

ÇİÇEK PASAJI

*Here on the dirty edge of everything
The streets dark, pleasure uncertain.
But the fish and flowers are bright
As the loud throats of the stallkeepers!*

*Pipes of bones, and wigs and shawls of tripes;
Fish like wet embryos of fallen angels
Head down or gills unhinged
Caught by a beneficent fisherman
At some willed apocalyptic abortion
Of all the other world; lights behind glass;
Tulips on fire; spices bright as pigments;
Hissing of cooking; globes of oranges;
Our tight fingers, interlaced in wool.*

*And in dark alleys, a flickering bucket,
The hopeful outcast's fire.*