

**BLUE WOMB OF THE OCEAN***Lamia Berki\**

Smouldering of a pearl  
In a mellifluous shell of oyster  
Inundated with the pattern of tides  
Makes me wonder how deep  
Was the abyss  
Of your chaotic passage's rites  
  
How many times you sloped up  
From the deepest desires of th'infinite blue  
To the ephemeral motions of the tides  
Surrounded by the clammy dew?  
  
Was it so long before  
You found a chokepoint to breathe  
Through the wings of your shell,  
When you stuck in your very point  
To choke on the surface of your deepest breadth?  
  
You, not entirely awake  
Beyond the reflection of your candle  
Under the flaring lake  
Are beaming and calling me  
  
To the edge of our pattern-free tides  
To make everymoon jealous of us.  
  
Unbendingly pure you are,  
What a pleasure to be cognizant of  
Who you are.

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\* Ege Üniversitesi İngiliz Dili ve Edebiyatı Bölümü Öğrencisi