

Poetry Series

**Mehmet YILMAZLAR**  
**- poems -**

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**Mehmet YILMAZLAR(20.08.1978)**

# Colourr

Continous hate covers to the Earth;  
Owl eyed evils drink pOur lifes.  
Lines of wictims are lined in front of our eyes;  
Orphan of orphan child begs for a hand.  
Untrue stories are uttered to the blinds;  
Rulest of the world paints red to the land.  
Red; the colour of blood.

Mehmet YILMAZLAR

# Death

DEATH! DEATH! Terror of the life knocks to the door;  
Echos of screams starts to be heard.  
An abandoned life, a tearful lover,  
Through to after here, a Lone soul;  
Heart of the earth, a hired body  
Ouch! OUR ourselves fate;  
DEATH! DEATH! Terror of the life

Mehmet YILMAZLAR

# Earthquake

Time; 03,02 on 17 August  
I'm tipsy; lying in the bed.  
Land broke, my world rocked.  
For a moment;  
I went out.  
Everywhere in dust, in cloud.  
I didn't understand,  
What is the cause.

Screams, crys;  
Down buildings;  
Children\_embracing each other;  
Broking into pieces bodies;  
Broking into pieces families;  
Panic, chaos and blood lake.

Middle of the blood lake;  
I saw  
To pain, to death,  
To incopabling, to despair,  
To fear on the eyes of people,  
To flying souls towards to the paradise.  
...

Middle of the blood lake;  
I saw people;  
Who tackies, unhourables.  
Who burgling to the curpse bodies,  
Who looting to the houses,  
In short;  
I saw vultures which came from the hell.

Middle of the blood lake;  
I saw people;  
Who becaming a partner with our pain,  
Who crying together us,  
Who helping on the bad day,  
In short;  
i saw angels of heaven

Mehmet YILMAZLAR

# Farewell

Whenever growing night,  
Gloom coming down to my heart.  
You aren't with me yet again.  
I look to stars, to moon.  
i look dark\_blue and foggy sky.  
My loving beautiful  
Who is magnetic as much as moon.  
My loving beautiful  
Who is hot as much as sun.  
I can't forget you.  
In a hopeless, i am seeking to you;  
Not to be tired by seeking.

Whenever the phone rings,  
A hope cover to my heart  
Maybe; so that you are calling to me.  
Maybe; so that i can hear your sweet voice.  
Maybe; so that i can confess my regretful.  
It is coming from my interior,  
I wanna to scream.  
GIRL OF SUN; FORGIVE ME  
MEANING OF MY LIFE; FORGIVE ME  
I cant forget times;  
Whenever we were together.  
I'm still in love with you.  
You can't know,  
How much i love you.  
You can't imagine,  
How much i miss you.  
Coming my sense again.  
The caller isn't you.  
The ringing phone isn' mine.  
I am smiling by myself to myself.  
How much i did sillines;  
How much i acted sillines  
And now;  
I have lost my future, my happiness,  
I lost you forever.

I am walking at the ALONES\_STREET  
With love which is at my heart,  
With you who are at my sense.  
There is still a hope at my heart.  
Who can know?  
MAYBE;  
We can be together,  
On another life, in another place.  
\_FAREWELL My loving beautiful  
\_FAREWELL Till meeting junction of love  
\_FAREWELL DARLING\_SWEET

Mehmet YILMAZLAR



# Love Of Your Life

My little child.  
You are pure as much as flowing waters.  
You are clear and old enough to love.  
If you dont find love of your life,  
Will be tasted,  
Illness of illnesses  
You will look like water drops,  
Which fall from waterfall.  
Neither your body,  
nor your soul will be hurted.  
To the hurting  
If despair and grief escort  
your ending will be worse  
THAN..., THAN... THAN...  
They escaped from torment  
Which dominated their soul  
What if you, what if you  
Together every seconds you will have  
During the your life, you will wait to escape  
&#304; F YOU CAN FIND,  
YOU WILL BE THE HAPPIEST HUMAN ALL OF THE WORLD...

Mehmet YILMAZLAR

# Night Made Of Ice

Night made of ice.  
Centre of the darkness.  
Being abandoned, being misled,  
Being left solitude.  
My interior is in flames.  
I'm angry at myself,  
With all of my helpless.

Night made of ice,  
Centre of the darkness.  
I've imagined to  
Dying, paradise,  
Heaven's girls, wine rivers.  
Honey\_drinking fortunes,  
Gardens, flowers,  
And my heavy\_handed love  
Who abandoned me.

Night made of ice,  
Centre of the darkness.  
i'm cursing to myself  
For adding my loneless more loneless,  
For comforting myself with a bottle of wine.

Night made of ice,  
Centre of the darkness.  
I'm sitting in front of burned out fire.  
With my heart which is being broken,  
With my body which is unalive as much as stones,  
With my feelings which is frozen.

Night made of ice,  
i'm breathing my fate.  
Darling sweet who abandoned me,  
Alone and broken heart is here  
Center of the mounings  
Center of the hopeless,  
Center of the gloom,  
Center of the deep feelings,

At the night made of ice.

Mehmet YILMAZLAR

# Once Upon A Times

Once upon a times,  
I don' remember when it was.  
Being screamed, being cried,  
Being sung songs of death.  
Was washed, was cleaned,  
Was lied on the patiance stone.  
Being prayed after it.  
Was carried on shoulders once.  
Till was taken to the graveyard.  
Now it is still curpse.

Once upon a times,  
I don't remember when it was.  
Was burried while it was still living  
They bedrudge to it.  
Loving, being loving,  
Liking from simple things,  
Benefiting from world's blessings.  
Was despised,  
Was pushed and was shoved  
There is more,  
It is still curpse

Once upon a times,  
I don' remember when it was.  
Neither eating, neither breathing,  
Neither chatting, neither smiling,  
Neither loving, neither being loving,  
Nor it had became feeling the life,  
there is more.  
It is still curpse.

Mehmet YILMAZLAR

# Poet Of Darkness

Primitire feelings confuse us,  
Owing to the passion, lust.  
Enemy which is in the heart,  
Try to tunnel on the life.

Obstinate darkness comes down to the world.  
Fatal living creatures appears on the ground.

Devil's children sing fantastic hell songs  
Anarcy starts to dance in the gloom.  
Revolution of death which is bloodthirsty,  
Kill people who are on the bloom.

None can escape from tooth of grinder,  
Even if there are defender of favor.  
Sufferor souls cry for us in the night.  
Sooner or later, will be understood, i'm right.,

Mehmet YILMAZLAR

# tine's Day

TINE'S DAY; day of lovers.

The lover show theirs loves with flowers.

Vigorous love conquers to the stone hearts.

Arraws of Eros show the way of love.

Love letter calls to the owner,

Endlessly; being happy, being together.

None can leaves its lover during the day,

To tasta tasty minutes which will never be forgotten.

Immortal love whisper its impossible magic,

Nomad starts to emigrate to the love sea which is fantastic.

Everywhere on the world; enlighten, lunatic.

Sweet smell of love covers to the land,

Drops of love give life to the ground,

Angels of love gush around,

Years which are full of love never finish at the world

Mehmet YILMAZLAR

# Warrrious

Hey! WORLD.

Do you belive untrue stories.

Do u still belive, what Turkish's enemies have said.

We are said to be wild.

We are said to be killer.

We are said to be barbarian.

And more and more.

We aren't wild, nor killer, nor barbarian, nor...

We are warrrious.

We are warrrious.

We have been created to war our enemies.

We have been created to embrace our lover.

We are warrrious because;

We die for motherland.

We are warrrious because;

We die for flag.

We are warrrious because;

We die for nation.

We are warrrious because;

We die for trust of our ancestor, for freedom, .

.We are warrrious because;

We war for our holly value.

.We are warrrious because;

We kill in the war area at the war

To kill at the war is our holly justice.

We are warrrious; not war fun.

Enemies of turkish;

If you dont have brave enough to war to us,

Shut up and sit down on your...

Because, noone can liar till Doomsday.

We are ready for you and we will.

We will be here forever

Mehmet YILMAZLAR

# Wish

This body which had ruined at grief island;  
Have been startled under the darkest night,  
Have lied on the stone which is impossible cold,  
Have thought love fire which is ticklest.

I wish;

I didn't get older; always became a child,  
In front of family house, i was playing games;  
I didn't taste what longing was; what leaving was...  
My beautiful who is far far away me,  
I didn't have to live to the life without you.

Mehmet YILMAZLAR