

Müesser Yeniay

Inside Shell

There is pain inside my pain
like a fruit inside shell

my body is like an aching cloth
which I can not undress

they said now, I came
they said here, I reached

I broke the toys of my heart
the toys of my heart I broke

as if I am travelling inside a photo
at which you are looking
-you or who-

my hands and arms are piles
how come did I bring all that burden here

here
is the country of people whose teeth
were pulled from their chests

the tears fell down
the past got wet

--Ankara, Turkey