

**POEMS**

**by**

**Zuhal Güvener**

**Sarajevo**

in this city  
only walls speak  
openly  
while tomorrow beckons  
with her siren song  
walls picket for remembrance  
but  
laughter shies away,  
skittish as a war-worn heart

in this city  
only walls have memories  
while cooler heads caution and counsel peace  
walls raise their mute song in defiance but  
hearts  
shy away, heavy  
as a war-torn land

in this city  
the eyeless watch over the careworn  
the heartless rule over the hatelorn

**time**

cat-padded evenings  
strung around the swan neck of my Lady Time  
shine darkly glorious in their inexorable passage  
each jewel  
burning kitten-clawed  
drift past  
a slow slow waltz  
lashing their feather touch

on my face  
 i  
 cradle  
 in my arms  
 each forgotten dream  
 and  
 sip  
 each  
 inky  
 drop  
 alone  
 apart  
 but for  
 my Lady Time

### **life in the city**

the fog is calling

shades drifting

walking  
 walking  
 walking

no soul safe  
 no soul in sight

the fog is thick  
 no stars shine  
 no moon to brighten the daze

walking walking walking

no owls hooting, the silence deafening, shades drifting drifting drifting

no promise of morning

### **thornbird**

you  
 are  
 a thorn

in my heart  
with each beat  
pulsating  
pain  
i  
sing  
sweeter

\*In the book *Thornbirds*, by Colleen McCullough, a thornbird refers to a mythical bird that searches for thorn trees from the day it is hatched. When it finds the perfect thorn, it impales itself, and sings the most beautiful song ever heard as it dies.

### **funeral**

i haven't saved  
my tears in a bottle  
ill-fitting tribute  
i thought  
acid as they were  
pasted together  
in a wreath  
i'm giving you  
my smiles  
instead

\* Tear bottles were prevalent in ancient Rome and Egypt, when mourners would collect their tears and bury them with loved ones to show honor and devotion, or send them with their lovers or husbands when they went to battle.