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Four Poems: A Preview; Strange Land, Strange Altars; Two Love Lyrics

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Editor Nil Muldur, from Istanbul, Turkey, proves Sappho must look to her laurels if the Greeks are ever to surpass the Turks.

FOUR POEMS

BY NIL MULDUR

A Preview

In striped darkness
I walk,
My shadow slips and falls
Round a windy corner;
I shiver—
Then I feel night's heavy arm
Over my wet shoulder,
And walk on.

Strange Land, Strange Altars

I would if I could
Come to you,
Strange Altars,
I would bring
Dusty coins
And beggar's prayers,
But ancient incense
Still sings my nostrils,
And in my ears
A quaint voice rings.

Two Love Lyrics

I

Moth desire
Edged in flesh,
Your lips
Touch mine,
In my limbs
Candle-warmth spreads
As we kiss,
Embossed in stillness
We stand
Then, part,
Shimmering.

II

Upside down bats
Of fuzzy memories
Hang in my brain,
Skeleton leaves
Of sacred dreams fall
Underfoot,
Tasteless tears
Burn my throat,
On my face
A lying scar spreads,
Itching.