

MURAT NEMET-NEJAT

FROM IO'S SONG (SECTION V)

V.

> kin < kind¹

1 This line is a reference to the very first words uttered by Hamlet in *Hamlet*, “a little more than kin and less than kind,” that he utters as an aside while his step-father Claudius is giving a speech.

Dick-
in-
son

in jail

Dying In A Turkish Bath

did you ever attend a public bath?

I did.

the candle near me blew out,

and I became blind.

the blue of the dome disappeared.

they relit a candle on the navel stone.

the marble was wiped clean.

I saw some of my face in it.

it was bad, something awful,

and I became blind.

I didn't expect quite this from my face.

did you ever sob

while covered in soap?

Pornography

....., flowing
peaceful along the sandy banks, whose water
halted her flight, and she implored her sisters
to change her form, and so, when Pan had caught her
and thought he held a nymph, it was only reeds
that yielded in her arms, and while he
sighed
the soft air stirring in the reeds made also
the echo of a sign!

Rainbow

Rainbow is the first gauntlet of boast by God in the Bible. Serial criminals, hearing voices, emblazon their message in red on the mirror, rouge, blood, after having butchered their victim on the bed. The killer, drained, in its murderous ecstasy, does it say, remorseful, for that very moment, "I'm sorry. Pardon me. I'll never do this again?" Then, write the message in the surrounding space.

Hermes in Action, as an Agent for Zeus, Rescuing Io: the Play Within the Play²

Hermes bored Argus with stories
until all his eyes fell asleep

the story of Pan and Syrinx

was not boring but
opiate and herm-
aphrodite

warm and full of spume and dream
warm and scum
and her-
pes

- a) Syrinx was a woodland nymph with many suitors
- b) Pan (of the REED) chased her
- c) Syrinx PLEADED with her sisters to change her into reeds
- d) soft air moving through reed
- e) as bleating through hoofs
- f) sounding like a sigh
Aye O scything in the wind
- e) Pan liked the sound
and bound them together with wax
and called them Syrinx
- f) Hermes cut off his head
- g) Hera put Argus' eyes on peacock feathers

2 The story of Pan and Syrinx in which Zeus through Hermes rescues Io echoes the main action of the myth where Zeus pursues and attacks Io.

Joy

For a period of fifteen years a recurring dream being inside a bath with a large pool, smooth green wall tiles—a replica of a place I had visited with my family as a kid in the ancient Ottoman city of Bursa—was! was! the only dream of unadulterated joy I ever had. The color of the joy was green and its shape circular. I only remember entering that bath & waking up with that feeling of joy. Nothing in between.

pour

n *unicorn*

u-

cop-

ia

climbing a well

i saw stars

A cross.

An x.

A no.

A body.

A white.

A screen.

A perpetual.

Virginal

To bathe in your water
between your face and your hair
a hand must be.

Waters were alive, madly to love, links and links
I couldn't tell was it rose, was it house

I couldn't make it heard, your loving kiss
-es were like a mask, glued to my face,

to pull them out in memories,

h a i r of torture

Hermes Bored Argus With a Story and Argus of the Hundred Eyes Listened

Subversion of what is Seen in the visible

h airy

like Spanish moss on Louisiana oak

against the sky

like S- ask!- ia com- d - o - n - t e - v - e - r !

bing her hair sideways

spinning a thread of d- ove erotic words

in hOt bath tub d a - m a s k

Varnish evanescent pink

full of swe at beads d a h m - a s k

sweet bear ds d u m b !

swan and swarm birds

horse and hazy

lazy ho urs

burying
into -
Muriel's
burial -
seen

wall

(in cerulean blue tile s oh seductive hot bath house)

soul

am

c l o u d o f m i s t i n n !

(solemn!) as

but not solo Jack !

suc(cuba) cross(ing) in-

cubus

(ck)

cumb

c-

cul-

ent

mist

cuba

hairless in Cuba! hairless her layers slays her layers in cuba

!

succulent mist

s
u
b
cumb
n
i

g
n
i
s
s
o
r
c

scissors

sea
blind -
de-
li...!
la(c
h)!
ah!
pass-
i've
seed sea h man!
or-
dure

haiti ebony
oh, comb!
Occam's
razor!

shaving charm

Shearing the cloud the cloud now is clear.
my blood spills on the ground, the cloud is modest,

blushes
and disappears.

your face shadows
in my palm
I see't and squeeze it,

drinking stars
from the urinal.

His face is almost gone
My desolation is pure,
The water is flat
My pain is on.

The bird crawling on your back and belly
and finally becoming a squirrel

Toes,
Toes,
Toes,
Toe nails,

Oh, my darling!

The sea visible, moon
us—a new kind of distance,
water exhilaration

substantial—as fields,
approaching me in the
black wings of

night, lay down, my pillow
split—my guitar
dew dropped.

My heart streaked
with moonlight blood—*indeed!* oh, in deed!
in dread

wings, let's

Swans

“Spinning within the span of a swan”

Swan milk in the bosom of the lake
withdrawn into the depth of the sky
flowing on earth
its history is upended
like Narcissus,

swan short of hands and legs
sensitive to water
its crimson eyes water's song
the lake doesn't fill, fast, let's cry, let's cry
swan
swan

the souls weeping in purple smoke
and being severed with silver wires maybe
are swan's blood
that spill out through willow's reeds

In the reflection of the peacock to
the ersatz stone reality abundantly defined
and stupidly too colorful, swan
is the weight

Out of the world of images it looks with vacant eyes
like a coaxed hand but with gloves
unaware like stars, drip by drip it rises to the sky

swan is water's joke
with gods
god's
with the living
swannesses
in a row

cover themselves in foam to shelter better in solitude in other warmths
from the reflective power of ruptures woven by your voice,

swan flying off
to the mouth of a stove where bread loaves are flying
kissing warmth sweats
swans stain the stars
as blindness descends over night

on the engraved graveyard branches of separation swan accumulates,
moves forward its talon
its eyes ceases dreaming
its lips withdrawn
stretches along each dimension of a square into our daydreaming,
if we keep quiet,
swan's blanketed its sleep with snow.

its eyes gather like wagons
then stretches the eye-lashes towards darkness
the interior world of
a glass-like waving cone sheared at the tip
the needles of a splash cutting their hands

swan singing comprehensible incomprehensible
in water's partitioned mouth kept ajar
swan is a severed neck amidst cries
there're herds of swans following behind in the wake of a corpse

even if the swan dies the lake can't pull back its lunar eyes
its children don't want, don't drink
its breast can't be milked
if a swan's born, the sky's received by the lake
swans deck stars round their necks
make make love, smelling smelling white grass

if you haven't seen a swan, just, just do so
their necks seem as if squeezed with light
where there should be departure, they meet

arriving just under my window t
waking humanity from sleep
falling back, as if, it'll change everything.

Spinning within the span of a swan.³

3 "Swans" is a variation on the Turkish poet Sami Baydar's poem "Kuğular."