

Spring 1996

O Gece / That Night

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Recommended Citation

Cire, Dilsad (1996) "O Gece / That Night," *mOthertongue*: Vol. 3 , Article 21.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umass.edu/mot/vol3/iss1/21>

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That Night

Pushing so hard nearly stopped my heart;
I became unconscious with a sore fart.
Tapping on the ground helped me a lot
Because I was nervous and standing in the
middle of the club.

I said, "Ohwhat a journey!"
He said: "Don't even talk to me like that
bitch!"
I was amazed at myself
Because I pushed him so hard to the floor.

I turned around with no regret;
But.....Where was I all of a sudden?
I thought I lost my consciousness
"What the fuck is **this** shit?"
Oh my God! It is a piece from the vomited
tart!

I said: "My heart can't stand this anymore.
Convince me not to start the end of the fight.
Because isn't he just a townie anyway?
I could die from his stench.

Jerks jerks...they are everywhere.
I looked at him straight
But he threw me a lock of his hair; Shit!
A lock of my hair . . .Where was I all of a
sudden again? Damn it!
I said: "I hate boots sometimes!"

He started slam dancing with the pencils.
They were flying and painting the lights.
I caught one that was red and,
Yes! He was crying out
Because I stabbed him in the heart.

Poor kid rolling on the floor
(Like me as usual...)
I was proud of myself
Because I taught him the power of the mad!

Then I liked it:
I liked being in the jungle.
The music got to me badly
Because I was crazy.....that night!

O Gece

Onu delice itmek nerdeyse kalbimi durdurdu.

Acı bir osurukla beynim döndü.
Ayağımı tikirdatmak bana çok yardım etti
Çünkü sinirliydim ve kulübün ortasındaydım.

Dedim ki: "Oh... nasıl yolculuk ama?!"
O dedi ki: "Benimle öyle konuşma esek!"
Kendimle gurur duydum
Çünkü onu sahneden aşağı ittim.

Hiçbir acı duymadan arkamı döndüm;
Ama... nerdeydim birden?
Aklımı kaybettim sandım.
"Bu iğrenç bok gibi şeyde neyin nesi?
Aman Tanrım! Kusulmuş tartten bir parça!"

Dedim ki: "Kalbim buna daha fazla dayanamiycak.
Kavganın sonunu başlatmamak için beni ikna et.
O bizim Doğulu magandalardan değil mi?
Kokusundan nerdeyse ölücem!"

Krolar krolar... heryerdeler.
Direkt ona baktım;
Ama o bir deste saç fırlattı;
Benim saç destem... nerdeydim gene?
Kahretsin!
Dedim ki: "Bazen botlardan nefret ediyorum!"

O kalemlerin içine daldı.
Kalemler uçuyor spotlari boyuyorlardı.
Kırmızı olan bir taneyi kaptım ve
Evet! O bağırıyordu
Çünkü onun kalbini deldim.

Zavallı çocuk yerde yuvarlanıyordu.
(Benim herzamanki halim . . .)
Kendimle gurur duymuştum
Çünkü ona delinin gücünü öğrettim.

Sonra, hoşuma gitti
Ormanda olmak hoşuma gitti
Müziğe kapıldım
Çünkü ben deliydim . . . o gece.

Dilsad Cire