

IMAGE MAKERS: THE EDUCATION OF A NOMAD.
CAPPADOCIA, TURKEY. NOTE-BOOK.

It's the mechanical aspect that infuriates me
when I stir the tobacco leaves in the jar,
and I compare the gloss of the spirals in which he rolls
the films with the muddy waters of my dyes
and my wizened skin.

His lens and chemicals idle on the shelves.
Seldom he assents to my mother's toothless smile,
but when my father embraces him by the waist,
and both cradle their way to town to talk science
to peasants welded to their chairs,
jealous I stand on the dirty road
mocking reverence to the tractor's smoke and dust.

Engines and sheen, moreover they own the road.
For me: the burlap of the tent, the chests covered with rugs.
Meekness and passion of a forgotten mother,
stitch by stitch made silence and image.
We are left tangled with wheat and wool.
My sisters, my mother, sunk in sunsets
that I can not capture with boxes like him
because our sweat is the essence of the scene,
and we are sewn to the earth.
We have the whole world to work.
Some songs, some apple tea, some rest.

Dance is only whispers and stares,
at night, when the goats cuddle near and their absence
hurts more than our muscles and the darkness.
Stories and exhaustion whirl and illuminate our fear.
The voices reflect in the strips of celluloid
where he seals images with his crystals.
Tenderly, hungry for stories,
I wield my shuttle, I dispense legends on the warp.
I weave.

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