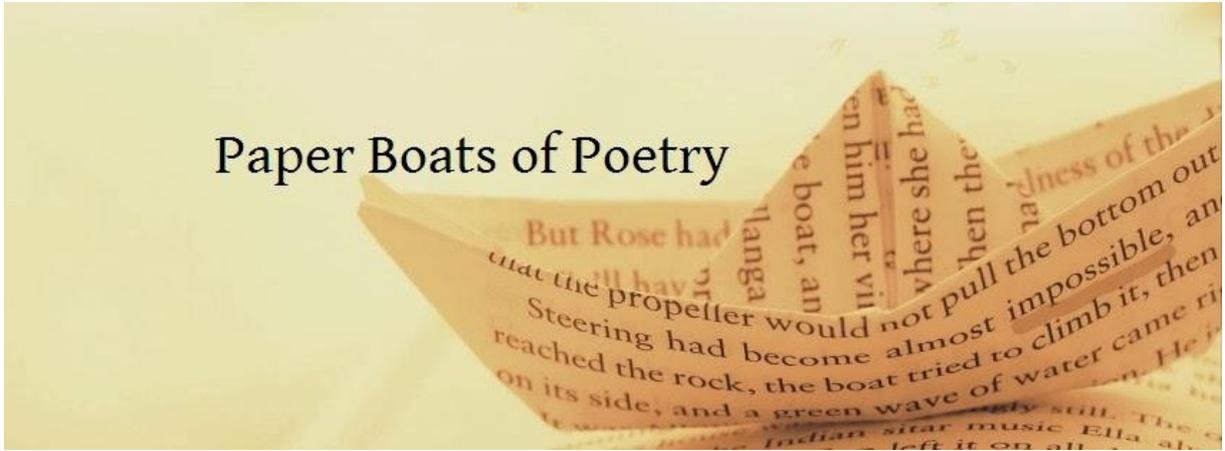
**Poetry**

**SERKAN ENGIN**



**Paper Boats of Poetry Publishing  
2018**

# Paper Boats of Poetry



**Paper Boats of Poetry Publishing**

**Poetry Series: 1**

**Poet: Serkan Engin**

**E-Book Designed by: Serkan Engin**

**Turkey, February 2018**

**LET'S DIVORCE TURKEY**

## All Notes of the World Symphony

I am a red Laz boat cruising  
on the mountains of Kurdistan  
where my Kurd and Turk brothers are burning  
by falling on the ground syllable by syllable  
None of the requiems is able to express  
the pain of the stone-throwing Kurdish children  
raped in the hell prisons of Fascist-Kemalism

I picked up Armenian roses from my dreams  
against racism in Turkey  
Impish sparrows of my hope  
are warbling Lazish  
on the shoulder of the life  
I am kissing in Greek  
the wet sentences of the night  
in the moonlight  
I am hugging the spring in Zazaki  
from the most petted place of its waist

We were burned million times at Auschwitz  
where conscience was dead  
Our dreams were bayoneted  
72.000 times in Dersim  
with disgusting smile of savageness  
We were toys for torture plays in Iraq  
with American style "freedom"  
We were Alevi people shot street by street  
from the heart of the civilization  
in the cities of Maras and Corum  
We were 353.000 Pontian Greeks massacred  
by racist desires of bloody epaulets  
Western "civilization" ignored  
the slaughtered flowers  
on our collars in Srebrenitsa  
Our Armenian lullabies  
were annihilated 1.500.000 times  
in the bosom of Ararat  
They broke the arms of our freedom  
with stone in Palestine  
They chopped our childish enthusiasm  
with machetes in Rwanda

While profit pyramids of  
pharaoh arms industry companies  
are raising mephistophelian

on dollar basis  
While the chairs and epaulets  
of glutton selfishness  
are growing fat

I refuse to add even one more letter  
at the tail of warmongering sentences  
Because I love all notes  
of the world symphony

## Barbarian and Ms Daisy

yes, you are right Ms Daisy, they came  
with the wild winds of Greed, brutally  
slaughtered all the innocent letters  
written on the wall of Grace, even also babies  
by burning them alive, before most of them  
could not have a toy in their short-length life  
with an insufferable last sequence

yes, you are right Ms Daisy, they were  
merciless hyena droves born from  
Racism, biggest evil of all times,  
the bloody verses of Quran  
written on the hilt of  
their curved swords  
feeding their violence  
by promising them heaven  
as they killed more “heretics”

they were the servants of  
remorseless epaulets  
they were the slaves of  
their own Greed and Savageness  
slobberingly

yes, you are right Ms Daisy, they  
raped little girls and young women ferociously  
without caring their screeches  
tearing the deeply embarrassed face of the sky  
same horrific verses on their groins  
and the permission of pimp epaulets  
on their ignoble waists  
without any mercy

they were the slaves of  
their own Greed and Savageness  
slobberingly  
they were the servants of

remorseless epaulets

and unfortunately  
they were my ancestors  
shame on humanity  
worst predatory hordes of world history

now, it is hard to erase that “Barbarian” soubriquet  
written on my forehead before my birth  
it is hard to change to be known as savage  
even I am a man feeding his ant friends  
with granulated sugar at home  
it is hard to explain that I have never hurt  
even a wing of a sparrow  
I know Ms Daisy, it is hard to introduce me  
to your parents  
as the man you want to live with  
until infinity

**Serkan Engin**

*(Dedicated to Anahit Manukyan, my best reader in Armenia...*

*Dedicated to all victims of Armenian Genocide, Assyrian Genocide, Nestorian Genocide,  
Chaldean Genocide, Pontian Greek Genocide perpetrated by my Turk ancestors...Dedicated to  
all genocide victims of World history at Rwanda, Bosnia, Cambodia, Darfur, Holocaust and  
others...)*

## All Negros of the World

*(Including pilfered stuff from Turkish poet Ceyhun Atif Kansu)*

*“Bring me the negros, all negros of the world  
Only they carry my coffin”  
Last words of street child Selami...*

I mean all negros of the world  
Bring here all negros  
Not only the black skinned ones  
Bring me all belittled people  
I mean all ignored ones  
“the stepchildren of Allah”<sup>1</sup>  
on whose face the Pain is  
flapping like a flag,  
I will swear last time to capitalism and you  
then I will fuck off from this damn planet

I mean all negros of the world  
Bring here the street negros  
who are written on the notebook of the life  
like a spelling error  
who are outright fired from  
the abdomen of their moms  
The ones manured by beating  
watered by swearing  
I mean the thistles  
in the duskiest garden of Arabesque  
whose history we memorialize  
with scattered syllables  
Bring me the ones saying “Love me with my fault”<sup>2</sup>  
Bring the ones saying “Love fucked my mom, baby”<sup>3</sup>

I mean all negros of the world  
Bring here the construction negros  
with their dreams reclined on foreing land  
the ones knitting the Reunion letter by letter  
the ones ignored by pimps with necktie  
Bring me the negros cleaning ladder  
hero elder sisters with their palms  
barricade for hunger  
eagle wing on their kids

I mean all negros of the world  
The massacred, assimilated, exiled negros  
Bring me all pain birds massacred in Kurdistan  
All bloody letters exiled from Dersim in 1938  
Also the ones you carried out genocide in 1915  
Bring me the mountains shushing the Past  
in Armenian, Assyrian and Greek

I mean all negros of the world  
I am a son of a bitch  
I scratched my pains on the logbook of the sky  
but nobody gives a fuck  
although I scream with pain  
how many ramshackle walls  
are feeling chilly inside me  
how many times the stumpy atlas of my name  
have been damaged

I mean all negros of the world  
This shit which I stuff in my vessel  
to delay the Pain  
has reached to overdose this time  
but I live in the curse of all negros whether you can't see  
one day all negros bring all ownership  
and oppression masters to account  
I have been heavy tonnage starved,  
I was a bastard in this streets  
all nettle nights and stray dogs know this very well  
even my own mom doesn't mercy me,  
only sparrows search the place of my grave  
I was born once but have been died countless times  
every day in your cruel planet  
Fuck your capitalism, your ownership greed  
I am fucking off now by making my pain a mirror  
to your dark consicience  
Enough! Now put lousy newsprint papers on me  
Anyhow the municipality buries my waif corpse  
Bring here all negros

### **Serkan Engin**

*"The stepchildren of Allah"<sup>1</sup>: Yilmaz Odabasi (Kurdish poet)*

*"Love me with my fault"<sup>2</sup>: Orhan Gencebay (Turkish singer)*

*"Love fucked my mom, baby"<sup>3</sup>: Serkan Engin (Laz-Turk poet)*

## Let's Divorce Turkey

*(Including pilfered stuff from Allen Ginsberg and k. Iskender)*

Let's divorce Turkey, before our relation gets ugly  
Let my poems stay with me and the custody of my broken fads with you  
As you left me in so much hunger and homelessness, stick your "tiny ships"<sup>1</sup> up your ass  
You have never made us play "box"<sup>2</sup> games full of wads of money  
We, as you know, whom you blew up with a rocket at 14 years old in Lice<sup>3</sup>  
Whom you raked with 13 bullets at 12 years old<sup>4</sup>, who are fighting for bread  
by hitting the pavements at the crack of dawn, the kids who are shot  
while going to buy bread<sup>5</sup>, the ones swelling up the fucked paunches of your chunky ones  
I mean, as you don't give a fuck about us, your order sir,  
we kick the bucket again in mines, building sites, factories  
Fuck it, what kind of a value we already have in front of the profit margin,  
Damn we,  
who make love without insurance and live the happiness unrecorded  
the ones producing new slaves for you by wrinkling their overshot youngness to the future  
the ones whom the pimps with necktie don't deign to recognize,  
the women looking after their children by collecting cardboard from dumps,  
the sales girls attaching gloom to their dowries by installments,  
the kids you accumulate for suicide and arabesque music  
by beating and swearing a blue streak,  
the ones trying to delay the hunger of their huge families  
by a poky pitch on their neck,  
"We, the stepchildren of Allah, the ones never backed up..."  
"We, the ones with ripped out buttons, the ones without beach chairs, the ones without wine"\*

I am opening your "box" Turkey; you don't have any more chance,  
Here is the bullshit, good appetite to you,  
Bury me inside a poem knitted with grief,  
Cross my heart,  
Otherwise I will divorce you!

## Serkan Engin

<sup>1</sup>"My son has a tiny ship (In Turkish: gemicik) not a ship" Tayyip Erdogan

<sup>2</sup> The ministers of Erdogan have been taped with shoe boxes full of bribery money taken from Reza Zarrab, but they are still free in Turkey, Reza is in prison in USA now.

<sup>3</sup> A Kurdish girl named Ceylan Onkol herding sheep at 14 years old had been blown up with rocket by Turkish soldiers without any reason, and this horrible event had been explained as an "accident". Nobody is punished because of this murder.

<sup>4</sup> A Kurdish boy named Ugur Kaymaz who was at 12 years old with no gun staying at home with his family had been raked with 13 bullets by Turkish police as being considered a "terrorist". Nobody has been punished because of this murder.

<sup>5</sup> A Turkish boy at 15 years old had been shot in the head by Turkish police as being considered a "terrorist" while going to buy bread for his family during the "June Protests" against the dictatorship of Tayyip Erdogan.

*\* Verses of Kurdish poet Yilmaz Odabasi writing in Turkish from his poem named "The stepchildren of Allah".*

## Between Cuba and Fatsa

*“I did everything for and with my people”*

*Fikri Sonmez\**

My heart belongs to Cuba, my comrades,,  
I am the same age as  
The children whose dreams  
Have been kissed by Fidel and Ernesto.  
My homeland is Fatsa in the year 1979,  
Time period of Fikri Sonmez,  
The best tailor of socialism.

Because of these, my comrades,  
My sparrow life is  
A daisy rain,  
Between Cuba and Fatsa.

## Serkan Engin

*\* Fikri Sonmez (Fikri the Tailor):*

*Fikri Sonmez was a tailor and socialist politician who served as the mayor of Fatsa district of Ordu Province in Turkey between 1979 and 1980. He had a political view parallel to Fidel Castro and Cuban Revolution in 1959. After his election as the mayor, he splitted Fatsa into eleven regions and created people's committees. He made campaigns against the violence against women, the poor infrastructure in Fatsa, gambling, diseases because of the bad conditions in the town. Because of his success he got support from different political movements in the town. On 11 July 1980, Turkish military conducted an operation against Fatsa. Fikri Sönmez was arrested and put into prison. He died of a heart attack in Amasya penitentiary on 4 May 1985.*

## **There is no God except Me**

Kiss me or shoot  
from my impish verses  
opening from yesterday to the far future.  
Shoot my hopes escaping from my words.  
I am the revenge of all despised ones in whole continents.  
I am an exclamation mark in front of the paradigm.

*-There is no God except Labour, my darling!*

Be the mother of the sparrows  
flapping in my sorrowful rib cage.  
I have been destroyed  
from my childhood to eternity  
with the lava days of my broken history.

*-There is no God except Love, my darling!*

Breed me to yourself from the clouds  
of the sky of your face.  
I have been created from the pain letters  
of all oppressed ones in the world.  
Never mind the flying ballons escaping  
from my short-length modest dreams.

*-There is no God except Me, my darling!*

Occupy my whole soul and skin  
with the vandal armies of your hands  
I am already drunk because of  
the dancing daisies at your voice  
Already reborn from your lips  
to the spring pages of the near future

*- There is no God except You, my darling!*

Kiss me or shoot  
from the wings of my mute memories  
telling themselves into the darkness.

Shoot my fads reducing me  
from the mountains of the struggle.

*-There is no God except Ourselves, my darling!*

**Serkan Engin**

*\* Special thanks to Gulden Akin, Mansur Al-Hallaj, Cemal Sureya, Karl Marx and Rumi.*

**BROKEN APPRENTICE**

## **Ladyboy Veysel**

Veysel is goddamned(!)  
gangrene of his father's seed  
he is much lambkin of his mother  
his dreams have gone on the streets  
in the dirty claw of the night

Veysel is a deserted monologue  
whom memories himself  
at the opposed shore of the life  
there are horseshoe marks of jades  
at the back of his hope

Veysel is goddamned(!)  
waste of the neighborhood  
at the shame digit of the street  
rectangular pains permeated  
into his marrows  
his hands are in  
the pocket of grief

Veysel is a deaf boat  
at the bottom of violence sea  
he is a bullet shot himself  
spelling suicide

: Veysel is a misspell in the prologue of his life

**Serkan Engin**

## **Brothel Trauma**

In the rooms full of  
decayed-dream scent  
the oldness of the doors  
opens to a wet disappointment  
fake orgasm symphonies permeated into the walls  
arabesque slogans are spelled on the mirrors.

The woman is the rebel acrobat  
of pain on the barbed wires  
strained between life and death  
she stitches up the torn desires at her pubic  
passes through the nitric acidic nights  
as laying her head on the shoulder of hope  
dirty banknotes occupy  
the rough geography of lust.

**Serkan Engin**

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