



Drawing by J.U.C. (NY, 2011)

Poetic Diary – I.

*While I was in New York about
one-and-a-half to two-years ago...*

A CITY IN SPACE

*There is a perception that
everything exists in the universe
as if it has been reflected
through the mind of mankind...*

by Bircan ÜNVER

I was in a forest densely filled with very tall and wide pine trees

There was a hillside at the entrance of the forest...
Just like the one at the entrance of the Forest Park by the Park Lane
which is 10 minutes from where I live

However, all the pine trees on the hillside were uprooted and carried away
The earth in the denuded open area was still very fresh and wet
As if it was fallowed that day with the purpose of farming!

I was deeply saddened
They had turned this space bald – probably to use it for farming, *I thought...*
I reached to the flat surface at the end of the hillside,
which was stretching to an endless area
and was also covered with pine trees reaching up to the sky...

I wanted to recline my back on a pine tree like I always do,
whenever I go to the Forest Park...
Because trees are my most trustworthy and closest friends that I can lean on to...

As soon as I sat down, however,
I could not endure anymore to watch the uncovered
open-wide-and deep rectangular pit still with the wetness of the soil
as if it was just freshly carved out and turned inside out...

This time I am stretching on the ground
when I start to gaze into the sky from amidst the pine trees
I am seeing many exciting vivid, dynamic and moving images -
amazingly beautiful - stretching up further away
from the top branches of the pine trees
The sky is bright blue with many bubble shaped layers of white clouds
One on top of the other
There is another layer much further, like an open gate turned inward
as if looking into a small lively globe with its own sky, *yet transparent.*

It was situated in between bubble layered white clouds and the bright blue sky
bursting with its own sky – trains riding on railroads built in the air,
with airplanes, green parks, and sky-scrapers...
This scene made me feel as if I was in a futuristic city...

Instantly, I feel like I am watching the surface of the earth,
from a very high sky-scraper or from an airplane
but not from bird's eye view - just as if it is right over my head
Although, I am still lying down under the pine trees in the Forest Park
watching a space city up high in the sky from amidst the clouds...
With these two strong simultaneously contradicting feelings
as it is in real life, *I woke up!!*

As soon as I woke up in the morning, I went downstairs
to tell my young son about this dream of mine with its warmth,
as if it had left a more durable trace than any event
that I experienced by living through...

I was not satisfied with just verbally expressing that space city,
the one that I had watched in my dream
tried to convey the things that I saw on a paper
by immediately grabbing my son's crayons,

But decades had gone by
without holding a crayon or drawing a pattern...

I still can remember it, if not in its entirety
as if it was a real experience and
feel this dream even today...

*(I wish, we could record or take photos of our own dreams
those that have left a huge impact on us and enriched our imagination!)*

Yes, as if this city which is flying in space still exists
It appeared transparent and translucent in my dream...

Some dreams leave unforgettable traces
while the actual events that we have lived through
might rapidly be forgotten without a trace both in mind and in one's life...

This dream was one of those that left an unforgettable impact in my real life...
With that effect, I conveyed this dream
on paper while it was still fresh in my mind...
Yet, this dream did not end there either,
it found another way to extend its impact through these lines as well...

Translated from Turkish to English by Fatma SARIKAYA

English revision is dated January 6, 2018.

Drawing by: J.U.C. 2011, New York

Special Thanks to: **Fatma Sarikaya for her contribution to making this available in English as well.**

Disclosure: Above "Poetic Diary" is an adaptation from its Turkish originally written-and-printed version in the "Işık Yollarında" Poetry book (2017, Istanbul). **#IşıkYollarında @IşıkYollarında**

This is not a verbatim translation. B.Ü.