

CITY DWELLERS

*whatever there is to write
write it on the walls
of this deserted city*

*man can get as cold as stone
and dying, he gets some warmth from his stone*

*poetry is the shroud for words
a blind man seeing
his own death all of a sudden*

*whatever there is to write
write it on the walls*

*you are as free as the city
as deserted as the city
as dead as the city*

Zafer Şenocak, born 1961 in Ankara. He studied literature, politics and philosophy. He has published books of poetry and essays. His poems, prose, essays and criticism are published/broadcast in German newspapers and TV.

