

Book Description

Every poem is my inner monologue that I try to share with you, my dear readers. I know how to make a vivid salad with words that can be aromatic, but bittersweet as well. You can taste it and feel what I felt when the drops of my ink dripped on the paper. These words are not just words, as they are eyes that look at you and tongues that talk to you through the deep caves of my soul. My poems are woven with metaphors, allegorical expressions, poetic descriptions and philosophical thoughts.

“ Time changed my shoes on the staircase of life.
The bottom step where I reached, is my last glide.
I sit there so calmly like a moonlit night.”

Here are the steps of life in a life's journey.

The most important ingredient of this salad is romanticism.

“It's me, no, it's not autumn rain.
I fall on your window pane.
I transform to a mild rain
to reach the lane,
where you stand and wait.
Come out, don't fear to get wet.
It's me, no, it's not autumn rain.
I arrive at your place day by day.
I fall from the sky to say,
'it's me on your way.”

Love and nostalgia “rain” in this short poem to let the reader touch the raindrops that are not cold but warm.

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From Sadness To Pain

These two butterflies are the tongues of silence.
These two faces meet one another.
The diamond dew decorates the crown of the air.
These two butterflies look at each other.
Aren't they lovers or are they just strangers?
They share sadness on their short ways.
Nor their past nor present is a decade.
It may be a month or even a day.
Their future may turn into drops of rain.
Could they be lovers like two shiny rays?
Could they be strangers with the same pain?
One face is a blossom like a precious jade.
Another face is an autumn leaf that rushes to fade.
These faces have changed for many decades.
They belong to the same one on time's running train.
The face of the past is a butterfly on a green lane.
The face of the present is a butterfly in some silver haze.
They look like dawn dew on the window pane.
The sadness from the past might have changed its shape.
It turned into pain with a crying rain.
These two faces meet at a crystal gate.
The face of the past was a snowflake, but it did not melt.
It dived to nostalgia to remain.
They greet each other with butterflies' dance.
Hey, what is left behind, anything like a pearl chain?
No, it may be dew diamonds on the air's lace.

The Broken Mirror

I wonder what is wrong with my face.
I don't know why my face is broken like a crystal lamp.
It looks like a desert sands that are cracked by the sun's strain.
The wrinkles made my face fade.
The ages drew their pictures there.
The mirror's shards tell me something else.
The mirror is broken, but not my face.
Its shards confuse my brain.
A lie may cover the truth with its cryptic veil.
I look at myself through the shards' gaps.
However, I cannot glue them.
Any happiness can be smashed.
There is no bandage on its face.
Its face can be viewed like a sandy lane.
The pencil of sadness may draw its sketch.
I look into the smashed mirror at myself.
The shards of the mirror give me pain.
The lies of the shards make me sad.
My face is lost in the shards' mess.
What isn't there, enough glue to mend?
The white rose of my dreams is there.

Your Goddess

You stretch your arms to hug her shoulders and neck.
You see that she is so far away.
The clouds build borders with their curly hands.
You stretch your arms and look up again.
Is she a goddess who seems to have come from an ancient age?
You worship her to write your scripts on her myth page.
Don't worry, she is a woman who will reach you one day.
You keep your eyes wide open to look for her face.
The remote miles curve tattoos on your nude chest.
She looks at you through the warm sunrays.
She talks to you with the moon's mystic tales.
Your goddess a woman who hasn't arrived yet.
She is your goddess whom you invented on your love's page.
The light beams create triangles in haste.
The triangles get the elderly pyramids' shapes.
You stretch your muscles to dig the clouds that cover her way.
Your days run as fast as the fastest trains.
Your days come and go with autumn rains.
Your days come and go with spring bluebells.
You look at the horizon again.
You wait for your goddess to embrace.
Your days come and go to tell you something else.

Look Up

Look up at midnight to see the stars.
The stars are fortunetellers or wizards.
What do they keep in their mystical eyes?
You love the flowers in blue and white.
The rugs of the gardens inspire your mind.
Always look up to see the sky's rug.
The one who loves you
will paint roses with a magical brush.
The painted roses will never fade like the fresh ones.
Always look up to explore the mysteries of the sky.
No one knows what God decides.
Only prayers fly high and high.
Only heaven knows what is right.
The fortunetellers open their playcards.
The prophets try to see what will come.
No one knows, but God does.
Life is a game of gamble under the sky.
The winner laughs, but the loser cries.
Always look up to talk to your heart.
Look up for your prayers every time.
The stars are wizards with their lit eyes.
Look up as your dawns wake you up.