





An Apple from My Garden

## Milestone

Apple is the living planet

Garden is the universe

Paradise is a walled garden

Prison is the body and mind

## At Last at Ease

An epitaph for the artist

The artist spinning at high speed becomes invisible  
disappearing ultimately  
as everything dissolves in the fire of love  
leaving no traces or differences  
which are the only way of recognizing and describing  
something from another  
all gone  
as the colors mix into each other  
ending in pure light  
which makes us blind  
descending into eternal darkness  
as the noise of all living creatures  
raise to the top of a crescendo  
ending in pure silence  
leaving behind  
a universe of eternal tranquility

## About Life

Life is so slippery  
sand running through my fingers

Details make it feel real  
sound of music from an old instrument  
the diminishing noise at the edge of a town  
right after sunset  
the astringent sweet taste of a fresh fruit  
an apple from the garden  
the smell of walnut leaves on the grass  
just before it rains  
the soft touch of a lizard's wet skin

I keep my eyes closed  
I can still see the shadows of life  
all in colors

The light pierces the darkness

## No Choice

Trying to stand on my own feet  
on a fire ball

I need to find another planet  
you know this feeling of belonging to nowhere

Longing to be belonging

Be mine  
I will be yours

## Nomadic Being

I am moving from the past to the future  
on a short visit on this planet

I am standing on my own feet  
not being able to stay in the air  
I will fall down immediately  
or if I put my arm in the water  
it will start dissolving in some weeks  
or if I bury my leg down in the soil  
it will be rotten in some months

Right now and here  
I am standing on my own feet  
on the crust of a fire ball

Between heaven and earth

”Mais quelle épaisse nuit tout à coupe m'environne?”

Racine

## Inertia

My consciousness is left on the pillow  
my eyes are floating in the darkness  
my left hand is resting in my right hand  
one foot is looking for the other  
I have no idea where my knees are

Should I start all over again  
for a new day



## Lost and Found

I am trying to find my way home  
I feel somehow left alone  
if I only knew in which direction  
I should move myself  
and get to a place  
where I can work peacefully  
first try to find out  
where I have been  
among two thousand million stars  
in one of the countless million galaxies  
in our universe  
I hope the only one  
think if there were also other universes

The safest place will be  
in the middle of the universe  
I hear a voice saying  
stay where you are.

## Shooting Stars

Stars are sparks of the universe  
we send out words

Send me a word  
which can light my inner fire

I will not regret  
if I burn out

## Drifting

I am trying to find out  
where I have been

I stretch myself like a snail  
to come forward  
desperate to catch the moment  
which seems to be moving further back  
ceaselessly

I have no feeling  
how many days are left  
it takes a long time to die  
exactly a whole life time

Let the body drift away  
in the dark river of being  
the endless moment  
now

## Joke

You are asking me  
who I am  
I have changed names  
I forget my names  
first I have to remember  
right now who I am

Call me Joke  
the result of a unique combination  
of a series of pure coincidences

You feel maybe  
it is something I am teaching you  
I am only teasing you

## Hidden Pearl

Torn from the depths of the sea  
pushed gently on the shore by ripples  
sometimes lost in mud and dust  
other times exhibited in museums and palaces  
thousands pass by without noticing it

There is nothing to compare in value  
with the hidden pearl  
unique unknown without attributes  
black or white or in oxblood  
the undiscovered pearl  
will keep on growing in the nature

## Truth

I am sitting under the apple tree  
waiting for the apple to fall on my head

Nothing to peer at and nowhere to grapple  
but still without keeping eyes closed

How can you lose something  
which you have not found yet

## At the Edge of Being

Sometimes I get aware  
that the act is wiser  
than the thought

One thing finds another  
one end touches another  
it becomes pure life

Smell of earth and fire in nostrils  
startled by the freshness of cool water  
pushed by a sudden wind

Advance into future



## Outsider

I have a feeling of excelling  
in the art of  
being tangent

My star must be a comet  
with no interest in a fixed orbit  
moving away constantly  
in lack of sense for home

Avoid penetrating any circle  
rather choose to lose  
and be a falling star

## Life on the Stage

From birth to death

With great pain I leave the dark wet warm comfort  
I am afraid of being left alone  
by and by I understand something is going on  
silently I try to keep up with the pace  
following as good as I can

Resting a while whenever left in peace  
I start acting on my own  
and move on

Now I am just gathering the loose ends

Totally uninvolved  
soon stepping out into the void

## Face to Face

Have you really met your real self  
now there is no other left

Fear no longer to be used by others  
in the name of a false truth

Now you are ready to meet the eternity  
without fear

The endless ocean of silence

## No Escape

Returning home running  
tired of the outer chaos

Fear is something it seems  
like everything else you have  
you lose it

A vague smile is left behind  
like life

Human wisdom has its ends

## Human Development

I am chasing an ideal  
guided by my human mind

Leaping forward in hope of advancing  
I look behind to see how far

The human edifice is crumbling to dust

Once again I see the necessity of learning  
from the perfect coherence  
in the nature

## Way of Knowing

You need nothing  
to become wise and knowing  
and when you reach there  
you will still be nothing

The greatest wisdom  
costs nothing  
though you might have to  
lose your life for it

It takes no time  
to get to the ultimate truth  
it will strike you at once  
say with a thunderbolt

Death is a solitary affair

## Gardening

I know beauty is sublime in its natural form  
I wonder how each flower I plant  
comes back year after year  
in the same form and color

Copying or creating is no help to reach those heights

I am ready to give everything back to the earth

It is tempting to think  
some words of the poet will  
still echo in the ether



## New Year's Day

Good morning

Every day is the first day  
of the rest of my life

Fasten your seat belts

It takes a lifetime to die

## Back to the Origin

All the dead bodies dissolved in the water

The soil absorbs back the once living

The wind dries out fluid matter

The rest is burnt down to ashes

Spread in all directions

This dead body seems alive with maggots and bacteria

Moving on to recycling

## Health

A new day begins  
with thoughts about rest of the day

The body is the serving part  
gives pleasure when it is kept in good shape

I am in charge of it  
I do my best

The vehicle keeps going  
for the time being

## Teacher

I am a teacher  
I have been in schools  
one third of my life

All my life I have been teaching myself

I am my one and only disciple

When I am finished with it  
I will rest

## The Last Poem

Doomed to life sentence on this planet  
I touch the nerves of my old harp

My body and my mind in paradise

My feelings thoughts and experiences  
is all what I am singing of

In joy and awe till the end

The only way for me to come closer to eternity  
right now is to collect mineral stones and sea shells

## Soothing Words

Poetry has no power  
to rescue from death

Words are not enough  
to explain life  
dancing around  
loss and gain

Lean your head on that round stone  
warm under the sun

The poem will ease the pain

## True Love

Do you know

each time when we meet  
we recognize each other

Even when we know

we are now another

Like the flowers in the garden

which keep on coming back  
almost at the same place

Year after year



## Expectations

Once born  
no need of repetitive traumas

Serenity of acceptance  
giving way to harmony

Sipping the sap of life  
every moment is a dream

Breathing fresh air in the spring breeze  
tasting random hits of bliss  
almost fainting in the rain of revelations  
soon due to leave

Once dead  
sail into the void

## For the Time Being

On my way to the end  
approaching the next stop  
    where less is more  
    simple is beautiful  
    scarce is abundant

One glance is enough to see all  
    barely a touch  
    gives way to an eruption

This serenity makes me smile  
    I better keep silent

## Waking up

One more day on this planet

Travelling from one moment to another  
between one spot and another  
filled with unexpected turns of fate

Nothing is too small to be chosen  
to this humble recipient

## Sinking Deeper

I am getting better in seeing in the dark  
I wish I could show the way to others

Who said I am waiting for enlightenment  
I always escaped from the spot light

Seeking back to comfort  
in the memory of that once  
in mothers womb

## Acquiescence

What I do mean about life and death

How can meaninglessness  
be so brutally beautiful  
in joy and pain  
take it or leave it  
one drop in the ocean  
one breath of the wind  
sweat and sour taste of the fruit  
one clumsy word of love  
soothing melody  
fading away

## Fata Morgana

Such a beautiful day  
or does it seem so to me

Toxicated through senses  
I want more of it all

I am not here on Earth  
on my own choice

No intention to move though  
to another planet or a star

## Power Astray

Human decision  
the worst that can strike  
this beautiful life-long dream

At the moment  
on this planet

Worse than any natural disaster ever

By chance created  
by decision destroyed



## Space Traveller

Asking me about the poem  
always being about the same

As long as I live  
I am able to move  
in space and time

The poem is always  
about life and death

Chiseling it in a poem  
I become a star

## Pondering

Let us first learn to create  
avoid causing any kind of death  
in nature handle with care

Mind is not a jar  
first to be filled with junk  
then emptied down to the bottom  
and filled again with borrowed wisdom

Awareness of impermanence  
makes any perception in this moment  
so precious

Please do not enter the grass  
listen to the distant hymn of being  
thinking combined with intuition

## Nature of the Self

Earth dissolves in Water  
Water disappears on Fire  
Fire is blown off of Wind

Nothing is left to be understood

It makes no difference  
whether I am here  
or on Mars or Venus

I am clinging to Earth  
in my mind at least  
in the middle of this Emptiness

”Başlarında hece taşları  
Ne söylerler, ne bir haber verirler”

Dear Cudi

Here are a few words to you from your sister

Now that you vanished  
in the ocean of Forgetfulness  
free of all pain and pleasure

Our parents are lying together under a fig tree  
sharing one tombstone chiseled in  
”they say nothing they send no news”  
words chosen by our own father from Yunus Emre

And down here totally dependent on gravity  
entangled in time and space relations  
drowning in useless indulgences and endless details  
searching meaning pushed to and fro  
amidst raising waves of reminiscences  
of lived moments and pale shadows of early experiences

We are left behind

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The Third Cycle of Poems

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