

Two Poems by Erhun Kula

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NOSTALGIA

In the winter of my journey
the blossoming trees
only a distant memory
but
when a whisper
of an old Turkish song
comes my way
a waft of summer scent
laden with pollen
hits my nostrils
draining my eyes.

Erhun Kula



BEGINNING

In the beginning
and yet
there was no beginning
there was nothingness
next to somethingness
a 'tiny flicker' of energy
as one may say.

Nothingness could only exist
in relation to somethingness
and the same goes
right across.

In the beginning
and yet
there was no beginning
somethingness wanted to
merge
with nothingness
and it did.

At this time
and yet there was no time
the 'tiny flicker' of energy
became infinite
in relation to nothingness
its 'tiny' power
became omnipotent
the 'tiniest' wisdom
omniscient
and the rest is history
and yet
there is no history.