# http://kurdistan.life.nu

#### ignorance

i've never been to turkey not even on a package summer holiday and not in winter either

when are the almond trees in blossom in urfa is february full of brass on imrali? as you can see i've not the foggiest i'm not some sort of martyr

i've never been arrested by the turkish police or been stuck in front of the crescent flag in some sort of blind man's buff

i've never had nine defence lawyers taken from me prior to a case never been forced to eat khaki or bubblegum

i've never poured petrol over myself and put a match to it or delayed the speed of light with cold sodium

perhaps i just ought to belt up and not get involved in something i know nothing about

perhaps what i've seen on telly with my own eyes is wrong perhaps it's all just a lousy b film with screwed-up subtitles

perhaps i ought to accept that turkey's a constitutional state a member of nato like denmark perhaps all that torture's just hearsay

perhaps my heartburn and the bad taste in my mouth is just a hangover plus aspirin or getting it all wrong or simply ignorance when all's said and done?

# demonstration

on feb the twenty-second danes can't get their pizzas

the cucumbers are mourning the citrus fruits are wearing masks the artichokes are standing on their heads

the greengrocers have shut up shop the celery's silent

feb the twenty-second the kurds are demonstrating for a homeland

# 10 questions for bülent ecevit

are anemones naive?

# is it naive to want to speak your own language?

is bastinado naive?

is it naive to want to live in your own country?

is electric shock naive?

is freedom naive?

## is barbed wire naive?

is fighting against repression naive?

is death naive?

is it naive to want to write poetry in your own language?

# ars poetica

i'm really sorry about all this in the middle of my retirement in the middle of the snowdrops

but seeing that all the younger poets are obsessed by ivory and darkness there's nothing for it

there's no way out of coercion and repression than indicating what's between the lines

it's got something to do with the straw and the camel the heart and death and when it comes to it with poetry itself

i'm really sorry right in the middle of the 'geister' trio to disturb my readers again with this preamble about freedom

# apo's confession

i hereby declare that my ex-wife murdered olof palme

i also admit that i am responsible for martin luther king's death

i furthermore confess that i was behind the assassination of john f. kennedy

my final confession is that i committed the double murder on peter bangsvej

#### internal affair

abdullah öcalan's picture is off the front pages

that photo where he's a white blindfold on his eyes like a tarot card: two of swords

after another week has passed his name's still to be found on page nine among the articles on pyromaniacs in early march his after-image is still etched on the retina like a negative amongst the snow flurries

finally he only burns like a turquoise in the heart like a spring that blossoms in the conscience

abdullah öcalan has quite literally become an internal affair

# expert on turkey - key twelve

should i rent a hotel apartment in alanya for example with direct access to beach sunny as a pheasant's wing?

> or should i rather try a cruise in the marmarra sea round the emerald of the prison island?

> > to bolster if nothing else turkey's economy to increase the tourist income?

or should i just make do with these few words in a poem that will scarcely affect the rate of freedom stocks?

# poets of the world ...

why the hell write poems? i know the answer: the red autumn lakes and the untameable urges of the heart

but also out of a sense of duty and necessity for paradoxically enough to defend freedom

not freedom in itself and par excellence its abstractions its mute ruby crosses its tiny spasms of the soul

but to defend freedom from being exploited and used socially economically and nationally

so if you write poems about kosova and i write about kurdistan and poet x about sarajevo and poet y about tibet

(maybe just a break from all this hackwriting) then the final result is all the small words written into a larger poem

# the pkk game

if you throw a one they are called partisans if you throw a two they are called terrorists if you throw a three they are called guerillas if you throw a four they are called murderers if you throw a five they are called freedom-fighters if you throw a six they are called criminals in this particular poem i threw a seven

## contrat poetique

the contract is for at least thirty poems about repression

#### no pussy-footing or appendices

no artificial moonlight no entrophy or redundancy just craft pure and simple

fine if written down in a book from china house without cherries and silk or on a simple homepage

> no make-up and no gloss like abdullah öcalan's face in the media when captured

# the öcalan gambit

i wonder what abdullah öcalan is doing right at this moment wednesday march the seventeeth on this irrelevant st. patrick's day?

does he still eat his soft-boiled egg read the day's newspapers or study batsford's chess openings to find a suitable gambit?

does he still receive visits from his defence lawyer exercise in the prison courtyard under heavens' highlight or lie in the intensive ward is he actually still alive?

# http://kurdistan

where is kurdistan? according to the atlas' pink shadows it's that square which is j4

> not mentioned by name just a word in the index among other code names

from the kurds themselves i know however that their homeland's yellow topaz is in asia minor

even though it actually exists it does not even so or it only exists as

http://kurdistan on the inter net homepage or in a collection of poems as http://kurdistan.life.nu

#### newroz

the kurdish new year comes late beween car tyres and bonfires in the streets

it's celebrated by police in armoured cars

and by soldiers searching cars at all approach roads

and in the mardin province by deporting four journalists from reuter's

the kurdish new year falls like quartz that splinters against turkey's southeastern corner

## state

straight from the shoulder i couldn't care a damn about kurdish headgear and folklore

i'm not prepared to learn hakkari or sorrani at a pinch i might some day read the diwan

chain dance in 3/8 time you can stuff it as far as i'm concerned the kurds can dance all night long with cheesy feet on their bidjar carpets

> i'm not a kurd mentally, emotionally or pediatrically

the kurds can make mincemeat of each other out of holy inspiration without my intervention or my poems' as long as it all takes place in their own sovereign kurdish state

#### modus ponens

please excuse me i can't manage any more high-gear poems right now

not even from my own hand my own ivory tower hand my own computer hand

i'm forced to make use of a pattern code to use a topical idiom as an act of solidarity:

if abdullah öcalan is persecuted then he will get a death sentence

abdullah öcalan is persecuted he gets a death sentence he gets a black fleur de lis

# communique

i would just like to emphasise the fact time and time again that i know practically nothing about kurdistan and pkk

that i probably know more about http://kurdistan or @ pkk than about kurdistan

that my knowledge has mainly been gleaned from homepages websites and lexical searchings (even though i once actually shook hands with a kurd)

#### consensus

mdt-tv has just blacked out in brussels under the twelve stars

why aren't the kurds transmitting from their own red-and-yellow station any more?

because the world society (i.e. nato) is about to bomb serbia and needs the acceptance and consensus of turkey

# collection (in aid of the kurdish fight for emancipation)

sodalin and halmblod: 10 øre ø p maller: 8 billion kroner jesk sangetysløger: 7.50 kroner bolighuset alvi: 10,000 kroner inu bank: 25 øre grondfus: 7,000,000,000,000,000 dollars

# kurd show (all proceeds to kurdistan refugees)

hosts: lane jehonsen and elo stephensen

the following artists have performed free of charge: thamos hilmeg pillesen and palmark køm sjigren the camerata doltan choir machiel cørae sis and kørstin senna solomansen chros mynh diki and ses fønger

# the power of words

and what about words will they last or are they just words?

hot potatoes in the mouth coins under the tongue something to choke on?

we know it oh so well in the beginning was the word - and finally i add off my own bat

the word can be repressed and misused but it can't be murdered tortured or beaten to death

words you could say last unto eternity resting on their laurels words are immortal

# home run

from turkey to syria and from syria to russia

from russia to italy to russia to italy once more

from italy to the greek embassy of balsa wood

from nairobi's sunstroke back to turkey's security

# petit

note what's written in small letters behind the frontpage headlines

that's what really counts whether the font is times or courier

for example: two thousand kurdish villages consumed by flames petit under an ad for opel astra notice that the lettering's small as when dealing with life insurance and policies

## bad luck

bad luck for öcalan this good friday that smells of paraffin

the news bureaus that have bombed him ibehind the letters of serbia

abdullah öcalan has almost been consigned to history like some four-leafed clover pressed between two pages

## conscience

myself am almost getting a bad conscience am tempted rather

to write poems about larks and malachite than the kurds' fight for freedom

maybe i should press the escape button erase http://kurdistan from the screen and the mind

and then surf out across the net's frozen star espalier to other electronic realms?

#### choice

in the turkish elections in april such a such a number of turks voted

the virtue party lost seats

the ultra right made gains

ecevit's party got 22% of the vote

141 kurdish partisans chose death on the irak-turkey border

# abdullah lionheart

there's nothing wrong with my heart it's red and yellow like kurdistan

not weighted down with a padlock like richard's or öcalan's with drugs

and alchemy that'll make it stop before its time and the ransom and the trial

#### announcement

i hereby declare this summer open and cut the ribbon for the month of july

on behalf of poetry i proclaim that the lilacs are burning with magnesium

i declare on behalf of the press that the case against öcalan has begun

i state this on my own account and that of internet and my own publishing firm

# press photo

the usual tricks the picture is highly under-exposed as if taken in hell

the camera angle obliquely upwards is he on thalidomide you think

a wrong raster that makes the skin look like an attack of acne

or perhaps apo really looks like that after three months' stay with the turkish authorities?

# whitebox

whitebox brightbox lightbox trial and error box

> where truth cannot be hidden behind the bulletproof plexiglass

whitebox brightbox lightbox

where turkey shows its own shame in the dazzling white light

trial and error box whitebox brightbox lightbox

# trial

ten minus ten and counting

the judge breaks down in tears a veteran threatens with his artificial leg four lawyers boycott the lawsuit

ten minus five and counting

the prosecutor appears as the judge photos and medals are presented as evidence paper pellets are rolled in the courtroom

ten minus one and counting

we have lift-off we have a death-sentence we have an e-mail to allah

klaus høeck

translation: john irons