

Poems to Turkey, by Ifigeneia Kaskanioti

All the nights are red and noisy.  
all the nights are full of sadness  
If only the nights was  
black and silently.

-----

I look the sunrise  
and I see the horizon  
I distinguish a line  
and a wounded form behind her,  
If only I could reach her  
and help her  
If only I could reach her.

-----

What nation is this?  
rich  
it has nice buildings, expensive cars  
it has nice stores  
Ah.. What a nice square  
What grinning people  
How lucky they are  
they live in a wonderful place.  
BUT I am thinking my city  
without streets,  
my inner city  
with beautiful streets  
I will be happy there  
not here.