

**THE BELT, THE FRAME, THE FLYWHEEL**

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*I'm sitting in the garden with my collar open.  
Years it's been since I undid my collar.  
I'd completely forgotten the garden, it seems,  
the basil in those tin cans over there;  
at one time,  
children used to play behind the fence.  
A mortal silence after so many deaths.  
Birds are perched in the neighbours withered tree.  
I could almost believe that if I raised my head  
I could see the sea. The hope of hopeless days.  
How many of them are still alive  
whom I used to know in the old café  
by the pond, who used to sing  
on night shifts: Wound, oh secret wound?*

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*Nazım Hikmet* (1902-1963), born in Salonika, the master of Turkish poetry, a devoted communist.