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A Turkish Dictionary

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A TURKISH DICTIONARY

By

Andrew Gerhard Wessels

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the

Masters in Fine Arts

Department of English
College of Liberal Arts
The Graduate College

University of Nevada, Las Vegas
May 2012

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THE GRADUATE COLLEGE

We recommend the thesis prepared under our supervision by

Andrew Gerhard Wessels

entitled

A Turkish Dictionary

be accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Masters in Fine Arts

Department of English

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and Dean of the Graduate College

May 2012

ABSTRACT

The poems in this manuscript, *A Turkish Dictionary*, probe a number of related issues: What is the relationship between a word and its object? What is the connection between meaning in two different languages? How do we live in a city overwhelmed with history? What is necessary? How do we accept knowing that we cannot know? These and other questions constitute the investigative purpose of the manuscript as specifically and actively an *exploration* of the questions rather than an argument for a final, singular answer. Structurally, the manuscript uses two poetic forms: dictionary poems and prosaic poems. The dictionary poems are titled with a Turkish word and its English translation(s). These poems are arranged alphabetically based on the Turkish word and distributed throughout the manuscript. These poems interrupt the prosaic poems, which convey a *flâneur*-like experience of the city of Istanbul, combining history, quotation, experience, and collage. The manuscript is split into three sections: “&language,” “&history,” and “&faith,” which progress from an investigation of Turkish language reform to an exploration of the history of Istanbul and Turkey and finally to a meditation on life, death, and the place of faith in our lives.

From A
To Z

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But to COLLECT the WORDS of our language was a task of greater difficulty: the deficiency of dictionaries was immediately apparent; and when they were exhausted, what was yet wanting must be sought by fortuitous and unguided excursions into books, and gleaned as industry should find, or chance should offer it, in the boundless chaos of a living speech.

Samuel Johnson

from *Preface to a Dictionary of the English Language*

Arabesque

to trace the zero
to trace from the cusp of the zero
a glass of rakı — ice — a black cat blind
mother's simple words blind
in the space of the walk
laces interwoven through the cloth
a song
notes of a hat in the street
rain on the hat in the street
a long line of hats
you if you were not asleep

I. &language

the words mote be cosin to the deede
-Geoffrey Chaucer

Say Istanbul and a seagull comes to mind...
Bedri Rahmi Eyubođlu

The sky is different here.



The Turkish Republic began with a speech: Atatürk to the new parliament, 1927. Today, this speech is impenetrable to contemporary Turks, who rely on a series of translations (1964, 1986, 1995) to modernize the language, return it to understandability.

Atatürk's original words so alien to us now: the Türk Dil Kurumu (Turkish Language Institution) founded in 1932 to cleanse the language. And oh boy! An official language! Purged! of borrowed words, of grammar, of Arabic script, of Ottoman heritage.

And how did things change?

müselles: become: üçgen
tayyare: become: uçak
şimal: become: kuzey

Even a month changed: teşrinievvel: become: ekim but that one makes sense.

To purge the language of: first change: alphabet. Use Latin script now: left to right: not right to left but letters aren't as pretty as...

Oh Atatürk where did you put all those words?

Aile :: Family

a table set many ways my fork
a slower fern grows

latitudes & brief respites deep
breaths for the sake of accumulation

fallen on the crafted stair
falling amid the light of oncoming

stares a visible lineage if you listen
to foucault scallywag & sinner

a table set many ways my fork
& spoon the wrong side

The bookseller outside the Grand Bazaar brought five versions of Atatürk's speech, *Nutuk*, each edition larger and longer than the last, the last a four-volume set filled with translations and translations of translations

marginalia
etymology
annotations

each more different than the last. Version piled upon version in which somewhere was an original word.

The first two versions diverged before the fifth word uttered. I asked the bookseller where the original document was held. One must know the name of what one seeks.

Oh Atatürk where did they put your words?

Arkadaş :: Friend

*

sound over corrugated metal ridges

*

i refused to believe until i saw a lynx

*

the back street was narrow

*

it was dark that night

*

look out over the city

*

sea you grew up by

*

We begin.

Bird.

Only, bird.

Only:



Bird(s).

A bird. Some birds.

Burasi :: This Place

the lawn excluded middle this apple rolls
upon itself spun internal these
exclusionary tactics budded leaves far
cry a missed bird silent now miss
the words to say i say apple and
chairs chess-set and nothing
strings out of it simple as two
leaves either side perfect
crisp strip them the vein a single line
intertwined apple spun in
between raindrop and puddle it
rains during the spring even here
middle ground a valley or a peak let me
peek over it see clay
mountains deep lakes photographs
in the lobby stop for a moment look
a dream turns a puff of apple
flavored smoke the crest a wave bit

Nutuk begins:

1335 senesi Mayısının 19 uncu günü Samsuna çıktım. Vaziyet ve manzarai umumiye:

Osmanlı Devletinin dahil bulunduğu grup, Harbi Umumîde mağlûp olmuş, Osmanlı ordusu her tarafta zedelenmiş, şeraiti ağır, bir mütarekename imzalanmış. Büyük Harbin uzun seneleri zarfında, millet yorgun ve fakir bir halde. Millet ve memleketi Harbi Umumîye sevkedenler, kendi hayatları endişesine düşerek, memleketten firar etmişler. Saltanat ve hilâfet mevkiini işgal eden Vahdettin, mütereddi, şahsını ve yalnız tahtını temin edebileceğini tahayyül ettiği denî tedbirler araştırmakta. Damat Ferit Paşanın riyasetindeki kabine; âciz, haysiyetsiz, cebîn, yalnız padişahın iradesine tâbi ve onunla beraber şahıslarını vikaye edebilecek herhangi bir vaziyeti razı.

Ordunun elinden esliha ve cephanesi alınmış ve alınmakta...

İtilâf Devletleri, mütareke ahkâmına riayete lüzum görmüyorlar. Birer vesile ile, İtilâf donanmaları ve askerleri İstanbulda. Adana vilâyeti, Fransızlar; Urfa, Maraş, Ayıntap, İngilizler tarafından işgal edilmiş. Antalya ve Konyada, İtalyan kıtaatı askeriyesi; Merzifon ve Samsunda İngiliz askerleri bulunuyor. Her tarafta, ecnebî zabıt ve memurları ve hususî adamları faaliyette. Nihayet, mebdei kelâm kabul ettiğimiz tarihten dört gün evvel, 15 Mayıs 1335 de İtilâf Devletlerinin muvafakatile Yunan ordusu İzmir ihraç ediliyor...

Nutuk becomes:

senesi Mayısının 19 uncu günü Samsuna çıktım. ve :

Osmanlı Devletinin bulunduğu grup, Osmanlı ordusu her tarafta zedelenmiş, ağır, bir imzalanmış. Büyük uzun seneleri, millet yorgun ve fakir bir halde. Millet ve memleketi sevkedenler, kendi hayatları düşerek, memleketten ve Vahdettin, ve yalnız tahtını ettiği araştırmakta. Damat Ferit Paşanın; âciz, haysiyetsiz, yalnız padişahın iradesi ve onunla beraber şahıslarını herhangi bir razı.

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İtilâf Devletleri, görmüyorlar. Birer ile, İtilâf donanmaları ve askerleri İstanbulda. Adana, Fransızlar; Urfa, Maraş, İngilizler tarafından işgal edilmiş. Antalya ve Konyada, İtalyan; Merzifon ve Samsunda İngiliz askerleri bulunuyor. Her tarafta, ve ve adamları faaliyette. tarihten dört gün, 15 Mayıs İtilâf Devletlerinin Yunan ordusu İzmir...

yaptırılamayabilir can be translated as 'it may not possibly be made to be done'

how much can we store in a single word?

how much can we store in a single word?

syllogism #1:

if language is mathematics
& if mathematics is language
then:

In his first book, the Canadian poet Christian Bök turned crystals into poetry. In his second book, he turned words into poetry. Now, DNA becomes poetry because if DNA is the last will & testament of God, why not alter it?

But Bök ascribes less to the word of God and more to the word of Burroughs: the word is now a virus. Thus: *Xenotext* and the smallest of poems, propagated via the standard rate of genetic replication, progressed via the standard rate of genetic mutation (a mathematical uncertainty due to the unknown byproducts of this exact genetic experiment).

And he wants to infect us with his poetry, make us vomit up blood, our white cell counts through the roof.

syllogism #2:

if language is poetry
& if poetry is language
then:

The Turkish poet Ece Ayhan became the streets of Istanbul just like Rimbaud in Paris.
Flâneur become *avare*.

In the recent re-printing of the English translation of his two books *A Blind Cat Black and Orthodoxies*, “Ece Ayhan takes the reader through the dark streets of the Galata district of Istanbul in these gay-inspired poems. Like a modern-day Rimbaud, Ayhan explores linguistically and thematically what Turkish culture and authorities have forbidden.”

And a description of Ayhan as author: “A gay author, Ece Ayhan was one of Turkey’s most noted poets, living in the red-light district of Istanbul.”
(Amazon.com)

Çeşm :: Eye, Poet

*

dangled legs close

*

new day turns red in this wind

*

keep that window open longer

*

streams haphazard stones

*

the prayer itself a call to prayer

*

this long broadway this wind this salt a sun

*

further now

*

One of Ayhan's poems looks like this:

“Sentez”

Şu taşbasması
İşkence Usülleri kitabı
Nerede basma iş
Babil’de
Babil’de bir çocuk demek
Bizi kullanıp kullanıp duruyormuş
Ama biz bu değiliz ki
Daha ilk sayfalarda
Karşımıza çıkıveriyor
Başkasının gözleri
Başkasının ağızları dudakları
Babil’de basılmış
Birer birer açılan
Hayatımıza.

“Synthesis”

This lithograph
–the book of the codes of torture–
Where the impression is work
At Babel
At Babel a child says
It stops us again and again
But we are not this which
Until now on these first pages
Emerging from our opposite
Your other eyes
Your other mouths, lips
At Babel are printed
Opening one by one
Our life.

What part is necessary?

Yes, now. Now, a bird. Now I think, a little bit, of a bird. But what of what bird?

A bird flies.

Even more now even even even more, even in its odd like 1 3 5 7 and so on, but not like a Fibonacci sequence which is so hard to spell anyway, never mind count and I'm not so bad at math, especially the basic stuff I did a lot of drills when I was a kid (Kumon; and they have a franchise on İstiklal Caddesi), second nature now, those numbers 23 25 27.

And we begin again.

A bird flies
and dives, probably after
an insect that can't be seen—too
small you know—nearly skims
the cement walkway bordered by grass
on one side desert on the other
pulls up and alights
(is it light out?)
on the branch of some tree.

I don't know the names of trees.

Yes, now I see. Now a bird that flies, that dives, that pulls up, that alights (if it is light out?).

That means something.

What kind of bird?

Does it really matter?

What part is necessary?

Doğru :: Correct, True, Line

*

every thing back to the surface

*

this carapace better than before

*

soon i will wake and again be with you

*

than the tendril a bifurcation rain contact

*

light played in a thousand drops

*

A bird flies
and dives, probably after
an insect that can't be seen—too
small you know—nearly skims
the cement walkway bordered by grass
on one side desert on the other
pulls up and alights
(is it light out?)
on the branch of some tree.

What part is necessary?

A **bird** flies
and dives, probably **after**
an **insect** that can't be **seen**—too
small you know—nearly **skims**
the **cement** walkway bordered by **grass**
on one side **desert** on the **other**
pulls up and alights
(is it light out?)
on the **branch** of some tree.

Gökyüzü :: Sky

*

used piece of equipment

*

open space itself edge the city further

*

blue and white on blue edges

*

closer expanse conspiracy space

*

warmth turn and run light on light

*

the center puddles

*

What part is necessary?



bird after insect
seen skims
cement grass/desert other
branch

What part is necessary?

Ilkbahar :: First Spring

The cloud of word is cloud.
The color of word is white
clean pure ominous. The wind
so away—

Pigeon feathers in the parking lot.
Blue varieties.
A new civilization. A blue
seagull across the window.

The statue bronze and greening, the hand
stretches up at the ceiling, the world
moss metal inside.

The waters flow past the prophet's footprint.
The view tonight is so rare.

to begin:

we didn't know each other
but there weren't any birds here any
way the rock was red from the street
and red from up close a father's
suggestion and a gallon of gas

to become:

we know
birds
rock
father
gallon
farther
still

II. &history

I saw the world and yet I was not seen
-Chidiock Tichborne

A class of lunatics allowed out of restraint, at one time, to roam about and beg; a set of impostors who wandered about the country affecting lunacy.
-Entry on "Abraham-men" from Nuttall Encyclopedia

syllogism #3:

if language is history
& if history is language
then:

Burada

Orada

Here

&

There

these men stand here on the edge of the bridge for
stood here for

these men sit here on the edge of the bridge for
sat here for

twenty tiny fish pulled up equals a meal

for what is stood for

Kalabalik :: Crowded

i moved::the road is dry and crusty the rains come in the spring and the birds the leaves
let go this hand the burning::a seat five feet from your right next to each other this leaf
falls for hours the sound of a cricket once::tall grasses brushed::let go this hand the
burning::the funny thing is::a daisy is your favorite they grow here::and let go this hand
the burning::the words are ferry water shore button cow and sun::an olive covered with
white wine::the space between beef and cow a matter of taste and cigarettes::let go this
hand the burning::face the crowd straight a show of grace::in this city there is in this city
there is in this city there is::rain on these stones::little red thing when humor collides::an
open door

I crossed the Galata Bridge linking the new city to the old city and listened to the sounds of ferries

water against boat
people
redirected wind
chains
horns
the tinkling of numerous small bells

that sailed by on both sides, carrying people across the Golden Horn and up the throat of the Bosphorus, branching out into the city's sprawl.



Up a steep but walkable hill rests the Istanbul that was fought over. Sitting in what is now a manicured park centered by a fountain between the Hagia Sophia and Blue Mosque, I sought the city that was. I erased the Blue Mosque, which had not yet arrived, and inserted the Hippodrome, marked now by three lone spires crawling up through the stone square. The endless rows of restaurants, tourist depots, and *lokum* shops released from their buildings, reclaimed by time.

This is the city fought over, rising up around the Hagia Sophia, looking out over Horn and Throat. As cathedral, as mosque, as museum, as large red building against the blue sky.

According to the list of “Epoch-Making Events” in the *Nutall Encyclopedia*, the fall (or taking) of Constantinople by Mehmed II/Mahomet II/el-Fatih/the Conqueror in 1453 occurred just before Columbus’ discovery of America and just following the invention of the printing press, here dated 1436 though elsewhere one finds other dates.

To find what I seek I must accept what is available. I must accept the rate at which information degrades as time carries it forward, away from its source.

Kitap :: Book

At my desk,
in my tradition. There is a lamp
beside me and light
comes in from the kitchen. It rained
and now, dry, neighbors
check their mail. The purpose
of this book is to explain
the vagaries of a poet. The prose
is a vagary itself, though I try
to make sense. He wanted things
to be better, and for a time
the sun will continue to shine. From
England to China there is so much
room for a word to break. It rained
and now, dry, head off.

When restoring the badly degraded structure in the 19th Century, the Fosati brothers recorded inscriptions etched onto the walls of the Hagia Sophia after the earthquake of 869.

Lining the northern dome it was written:

*Time has threatened to destroy this inimitable work;
it has been hindered by our solicitude.
Do Thou open unto me Thy house,
O Most High Lord, which time toucheth not.*

Leke :: Stain, Spot

halfway down
the broken
staircase wandered
through

brightness of flame
lasting
how fruit
hung aloft by chains

leaves
radiant heavens
in the great
apparition

until he
acts as scaffolding
truth
rests

on immeasurable air
great helmet
why floods
grope

among dry bones
washed across
my toenails
under this

journey through
them
its better
in the park

The original mosaics decorating the walls were destroyed by fellow Christians centuries before the fall (taking) of Constantinople—iconoclasts seeking walls stripped to bareness.

After Istanbul became, Ottoman guidelines ensured the preservation of the mosaic walls under a film of plaster, never meant to be seen again but still existing. Where they are now slowly uncovering:



Today, visitors are politely asked to refrain from using flash photography. The Virgin Mary and Christ Child shout at them from the apse:

*The images which the impostors
had formerly cast down
here pious emperors have again set up.*

According to the entry on “Printing” from the second volume of *Lexicon Technicum: Or, An Universal English Dictionary of Arts and Sciences: Explaining not only the Terms of Art, but the Arts Themselves*, editor John Harris dates the possible founding of the printing press at 1430, an invention made more efficient by Gutenberg and paper, *made of Linnen Rags first made at Basil, by some Greeks, who fled out of their country after Constantinople was sackt, A.D. 1452.*

[sic.]

The same entry on printing includes a story about John Fust, an assistant to the early printer Laurentz Koster, who stole his master's tools and absconded to Mentz. Fust then headed to Paris loaded down with printed Bibles, selling them as if they were manuscripts, which means really written by hand.

The books' conformity reveals him, each letter too much like every other letter *throughout the whole, to a Line, a Word, a Letter; nay even to a Point* mistakes either constant or nonexistent. Which caused, to no surprise, great alarm, allegations of magical feats, unnatural creation.

The entry tells us John Fust became later known as *Faust* or *Faustus*, consort of Helen of Troy and devilish minions. Became the man that gave rise to the mythology. Became the act of recreation.

Ses :: Voice

*

spun along the wall a row books eyed perched

*

let me find your words faint

*

some thing we hear elsewhere now offers

*

last man standing paint blue above cold

*

talk out of arms legs red shirts

*

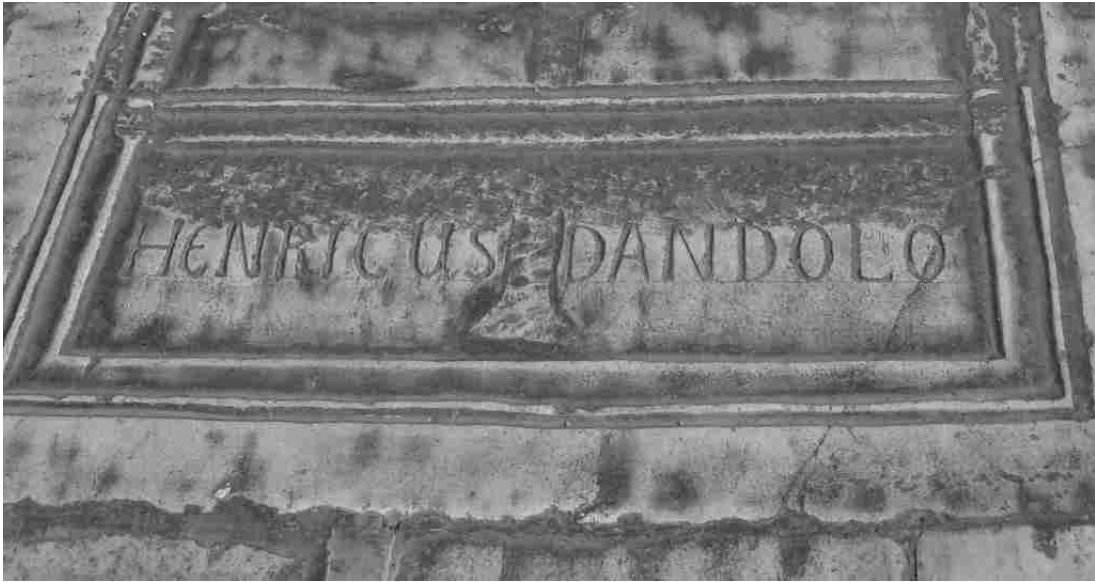
sound of water come closer sheer light

*

outside the window activity spun from wires twists of fingers

*

Set into the stone floor on the upper level of the Hagia Sophia rests a single nameplate:



Born in Venice (1107), died in Constantinople (1205), buried in the Hagia Sophia. Between, became the Doge of Venice and led a Crusade that took Constantinople from the other Christians.

This is his tomb, which lasted the fall (taking) of Constantinople, the birth of Istanbul, the fall of the Ottoman Empire, the creation of the Turkish Republic.

This tomb that contains no bones.

To find what I seek in what cannot be seen.

I traveled to Ankara to see Atatürk's body. The city he created in the center of the country he created.

Seeing Atatürk's tomb asks for faith.

His body is visited by climbing Rasattepe hill to the Anıtkabir monument. From the top of the hill, I find myself in the middle of Ankara watching the entire city grow. For Atatürk to keep watch over his country.

I allow myself to be overwhelmed by the vaulted ceilings in the ceremonial stone mausoleum, Atatürk's place of rest marked by a forty ton sarcophagus. This is not where Atatürk's body rests.



Şimdilik :: For the Present

*

among long grasses

*

it can be fun underneath

*

start again a different order

*

a star again finds new order

*

single bed we sleep our clothes on

*

In a basement seven meters directly below the sarcophagus, deep within the hill, sits an octagonal room. In the center of the room, a long red marble stone erupts from the floor, surrounded by eighty-one jars filled with dirt collected from eighty-one Turkish cities. Atatürk's body rests underneath this stone. I can see none of these things.

A small television screen blocks the doorway into the tomb. The screen plays a live feed of the interior of the tomb, the camera's lens rotating to show the marble in the floor and the gold mosaic sunburst on the ceiling. I must accept the image on the screen.

The end of the educational documentary *Anıtkabir Belgeseli* purports to show the tomb behind the screen. The ornately carved door begins to swing outward to reveal the interior. Before the tomb can be seen, the film momentarily cuts to black and then reappears showing a set of double doors opening inward into the tomb. The original door, screen, and exterior room vanish. I follow the camera's eye because I must, or else turn away to something else.

To become witness to death, the eye must accept the image on the screen. How we are remembered. How we are saved. How we are differentiated from the earth we return to.

Oh Atatürk, where did they put your bones?

& history & language & let's make this concrete how can I understand?

& Henricus (Enrico) Dandolo spoke Latin & was the doge from Venice & in old age led the Fourth Crusade & sacked Constantinople & even got to revel (for a short while) in his conquest before he was buried in the Hagia Sophia built by Emperor Justinian

& we forget sometimes that Constantinople was the center of the Roman Empire for a time

& there's a nameplate claiming Henricus' resting place & it might be real though the nameplate itself probably isn't & it made you think (made me think):::in war mutual appreciation between war & warred / infidel & infidel

or maybe there just wasn't time to extract his bones just dust anyway

& Istanbul became & his legacy lasted damn near two hundred years & more than most of us even Alexander the Great can claim

or, as Barbaro the Venetian surgeon reports:

*The blood flowed in the city like rainwater in the gutters
after a sudden storm, and the corpses of Turks and Christians
were thrown into the Dardanelles, where they floated out to
sea like melons along a canal.*

Sonbahar :: Last Spring, Fall

I go loud into this shouting stone
once for the clock lost in the grass and once
until I return home. These briars in my pocket
keep spring next to my thigh when the clouds break
to the stars all this must go into safekeeping.

Winter leans in the sky that can only be called
that thing above us. Look at how we see it, how we
can't raise ourselves as if we would really want to.
As if there is anything more than ground, more than
the joy of sitting together on the couch. The experiment

went well, counting the odd number of cows we stopped
next to on the highway to take photographs of landscape
and occasion, the way the road reminded us of a movie
or another photograph or conversation or dream
we shared until we recognized it before us. Red rock

shoved up from earth. Last night we made fire
slept in the back of the car. We each remember different things
from this time, the texture of the wood or the height
of the canyon walls, what it was like to be, to be in it
on the brink of the world our lives an exploration.

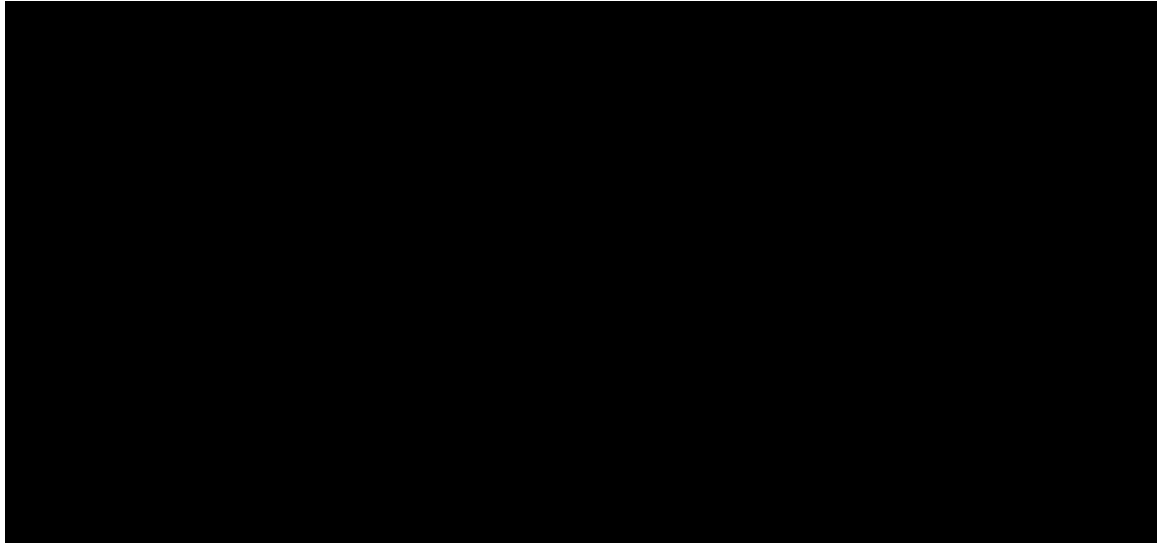
III. &faith

Of course, the phenomenology of a rich visual world is undeniable.

-Michael Cohen & Daniel Dennett

I have found my music in a common word.

-Gerard Manley Hopkins



Listening to Steve Reich's "Piano Phase" is rarely a bad idea. Duh-duh-duh-DUH-duh-duh Duh-duh-duh-DUH-duh-duh. With the proper programming, the piece can be performed ad infinitum without any performer. Two pianos, playing in tandem. The piece could be called a non-duet, in that out-of-sync-ness is the focus. But the precision required of the out-of-sync-ness calls for the most mechanical of technique and play.

Steve Reich's *Proverb* repeats the same line over and over and over again

HOW SMALL A THOUGHT IT TAKES TO FILL A WHOLE LIFE!

borrowed from Wittgenstein, whom he studied in college

Soru :: Question

*

prayer sung awake at four

*

take this throat in hand

*

i am found on the backside of this

*

i am found with you in the same city

*

we are to go beyond

*

i am found minarets through your palm

*

the gypsy stole the honeypot the gypsy stole arrest!

*

i am found coffee grounds spread out against

*

i am found stop i am stop i

*

In *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, Wittgenstein uses the word “life” ten times:

3.323 In the language of everyday **life** it very often happens that the same word signifies in two different ways—and therefore belongs to two different symbols—or that two words, which signify in different ways, are apparently applied in the same way in the proposition.

Tanısmak :: To Meet

When I looked up from the arabesque
to the sun's stream spreading itself
across the carpet where I kneeled surrounding
me heat grass appropriating my limbs
his face appeared through the room
steady above me gently approaching
a touch to my side. Bid me exit. Understand
what is both in and around me, alone
unseen, searching for the mistake that would
complete the search. I held steady
two inches away, the pattern consuming me
for two hours tracing the meander
with the tip of my tongue, my finger,
my eye the precision instrument
guided at last briefly at last hidden
behind the pillar. The air wavered
into land and water, people building
lives in the scrub. Sit over the water

5.621

The world and **life** are one.

TanıŖmak :: To Meet

breathe the world that comes
 together. Wind clears smoke away, men
pull up small fish in loaves of bread.
 How stone is rock and fire
freedom matching the spread of people
 to stars crafting mythos to understand
the simple things: first feet
 used to shift the boat's balance
drifting among the boats. When the words
 to call are few and strict, language
a clock tweaked past spring and two
 birds are one to fill this place
with call and call. *This was the Promised
 Land and it still is* exactly what it was
before. Pillar before me speak.
 The tendril snakes its way through
skin, my throat an open tendril
 turns blue across red, the taste

6.211

In **life** it is never a mathematical proposition which we need, but we use mathematical propositions only in order to infer from propositions which do not belong to mathematics to others which equally do not belong to mathematics.

Tanısmak :: To Meet

of iron set in stone. *So we must*
 from the hawk's far stemming view
sit in the shade and drink tea
 from tulips. This curve sings next
to the metrobus station. That border
 carries the crowd shifting through
the madness that there is in traffic
 crossing the gravity that counteracts
the weight of gravity, pulling back
 against the water. Look at the bridge
tell me you can see the same thing
 different as it must be.
Remember the occasion then
 wander off into winding streets
our *ripe fields revolving*
 through their harvests in sweet torment.
They are something
 else entirely, the amount of blood we lose

6.4311

Death is not an event of **life**. Death is not lived through.
If by eternity is understood not endless temporal duration
but timelessness, then he lives eternally who lives in the present.

Our **life** is endless in the way that our visual field is without
limit.

Tanıştırmak :: To Introduce

in death, how it eventually
hardens too. My note mimicked Twombly:
Irresponsibility of Gravity. Red
loops hanging in the wings. Intimate
writings too large or condensed
or considered, too magnified
or diffuse, too red to mean
what I viewed. Look through me
dear editor, consider this accompanying
manuscript entitled “Consciousness
cannot be separated from function.”
To illustrate this point a hypothetical
“perfect experiment” is proposed
completely isolated from the subject,
the experimenter, and science itself.
Below are names. Apple. Street. Grass.
Pigeon. Window. Train. Minaret.
Book. Vine. Whether the apple is red

6.4312

The temporal immortality of the soul of man, that is to say, its eternal survival also after death, is not only in no way guaranteed, but this assumption in the first place will not do for us what we always tried to make it do. Is a riddle solved by the fact that I survive for ever? Is this eternal **life** not as enigmatic as our present one? The solution of the riddle of **life** in space and time lies outside space and time.

(It is not problems of natural science which have to be solved.)

Tanıştırmak :: To Introduce

is red with you in your palm. Where
 the call to prayer is the paper dove
on the horizon. Where the sky
 can be touched, where it presses down
among us, sliver of ghosts
 piled among ghosts. We are old
meat thrown among purple flowers,
 tomato vines, imprint of feet held up
against the sky. We are an indulgent strip
 of heat across the balcony. This figure I see
closed and infinite in nature.

 The leftovers are revolutions of our eyes
around the pupil, the iris,
 invisible blood vessels. I passed through
the gateway leading out of the complex.

 The first words called me across the city. What it is
to know those words. Watch it grow the grass
 the world that is full of when clouds break.

6.52

We feel that even if all possible scientific questions be answered, the problems of **life** have still not been touched at all. Of course there is then no question left, and just this is the answer.

Var :: Existent

Whether I am stone or iron I will be brought
back to life, sailed in on ships from sea, led in
through the gates. To be a tree is to be a tree: green
scissored into leaves turning too slow to catch up.

The first time was better, two bodies orbiting,
depending on the counteracting weight of the other.
Which means love when it's read closely. Love
isn't that at all, what it means to be real. I must
do something wrong, these vibrations in the air

follow the embankment away from water
up to dusk where hands touch the story
starts far away.

6.521

The solution of the problem of **life** is seen in the vanishing of this problem.

(Is not this the reason why men to whom after long doubting the sense of **life** became clear, could not then say wherein this sense consisted?)

Yok :: Not Existent

in the elation

the moon
gibbous is funny

servant perhaps or standard

bearer
burnt rosewood
bored

tree-fin better yet red

slate counter
functional static

the moon stands funny

wind
function
bored in red

bored by burnt counter or

tree-fin yet
better

standard bearer standing

he laughs
gibbous
whistle

unsettled we know it round

mountain gibbous
moonlight peek

what is a tree-fin he asks

wind
born standing
yet

we stood in the elation

under gibbous
laughed at hollow

a better servant perhaps

others full
wind
burning

better yet he laughs

tree-fin a
round

the servant has a tell

red wind
mountain
gibbous moon

standing in the elation

word in sand
moon through wind

NOTES

I. &language

- The Bedri Rahmi Eyuboğlu quotation is from the poem “The Saga of Istanbul” translated by Talat S. Halman from the collection *A Brave New Quest: 100 Modern Turkish Poems* (Syracuse University Press)
- Information on the Turkish language reform and Turkish language comes from Geoffrey L. Lewis’ *Turkish Grammar* (Oxford University Press) and *The Turkish Language Reform: A Catastrophic Success* (OUP), and Aslı Göksel and Celia Kerslake’s *Turkish: A Comprehensive Grammar* (Routledge).
- The Ece Ayhan poem comes from *Bütün Yort Savul’lar!: Toplu Şiirler 1954-1997*, the collected works of Ayhan. The translation is my own.

II. &history

- Information on the Hagia Sophia and Henricus Dandolo comes from a variety of sources, including information available in the museum and from tour guides, basic encyclopedias, and Natalia Teteriatnikov’s essay “Hagia Sophia, Constantinople: Religious Images and their Functional Context after Iconoclasm” (*Zograf* 2004).
- The poem “Leke :: Stain, Spot” borrows some of its language from Ralph Waldo Emerson’s “Nature,” Procopius of Caesarea’s “On the Great Church”, and Paul the Silentiary’s “The Magnificence of Hagia Sophia”, the latter two translated by Lethaby and Swainson in the collection *The Church of St Sophia Constantinople* (1894).
- The quote from Barbaro comes from his *Diary of the Siege of Constantinople 1453* translated by J.R. Jones (Exposition Press 1969).

III. &faith

- The quotes from Ludwig Wittgenstein come from the e-book edition available at Project Gutenberg of the original translation by C.K. Ogden.
- “Tanışmak :: To Meet” (II) & (III) borrows some language (italicized) from Hart Crane’s *The Bridge*.
- “Tanıştırmak :: To Introduce” borrows the title of Michael Cohen and Daniel Dennett’s essay “Consciousness cannot be separated from function” (*Trends in Cognitive Sciences* 2011).

CV

Education

M.F.A. — University of Nevada, Las Vegas (2009 - current)
Creative Writing (Poetry)
Advisors: Donald Revell, Claudia Keelan, and Richard Wiley

B.A. — University of Southern California (2002 - 2006)
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Awards and Honors

2010 - 2011: John Cobain Fellowship, Black Mountain Institute, Las Vegas, NV
2011: British Association of Victorian Studies Graduate Student Travel Grant
2006: Magna Cum Laude - USC
2006: Laurence C. Welch Essay Prize in Comparative Literature - USC
2006: William James Essay Prize in English Literature - USC
2006: Departmental Honors, English - USC
2006: Departmental Honors, Comparative Literature, USC
2006: Renaissance Scholar, USC
2002 - 2006: Presidential Scholar, USC

Publications - Poetry

“:a screaming comes across:” *Washington Square Review*. Forthcoming.
“Aloha Draculas” *Grist*. Forthcoming.
“Men & Women” *The Journal*. Forthcoming.
“Ordered Planet” *Fence*. Forthcoming. (collaboration w. Kelli Anne Nofle)
“Arabesque” *VOLT*. Forthcoming: Vol 17, 2012.
“Semi Circle/Yarım çember” *Colorado Review*. Forthcoming. (trans. of Nurduran Duman poem)
“Arrow” *Aesthetix*. Issue 2.
“An Older J.A. Sitting on the Covers in a Tropicana Guest Room Watching a Re-Run of Bones & Praying” *Handsome*. Forthcoming: Vol 4, No 1, 2011.
“Aile” *580 Split*. Issue 13, 2011.
“the national gallery,” “what is in front of us” & “a biography of time” *Summer Stock*. Issue 5, 2011.
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“Ağaç” *Elimae*. 2009.

Publications - Essays, Interviews, and Reviews

“*The Larger Nature* by Pam Rehm” *Colorado Review*. Forthcoming.

- “*The Cloud Corporation* by Timothy Donnelly” *Colorado Review*. Issue 38.3: Fall/Winter 2011.
- “*The Dandelion Clock* by Daniel Tiffany” *The Quarterly Conversation*. Issue 26: Winter 2011.
- “*The Odicy* by Cyrus Console” *The Quarterly Conversation*. Issue 25: Fall 2011.
- “*Mobius Crowns* by Dan Beachy-Quick and Srikanth Reddy” *Jacket2*. July 27, 2011.
- “Different Similarities: Jorie Graham and Josie Sigler” *The Quarterly Conversation*. Issue 22: Winter 2010.
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- “An Interview with Craig Santos Perez” Studio One Readings. June 2010.
- “*Prose. Poems. a novel.* by Jamie Iredell” *The Quarterly Conversation*. Issue 19: Spring 2010.
- “*The Sri Lankan Loxodrome* by Will Alexander” *The Quarterly Conversation*. Issue 17: Fall 2009.
- “*Reading Novalis in Montana* by Melissa Kwasny” *The Quarterly Conversation*. Issue 16: Summer 2009.
- “*This Nest, Swift Passerine* by Dan Beachy-Quick” *The Quarterly Conversation*. Issue 15: Spring 2009.

Editorial Experience

The Offending Adam
 Founder, Editor-in-Chief, Publisher
 2009 - present

Witness (Black Mountain Institute)
 Assistant Editor
 2010 - 2011

13 Younger Contemporary American Poets (Proem Press)
 Assistant Editor
 2010

Conference Presentations

“The Occasional Poetics of the Rhymers’ Club”
 Decadent Poetics Conference • July 1-2, 2011 • Exeter, U.K.
 Panel: Community and the Construction of Decadence

“Repetition of the Page: Teaching the Form of Formlessness”
 Association of Writers and Writing Programs • February 2-5, 2011 • Washington, D.C.

Panel: Poetry Pedagogy Panel

“‘Say Istanbul’ from *A Turkish Dictionary*”

South Atlantic Modern Language Association • November 5-7, 2010 • Atlanta,
GA

Panel: Contemporary Poets and Their Interplay of Text and Image

Teaching Experience

University of Nevada, Las Vegas • Graduate Assistant

English 102 (Freshman Composition): Spring 2010, Spring 2011

English 101 (Freshman Composition): Fall 2009, Fall 2010

English 232 (World Literature): Fall 2010 (guest lecture on Nazim Hikmet
and Walt Whitman)

Writing Center Consultant: Fall 2009

Poetry Readings

Sep. 2010 • Neon Literature Reading Series • Las Vegas Contemporary Arts
Center

Dec. 2009 • Neon Literature Reading Series • Las Vegas Contemporary Arts
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