

HÜSEYİN HAYDAR*



**Hüseyin Haydar, a master Turkish poet of Turkish, was born in 1956 in Yeşilce village of Trabzon. The poems of the famous poet, who expressed the social struggles of our age in his poems, have been translated into world languages such as Russian, Arabic, Persian, English and Chinese. He wrote many articles on literature and art in the national and international press. From Palestine to Iraq, from Venezuela to Rwanda, from China to Iran, from Afghanistan to Syria, from Russia to Cuba, he has been on the side of the oppressed and developing nations that resist imperialism. For fifteen years, he has been publishing his poems every week in the column of "Poet's Labour" in Aydınlık Newspaper. In his work titled "Tablets of the East", he expressed the human tragedy in Eurasia with an intense historical depth. He stood against the attacks of U.S. imperialism on humanity. In the meetings he attended in China, he made an effort to establish the culture, art and poetry part of the One Belt One Road initiative. During his visit to the Shanghai Writers' Union, the proposal of Silk Road Poetry Unions in Eurasia was accepted. Hüseyin Haydar, who is the winner of many awards, called the poets with a fighting spirit, has published several manifestos, such as "The New World manifesto for the poets of great humanity", "The Poet's Mission in Rising Asia", "We Are Establishing the Silk Road Poetry Belt!", "Call for Boundless Art Union!" etc.*

MINUTES OF THE REBELLION*

Lumumba! Lumumba!

A wild leap forward... I am naked.
 I am the boiling blood of Africa... Here I stand.
 I came with bare body... came to be shattered.
 I carry the heart of resurrection, I am Lumumba.
 You can dissolve my body in acid... I am naked.
 But you can never kill my essence... Armored, my spirit is.

Suppressed and squeezed, the flame of honor ignited, I exploded.
 The mountain burst, the brain of the era is spewing lava,
 I carry the music of the Congo, I am Lumumba.
 I bow to the delicate ant of my country, I devour the oppressor,
 I turned the Belgian king into a worm, fittingly.

Born in Africa for brotherhood, we are not slaves.
 The fox outside made a deal with the local servant inside,
 They stole the bread, water, and light of my country,
 They spilled the dreams' blood onto the noble land of Congo.
 I ventilated the underground of the dark continent with my hands.

I registered my name in the book of revolutionary martyrs,
 With a determined life pulse, I rammed my name to the stone,
 I engraved myself, at the forefront, at the very beginning.
 Patrice Emery Lumumba, forget this name.
 But never forget the name of the collaborator Mobutu.

If a poet has the right to speak, I request a place,
 Earthly valor, on behalf of the divine children of Africa.
 We took the floor to complete a half-sentence:
 Lumumba, a naked arrival, a naked departure.
 Stretch your ribs, children, we are late!

