

## FAZIL HÜSNÜ DAĞLARCA\*



*\*(August 26, 1914, Istanbul; October 15, 2008, Istanbul)*

*Turkish poet. He is one of Türkiye's most prolific poets, with more than 60 books of poetry published during his lifetime. Dağlarca was awarded the Golden Wreath Award at the Struga Poetry Evenings. In 1971, he was one of the candidates on the list for the Nobel Prize in Literature, which was awarded to Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. He adopted a socialist understanding of poetry. He supported his homeland, his nation and the struggles of oppressed peoples. Dağlarca remained true to his own interpretation of poetry, unaffected by any literary movement or individual. As a prolific poet, he maintained his independence, did not draw inspiration from other poets, and composed his poetry independently of any particular movement. It is summed up his understanding of art that: "The work of art should point both to the time we are in, like a clock, and to the direction we need to go, like a compass." Awards: 1946: Republican People's Party Poetry Competition Third Prize, 1956: Yeditepe Poetry Prize, 1958: Turkish Language Association Poetry Prize, 1966: Turkish National Student Federation Turhan Emeksiz Prize, 1967: International Poetry Forum Best Living Turkish Poet (US), 1973: Arkin Children's Literature Outstanding Honor Award, 1974: Struga 13. Poetry Festival Golden Wreath Award (Yugoslavia), 1974: Milliyet Art Magazine Artist of the Year, 1977 Sedat Simavi Foundation Literature Award, 2005: Vehbi Koç Award, 2008: Culture and Arts Service Award.*

## OUR VIETNAM WAR

### Those Who Burn

### Themselves for the Common Good\*\*

*“When leaving home, always assume*

*You will encounter an honest man”*

*A Vietnamese proverb*

Burning is the denial of darkness,

Mindfully, brighter than all thought,

In action, swifter than bird or beast.

Pour on the girl all your light.

Find life in a flame out of night

Burning is the denial of darkness,

A mad plunge into eyes, inward but remote

From the shepherd’s fire to the sky’s pyre.

Pour on the girl all your light.

Sleep stirs with stars shining briht.

Burning is the denial of darkness,

To the end of truth, our long and naked budies gloat-

Don’t we come alive as we blaze and glow?

Pour on the girl all your light,

So the day may arrive before daylight.

