

ORISON TO DALIA*Gülcan Irmak Aslanoğlu**

Should I tip my hat humbly
As the time leaves me behind
Like a train skipping a stop
Saluting you with the confusion it derives
Solely from its unfitting presence

Should I tip my hat humblr
With a withering smile on my face
When all the passed days smirk at me,
An expression that I read as blasphemous and vile,
The unholiness of it leaves me guilty

Should I tip my hat humbly
Wooed by the repressive obedience
That bounds my wrists severely
In blatant persistence, forcing me to be mundane
When my heart burns with righteous resistance

Should I tip my hat humbly
Though flocks of sorrow besiege me
Empowering my whole being with sins
That were too hard for me to resist
Challenging my fragile perversity

Should I tip my hat humbly
To the stilled image of Giltiné
Through my window that shows a finale
How come life is all used up so suddenly
And I am only expected to be happy

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