

**Zafer Şenocak**

*Forgotten Journeys  
to the Past*

*I breathed by you | password  
world | at night every trip  
leads abroad | I could have  
stopped | Refugees run across  
the meadow*

*Translated by Özlem Karuç*

*Field Trip*

*Translated by Veronica Cook Williamson*



*I breathed by you*

and the room suddenly became wide  
windows in front of my chest  
the eyes shut and in flight  
houses dangled below me  
on their ties  
and one room became two  
two words four  
then strife endless time  
and trembling walls  
one person borders on the other  
civilian life a continuation of war  
by other means  
how many words are four by four meters  
I calculated in my head  
and unlearned to divide  
the door goes there  
the window over there  
and a little more wind please  
onto the skin

*password world*

owner certificates for curbsides  
houses open and lock themselves  
passersby on the outskirts  
on leave  
fall over  
roaring living  
by the recreation area  
city falcons bred and released  
land on the windowsill  
and the gutter across

*at night every trip leads abroad*  
an old man and a young woman  
two languages  
which moves away  
which returns home  
no word uttered on the way  
picture stories drive through the head  
the night train  
from the last century  
been on the run  
human beings driven into pits  
and back again  
under the heaven of the poor  
the train is on time  
at every border  
foreign lands turn into foreigners  
one speaks the other language  
who are you when you are among them  
an old man a young woman  
time without train stations would be the longest river  
On its route  
Unsecured roundish objects made of glass  
Above the heads could shatter

*I could have stopped* understanding everyone

I could have stopped thinking of tea at noon

I could have stopped, in my room, thinking of the eggshells in the kitchen, their filling assisting the dough in the oven towards a new skin color

I shouldn't have forgotten that an official petition must be submitted for every change of skin color, which must be approved

I should have smelled deadlines without thinking of them

I could not have known that the formulation of an application was a morning prayer

I should have heard the Father calling to prayer

I should have given up idolizing sleep in my youthful negligence

I should have written down all my laziness and my sins no longer to be remembered

I should have known that by forgetting my house forfeits space and the only room I have left measures hardly more than a coffin

I could have stopped

I shouldn't have been allowed to forget

I should have known

How it works

To repent without begging for guilt

*Refugees run across the meadow* in front of the school  
Straightening the kinked flower stems  
They do not want to be confused with truants  
With the last dilettante escape of the captured  
    Stop Halt!  
don't you notice that we want to ride along

Between the berry bushes red and blue  
Their stride assimilated they dare  
To go up to the vineyards  
    there the wood grouse pushed its call  
    into the morning breath  
between the full branches ripe and round  
daylight has broken