

SOME POEMS- ROGHA DÁNTA

Bejan Matur, a Kurdish Alevi poet born in Maraş, published her first poetry book *Rüzgar Dolu Konaklar* in 1996, winning multiple awards. Her works, including *Tanrı Görmesin Harflerimi* (1999) and *İbrahim'in Beni Terketmesi* (2008), blend mysticism, mythology, and oral traditions. She has books translated into English, German, and French. In 2009, she published *Doğunun Kapısı: Diyarbakır*, a poetic history of the city. She later explored photography and prose with *Kader Denizi* (2010) and *Dağın Ardına Bakmak* (2011). Matur is also a journalist, writing on Kurdish politics, Armenian culture, and women's issues, and has worked with displaced children and women.



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ROGHA DÁN TA**

Bejan Matur

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Contents

Poems in English	7
Danta i nGaeigle	16



Song of the Bones

I

At night when the soul glowed
with the light of a star
I tested myself.
Nobody knows
that I saw the little secret hearts of the hills.
How strange the song of decayed bones,
of silver and gold,
sung there by those secret lives.

As night falls let everyone cover themselves
with the deadly glitter,
the gilded glitter
left behind after death.
Let everyone swell
let there be dust
protecting the world from the whiteness of women;
let it be quietly smeared on their breasts.

II.

In a canyon's waters
my friend wanders
and never looks back.
If you ask him, life was good,
the way well-lit and clear
and the night long.
If you ask him, we all have a shore
where we can stand and wave.

It's a life that will say farewell
and be bidden farewell.

III.

I bewitched the heart of magic
and entered night's bed.

I took his soul in my arms.

I spoke to him.

he trembled;

in fact my own poor being

was fear,

what else but fear.

Tale I

for Dilara

I

A grandfather teller of tales
sat us down in a ring
one snowy night.
As he showed us fire
he told us stories of good and evil.
He walked our childhood
through the dragon's empire
and lulled it to sleep in the garden.

II

That cold
that hot story-night
I understood
the fire when I turn my face was good,
the shadow looming on the wall was evil.

Good
and evil
were beginning
and ending in us.

The Return

The return to the paternal hearth
will be a return to darkness.
Only there does blood grow.
In the very heart of the home . . .

Everything will be remembered.

Time

Night spread over me a blanket of quicksilver.
Nothing was heavier than my heart.
And I understood.
It was Time who had power over all,
not God.

Black Rain/ Kara bir yađmur

Cover me up.
Let me change my shell,
like day, like birds of the morning.
While a black rain falls.

Andalusia

There time waits for the desert.
The clack of Spanish heels and weeping.
Everything broken.
Everything accepts what will be.

The unhappy queen

Her skirts turned to ice
the unhappy queen
no longer believes
in the eye's magic

the voice she awaited for days
hidden beyond the hills.

Now there's no one to describe
the narrow alleys where sometimes the caravans meet
and squeeze past
no one who knows
the perfumed loneliness
of spice-selling hans.

She keeps waiting for a voice
from the fine-fingered fragrance of tobacco.

Old as autumn
whispering through the forest
the queen decays
in her black skirt of ice.

Garden of blood

I left him in the garden of blood till morning,
till the day of birth, the breast and milk.

Sturdy rocks, buried deep in the earth, how they bear up their
heads.

On secret wings a wild bird comes, on wings it never opens.
A human cannot remember what an ancient soul remembers.
He is loneliness.
The word of desire hung on love's shadowless tree.
Silent. Without blood.

Amhrán na gCnámh/Song of the Bones

I

Istoíche nuair a lonraigh
solas réalt san anam
leagas triail romham féin.
N'fheadair éinne
go bhfaca croíthe beaga rúnda na gcnoc.
Nach ait é amhrán na gcnámh lofa,
amhráin óir is airgid,
a chantar ann ag an saol faoi choim.

Le contráth na hoíche, clúdaítear cách
le gealra marfach,
gealra órnite,
iarsma an bháis.
Ligtear do chách borradh.
Ligtear do dhusta an chruinne
a chosaint ó ghile na mban;
deintear é a smearadh go ciúin
ar a gcuid cíoch.

II

Téann mo chara
ag fánaíocht in uisce an ghleanna
is ní fhéachann siar.
Dá bhfiafrófaí dó, bhí an saol maith,
an bealach lasta agus glan
is an oíche fada.
Dá bhfiafrófaí dó, tá cladach ionann go léir
inar féidir linn seasamh agus lámh a chroitheadh.

Saol is ea é a fhágfaidh slán linn
agus lena bhfágfar slán.

III

Chuireas croí an draoi faoi gheasa
agus isteach liom i leaba na hoíche.
Thógas a anam im bhaclainn.
Labhras leis
agus do chrith sé;
ní raibh ann ach eagla,
mo chréatúr bocht,
cad eile ach eagla.

An Chéad Scéal | Tale I

I

Shuigh seanathair, seanchaí,
shuigh sé sinn thart i gciorcaí
oíche sneachta.
Agus é ag taispeáint tine dúinn
d'inis sé scéalta dúinn faoin maith is an t-olc.
Thug sé ár n-óige ar siúlóid
trí impireacht an dragúin
agus chuir chun suain í sa ghairdín.

II

An oíche fhuar sin
oíche an te-scéil
chlaonas mo cheann i dtreo na tine
is thuigeas go raibh sé maith,
go raibh an t-olc sa scáth ar an bhfalla.

An maith is an t-olc
ag tosnú
is ag críochnú ionainn.

An Filleadh | The Return

Filleadh ar thinteán an athar
ionann é agus filleadh ar an dorchadas.
Ansin amháin a bhíonn borradh fola.
I gcroílár an bhaile...

Cuimhnítear ar an uile ní.

Am | Time

Chlúdaigh an oíche mé le pluid mhearcair.

Níor throime aon ní ná mo chroí.

Agus do thuigeas

gurbh é an tAm a raibh cumhacht aige ar gach rud,
ní Dia.

Báisteach Dubh | Black Rain

Clúdaigh mé ó bhaithis go bonn.
Lig dom mo bhlaosc a athrú,
dála an lae, dála éin na maidine
fad is a thiteann báisteach dhubh.

Briathra | Focail

Labhraím leo ag bord
atá clúdaithe i ndubh, mar a bheadh brídeog maisithe don mbás.
Gabhann file tharainn ar nós gadaí. Scaoth focal is ea a chorp.
Féachaim ar na filí. Gach duine díbh ag siúl a scátha
amhail is gur madra atá ann.

Ní shásóidh briathra ár bpéin go brách.

Andalusia

Is ann a fhanann Am don bhfásach.
Cleaic sálaí Spáinneacha agus caoineadh.
Gach ní briste.
Glactar go mbeidh ní mar a bheidh.

There time waits for the desert.
The clack of Spanish heels and weeping.
Everything broken.
Everything accepts what will be.

An Bhanríon Mhíshona | The unhappy queen

Deineadh oighear dá sciorta
an bhanríon mhíshona
ní ghéilleann sí a thuilleadh
do dhraíocht na súl.

An guth ar fhan sí leis feadh stáir
tá sé folaithe taobh thall de na cnoic.

Anois níl éinne a chuirfidh síos
ar chúlsráideanna cúnga mar a gcasann
carabháin ar a chéile uaireanta
is gabhann thart, ar éigin.
Ní éinne a aithneoidh
uaigneas cumhra na lámh
a dháileann spíosraí.

Fanann sí fós ar ghuth
ó bholadh mín-mhéara tobaic.

Críonna ar nós an fhómhair
ag cogarnaíl tríd an bhforaois,
lobhann an bhanríon
ina sciorta siocdubh.

Séideann an stoirm an óige chun siúil

Séideann an stoirm an óige chun siúil.
Fágтар cnámha ina diaidh.
Is ionann bheith san uisce agus an grá;
thuig tú é sin.

Anois is cuimhin liom
chomh gar is a bhís nuair a dúraís:
chaolaigh tú, ní mór aire a thabhairt duit féin.
Ansin is cuimhin liom
gur mise máthair Deniz.
Caithfead a hóige a chothú
agus mo chroí a nochtadh di.
Caithfead a mhíniú di nach ndeachaigh mé le gealaigh,
gur choimeádas guaim orm féin
idir mheabhair is chorp.

Gairdín na fola | Garden of blood

D'fhágas é i ngairdín na fola go maidin,
go lá na breithe, na cíche is an bhainne.

Carraigeachta téagartha, doimhin sa chré,
iad ag gobadh go maorga aníos.
Go rúnda a eitlíonn éan fiain, ar sciatháin nach n-osclaíonn riamh.
Ní cuimhin le duine an t-ualach a chaomhnaíonn anam críonna.
Uaigneas ar fad is ea é.
Focal na dúile crochta ar chrann an ghrá gan scáth.
Ciúin. Gan rian fola.

I left him in the garden of blood till morning,
till the day of birth, the breast and milk.

Sturdy rocks, buried deep in the earth, how they bear up their
heads.
On secret wings a wild bird comes, on wings it never opens.
A human cannot remember what an ancient soul remembers.
He is loneliness.
The word of desire hung on love's shadowless tree.
Silent. Without blood.

Aistritheoir

Is Ciarraíoch í Ailbhe Ní Ghearbhuigh, filí agus scríbhneoir Gaeilge. Bhain sí céim amach sa Ghaeilge agus sa Fhraincis ó Ollscoil na hÉireann, Gaillimh, agus d'oibrigh sí mar mhúinteoir teanga in ollscoil i Bordeaux agus i Nua-Eabhrac. Tá céim dhochtúra aici ó OÉ Gaillimh agus bhain sí sparánachtaí ón gComhairle Ealaíon i 2008 agus 2015. Scríobhann sí filíocht agus ailt don Irish Times, agus bhí sí ina heagarthóir Gaeilge ar Southword. Foilsíodh dhá chnuasach filíochta aici: Péacadh (2008) agus Tost agus Allagar (2016). Bhain sí Corn an Choirnéil Eoghan Ó Néill i 2012 agus bhí a dán 'Filleadh ar an gCathair' ar ghearrliosta RTÉ 'A Poem for Ireland'.

Translator

Ruth Christie is a freelance translator from Turkish. Recent publications include *In the Temple of a Patient God* by Bejan Matur, and, in collaboration with Richard McKane, *Beyond the Walls*, poems by Nazim Hikmet, and *Voices of Memory*, poems of Oktay Rifat (a larger selection of whose poems is about to be published).