

ΠΑΘΟΣ / PATHOS

BLACK PASSION

MEHMET YAŞIN

Translated by Ruth Christie

ΑΣ2.29

PATHOS/ΠΑΘΟΣ

BLACK PASSION

Pathos

this was the name you gave me as I was leaving

so wherever I went

I'd go with my name

Crazy "PATHOS" you run away

Before telling yourself "don't go!"

To Hell with your fantasies

I need pencil and paper and a desk

I WANT TO COMPLETE ONE POEM IN ONE PLACE.

As I put out to sea you were the last

islander calling after me: Pathos,

your love for me like one of our folk songs

or a mountain village

but I'll never go back

Pathos, it's a sigh of the past---

I won't take a flight to London

I'll post you an underground ticket

then you can go to the devil

from any station you like.

Pathos you know your crimes

you open the door in English

make love in Greek, that's that!

or address me in Turkish.

I shall go, this country trackless island Pathos knows no love

in all our history there has never been

a crime for love.

Alone on the island of Imroz without a penny

surrounded everywhere by sea,

I'm sick for home.

[Yesterday entered my dream,

I am left at Orly

we kiss before take-off

'I too was born in Nicosia' she says,

for the first time speaking in Turkish
 her secretive eyes like two green leaves
 conjure fiery dust-clouds
 and eucalyptus trees
 from magic bottles buried deep in earth...
 'Come,' she says suddenly, 'change your ticket
 let's go back'
 - I woke to the lowing of cattle -
 if she hadn't been sure I would go
 she certainly would not have pressed.]
 Pathos apart from us two
 there is no one else in the world
 if you call me call me in Turkish
 but on your Republic of Cyprus passport there's no Turkish
 - my name is in letters I don't understand -
 the portly receptionist at the hotel
 looks at the passport and stares and demands
 'Nationalité, Monsieur?'
 and that is the question.

See here Pathos
 if you still claim the Republic of Cyprus as your country, I'll be off
 from Cannakale by boat at sixteen hours,
 I tell you Pathos seriously I'm off...
 But I was scared to death when you said
 'Go, I fear involvement with you'.
 This is outrageous, I will tell the world
 I will - you'll see.
 How many hours ahead is London Pathos
 I've tried so hard to be in love with you - and now I'm tired -
 I wish, I say, I'd chosen different work
 I was in search of a human being, man or woman,
 I wanted to love and be loved
 - and also paper, pen and desk -
 I'm still in search of love Pathos only love
 Someone whoever.

Now I don't want to think I'm not really in love with you
 stop me please
 Pathos I've no idea how I'll endure this world
 thinking of you I dance with my last love thinking of you
 Pathos I wish there was someone else in the world but the two of us
 but there isn't!
 - now in the end I've fallen in love and I suffer -
 Speaking in English I roam the Aegean, they're so polite
 When the police ask my identity I answer in English
 Whenever I'm in a spot in Turkey Pathos
 I'm English or Greek, even Turkish
 [Another dream from Imroz,
 Pinocchio's nose can get no longer when he lies
 he dials number 1958 on television-phone
 'No official pronouncement as yet on our identity
 We must pretend not to be Cypriot,
 and not write poetry with reference to history
 Till the history of Cyprus has been rewritten...'
 In the Hospital of Psychological Nervous and Peace Disorders of 1974
 as I write down what they'd said
 He looks at me from the television screen in the guise of a nurse saying Hush!
 I switch the channel:
 POETRY FOR ME IS THE ANGEL OF DEATH WHO CAN'T BE POSTPONED.
 But instead of poetry apparently I said PATHOS.
 We two are the only ones left in the world
 Pathos the time is half-past-three, I'm leaving
 farewell...

Ah Pathos

if I had a country other than you I'd go there
 I'd go and you'd be Greek
 snow would fall on your mountains where wolves in their packs would flock
 These ceremonies of departure are a game you know well
 Pathos my child be sensible
 where on earth could you go without me
 I am the captain of all the vessels you board.

Love me Pathos I say to you love me love
because I want to love you because I must
I can even say it in Greek σ' αγαπο

I love you I'm leaving I love you
I love you I'm leaving
I'm leaving
I love you I'm leaving

Reply as soon as you get my letter
call me in Turkish at once
otherwise I shan't budge from Istanbul.

July - August 1987

London - Paris - Izmir - Istanbul (and island of Imroz)

P.S. The rendezvous you gave me in Athens was a trick
if you mean to be reconciled let's make love in Alexandria
I LOVE YOU

I LOVE YOU I'M LEAVING

*So you are going Pathos but where?
If you leave a poem half-finished, it won't leave you
if you throw it away in shreds
if you run and mix with the crowds
the poem will know you even from afar
and from your intense concentration you'll find yourself utterly alone...
Now love is the power
you Pathos can make no decisions
- goodbye - there's no more to say.*

I'm saying too much to no purpose
Pathos I can neither go nor return
when this poem is finished you too, I fear
will be finished -
the Tokyo market collapsed war will break out
Love is a crime Pathos love is suicide
when I repeat *I love you* I'm in love with love
with the impossible.
(dreams stir and weep,
I search for our happy memories they don't exist
I search my soul in vain
I lose one every night
repeating *I love you I love you*
to put in the place of my loss...
But like a needle long left in an armchair
one memory stabs my flesh:
The door swings to and fro, the phone rings
the woman's voice her lips in the dark
I'm saying goodbye to my friend who has killed her lover
as the train leaves: you come down the stairs in your purple corset
'There were three weapons - all still in the room'
I'm running
the moment I turn my head, you're calling my friend
you're calling as I sleep in the room
with bitter cries Love leaps in the bed
I'm running
I wish I'd come out of this nightmare before it turns real
I'm still running on the spot) I'm running...
Wherever you run on Imroz there's the sea
our dreams like a child falling and running - -
Pathos there's no such person
Pathos there's no such country
- but how to endure such a loneliness -
Pathos nobody knows you but me
farewell.

I'm going to Nowhere by Cyprus Airways
 there's noone left to be lost or won
 the waves like white wolf-hounds are watching
 my house on the sea
 and noone can leave or enter.

I'm continually changing planes Pathos *I love you*
 the awaited phonecall arrives in the cities I'm always leaving
 Yesterday as was noted I nearly died of sorrow
 On the 12th. of November I nearly threw myself from the window
 and you too...

there's nowhere better than Paris for the funeral of Love.
 Since the time we laid hands on each other's power
 and you made me feel like a rebel's manifesto
 there's revolution between us
 and now or never a movement for Love.

Never Pathos never for the world is a blood-clot
 Hobbes' homo homini lupus at our back
 Leviathan's a Phoenician Dragon
 in Ankara shrieking sirens with blue lights
 hocus pocus Pathos Pilatus
 sirens in Ankara shriek -

'We banished none but you' the officer said
 BUT ALREADY POETRY HAD BANISHED ME FROM EVERYWHERE
 Pathos the world was a coloured balloon blown up by my mother, bang
 as Sevda and I were discussing the Cyprus matter over the washing
 you outdated Janissaries, Jeunes Ottomans, I said
 is the Bosphorus and raki in the planetrees' shade
 only for you? - and the arabesque song -

What if I Fell in Love?

I'll never leave Istanbul.

I'll stand in Trafalgar Square
 till Mandela is released

to be with the seekers of freedom..

I made my last decision Pathos this moment,

I'll never come back

farewell.

(Your letters keep saying "don't come"
 meaning "come"
 I go on loving
 in letters from London with Istanbul fish stamps:
 are you a true friend Pathos
 or something fishy that comes by post
 engraving of a grand vizier
 his turban like a withered knob of garlic
 another Istanbul memory - -
 Moustached waiters who spit on the floor while they serve
 Midnight and hooting horns
 The police took the belt you gave me
 it split open my back in prison see what deep wounds
 I was lousy and washed three days and nights with Hexachloride
 Forbidden moreover to walk on the grass or not walk
 I swore to give nothing away
 No Comment
 apart from me nobody knows you Pathos
 farewell.)

This is sure
 I made love with your history
 before I explored your geography
 time stopping in the Year of Zero when Jesus was born to die
 where shall I go if I return?
 you'll punish me if I leave
 - for love's final avowal is hate -
 I'll be the only one who knows what you really are.
 You're a closed envelope sealed with my name: Pathos
 last of the Greeks
 In the temple of Aphrodite demeaned to this nuclear monastery
 a prayer half-Moslem - - Holy
 this passion is madness Pathos and so is our loving
 holy holy holy! - - -
 (Dreams pass through my heart and ships pass through my dreams

On Imroz island I wait the last boat
 dangerous chasms on Imroz Pathos chasms
 those who fall into dreams fly down their own abyss - -
 'Love is a rape tether my hands'
 And death death
 your enormous deep green eyes are tracking me down
 'You will write on death you were born for this'
 death
 Pathos you're a passion imprisoned which stutters
 leaving leaving it's certain I'm leaving
 Don't look for another letter from me: Pathos-Cyprus
 Pathos poetry Pathos you
 tonight I'm killing myself for you all three.
 'It's too late for living or dying
 the dead can't escape from the Land of the Dead'
 'No Pathos clear out of my way'
 I say for the last time look I'm leaving
 I love you it's certain I love
 I can't help it)
 καθαρισ των παθεματων
 LEAVE ME LEAVE ME MY LOVE OH LEAVE ME
 hold always with passion or let go at once
 or follow me - I know nothing
 Pathos I know nothing of anything nothing Pathos
 Pathos
 farewell!

LOVE AND FAREWELL