

MASTER ISLAND

**GIZEM
OKULU**

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

MASTER ISLAND

GIZEM OKULU

TIPPED PRESS

tippedpress@gmail.com
tippedpress.co.uk

**Printed in Cambridge, UK,
in an edition of 150 copies.
May 2018.**

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Some of the poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *BOTCH*, *Paradise Lost*, *Infinite Editions* and the anthology *Wretched Strangers*. Thanks to the editors, and thanks to Rosa van Hensbergen.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Night Poems	1
Exit Point on Earth	8
Master Island	18

Night Poems

run

run from your owner!

run

run

Night Poems



*You place yourself into this room.
You form impossible directions to your body.
You run away from the languages surrounding you.
You hear the voices when they speak.
You would reply to them with warmth, smiling.
When you come their water marks our knees.
A fast cut that lingers and parts the landscape.
We walk among the silence.
The indifferent rain
Of what is to come.*

*You and I
We talked about the endless summers
The possibilities of fleeing from the sun...*

I.

Night. In a country in the north.
Neither too hot nor too cold.
I found myself a lonely language
Behind the three walls all
brown with dust of the earth.

Horrible dreams and more to come.
Projected in a room. Minute-hands and scorpions.
Where *that* is the ultimate winner at all times.
Where no matter how much the truth is reflected,
the reflection does not show much.

I'm writing these now on a very curious desk with
books king-size cigarettes under the smoke
and with the smell of old furniture the memories
of other people are easily erased from this room.

I do not want to go back I leave everything.
I do not want to go back I leave everything to
that country of hills because I wake and see this
systematic loneliness that they slowly created,
this deadly smoke slowly, and this fog fog...

In a city surrounded by its own domes
planes find their way using telepathic coordination.
But where am I going. Where am I going.
I'm travelling in my grey nightdress. In my red veil.
But where am I going. On my head a harpsichord.
A harpsichord. When I sing a lullaby on double-
decker
busses, jumping from one train to another.
When I smell that perfume my mother wore for years,
where am I going.

Night. In a country in the north.
All scars close except *that* one...

But how nice all of these...
The choir of exhausted voices...
To read fortunes from mystical foreheads...

Besides today I'm writing all the
words that I was trying to escape.
In a different language. In a different space.
That *instructive voice in exile* I wake up with will
one morning find itself informing every authority.

It will give me a hundred new names.

Because from now on to fear is banned.
To resist silence, its restlessness that is
slowly shutting you
is banned.

To re-inhabit yourself is banned.
And this feeling of emergency is nothing but an
extension of my anger by imagination.
Because when all these walls are destroyed
maybe we will see the sun for the first time in centuries.

A cathartic woman will come by dancing to the
heart of the city. That lonely heart.
Until they catch us barefoot.

Shhhhhhh. There is no more silence. No more games.
No more scans. I say no more no more.
Because here we do not accept simple explanations.
Because here we are the A and we are the Z.
We are the ones who glean our shadows
in the land of destruction, then displaced thousands of times,
trying to collect the pieces in a blue circle.
There are mysterious things happening in this geography,
you probably know by now...

Never mind, master,
We will come back later.

One day I will return in my decadent clothes.

III.

The rains
were raining

The rains
were raining

The rains
were raining

As if forever,
when we were passing
all the rivers...

Exit Point on Earth

Here is my anger you were looking for
but it no longer serves you

I will make and let it
speak through
a replica repelling
your ideas of my self

But from here nothing looks like love or to me, at least

I wake up blood and thirsty sugar plum. There
are forces I'm not sure I can handle. All
so loyal, would not break in this posture
holding you too dense I think it's an act.

(We call it "song" for there are no words
here)

For the cutting of paper with no job
no necessity you come in when you
want to, pretending to be discreet yet
there is something else
something else

After a day of ruins
I want to dress sharp and have a memory
more resilient

I'm like this towards the winds
I'm like this coming - going
sitting on a tiny island
drinking a tiny cup of whiskey
in a self hundreds of thousands of miles away
watching the echo of the sound waves

I'd have given up
interrupting sentences
become indifferent
having thrown away
every thing
for cheap life
so beautiful

But I cannot accept this, I said
We can't risk another interruption
triggered by the same smoke,
events that emptied houses
barricades, you say

On the roofs of islands,
we try harder for what
can be represented -
the promise of their sun,
our lack of desire for things,
words that are breaking me
in the morning -
I've tried to keep them
from falling

Here the work is not complete and its future is
unattainable on earth. It knows every growing
fracture of your room, your endless counting at
nights; the plan, you have made it yours, in each
procrastination, by persisting on the importance of space
on the importance of symbols that haunt you,
that part you, perfectly
into their small calculations
so you go back to your rebel zone
spinning
 silently.

So much I don't believe
I've waited for my strength
worked opposed to the literal time

I'm sharpening
my words
in all the right rooms
I can get in

Forever, anticipating
what the center
can hold
what imagery costs

running
not belonging to anyone
I get up with them

Give me your answer
your secrecy, the dream
when you awake
against the cracks in the light,
the end of the world,
the whole of it

We are against
(thousands did)
on an everyday basis
no song sang
as if tonight
they would talk to me
and say there is nowhere
to meet you
in this condition

The events
are no longer
interesting
they haven't
been for a while

Now what you have to do
you have to do with yourself

Master Island

*An ancient fairy tale
from straits faaaar away
nothing unusual
An ancient fairy tale
where time is missing
and where only memories are living
in a glorious city
with your highest monuments*

*men
jobs
and children*

*and with your expectations
ruins out of sight
and with my expectations
slow and ever sloooower
slowing down*

*that indifference
which draws me towards myself...*

For I have not been given a name
I was never born out – out *there*
I have no nationality no religion no gender no job
I survive with the ink in my blood
Turning your rains into flame
I float I float
Above and under your cities covered in dust

When the sun makes you go mad and
drunk with all of its colors

In waters and sea drunk
We arrive in The battlefield
Ready to settle

In here, Master Island, we have made surfaces for leaving
things
and overcome prolonging fears.

“In Master Island
 everything grows
in spite of itself
 feelings disarm
lessons learned
 time for reckless
reckless teeth”

There's no secrecy here
there's no gate growing

In this island we all hate
Some of us more than others
In drunken nights together

That manic melody in my head
I go with
under the zinc rain

Today there is no more sleep in my city
there is no sound

I am changing
the heat the temperature
of things to come

& it is already
inside

it needs no
supervision

But all my enemies are dead

I have no balance

can you see, can you really see
my shortsighted reader

we carve letters
instructions on the floor
now thousands of words
are manufactured to be triggered

spitting particles of air
frosty silver air
thousands of voices

I come here to reinvent your dances
Your exaggerated moves
your terrible way of things
our days that won't end

Our disturbance is not the sky but the familiar.
our earth is dust and rusty metal fools
our earth is shattered by the prospect of earthquakes
& its wind spins you, silently

this is an eclipse in nowhere
now rush autonomy channel
vertigo of finite lines

we'd displace ourselves anywhere &
zigzag our way into
the shapelessness of trees

what remains is
the hand

blinded by the
symptoms of
the look

= the destruction of things
My anger is My anger is My anger is My win

Who navigates us
to the underground world?

I'd wish to leave no traces in archives
I start when there is no longer an event,
a prepared absence of things,
to construct texts, mediums
the same as the last
I rush from one night into another
where no daylight reaches
where I am willing too here

I want the sky grinding with no rhythmic
Responsibility

For I crawl out – out
of my place
I do not seek
Solitude I work
Fast as Mach fast
In the motionless air

Because I needed something prophetic
to cover up this piece of
paper I hold

they have come from many accidents
reckless
to find deluge in meaning
All the impatience the flights
yet everything is unmoving

*RNA, the messenger of
everything
come back!*

Because what we don't see
we want
what we don't hear
we need

Sometimes letters
are to be read
with dread

Becoming another color among seven
in crystal-trace incarcerated,
walking hands-in-pocket
raises some suspicion,

Fear this must be
Fear he too shall incarcerate me

"Crystal-trace,
Crystal-trace,
Eyes baby-blue
Waiting for dissolution

Crystal-trace
a crystal skull
a brain made out of wigs
and his catatonic looks"

Today, everybody is transmigrating
Today, everybody is far away
And nobody cares about the radio

And what about those
left behind
women of deluge?

Expecting, in a land missing time,
To recover what is lost.

Master island
stands still

its sun does not burn your face
but you still wonder
wishing for a leaking city

S.O.S. now S.O.S.
Only some eaten paper
Will cross this demonology

I will float some endless sea with no shelter
live trackless under precision
there is no magical geometry here
only space to fully breathe in

you have seen this before you know it

against the raging regime of the sun
I did it to overcome fear
I did it to rest my skin
but I had to know I had to know

I'm hoping to be trackless enough to see.

Once I blew up the entire universe with my cheap lighter
What would be left
If I disorganized everything
All my words in your patterns of speech
Shut out the wild silence

& this is what I saw
been travelling the sea
for so many years
after I promised that I won't live under your false
pretenses

I found myself flying
And with my skirt above
Your bridges, really fast
I was ready

I will take what I take from you and leave you to age
sitting there all rusty when today's sun comes up

No I don't want your rain songs
to become the cosmos

In the constant repetition
Now changing our words
We remove our steps
But we did not come here for that.

Those big bandits
Slow the movement
Of jaws

Somewhere in a galaxy far, far away
A women undresses herself from her polemics
To the elegy of the slowest
moments
To the difference between hatred
and disconcern

Ready-set-go

“Ah, you are a *wild* one
Speaking such terms”

Your houses are not safe
when I am feeling most explosive
waiting to step out of your game

then I am building my mouth through damage.



