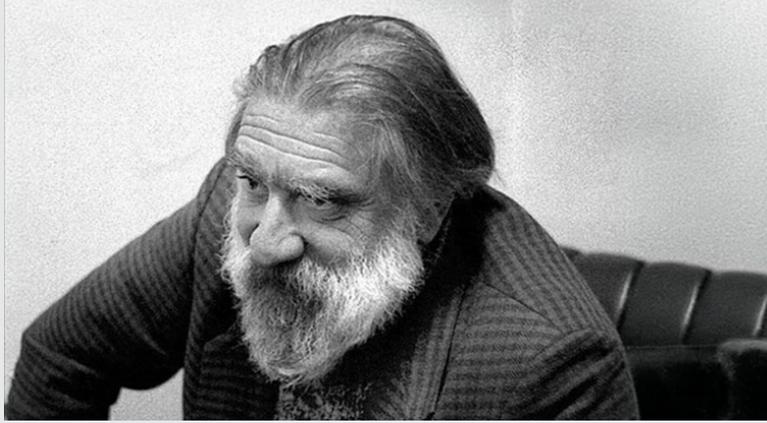


CAN YÜCEL*



**He was born in Istanbul on August 21, 1926. He is the progeny of the renowned Minister of National Education, Hasan Ali Yücel. He pursued his studies in Classical Philology in the Faculty of Language and History-Geography at Ankara University and at the University of Cambridge in England. He was employed at BBC Radio in London for a period of time. He enhanced the comprehension of social poetry with his distinctive features of lyricism and comedy. Through his singular and individual approach to words, he cultivated a remarkable and authoritative voice. In "The Poems of a Politician," the voice is simultaneously paternal, affectionate, sardonic, and poignant. Possessing extensive understanding of language and culture, he adeptly utilized several sources, including folklore, divan poetry, current poetry, and colloquial language. On March 12, 1971, he received a 15-year prison term for translating publications by Che Guevara and Mao. He was liberated in 1974 according to a general amnesty. Upon attaining his freedom, he published the book entitled "A Politician's Poems," which he had composed while incarcerated. Subsequent to September 12, 1980, his work entitled Rengahenk was seized on the basis of obscenity. By crafting his distinctive poetry, Can Yücel emerged as a prominent figure in contemporary Turkish poetry. He enhanced the literature of the period with his innovative and accomplished poem translations. He translated works by notable authors including Lorca, Brecht, Wilde, and Shakespeare. The esteemed poet, who died on August 12, 1999, was interred in Datça, his place of residence.*

The Wall of Love**

Was it you or your loneliness
In the blind dark we opened bleary eyes
Last night's curses on our lips
We would frequent art-lesbian-lovers,
Galleries and public places
My daily care was to remove you into the midst of men
An ammoniac flower in your button hole
My loneliness my incontinent countess
The lower we sink the beter
We loitered in the pubs at Kumkapğ
With beanstew, beer and wine before us
And police battalions behind us; in the mornings
My Guardian Saints would find my carcass in the gutters
Hot as the garbage-collecfors' hands,
With their hands I caressed you.
My loneliness my bristle-haired beauty,
The higher we stink the beter

I looked in the sky a red flash a plane
Steel and stars and human beings galore
One night we leapt the Wall of love
Where I fell was so clear so open
You and the universe at my side.
Uncountable my deaths, their resurrections.
O loneliness my many songs
The more we can live without lies the better.

