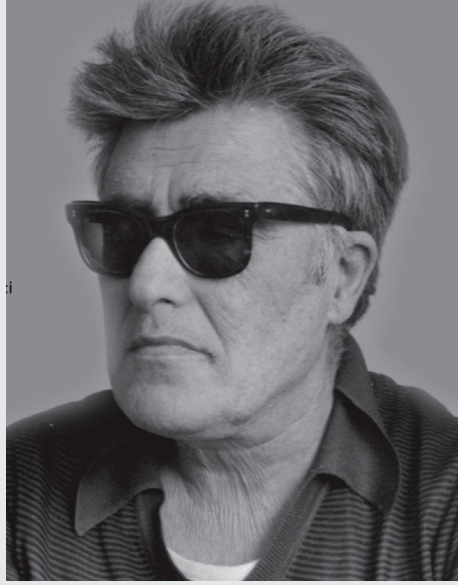

 ENVER GÖKÇE*



**Enver Gökçe (1920–1981) was born in the village of Çit, located in the Kemaliye district of Erzincan. He commenced his education in Ankara, to which his family relocated when he was eight years old. He obtained his degree from the Department of Turkish Language and Literature at the Faculty of Language and History-Geography (DTCF), Ankara University, in 1948. In 1951, while serving as a manager at Kadirga Student Dormitory in Istanbul, he was apprehended and condemned to six years in connection with the Communist Party of Turkey case. He was incarcerated from 1951 to 1957, then resided in exile in Çorum for two and a half years. Subsequent to 1960, he served as a proofreader and freelance writer for multiple newspapers in Ankara. From 1963 until 1966, he was employed in the Dormitories Directorate in Istanbul. Subsequently, he retired to his birthplace and resided in the village, far from urban areas, for many years. Following his treatment in Bulgaria in 1977, he established his residence in Ankara and engaged in translation work. He passed away in Ankara on November 19, 1981. His poetry collections include Dost Dost İlle Kavga (1973), Panzerler Üstümüze Kalkar (1977), and Eğin Türküleri (1947-1982). He employed the linguistic traits of his upbringing and colloquial idioms to articulate the corruptions of the social order and the plight of the populace. Enver Gökçe, who resided in a nursing home during his final years, passed away in Ankara on November 19, 1981.*

WAR OF 39 **

I wish I could go or go ...
 If I were to leave the land for a moment
 I know this is the way
 It is a river, an army
 And an adventure, a journey belonging to people
 But should I see migration, victory, defeat
 If I were to see
 Who are those who chain those I call friends?
 I kept my open and Turkish palms
 Warm
 It was for frozen
 Hands,
 Now I am coming without bandages, without ointment, helpless
 Shrapnel wounded arms!
 Now I come from far away without permission and for you
 Waiting for news from bullet wounds
 I am not a stranger or
 I have a lack of acquaintance
 And forgottenness.
 If I were to climb, if I were to climb, even if it were a mountain,
 Would I hear, would I hear the cannon fire
 My hero who climbed over a horse's neck
 That abandoned land
 That burning village
 That overturned car
 That under a tank
 Are your loved ones?
 Coal would be processed,
 The pen would write, the road would be paved,
 The sun would be greeted,
 At the beginning of each day
 If I were to be there, if I were to see
 If I were to see, is everything in its place?
 I became your enemy, the war of 939
 You made me lose my friends,
 You made me sad
 You made me miserable
 You made me a poet!
 A thousand thanks to you
 Great suffering
 You taught me to love
 You taught me the truth
 You taught me people

1945

