

**NAZIM HIKMET**

**AN ORDINARY DAY**

**TRANSLATED BY MURAT NEMET-NEJAT**

an odd sensation

wild plums

have bloomed

first apricots bloom

then wild plums...

my love

on the grass

let's just kneel down

face-to-face.

the air is delicious and lit—

but not yet quite warm—

the almonds' shell

green green and fuzzy

and still soft

we're happy

(that we can live)

i'spose we should have been killed by now

if you're in london

and i in tobruk or on an english freighter,

my love

put your hands on your knees—

your wrists thick and white—

show your left palm

sunlight's inside your palm

like an apricot...

of those who died in yesterday's air raid

hundred are under five

twenty-four are sucklings...

my love

i'm a goner for pomegranate seed's color

—pomegranate seed, light's seed—

in melon i love its smell

in wild plum its tang

... a rainy day  
i'm away from fruits and you  
—not a single tree has yet bloomed—  
there's even a chance it will snow...  
inside my cell in bursa  
captured by the tide of an odd feeling  
and a consuming agonizing anger  
i'm writing these lines in *despite*,  
for myself and my beloved human beings.

“an odd sensation” was written during World War II while Hikmet was imprisoned for his Communist views. It is from a series of poems that he wrote to his wife.