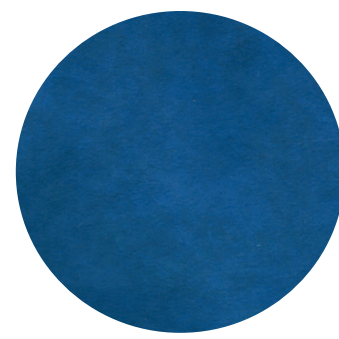




I Listen To Istanbul

I listen to Istanbul, my eyes closed:
First, a light wind blowing
A soft wind swaying
The leaves in the trees,
And far off in the distance
The tinkling cups of the water-seller;
I listen to Istanbul, my eyes closed.
I listen to Istanbul, my eyes closed:

Now the birds are passing
In high clamoring flocks,
Nets are pulled in at the fisheries,
A woman's feet graze the water;
I listen to Istanbul, my eyes closed.
I listen to Istanbul, my eyes closed:

The cool covered bazaar,
Mahmutpasha, the courtyards
Filled with warbling pigeons,
Hammer sounds from the docks,
Smells of sweat in my lovely Spring wind;
I listen to Istanbul, my eyes closed.
I listen to Istanbul, my eyes closed:
An old world drunk in its head,
A waterfront palace with a dark boat shed,
The humming of the lodges ceases inside;
I listen to Istanbul, my eyes closed.
I listen to Istanbul, my eyes closed:
A pretty young girl walks by
Chased by taunts, come-ons and curses,
Something falls from my hand—

Surely a rose;
I listen to Istanbul, my eyes closed.
I listen to Istanbul, my eyes closed:
A bird is fluttering in your skirts,
Your brow is hot, I know,
Your lips are wet, I know, I know,

A white moon rises behind the pistachio trees—
I understand the pounding of your heart;
I listen to Istanbul, my eyes closed.

Orhan Veli Kamk