



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

4 July 2015

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

15 November 2016

”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

25 September 2017

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

11 February 2020

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

15 April 2020

”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

by Feyhan Hllum

2020

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