

POEM

HÜSEYİN HAYDAR*



**The master poet of Turkish language, Hüseyin Haydar, was born in the village of Yeşilce in Trabzon in 1956. His poems express the societal struggles of the era we live in, and his famous works have been translated into world languages such as Russian, Arabic, Persian, English, and Chinese. He has authored numerous articles on literature and art in national and international media. For fifteen years, he has been publishing his poems every week in the "Şairin Emeği" column of the Aydınlık Newspaper. With his work titled "Doğu Tabletleri" (Eastern Tablets), he expressed the human tragedy unfolding in Eurasia with intense historical depth. He stood against the attacks of U.S. imperialism on humanity. During his participation in meetings in China, he made efforts to establish the cultural, artistic, and poetic aspects of the "Belt and Road Initiative." His proposal for the establishment of Silk Road Poetry Unions in Eurasia was accepted during his visit to the Shanghai Writers' Association. Hüseyin Haydar, a recipient of numerous awards, has issued manifestos calling upon poets with a fighting spirit, such as "Manifesto to the Great Poets of Humanity", "The Duty of the Poet in Rising Asia", "Establishing the Silk Road Poetry Union", "Call to the Boundless Art Union", and more.*

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EASTERN TABLETS

Ninety-Ninth Tablet, Ata¹

Hüseyin Haydar

Not from the light of the universe, but it rose from
the fire of the earth,
Came to the world to work, just like a poor peasant
who goes to his field to toil.
Not by divine order, but just like how an easterly
wind turns into a hurricane
So much it bewilders the Great Powers with “either
Independence or Death” ballad.
It is not the holy spirit of Gökborü², but a grey wolf
from birth,
Like the obligatory resurrection of the day, reaches
the sky army.
When he came, there was neither a free tree nor a
brother forest,
Which created a rose garden from seventy-two
species of steppe bushes.
To the soldier in the serge calpac, firstly he placed the
serge calpac with his hands,
Awakened his ability in him to die and kill.
The wise son of proud men coming from the sky, was
born in the catastrophe,
Learned at the war loom, how to weave the soul cloth.
Without knowing how and when he would come,
with a whole heart,
The man in the serge calpac who believed in beautiful
and peaceful days,
After the blond wolf who knew when and how he
would come,
Jumped into the world's brightest, the most
tremendous darkness.
The fate of plowed land and cities changed at a dawn
time:
As many as ants on the ground, fish in the water,
birds in the sky,
Coward, brave, illiterate, dominant and even
childlike...

At a dawn time when he put his heavy hands on the
ground and stood up,
He saw Ata grabbing his arms and lifting him, there
he roared.
He had fear, he took away his fear, he had a poison,
he sucked his poison,
He gave him the ardent desire, put him on a
swarthymare,
Coming from far Asia at full gallop, its mouth foamy
with fiery red blood.
Is this the rebellion of science or the art of rebellion?
Will sew a set of satin clothes to the ragamuffin, the
auspicious man,
Laid the century on the tailor's table, he is cutting it
out like fabric:
The mind is free, the arms are competent, the
revolution is fully seated on the body,
In red blood met the star of salvation with the golden
crescent.
The soul is passionate, the desire is winged, the world
is more than enough for everyone.
Comrades, we are Turkish organizers of that mighty
victory,
Enslaved peoples are learning to stand up and walk.
In rising Asia, we will run side by side, from era to
era,
The East will triumph and share its victory with the
West.
In order for the sun of revolution that is equidistant
from everyone to shine,
Let humanity rise from the national militia to the
universal power.
That's how great leaders are, they move swiftly, once
the task is done,
They leave without even tasting a single day of the
thousand years they have given.

¹ In Turkish, the term “Ata” (meaning “ancestor”) is also used to refer to Mustafa Kemal Atatürk.

² In Turkish mythology, Gökborü is a sacred wolf that has been believed to be a leading guide.