

The woman's place

by Hülya n. Yılmaz

a beauty
eyes – green, almond-shaped
thick long lashes, distinctive brows
dark radiant hair – complexion, fair
slender, waist thin – long shapely legs
a fine boned petite
intelligent
confident
forthright
articulate
a mother of two
an alien in her home land

caution! they advised:
this, a tiny town
word gets around
women heed their household
not strut their being out loud,
dare talk as good as men,
or ever know to think more

she may have been a beauty, too
maybe also a mother of two
her still warm frame screamed her youth
not much was left of her disfigured face
marred, the rest
an alley kitchen's door – temporary home
under mixed heaps of garbage refuse

a random incident! they said

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the new teacher, the one out of town
who lived on, by and to her own

only then she saw the color of warning:
this, a tiny town
women heed their household
not strut their being out loud,
dare to talk as good as men,
or ever know to think more

when love is everything

among long-time friends once again
enduring the familiar left-side pain
decades surpassed their centuries
the hurt remains the same

an Immortal Beloved crafted life
birthed death ever so keen
a blazing desire in-between

oh geh mit, geh mit
oh accompany me, accompany me

Hebuterne embraced the call
Plath followed it with ease
Claudel suffered a living disease

King Edward VIII stunned the monarchy
etched to memory for lives to come:
the essence negates all that is told
nourishes from the authentic self;
sates and attains for evermore,
absolute ecstasy at the core.

For love is everything.

fictive mind

last night sleepless for my rare trip to a vacation
a popular television show attracted my full attention
a woman falls in love with a man: a couple quite becoming
his news reaches her before no return: ex-girlfriend is expecting
he confesses in grave anguish he must stand by the mother of his baby
five months for both are still ahead...maybe...
the inescapable force of all forces falls upon her
Eros had long ago chosen him for a custom-cast spell
“my heart will get broken,” she knows – “what if, though, it is all worth it?”

today on the road Sezen offered me her Turkish soul song
“I couldn’t know I would hurt you by loving you so”
the agony of her love destined to be a no go

expectant and fulfilled arrival at my breathing space
i did not travel light for a three night room and board
put to shame the record of my ten-day case for abroad

my first night out
i put on a black sleeveless midi dress
threw over a blood orange whole-body shawl
heavy glimmer jewelry accompanied to impress
black open-toe shoes high-heeled quite décolleté
may have been in vain for a woman dining alone
as far as the judgments would wonder in stress

this soul ascertained to tell itself a different tale

it was there with you donning a smile of enormous scale
with each of the slow sips from its unending delectable wine
its mind dove deeper to a smooth rain-washed lake, rather divine
it then devoured the immaculate sunset for two before its inventive eyes

oh, by the way, it wasn't all black or blood orange on me
there too was something bright red inside...
my bleeding heart

Bio:

hülya yılmaz is a college professor in Liberal Arts with an extensive teaching career. She authored a research book on the influence of ghazal poetry by Rumi and Hafiz on 19th and 20th century German literature. Another scholarly work contains her chapter on a controversial novel by Orhan Pamuk, the 2006 recipient of the Nobel Prize for Literature. From her profession, however, she cherishes most the conduct and words of appreciation from a respectable number of students. In her creative work, yılmaz prefers the genres of fictional autobiography, short story and poetry. Presently, she teaches full-time in her fields of specialty; does creative writing; is a self-appointed literary translator and a novice free-lance writer.