

POEMS OF INNOCENCE *NOTE TO HISTORY*



A collection from the Poetry Contest on Gaza



Use the QR code to access the daily local press news about the event "All Children Are Innocent" organized by KTUDELL.

ISBN: 978-605-2271-67-4

Copyright @ 2024

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, distributed or transmitted in any form or by any means including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods without the prior written permission of the copyright owner and publisher, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review or certain other non-commercial uses permitted by copyright law.

ISBN: 978-605-2271-67-4

The image of front cover was created by AI.

The images in this book were taken from the Anadolu Agency's official website.

The image of rear cover was created by Şevval Hasret YILDIZ, KTUDELLE Prep Student.

EDITORS

PROF. DR. MUSTAFA NACİ KAYAOĞLU
ASSOC. PROF. DR. NAZAN YILDIZ ÇİÇEKÇİ
ASSOC. PROF. DR. TUNCER YILMAZ
ASST. PROF. DR. FEHMİ TURGUT
LECT. DR. NİLGÜN MÜFTÜOĞLU
RES. ASST. DR. ÖZLEM ÇAKMAKOĞLU
RES. ASST. TUNCER AYDEMİR
RES. ASST. ZEHRA GÜRSOY
RES. ASST. RÜMEYSA DÜZ
RES. ASST. MEHMET AKİF YILDIRIM

FOREWORD

With a profound sense of sorrow, solidarity, and responsibility, we, the English Language and Literature Department of Karadeniz Technical University (KTU) in Trabzon, Türkiye, organized a poetry contest titled "All Children Are Innocent" to share the pain of the Gaza children, who were forced to write their names on their arms in case they lost their lives under the most brutal Israeli bombardments. This heart-wrenching act was so their loved ones could recognize them and inscribe their names on their graves. Born from the depths of indescribable pain in the wake of unspeakable atrocities and massacres inflicted upon innocent Palestinian people, this book stands as a testament to our shared humanity and firm solidarity with the innocent souls lost in Gaza.

This collection of poems emerged from the heartfelt contributions of over seventy poets from fifty universities across our nation. Their words, mostly penned by university students, speak volumes where language often fails, offering a fragile comfort to hearts shattered by unimaginable loss. The profound grief and empathy encapsulated in these verses reflect a collective conscience and effort to honour and remember the innocent lives stolen in Palestine.

This book is not merely a collection of verses; it is a vow—an unyielding promise to never remain silent in the face of massacre, to stand firmly beside the innocent Palestinian people, and to illuminate the shadows of apathy that darken our world. It also serves as a stark reminder of the hypocrisy of those who claim civility and democracy while deliberately turning a blind eye to the suffering of the Palestinian people. Silence is not an option; it is an unforgivable crime.

Through the medium of poetry, we chose to echo the most brutal pages of history. As you turn these pages, may you hear the echoes of Gaza children's lost voices mingled with tears, fears, screams, and frozen

eyes. May you feel the weight of their absence, and may you join us in bearing witness, in remembering, and in vowing never to forget. Our aim is not only to commemorate but also to ignite a global resonance—a call to action against indifference and a resolve to inscribe these poignant moments into the annals of history.

The awards of the national English poetry competition on “All Children are Innocent” were announced at a ceremony held on 28.05.2024 at KTU Faculty of Literature. Among the poems sent by more than 70 participants from 50 different universities across Türkiye, Murat YÜMLÜ from Bartın University won the first prize with his poem “A Requiem for Humanity”, Hala Nabil BADRAN from Uludağ University came second with her poem “Gaza”, and Gerdane AKKUŞ from Hacettepe University came third with her poem “Forgive Us, My Gazan Child”. Habibe DİLSİZ from Ahi Evran University with her poem “How Does a Palestine Child under War Feel”. Sena Nihan ARSLAN from Amasya University with her poem “Free Palastine”, Selbi BÜTÜN from Bitlis Eren University with her poem “Palestine Angels” were awarded the Special Jury Award. Palestinian student Hala Nabil Badran, the owner of the poem that was awarded the second prize, thanked the Turkish nation for its support and read her poem, which caused emotional moments in the hall. The poem titled “Palestine Angels”, in which the names of hundreds of children who lost their lives were mentioned, was read by the whole hall together.

Together, through the power of poetry and the strength of shared humanity, let us ensure that every child, everywhere, is forever remembered as innocent.

Prof. Dr. Mustafa Naci KAYAOĞLU
Head of the Department of English Language and Literature
Karadeniz Technical University
Trabzon, Türkiye
June, 2024

POETRY CONTEST POSTER AND PHOTOS

ALL CHILDREN ARE INNOCENT
Award-Winning English Poetry Contest



Open to all students across Türkiye

Submission Deadline
November 26,
2023

**Award will be announced later*

With a profound sense of sorrow, solidarity, and responsibility, we are organizing a poetry contest to share the pain of the innocent GAZA children. Let's stand together for them who need our voices and our hope.

KTUDELL - KTU English Language and Literature

FOR SUBMISSION



 **ALL CHILDREN ARE INNOCENT**
Award-Winning English Poetry Contest

KTUDELL PRESENTS THE WINNERS



With a profound sense of sorrow, solidarity, and responsibility, we share the pain of the innocent GAZA children, and by marking a note to history we want to be an echo for their voices and hope.

**LET'S MEET AT THE EVENT
IN OUR DEPARTMENT ON
TUESDAY - 28.05.2024 - 13.00**



KTU
English
Language
and Literature



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Abdulsamet AKTAŞ Lament for Lost	1
Abdulsamet NAK Flower Child	2
Aleyna ÇİMELİ All Children Are Innocent	3
Alican TİN Our Fate	4
Anıl Müge SEYREKBASAN Innocent Silence	5
Asım Cem ATEŞ Don't Grow Up Child	7
Azra GÜZEL Have I Killed in Front of All Your Eyes?	8
Berçem YAMAN God's Most Beautiful Miracle	10
Buse Handan KOÇ Aren't We Children?	11
Busenur KARATAŞ A Silent Scream	14
Busenur SÖKMEN The Innocent's Supplication	15
Damla YILMAZ Halo	16
Denada DOSTİ All Children Are Innocent	17

Didem ÖZER	18
I Was Once a Kid in This World	
Dilara GÜLTEKİN	20
Drown Out by the Lights	
Dilara SICAK	21
The Child	
Elanur GEZER	22
Can a Little Child's Heart Feel Broken?	
Elif ALTAŞ	23
Gaza, the Colour of Pain	
Elif GÜNEŞ	25
All Children Are Innocent	
Elif Nur YILMAZ	27
Counting Beyond Three	
Emircan YILDIRIM	28
All Children Are Innocent	
Esra AYYILDIZ	29
Child	
Faruk BABİR	31
Ship of Innocence	
Fatma KOLSAL	32
Sea of Sorrow	
Fidan DOST	34
I'm Little	
Firdan FADLAN SİDİK	35
A God's Affection within Mom and Child	
Firdevs AKKURT	36
Ending of World	

Gerdane AKKUŞ	37
Forgive Us, My Gazan Child	
Habibe DİLSİZ	38
How Does a Palestine Child under War Feel?	
Hala Nabil BADRAN	40
Gaza	
Halide Nuray SELAMZADE	41
Scream of Peace	
Hatice CELEP	42
The Child of Cotton Candies	
Hüseyin SAVCI	43
Gaza	
İbrohim Muhammad DHIYAULHAQ	44
Heroic Children	
İclal SARITAŞ	46
Eternal Angels	
İlay Nur KIRMAN BANDUR	47
Nurturing Innocence: A World of Hopes and Dreams	
Kadir AKSAY	48
Being a Child in Gaza	
Kadir Mert KÖK	49
Innocence of Children	
Kemal METİN	50
Silence Means Being an Accomplice	
Kemal ÖRER	52
Whereas All Children Are Innocent	
Kerem ÖRER	55
Silent Scream of an Innocent Child	

Metin ŐENER	58
The Sky Is Not Blue	
Muhammed Arslan OMAR	60
Child of Gaza	
Muhammed BİNGÖL	61
Gaza	
Muhammed ŐARA	63
Forgive Us Gaza	
Muradiye ÇAKIR	65
Shooting Stars	
Murat ÇELİK	67
Must Live a Child!	
Murat YÜMLÜ	68
A Requiem for Humanity: A Gazan Outcry	
Musa Enes YILMAZ	70
Oh Orphan!	
Mustafa Efe SAYGIN	72
Your Worthless Heaven	
Onur Can ÖTER	73
Innocence	
Onur Can ÖTER	74
Innocence	
Ömer Faruk UZUN	75
Every Childlike in Gaza	
Özgür YILMAZ	76
Eyes Will Keep	
Özlem ÇAKMAKOĐLU	78
Ode to a Gazan Child	

Peruze YÜCEŞAN Why?	79
Pınar ŞAHİN Innocence Fits All	81
Raşide DAĞ AKBAŞ An Eternal Sunshine	82
Rita BRUCHHAGEN BOZKURTLU A Child Is a Child Is a Child	83
Rumeysa PULAT Pursuit of Innocence	85
Selbi BÜTÜN Palestine Angels	87
Semih BİLGİÇ We're Dying	90
Sena Nihan ARSLAN Free Palestine	91
Serdar UZUN Ode to Children's Innocence	93
Sıtkı Berat TERCANLI Stay Alive to the Dawn	95
Simin Sahir MUALLA My Heart Goes Out for You	96
Sude Naz KILIÇ Innocent Sisters and Brothers of Gaza	97
Sultan İNANÇ All Children Are Innocent	98
Tufan ASLAN Do You Know Me?	100

Yasemin ATEŞMEN ÖZER	102
A Hundred Thousand Years of Smile	
Yasin PELİT	103
For Our Beloved Children Victims of the War	
Yunus AKBABA	105
Innocent Children in Clean Pages	
Yüksel ASLAN	107
All Fruit Seeds Are Innocent	

Poems

ABDULSAMET AKTAŞ

Lament for Lost

In the shadows of a world so cold,
Where innocence fades, and wars unfold.
A symphony of sorrow, a haunting melody,
In Eastern realms, a tragic reality.
A child, so fragile, in the grip of fate,
Lost in the echoes of a relentless debate.
Life's cruel dance, a relentless storm,
In the silence, a lament takes form.

Little hearts that beat so brave,
Facing a destiny, no soul can save.
Tears like rain, in the darkness we weep,
Prayers ballad, a vigil to keep.
Ink of war, a solemn dirge,
For the ones who left, on fate's cruel verge.
A lullaby of despair, a haunting melody,
In the Eastern realm, where shadows decree.

Through the pain, a distorted sword,
A tribute to the ones adored.
In the symphony of loss, a poignant song,
As young souls depart, where they belong.
Unheard voices, a mournful scream,
Echoes in the emptiness, a silent dream.
Earth weeps, wounded heart's tears,
Children's laughter fades, war nears

Yet in the darkness, a flicker remains,
A memory eternal, where love sustains.
Wrecked land echoes, a tribute we sing,
For the lost children, on angel's wing.

ABDULSAMET NAK

Flower Child

Just as a flower can bloom beautifully

You too bloom like a flower

How sweet is honey?

You are as sweet as honey, child.

You have a tiny

You spread joy around with your tiny.

You are the light of happiness of people's hopes, I'm glad to have you,
child.

ALEYNA ÇİMELİ

All Children Are Innocent

Where are the handprints on the wall?
Where are the crayon stains?
What is this blood and tears?
Where did all the joyful laughter and smiles go?
Why do mothers hug dead bodies?
If they say who is innocent,
I say it's all the children who are surrounded by and see evil.
All children are innocent, as long as they are children.
Babies, waiting to be born in their mothers' wombs,
Also waiting to be scared rescued under the rubble.
Children who get scared when warplanes fly over them,
And then think it's a game.
The children of the wicked who participated in this cruelty also,
All children are innocent, as long as they remain their childhood.
Children, as long as you want to live your childhood,
Your swing is ready in the sky.
All innocent children, please forgive the world...

ALİCAN TİN

Our Fate

We were just born in a conflicted nation
That was not our decision
We are just children like in Jerusalem
Just wish we would have an Atatürk

That is a fight between grown-ups
And we are growing up in a battleground
I am just a child born in Gaza
Just wish we would have an Atatürk

They are using my brothers to fight
We are in a life struggling
Not that hard to find a peace signing
Just wish we would have an Atatürk

We got the wrong side in WWI
But saying we deserve it is an extreme one
We are the children of Gaza
Just wish we would have an Atatürk

ANIL MÜGE SEYREKBASAN

Innocent Silence

A child's footprint,
Destroyed from this world suddenly,
He said, "Can anyone hear my voice?"
But the whole world was deaf.

He thought war was in the world of adults,
Without knowing that the effects are mostly on her/him,
S/He came and passed from this world,
Before graduating from school.

We say peace at home and peace in the world, but
Without being able to feed the greedy societies.
Let this war end immediately,
Before more children close their eyes.



ASIM CEM ATEŞ

Don't Grow Up Child

Don't grow up child, the things they say aren't true
Don't grow up child, the people aren't so innocent as you
Don't grow up child, don't learn the truths
Don't grow up child, don't lose the sparkle in you

Don't grow up child, don't lose your exclusive wings
Don't grow up child, don't turn your dreams into nightmares
Don't grow up child, don't learn how to lie
Don't grow up child, don't lose your faith

Don't grow up child, if you grow up, who will ever be the symbol of
the innocence
Don't grow up child, if you do, who will ever be as beautiful as you
Don't grow up child, remain as you are
Don't grow up child, remain clean and smooth like nature

Don't grow up child, don't learn how to walk
Don't grow up child, since the walls will walk over you
Don't grow up child, cry with all your innocence
Don't grow up child, stay with all uncontaminated emotions

Don't grow up child, always remain curious
Don't grow up child, stay with paradise in your dreams
Don't grow up child, stay with your mom's love
Don't grow up child, don't learn that everything is a lie except your
family

AZRA GÜZEL

Have I Killed in Front of All Your Eyes?

My name is Zeyneb
You call me orphan Zeyneb.
That's what they call me too
Those who are not orphans I am talking about.

Is there not a sound if you could hear me?
I scream as much as I can to the whole world
Have you also become deaf in this ruined city of mine?
Where is my rag baby?

If there was water instead of bloodshed, what if this land of ours
If I washed my face, every time I woke up
When you can't even find a sip of water to drink,
Or is your water clean?

Disaster is happening, I'm in dust and smoke.
I was guilty under those blue flags.
If I hadn't been born, I would have been on the land occupied by those
men holding guns
Then I can grow up with you too, right?

Or have I not grown up like you?
First, I saw that black shadow in front of me
He will take my soul with his iron scythe
Have I really killed in front of your eyes?

His black face is terrible, I can't look at him
Where have the nightingales gone, the swallows?
There were crows on the shoulder of that shadow that wanted to take
my soul
The crows and the sky were falling to the ground from my hand to
witness the rag baby.

My name is Zeyneb, I am a 5-year-old orphan.
Can you hold my dirty hands?

Will you kiss my wet, scarred cheeks?
Will you embrace my headless body?
Or can't you see me anymore?
I'm around you, I'm walking around
Or... Or have I killed in front of all your eyes?

BERÇEM YAMAN

God's Most Beautiful Miracle

Babies are the buds of an adventure,
God's most beautiful miracle.
first step,
their first smile,
The huge love in those tiny hearts,
Their mothers, fathers, siblings and grandmothers.
What did they wish for?
A red pair of shoes or maybe a blue bicycle.
But now their pacifiers are lost in the destroyed streets of the city.
Now he has learned to count blood-soaked fingers.
The last piece of candy fell out of his pocket.
Their mother is lying down and passing by.
But if he cried, he would come running.
Where was his father? He promised to have chocolate after dinner.
If her grandmother saw her bare feet, she would scold her.
Ashamed, he hid it behind a stone on the ground.
Who knows where your shiny shoes are?
His hands are covered with soot,
Their faces were covered with blood and wounds.
He stopped, thought and took a deep breath.
If their screams could surpass the sounds of bombs
Would his mother wake up from the floor?
Ah, the orange cookie scent of your dreams.
A piece of stale bread in their hands.
What was his sin? Who punished him?
He dived into an endless dream with a soft voice and a deep echo.
God's most beautiful miracle.

BUSE HANDAN KOÇ

Aren't We Children?

Oh! Humanity, take heed, this is my word.
I'm just like you, flesh and blood.

A child is born in China, other is born in Paris
Someone is born in the Vatican, I was born in Palestine
They always live happily in their country
I'll die too, in bombed-out Gaze

We are in the middle of a sea of fire
It's a pity for you, earthling, we thought you were a human.

It's not a pigeon flying in the sky, it's a bomb,
This is not the rising sun, it's the bomb spreading fires,
There is nowhere to run, there are bombs everywhere,
It's falling from the sky, a bomb instead of rain.

Are we not always equal in universal laws?
Where are the rights of the child, aren't we children?

Your child plays in the garden, in the park, in the fair,
Death pursues me wherever I live.
Thousands of children die derelict in Palestine,
Is it possible to kill children in the holy religion?

It's a pity that the world always spins in vain
Does the raving Israel feed on blood?

Inaudible screams, has everyone become deaf?
Is there no one who will say stop? Gaza is full of corpses!
Shattered bodies turned into a ball of blood,
The number is unclear, hundreds of children have died.

What a difference we are from your children,
I don't know what you want from the little babies.

My blood will flood from the bullets they fired,
There is no one who says stop, everyone is sitting and looking.
There's fire everywhere, like lightning flashes,
I hope that fires will burn you too one day.

Children are always innocent no matter what,
My God, let them who kill a life drown in their own blood.



BUSENUR KARATAŞ

A Silent Scream

You can't find
The room you slept last night
Early in the morning

You can't find
Noone of your family
Not just in your family
Anybody

You can't find
Peace on cruels' eyes
They are telling lies
About the genocide

You can't find
Happiness in your homeland
A sound is coming
Steps of a coward

You can't find
Expressions calling humanity
Of big men's charity

You can find
People's solidarity
Who has a heart with mercy
After the tyranny

You always find
The hidden fear of enemy's
Because of innocent
But brave families

BUSENUR SÖKMEN

The Innocent's Supplication

There is blood on my face,
It shredded out on your face.
The bomb sound makes out space,
For me to run, cry and hide in case.

There is murder at the door,
Come with the enemy, oh my lord.
Save our children from the road,
God knows, they need more than hope.

Oh god, stop this nonsense I beg!
There's a child lying, his face is red.
The other cries out for her mother's sake,
They shoot her mom without hesitate.

There was a house in this place,
Now its split, destroyed and used as rack.
Our beloved ones died, please make it safe,
They're all suffering, give mercy for their sake

All of this holocaust, just to have space,
For them to run their kingdom in base.
The remaining ones trying and suffering,
To gain purpose of living, they're getting mad

This torture is enough, I beg you out,
With innocent sounds, they are flipping out.
We need help they say, our precious ones died,
Their hearts are evil, innocents are trying to get out.

DAMLA YILMAZ

Halo

Woken up by a scream
Dream, must be what I see
There is no light, no gleam
Pale faces looking at me
Mother, take me home, I am freezing
My little heart cannot take it
Here is creepy and I am losing
The taste of blood makes me vomit
There is no noise, no bomb, no hate
Oh, I think I am saved, I see
Someone is smiling me
Showing me the gate
What a beautiful face, who is he?

DENADA DOSTI

All Children Are Innocent

There is a map in my son's bedroom.
On the map, there a place
in the form of the letter Elif.
It is not my motherland,
but our motherland.
I'd like to dive in there with a single skip.
Stone cities.
There was a house,
Now there is no house,
There is a no-more-house.
A handful of houses, then rubble.
There are no lights but hearts shine.
The main dish of the table is salt,
and water from the well in the garden.
A girl is swaying peacefully in her swing
Her hair tied in a bun under a white scarf.
Dressed in a black dress with red thread like gold.
A rain of rockets from hell just gobbled up everything
Even the swing on the olive branch together with the tree.
The girl suddenly became an orphan.
In the blink of an eye, she became a woman too.

DİDEM ÖZER

I Was Once a Kid in This World

I was once a kid in this world
Before the bombs were here enough to hear
Tears were burning down the ground
The ashes were pieces of my heart

I was once a kid in this world
I had colourful dreams and a clear sky in my vision
Before all was lost in an explosion
That wasn't left to my decision

I was once a kid in this world
I drew a picture of kindness in my mind
Paint it with innocence in my soul
I wasn't aware of the chaos and its sight



DİLARA GÜLTEKİN

Drown Out by the Lights

Thunder and light
Scaring a child at night,
Coming from the sky
but his mom said it's natural.
One day lights are falling, again.
But it keeps coming back like rain.
As the lights get closer,
They set the city on fire.
He looked at his mom,
Fire reflected from her eyes
and she realized it was not natural this time.
If it's not God, then who?
All their power is for evil, is it true?
He said: Mom tell me is this devil from the sky, coming through?
He tried to figure everything out.
At this young age and found out.
It's the devil, but the one in people's mind.
The child matured that day.
The world is not a hell
but under their control, it was like a preview of it.

DİLARA SICAK

The Child

There's a child living in my skull
His skin is tainted by wasted days
His youth is stolen by aching bones

There's a child living in my skull
He would laugh and play for hours
Hiding away in darkened corners

There's a child living in my skull
Please God, be kind to him
He is too young to have scars

There's a child living in my skull
He can see the sky
out of his bedroom window
He watches the stars as he falls asleep
There's someone to hold him when he cries

There's a child living in my skull
In another life
Nobody hurt him
He is safe
He is loved
He is smiling.

ELANUR GEZER

Can a Little Child's Heart Feel Broken?

On a warm summer day, I feel a chill within,
Innocent bodies are dying.
There's a melancholy upon me today,
Can a little child's heart feel broken?

I can't change anything, my mind doesn't comprehend,
Is it where I was born that's a barrier, or is my birth a hindrance to
you?
There's a melancholy upon me today,
Can a little child's heart feel broken?

ELİF ALTAŞ

Gaza, the Colour of Pain

Can a baby talk?
Does a baby defend itself?
Can a baby use a gun?
So why are they becoming martyrs...!
Why are children and women in war?
Innocent people were thrown out of their homes
Gaza was left breathless,
Is a person strong enough to explain?
Pain and hope coexist
Is it a crime to protect your life and honour?
Isn't the real crime not to say stop to this brutality?
Babies also joined the war, Mother
He was holding a tank gun with his little hands.
Where is his mother; became a martyr
Where is his father; became a martyr
Where is the world; they are sleeping
They fight at the cost of their lives
They become martyrs in the womb
How do they sleep? Why are they silent?
While Muslims are being bombed,
Can babies be shrouded?
Mothers and fathers, where are you?
Children's screams echo in Gaza
How clear your conscience is!
While Jerusalem is in danger...!
Hey Muslim Ummah, where are you?
Generation of the Prophet, where are you?
Why did it take you so long to arrive?
Where are the people, why are they silent?
Gaza turned the colour of blood
With the blood of innocent babies
The sky thundered and cried
Jerusalem is ours; victory is ours
Does it say so in the Quran?
Victory for Muslims...

They should be afraid of us now
Because angels are also at war with us.
We now have an invisible army
I swear to save your blood
Gaza belongs to Muslims
It will remain theirs forever.

ELİF GÜNEŞ

All Children Are Innocent

Actually, what a beautiful thing childhood is.
Like an innocent smile.
Light, clear, and lucid.
Childhood is the capital of the World.
Happiness was written for them.
To imagine is their first right.
Laughter suits them most.
Don't ignore their existence.
Racism must end.
Every child wants to live, not die.
Not wailing under the bombs with teary eyes.
All of them were abandoned to their fate.
Resistance to genocide is required.
Every child is special and beautiful.
It is necessary to listen to their wishes.
Not starving to death.
Not getting lost in blood and war.
Of course, this massacre can be stopped.
Childhood is one of the most innocent moments.
Endless dreams are their hope.
Now they should have been having fun in the park.
The sky is black now, kites don't fly.



ELİF NUR YILMAZ

Counting Beyond Three

In the middle
of the night
A booming sound...

By his side,
Mother's lying
Tells him she:
"Just a balloon,
it must be"

Thinking,
Momentarily
Asks his mom he:
"Why are there,
Mommy;
Balloons, so many?"

EMİRCAN YILDIRIM

All Children Are Innocent

Race, gender, language
Religion, nationality or age
All these discriminations are needless
All children are innocent

The sound of bomb, plane and missile
The terrible sound of bullets passing through the ears
Pacifiers covered by the tears and blood
All children are innocent

The nights they used to sleep peacefully
The lullabies their mothers used to sing
Now all their longings remain in memories
All children are innocent

The babies buried in rubble and ground
The slippers coming off the feet
The groaning of wounded bodies
All children are innocent

ESRA AYYILDIZ

Child

One morning two children woke up
Someone woke up with enthusiasm, was hungry, and was fed
He played and ran around all day and then fell asleep again to wake up
tomorrow.

The other one woke up crying and went hungry
He fell asleep to avoid waking up in the middle of the war

Shhhhhhhhh, be quiet, the child is asleep
He slowly slept with one last hope in his heart
Don't wake him up, don't let him open his eyes to this dirty world
Can't handle the silence of the voices again

Invisibility is a great invention
Congratulations, you invented it kid!
You cried, they didn't see
You were hungry, they didn't see
You were injured, they didn't see
They don't see you dying.

When you should embrace big dreams
Did you carry big burdens, child?
When you should be sleeping in your warm bed
Is the ground cold? Are you cold, child?

Don't be shy, raise your head
Wipe your tears
You're not the one who should be ashamed
Lying down on your back
Watch the sky with all your childish feelings
Not the tortures you were subjected to.
See the life you were meant to live in cloud shapes

You are the most merciful of living beings, child.
Your heart can't stand it if a bird hurts you
You are the most suffering of all living things, child.

Your world collapsed; people became silent

If somewhere a child is sobbing
He is expected to remain silent
But if somewhere a child is dying
This is a matter of humanity

FARUK BABĪR

Ship of Innocence

Why are all these flags waving in the sky
Different colours blue, red, black and white
Why are the walls and barbed wires and borders lie
Surrounds houses before the people inside die
Why all this effort and hard work and try
Planning to stay hundred years more alive
Why vaccines hospitals and pills for
Where children died there is no tomorrow
What revenge or which rage and how dare
Justifies killing who not chosen to be there
Leave that evil speechless world alone and listen
Its a murder sinking a ship if there are 99 guilty
And just one innocent
What's happening now is sinking all ships on the sea
Because a genocidal killer says among all ships there is one dinghy
And a person inside it is guilty
No point no cause and no reason
All these flags are waving in the sky
Different colours blue, red, black and white
The walls and barbed wires and borders lie
Surrounds the world while children die
Silences the world while Gaza die
Chains the world while innocence die
And you are not even allowed to cry
Our desperation proves from river to the sea
We are not but those inside the walls are free

FATMA KOLSAL

Sea of Sorrow

Letters there are, and words as well,
But the meaning of emotions
Is neither numbered nor defined.
A meaning that contains
All the grains of sorrow and grief
Has yet to be born.
Innocence was embodied in children.
But now that innocence
Has been cast into the sea of sorrow,
It has been left in the void of grief.
All that remains are the letters
And numbers of that innocence that has vanished.



FİDAN DOST

I'm Little

Everywhere your hands touch,
Bombs are detonated,
I am little to your dreams,
Blood is being shed,
I am little to your loved ones.

Cruelty and fear,
These evil things do not suit you.
You were left orphaned,
You were left orphaned,
This pain does not suit you.

My little one, you are dear
My little one, you will come
My little one, you are the world
My little one, you are a pure heart.
You are the only art that can glorify peace.

Without you, my little one,
Everywhere is ruined.
Without you, my little one,
The whole world is dark
Actually, you are everything, little one

FIRDAN FADLAN SIDIK

A God's Affection within Mom and Child

Listen to a God's Love
In an adorable baby's crying
Shouting a message to the world
A God's almighty
His Mom and Dad encircled him
Beaming in blooming smiles
Look at
A baby grows
Crawling, standing, and walking
Trying to tell the world,
And "Mom" is the first word he can say
Because Mom is the biggest favor God sent to him
And a child is the greatest gift for Mom
A year pregnant be paid
By a smiling kid in a sincere way
Consisting not even of a strand of sin
Mom taught her child a kindness and attachment
Because she knows that a child is a gift from God
He believed that Mom was his first school
Teach them until they know which is good and bad
But once made a mistake, warn them with love
Because God created us with love
And we should spread love to each other
Including innocent kids all over the world

FİRDEVŞ AKKURT

Ending of World

If the world was ending, would you say I do not care
You'd care and we'd have a beer
All of fears would be irrelevant
We'd wait to be dead
If the world was ending, I would touch your heart
I would touch your heart and I'd love so much
The universe would not be far
There wouldn't be a reason why
I would even find a car
I would find and we would be on a star

GERDANE AKKUŞ

Forgive Us, My Gazan Child

Forgive us, my child from Gaza,
While the bombs are falling on you day and night
When death is rushing through your streets,
Israel massacres people brutally,
While all hell breaks loose in the holy land where you live,
We were more blind, deafer than ever
Forgive us, my child from Gaza,

You were going to make your fields green
Lemons, olives, Jaffa oranges
You would live in peace with your brothers who long for peace
The land where you live has turned into a killing field
Forgive us, my child from Gaza,

History will surely write this cruelty
Hospitals, schools, and even mosques were bombed,
How humanitarian aid was blocked,
The hypocrisy, the silence of the whole world,
How cowardly they hid behind bombs,
That he committed a genocide without saying children, women, young
and old...
History will surely write you too,
Your innocence, courage, and martyrdom
The saga of those innocent children, the Gazans,
He will write with a pen stained with blood,
The unheard cries of the oppressed people.

HABİBE DİLSİZ

How Does a Palestine Child under War Feel?

When you were little, bombs fell on you like rain,
You were supposed to be playing games,
You lost your mother and father when you were little,
Their compassionate arms were supposed to surround you,
The year was 2000, Child Muhammad took shelter under his father's wings,
An Israeli bullet came and found him there too,
When the year was 2023, another Child Muhammad was very afraid of the Israeli bombs thrown on him,
He was covered in dust and dirt when he was brought to the hospital and his eyes were wide open with fear,
When his doctor uncle hugged his trembling body, he shed tears like crystal, before he could hold himself back any longer,
The first Muhammad became an angel and spread wings towards Heaven,
Muhammad the Second took shelter in the refugee camp with his family,
In hunger and misery, accompanied by bombs thrown on top of him...
What does a child feel under war?
Fear and anxiety come first...
Of course, if he/she's still alive!



HALA NABIL BADRAN

Gaza

In Gaza, my kin's home, a land so near
Yet forced to leave, overcome by fear.
For forty years, in a foreign land,
Safety sought, but heart in Gaza's sand.

Old days repeat, a harsh replay,
No mercy found in the world's display.
Do Gaza's children not deserve peace?
Has human kindness seen its decrease?

Have hearts grown cold as time unfolds?
In Gaza's plight, a story retold.
The city's children, born within,
Is their fate sealed, a life of din?

But still, I hope for a brighter morn,
For Gaza's kids, a world reborn.
In every heart, let mercy reside,
For Gaza's children, let peace be their guide.

HALİDE NURAY SELAMZADE

Scream of Peace

What is the child known for?
For crying or laughing
For asking too many questions or for sitting silently
Who cares? Absolutely nobody
In fields of laughter, sorrow takes flight.
Children's hearts pure and shining bright
With eyes that twinkle like the morning dew,
Their gentle souls inspire us anew.
Children are not guilty of anything
The death of children is more suffering.
These little ones, a reminder to us all,
To cherish the moments, both big and small.
While the kids awaited presents
They got a surprise with fire so intense.
In the night sky, fireworks grow,
A dazzling sight to behold.
Their vibrant colours paint the air, stories waiting to unfold,
But in a twist of fate, a bomb taints the show.
Filling hearts with fear, a tragic blow.
Let us choose the spark of joy, spreading cheer
Embracing the beauty of fireworks, banishing all fear.
For in unity and celebration, we can rise above,
Turning bombs into scream of peace, fuelled by our love.

HATİCE CELEP

The Child of Cotton Candies

A child raised to the clouds of cotton candy.
Dreams praised with the gleams of rotten sandy.
Kids smelled the smells of the foreign humanity.
A child spelled a wish fairy within fallen sanity.
The fairy yelled and said what you wish little cute inanity.
The child wished an immortal mommy with a strong daddy.
The child wished a candy house not to be treated like a mouse.
The child wished a blouse not to be painted with red.
The child wished honey not gloomish money.
The child wished a smiling sun not a killing gun.
The child wished a game not a crying fame.
The fairy said
“What sweet dreams with pink gleams!”
The child said
“Can I fly to cotton candies?”
The fairy heard a noise covered with black clouds.
The fairy cried and flew with the silent face of a kid.
A child raised to the clouds of cotton candy.
Dreams praised with the gleams of rotten sandy.
Kids smelled the smells of the foreign humanity.
The child joined the glory, humanity staying with vanity.

HÜSEYİN SAVCI

Gaza

I am a baby, I am a child,
I have not lived my childhood yet,
All holly books say innocent for children.
I did not sneak out even a candy from store.
Why do they kill me in Gaza?

My mother and father passed away,
No food, no water, no medicine,
I am alone in dirt and dust,
Everywhere smells death and pain.
I can't bear this much pain anymore.
Why don't they kill me in Gaza?

The most famous singer,
Please sing a song for me,
Mention about justice and right to live.
Maybe they can hear you,
Nobody hears my scream in Gaza

In 21st Century,
Genocide exists in Gaza,
United Nation, UNICEF and Modern World,
Muslim World and Humanity,
Blind and deaf for GAZA.

This is the last scream,
We die for nothing, we don't know the reason,
I also expect help from God
We are not to die only; Humanity dies with us also.
Humanity dies in GAZA.

IBROHIM MUHAMMAD DHIYAUHAQ

Heroic Children

Yaa Ahmad...

As far as eyes can see, plague strikes your land! No mercy even to women and children

Neither water, food, electricity, nor fuel could be collected
In a worldly inferno in the truest sense

Yaa Maryam...

Small you are in frame, however...
Left alone in the world you became
But never those spirits of your waver!

O angelic children!

Innocent and pure even though you are
Won't make them stop blitzing you over...
And over and over till nothing was left over...

O band of heroic children!

Scared and powerless you must
The fate of your country is in your hand
With mere pebbles! Fearlessly against the iron beast!

Children of Gaza

Prey of the dreamers! Fallen
"Drop!" Like autumn leaves



İCLAL SARITAŞ

Eternal Angels

I've needed to collect a thousand pieces of myself.
When the frost bites, I've become a wanderer.
I've told the streets not to weep anymore.
When the streetlights hum, children can't bear it.
I've found myself alone, no need to search.
I've cursed, they've straightened my collars.
That way, when the light extinguishes, children can't sleep.
They've struck the face of the spilled blood.
My hysterical notes are worth nothing.
My nature has asked above me,
Is the world back in its place?

İLAY NUR KIRMAN BANDUR

Nurturing Innocence: A World of Hopes and Dreams

Children and their innocence,
In a world of malevolence.
Children free from the world's sin,
But still, the darkness lurks within.

In a world where shadows play their part,
Children stand as hope, a glowing heart.
In their eyes, beams of pure light.
Their dreams, pure and bright.

Their laughter's melody, a tranquil stream.
Makes us believe in hopes and dreams.
With every giggle, the world transforms,
With innocence's magic, the heart warms.

Let us guard them, guide and embrace,
As they grow and discover, within this space.
Let us protect and cherish their grace,
Building a world where love finds its place.

In their eyes, the truth is unveiled,
A world where love and peace prevail,
A glimpse of how life's meant to be,
In their innocence, we find the key.

KADİR AKSAY

Being a Child in Gaza

It is difficult to be a child in Gaza,
I want to live,
My life is stolen.
Is it only my life that is stolen?
My hopes and dreams for the future are stolen.

But I'm still a child,
Despite everything, I have hope
This hope contains childlike, pure emotions
I want to play games, to grow and to realize
Allow it, Earth. Think about it, empathize,
Understand me,
That's why it's hard to be a child in Gaza.

KADİR MERT KÖK

Innocence of Children

Innocence in a child's eyes,
A world of wonder, no disguise.
Their laughter pure, their hearts so kind,
In their innocence, love we find.

With open hearts, they play and dream,
Innocence, a radiant beam.
No judgments, hatred, or divide,
In their innocence, love does reside.

Let's protect their innocence so dear,
For in their purity, there's nothing to fear.
Children, a gift from up above,
In their innocence, we find true love.

KEMAL METİN

Silence Means Being an Accomplice

Hoping for an end to this madness
For the children's suffering is needless
How cruel the world is for being a bystander
How unfair the world is for silently watching

As the devil continues his evil deeds
For the innocent children are in pain
Encircled and besieged by demons
Children of Gaza abandoned

Without help or mercy
The innocent children will go to heaven
Where the explosions of evil cannot reach
Where they are in peace



KEMAL ÖRER

Whereas All Children Are Innocent

Do you think this is a poem describing our pain?
No, there is no poem that can explain our pain...
Dark days of 2023,
In the dirty war of dirty hearts,
Innocent children who are pure minded were killed...

I was only a five-month-old baby,
Time stopped for me.
Before even start playing the game,
My body was shattered by a bomb...
The face of humanity is darkened,
I lost my life...

In the unjust war of unjust people,
Innocent babies were brutally killed...
I was a boy with shining stars in his eyes.
Yesterday while asking my mother for bread,
Fire dust from a bomb entered my eyes,
My world went dark, I blinded...
I lost all the colours, the brightness...
My face was dirty not with game mud, but with debris mud,
My cheek was torn, my arm was broken
My mother's body fell on my heart...

In the war of petrified hearts in 2023
Blameless children lost their joy...

“Mom, are bombs or toys real?
My mom, has the world become dark for you too?
Mommy, where are the others?
My sweet mommy, I'm so scared, where are you?”

While hoping for colourful worlds in my dreams,
I'm a girl who forgot to smile...
An innocent, harmless child like all children...

My dreams are darkened... I am in the need of the brightness of hope,
I don't understand what adults can't share.
I can't figure out why adults can't get along.
I don't know why there are bombs,
I can't ask why humanity is silent...

Whereas, I was far away from the hatred of war,
Was the world this narrow?
I couldn't understand if it wasn't enough for all of us,
No child deserves to die,
I could not explain to the world that every child is innocent...
I don't know why I was exposed to hatred, hostility and war,
I couldn't say whether it was a crime to be born...
While other children live life with all its colours,
I couldn't ask why I deserve hatred.
While worthy of playing games
I couldn't question why a child was bombed.
They talk about human rights and children's rights...
But I could not understand the contradictions of adults.
I want to ask you all
“Were we overmuch for the world?”

In the unfair war of merciless people,
Innocent children were brutally murdered...

I am an older brother who is alone with two siblings
I couldn't even reach my parents' body
I will take care of my siblings
But who will parent me?
Are you adults?
The ones, who write only victories in history
Not mentioning, the lives they took, roses they plucked
No! Do not touch me with your dirty hands
One day, you too will be taken to court
Without an attorney or defence

Turns out there is hell on earth too...
It turns out that there is no end to the injustice of the oppressor...
It turns out that the saplings were hit by hurricanes...

It turns out that immature crops are harvested brutally.
It turns out that young lambs are sacrificed.
It turns out that there are wounds in the souls that cannot heal,
It turns out that there are very few people who can say "stop" against
universal evil.
It turns out that one can commit a sin by remaining silent.
I hadn't known, I learned it at a young age...

You know, children can't hide their emotions...
Evil hearted people! Don't die but kill the anger and hatred in your
heart.
No one should be killed,
Wouldn't you like a peaceful world for all of us?

Didn't we also have inalienable rights?
In this age, in the evil war of the unclean spirits
We lost our right to live.
We lost the right to peaceful shelter and education.
We lost the right to play and go to school.
Our right to maintain family ties has been taken away from us.
Because of the beliefs and opinions of the elders
We were discriminated against.

Whereas we were far far away from the hatred of war.
It has been forgotten that we are innocent souls.
Do you think this is a poem describing our pain?
No, there is no poem that can explain our pain...

We were innocent little children,
We disappeared before we could play,
Not while playing in the sand,
Bomb debris got into our eyes...

We were the children, the hope of tomorrow,
But tomorrow is gone for us now...
We were the innocents, the hope of tomorrow...
And we were destroyed before tomorrow...

KEREM ÖRER

Silent Scream of an Innocent Child

We were people,
On the planet Earth, belonging to the solar system in the Milky Way
Galaxy
Life was right of person; everyone had the right to life.
Life was the right of children too..
Healthy living is as the same way..
Engage in play was the right of children,
Being able to go to school is the same way..
Being happy within family relations,
Life in peace and security was the right of children.
Not being discriminated due to adults' beliefs
It was a child's right..
That's what they said.. I thought so..
Turns out it wasn't..`

This is the voice of a child hiding sharp pain in her (his) heart
I don't believe in the existence of human rights anymore,
I don't trust children's rights anymore..
Bombs are falling on my city every day,
Do you know that our hospitals are closed?
Debris, dead, injured...
Chaos and darkness..
I'm in an angry –hateful war.
I am alone and without support..
My life is spent in fear..
People are shattered... souls are shattered..
But there is no one in the world who can say stop..
Most people are silent..
Please don't stay silent.. please do something.
“Every child is an innocent soul..
A war in which children are killed
There can't be a justifiable reason,
In a war where children are killed
Shouldn't you say, "There is no winner, the world loses..."?
Isn't sometimes silence as shameful as a crime?

Sometimes a person can commit a sin by remaining silent for longer than necessary.

I only hear faint, very faint sounds from time to time...

Fair ladies and fair gentlemen...

Wasn't this world our common living space?

What did I do to deserve war?

What was my crime for being killed and injured?

Wasn't every child innocent?

Fair ladies and fair gentlemen..

Condemning is not enough, it is not enough

I'm waiting to be rescued..

My father and brother were killed, I lost my mother,

My family broke up..

My fingers are cut off and I can't be healed

I'm waiting to be saved.

I'm filled with fear..

I don't know what the coming days will bring or give...

This is how I am these days...

These days it's like there's a ball of fire in my heart...

It's like my heart is on fire...

These days I often dream of peace..

I don't talk to anyone much these days,

I don't trust people anymore,

In fact, the whole world knows:

All children are innocent,

No child deserves death or violence.

So where are understanding, peace and tolerance?

Where is the spirit of friendship among all people?

Fair ladies and fair gentlemen...

I see you blurry, you're far away..

I hope you will not remain silent to this brutal war.

I hope that what makes you human will not be lost..

Please don't leave me alone in this cruelty.

This will leave you much dirtier than you can clean.

Can you see, shrapnel pieces in my body?

And wounds in my soul that will not heal?

Don't you think, they showed evil in practice to the whole world?
So, will these days of fire really pass?
Will the world remember children's rights?
And remember that every child is innocent?
I can't ask.
I see you blurry, you're far away..

And.. There is another explosion..
another brutal explosion..
With a silent scream that you will never hear,
I'm wailing..
We all have rights,
Our common living space is in our world,
As I take my last breath,
With a silent scream that you will never hear,
I'm wailing..

METİN ŞENER

The Sky Is Not Blue

Tonnes of bombs were dropped on him,
Women, children, hospitals, schools, places of worship,
In the holy land of the oppressed, where humanity is black soil,
The bloodshed,
Where tears fall in torrents,
There are no more mothers in Gaza, where crimes against humanity
are committed!
Swinging on their feet as a swing,
No children sleeping soundly!
No colourful balloons, no kites!
No humanity!

Not raindrops falling from the blue sky,
Not flaky white snowflakes,
Not the dried leaves that fall from the branches in the sonbar,
It is not the fruit that falls one by one from the plane tree next to you
every day.
It is not the fragrant red rose petals that fall on the roads,
They are the bullets fired at women and innocent children.
Bombs and missiles that tear the bodies of babies to pieces.
Blood and tears flowing drop by drop to the conscience.
In every drop of tears flowing, life is torn from life.

When women and children raise their heads, the sky is no longer blue,
The sun does not rise.
Day does not become night; night does not become day.
Among the darkness, the fire of shattered dreams begins.
Humanity has no conscience! No mercy, no compassion, no mercy!
Where white doves and seagulls do not flap their wings,
Where balloons and colourful kites don't fly,
It is the fireball that explodes in the navels where loneliness and
loneliness are rampant.
It is the death of birds with broken wings.

The sun will shine on the bright future of the children of Gaza!

The nightmare will disperse over the clouds.
The raindrops will become the sun,
It will open rainbows in wounded hearts,
They will play freely in their own lands, houses and gardens,
Roses of happiness will bloom on the faces of innocent children...
Leaving his head on the chest smelling like Reyhan, Jasmine, he will
hear lullabies,
Sleep will flow peacefully from your eyes,
They will sleep soundly, grow up with love and affection...
Children will joyfully release colourful kites into the sky,
He will become a butterfly to put a kiss on the tears of the mothers...
Raindrops falling from the deep blue sky
It will open rainbows in silent, dark hearts.

MUAMMED ARSLAN OMAR

Child of Gaza

I've been hungry and thirsty for days,
My stomach hurts from hunger, Mom!
I gave up milk, buy me bread,
Why don't we go to the grocery?

There was thunder outside, Mom!
Why did they break our windows?
What is this dust and smoke, Mom?
I was so scared; take me in your arms,

Mom, why are you crying?
Don't be afraid, I'm with you,
Don't cry or I'll cry too,
Wipe your tears and pick me up from the ground!

Let me, Mom! Let go of my arm,
Give me this stone so I can throw it,
So, I can ask them for an account,
Let go, Mom! Please leave me!

MUHAMMED BİNGÖL

Gaza

You are the time for everything:

The blue sky,

Long road,

Of the open sea,

A political war

The fate of the Middle East,

A democratic action,

The leaves of a lifelong plane tree that are about to fall off,

The rising tide of the lost civilization's waters...

You are the offspring of unfree war children who took refuge in their future and bloomed from the concrete walls.

You were the owners of the world.



MUHAMMED ŞARA

Forgive Us Gaza

A little bit of Gaza, a little bit of you
And heedlessness weighs heavily on us
While every life is a road to death
Lord forgives our silence
See this heartfelt plea and our hearts bleeding
Cleanse our hands reaching out to the sky
Maybe our hands are to reach you
What better way than our feet

They wrapped your wounds with silk bandages
Golden cuffs on your wrists
Their ointments were like roses
And his gifts of lead smelled of apples
How cowardly did they shoot you?
O Gaza, there is no orphanhood or orphanhood in you
Every daughter is at the mercy of her mother
And every man weighs as much as a father.
Children who could not walk ran to martyrdom
Prayer on lips and children's cries
Now there is innocent blood on every stone and lamentation in the
streets
Our silence and your glory
Your smile and your resistance
Our tables full of blood and deaf consciences
Hira, every hug you take shelter in now
All the water you can't drink is Kevser
Your beds are as friendly as baby feathers
O you whose reality is heavier than your nightmare
O city that bears the silence of the ummah as death
We are victorious in every fight we engage in, and we are defeated in
every fight we enter.
This time the living are defeated, and the dead are victorious

Our soups are still hot, and our tea is fresh
Our food is not lacking in salt.

Have they forgotten you, Gaza?
Did they find an orphanhood suitable for you?
Didn't they remove the hump from their eyes?
Did anyone shed tears?
Wasn't there anyone in Islam who could become a mother to the orphan?
Did they tear you apart, Gaza?
While every piece of you is being thrown aside
Children's hope is falling apart, and their homes are falling apart
While the beds are stained with blood
Have they forgotten you, Gaza?
While everything is flashing before our eyes
While the innocence of babies turns into pain
While everyone and everything curses the oppression
Did your Muslim brothers ignore you?
The hands reaching out to you should have been cut to stone
Our hearts that did not burn for you turned to stone, Gaza
An uprising fell upon Meryem's side
In the longing of migratory birds for martyrdom
Now every street is Karbala
People have a stance like Yazid and Hussein before you.
Inside us Gaza, inside us
Our hearts narrow with every death
And where are our eyes that cry for a bird?
Why do we have hands in Gaza?
Our hands that do not lift your city
What about our feet?
If they won't come to you
What colour of pain is this that the eyes cannot see?
This smell of Gaza is felt only by believers.
And this maddening sound of despair
Why is there living, in Gaza, when you're dying?
However, while one Muslim suffers, the world should be a prison for another.
We should have worried about your troubles
We should have turned our eyes to the ground and shed tears for you
Forgive us, Gaza
In this age where everything is consumed
For our exhausted humanity!

MURADIYE ÇAKIR

Shooting Stars

"I opened my eyes to a new dark morning,
I was stuck at the bottom of the wall again
My small body took up little space, after all.
I got used to the coldness of my new bed,
It wasn't colder than death after all.
I washed my face right away
It was very dirty.
There was more dust and dirt
In my eyes than sleep.
My mother used to say that the dirt of the world
Doesn't go away easily.
Now...
She's not here either.

My father held my hand
It felt like he got strength from holding it
From the only hope left in life
Me...
We went out to the street
To our house, the ruined house, the street
Yesterday Ahmet was at the end of the street
With his new but burst ball in his hand
Today Ahmet is also gone, and so is his burst ball.

It used to rain
Water would gather on the roads
I would show off with my shoes to my friends
And I would run and jump around there.
My father used to laugh with laughter.
I jumped again
With my bare feet this time.
This time my father didn't laugh.
He looked.
Blood splattered on me
He cried.

I turned to my stone bed
I turned and looked at the sky
The stars winked at me
The only beautiful thing left to us
Was probably the sky
They will take that away too soon.
Just like when I was a child, in my most innocent moment,
With sleepy eyes in my bed
The only hope tightly held by my father,
That is, me
Just like what they took from my father.
Like a shooting star.

MURAT ÇELİK

Must Live a Child!

Must live a child!
Rather than leaves,
Lives to light:
Must live a child!

Must live a child!
Rather than silence,
Roars a child's
Must live a child!

Must live a child!
Rather than tear,
Pours wish of a child's
Must live a child!

MURAT YÜMLÜ

A Requiem for Humanity: A Gazan Outcry

Sinking of the dust, a blow for the serenity
Resembling a bow shot from the long miles of the seas
As we breathe and aspire to soothe our souls
The holy call for the requiem of humanity

Gazan outcry tears our prayers, bleeding the wounds
Prayers for the salvation of people, whispers
As we breathe and aspire to soothe our souls
The outcry turns out to be a requiem for the mourns

Hold my hand, as bleeding from our hearts
Cry of babies may not be heard from the yards
Collapsing the history into the society
People's requiem rises to the skies

A book of uncertainties, history is the past
What may have been told if it was not the past
Thousands share the outcry, millions mourn
The holy call for the requiem of humanity

Mother, no way for the expression of the tears
Lying there, beneath the crowd
The fire in the heart of a house
A kid never forgets the unheard outcries

No way to solve the bad souls
Darkening clouds, vanishing blues
Lying there, beneath the crowd
Faces of babies never ever fades

Sinking of the dust, a blow for the serenity
Resembling a cloud from the pouring of the skies
As we breathe and aspire to soothe our souls
The holy call for the requiem of humanity

Gazan outcry breaks the history's bridges
Prayers for the salvation of people, aching minds
As we breathe and aspire to soothe our souls
The outcry and call for the people make us blinds

MUSA ENES YILMAZ

Oh Orphan!

Oh orphan, lying in the nook, hidden and secluded.
Our tears are trickling down, bothered and shivered.
As thy soul gets bruised and betrayed,
Dreams of thy past are now dimmed and departed.

That's the hell or more of the hell.
One after another and no end they tell.
'Thou shalt not kill' yet they still shell.
But no one can sweep the innocent of thy smell.

The hopes and courtesies of the Earth.
Smashed against the walls of thy world.
That's not the blood of thee, but of us all.
Thou, to survive as an angel and they are to die as servants of the
devil.



MUSTAFA EFE SAYGIN

Your Worthless Heaven

Oh Mama, where do I go now?
Gonna rest a bit, if you allow
For all the naughty things that I've done
Another sin is just another blow

My Father, so where is he now?
I'd be a martyr too, if you'd just showed me how
Save your tears, they must've reached by now
Another drop is just another blow

So, tell me, could I make it?
Well tell me, was it worth it?
For all the blood, for all the blood
For lives that they disinherited
For all the blood, for all the flood
For loves that we forfeited

Oh, dear God, please have mercy
Are you really there, can you hear me?
I beg you, please protect my mommy
For she didn't do anything wrong to thee

And tell me, could I make it?
Then tell me, was it worth it?
For all the blood, for all the blood
For all the tears that you ignored
For all the blood, for all the flood
For the tomorrows that I won't be able to see

ONUR CAN ÖTER

Innocence

Innocence, a treasure so divine,
In every child, it does brightly shine.
In Gaza's struggles, in war's cruel line,
Let's forge a path where peace will entwine.

Amidst the chaos, let hope persist,
In children's eyes, it must exist.
For in their laughter, we find our list,
A world where love and kindness coexist.

Gaza, a place where dreams have wept,
But in unity, their spirits kept.
With peace, our promises are adept,
Innocence and joy, we shall accept.

Let's bridge the gaps, let kindness prevail,
Innocence and love will never fail.
For every child, let's set the sail,
Towards a world where peace will prevail.

ONUR CAN ÖTER

Innocence

Innocence in children, pure and bright,
In their hearts, love's guiding light.
In Gaza's shadows, a sombre sight,
War's cruel grip, a never-ending fight.

But hope persists, a candle's glow,
Innocence we must protect and show.
With peace, together we can grow,
In children's smiles, let kindness flow.

Let's mend the wounds, seek harmony,
End this cycle, and set all hearts free.
Innocence, the world's decree,
A future where all can truly be.

Innocence, our guiding star,
Through peace, we'll heal each scar.
In children's dreams, near and far,
A world where love outshines the war.

ÖMER FARUK UZUN

Every Childlike in Gaza

In Jerusalem in Gaza, every child wants a peaceful bed, a happy life,
In Istanbul in Paris, no child wants to die,
Killers speak we are fighting with terrorists,
But the whole world knows it's all a big lie.

I live in Gaza I am a kid,
I don't want to have Kevlar, I don't need to have a bomb security kit,
Why planet is not talking, you have to fix it!

In Gaza, the olive trees lost their leaves,
Now it is time to say stop, it is time to block these,
Otherwise in Gaza children will never be able to eat olives.

ÖZGÜR YILMAZ

Eyes Will Keep

There's no one to show me
How yesterday and tomorrow will collide
When it begins to move towards you
Are there any tears in your fountains to fall apart

The worst thing you can say is silence
To your inner child
When it was, they turned to speak
Tell me if there's enough conscience there
To compete with a child's.
Then you remember those eyes will keep



ÖZLEM ÇAKMAKOĞLU

Ode to a Gazan Child

Once upon a time
In faraway lands called Gaza,
There was a child named Esma
Whose eyes had a supreme charm,
Whose voice had an endless rhyme.

There was a picture on her wall,
She remembered that night all in all.
Every single heirloom in her memory shattered
With a fireball.

The woman in the frame was embracing her
Whose face reminded her a bright future
Whose hands were more than a picture.

She was the one who taught her life
Sang her lullabies
Read her tales
Lived everyday with frankness
She was the one shared her experiences
With joy and a heart fearless
Til the night brought a deafening silence!

The night that turned the familiar world into an alien
Since she didn't teach how to clean the squirting blood
Since she didn't teach how to breath in cruelty flood
Since she didn't teach how to become an orphan!

Esma left her play on the ground
Like others left their half-eaten orange cookies
And unfinished stories
Just a weak voice heard from foggy distance
"I will tell Allah these!"

PERUZE YÜCEŞAN

Why?

Mama!... Mamaaa! Mamaaaa!
Papa? Papaa?
Is it thunder roaring? My ears cannot bear
Lightning that so bright and gets dark
Ohh. Did I forget the colour of rain?
Why It's raining red and everywhere is reddish
But we never paint the rain like this in art classes
Teacher? My beautiful teacher
Why you are lying there with painted in red
Let's go, this time you are late to class
Let's paint in the class
Teacher?

Name written on my arms and legs
Liya written by papa
Asked why Papa you need to write my name?
Tear in eye explained he:
When... when I...
A huge thunder hit again
I cannot see any more why?
Too much dust around
My face is wet now
It's raining hot now I feel warm
So sleepy am I ..why
Did not have dinner yet
Mama is going to wake me anyways
Ma..maa... Pa..pa.
Good nig..ht

Ohh.. Horror, terror!!
Is it real?
Daddy, why did you turn off it? Why?
Is she dead now, Daddy?
Did you hear the screams?

Alisa, did you finish watching your cartoon?
Let's have dinner, it gets cold!
Told you, news is not for your age
But Papa...
Children are dying at my age...
Why?

PINAR ŞAHİN

Innocence Fits All

When it comes to the child,
In the world, sometimes gloomy and dark,
A genuine love of anything with good deeds,
A hidden thing inspires the curiosity of his little feet...

He can feel the genuine love,
One can learn a lot from a child,
An intimate laugh and patience,
No worries about sustenance...

The world itself seems to be a great playground,
Also, the grown-ups are the ones who deserve trust,
All the living things are for him to manipulate,
The dog, the moon, the grass,
Even the click heard through the wall when it is late...

Children are the ones innocent to be in a fight,
When they should freely fly their kite outside,
Deserving to have childhood memories that are pleasant and kind
Since they experience life without any discrimination,
Through a genuine love and interest to every living creature...

RAŞİDE DAĞ AKBAŞ

An Eternal Sunshine

Palestine...
You are like a sunshine
Please shine everytime

Honey...
They have no mercy
stay in my clos[y]
Do not go outdoor
Let me have your odor

Humanity...
Be with me and reprimand
Damn on them and command

Honey...
They have no mercy
Keep your own sanity

Mortality...
Come with me and hug me
Pray with me and hold me

Evils are over there
Bombs are everywhere

Honey...
Let's together breath away
They have no mercy
But deserve all curs[y]

Palestine...
Please shine everytime
Be an eternal sunshine!

RÍTA BRUCHHAGEN BOZKURTLU

A Child Is a Child Is a Child

My father once told me,
a human is a human,
and a child,
is a child
and do you know what?
my father was right.

You remember the poem
about the Palestinian child,
playing with the Israeli one
from the other side?

Both marking handprints in the clay
and I swear you
and I'm sure,
nobody can say-
which hand is the one of the Palestinian child,
which hand is the one of the Israeli
from the other side.

The world suffers and deeply cries
for all the children
the Israeli, the Palestinian,
and the children from all the other sides.

My father once told me,
a human is a human,
and a child,
is a child
and nothing,
nothing is more important
than humanity and human rights.



RUMEYSA PULAT

Pursuit of Innocence

Children always want to daydream under the stars.
Some of them make up their mind to spread the hope for binding up scars.

Some of them promise themselves to establish the neoteric future for liberty.

They crave to discover divergent worlds to find who they are in reality.

The innocence suits kids most for sure.
They resemble the blue sky as they remain pure.

Sometimes, they build castles made of sand
To struggle with enormous waves unwaveringly.

They plant seeds of peace so that human beings' blood doesn't water droughty land.

Every time they smile happily, the grinding pains disappear slowly.

Children make numerous wishes
As they are surrounded by goodness.

Whenever it rains at night
Their tears fall in the moonlight.

We used to lie to ourselves when we were in danger.
However, we have learned our lessons from little hearts' honesty any longer.

Kids believe in their heart of hearts everything will be better.
The sun looks forward to rising to scatter its glitter.

Whereas we are trapped in nightmares
Children enjoy freedom in endless dreams.

Our souls break into pieces every waking moment.
They seek gorgeous sparkles for their spirit as a component.

There are millions of memories in our minds.
Let's hold them tight whatever it takes.

Because those unique moments belong to magnificent childness.
Beforehand, everything was so far away from evilness.

We used to play games without even realizing the sorrow
As if there was no tomorrow.

In the beginning, none of us knows the death.
We only were filled with extraordinary happiness in every breath.

Therefore, if you fancy giving yourself a lift
Just give your inner child a gift.

SELBİ BÜTÜN

Palestine Angels

Muhammed İbrahim Intaiz brother of,
Muhammed Salim Intaiz.
Ahmet Nail Mehdi's voice,
Last look of Hüseyin Yusuf.
Tears of Basil Salim,
Abdullah Hamid's whining,
Kasım Cabir Kavar's words.
Ammar Ahmet Cudi's shout,
Escape of Seray İyad Abdül Al.
Muhammed İbrahim's smile,
The smile of the noble Asil İbrahim El Masri.
Yasmin Muhammed El Mutavak's walk,
The gameplay of Muhammed and Emir İyad Arif.
Nidal's Mother,
Father of Muhammed Halif El Nevasra.
Ranin Cevdet Abdil Gafur's intuition,
Süleyman Salim's stance.
The pen of Musa Muhammed Al Astal,
The tweet of Meryem Atiye El Arca.
Abdül Ramazan Bassam Hattap's ball,
Saad Mahmut's heartbeat.
The mystery of Fatıma Alhac
Seher Selman is the pupil of Ebu Namus,
Steps of Enes Yusuf Kandil.
Nur Mervan El Necdi 's cheeks,
Safa Malaka's eyelashes.
Enes Ala's hands,
Merve Macit's skirt.
Kusay's shoes,
Muhammed El Bash's ball.
Book of Husam İbrahim En Necir,
Müeyyid Halid El Araç's life.
Sera Cihad Şeyh El Eyd's paws,
Ziyad Mahir En Neccar's Quran.
Hamza Raid Tihari's socks,

Ahid Arif's headscarf.
Zekeriya Ahid 's headscarf,
Muhammed Ramiz's trousers.
İsmail Muhammed Bakr's eyebrows,
Fingers of İbrahim Ramazan Ebu Dakka.
Palms of Yasemin Mahmud,
Usame Mahmud El Astal's hair.
Efnan Vesam's knees,
Cihad and the run of Vasim ısam şuhıbar.
Yemin Riyad El Hamid's food,
Muhammed and Vela's hide and seek.
Ahmet İsmail Ebu Misallam's bike,
Milk of Rahif Halil El Cibur.
Siham Ahmet Zurup's eraser,
Cradle of Faris Cuma El Tarab.
Kasım's brother,
İmat Hamit Elvan's sister.
Sera Muhammed Bosta's notebook,
Rıza Ahmet El Hayık's lullaby.
Semih Naim's folk sung,
Hymn of Samir Naim.
Ahlam Musa's bag,
Cloth of Haniye Abdül Rahman Ebu Cerat.
Photo of Ömer Cemil Hamud,
Rüya Mahmud's non-stop.
Arms of Negram Mahmut El Zivedi,
Mahmut Enver Ebu Sahap's school.
Dina Ömer Aziz's age,
Aya Behçet Ebu Sultan's hug to the moon Flights of Halil Hamza and
Eman Usame El Haya.
Prayers of Merve Süleyman El Sirsavi,
Diving by Dina Adel İslim.
Hiba Hamid El Şeyhs numbness,
Recitation of Tala Ahmet El Tivi.
The beauty of Hada Subbi Eyad,
Dina,Rüştü Hamad's buckle.
The cry of Saci Hasan and Kenan Hasan,
Wailing of Muhammed El Hami Halak.
İbrahim, İman and Asım Halil Emmar's call,

The steps of Rahif Ekrem Ebu Cuma.
The tale of Abdül Rahman El Iskafi,
Merih Şakir the story of Ahmet Sufyan El Cemal.
Sami Ahmet El Şeyh Halil's jacket,
Sayings of Şadi Ziyad, Fadi Hasan and Ali Ziyad.
Muhammed Rami, letters of Muhammed Eşref eyad.
The loves of Muhammed Eyman and Rezan's guitar,
Instruments of Cevdet and Aya.
Poems of Hayfa and Tevfik,
Meysel and Ahmet's songs.
The mourning of Ahmet and Eyüp,
Hatim's of Fatma and Reyan.
Pictures of Rihat and Nur,
Drawings of Betül and Süheyla.
Cradles of Bisan and Siraç,
Races of Nur and Ebu Cami.
The paper of Hüsam Ebu Kinas,
Land of Şaban Cemil Ziyade.
Enes Mahmut Muammer's dream,
The flower of Abdul Yusuf Dereci.
Diary of Muhammed Raci Handam,
Abdül Ebu Hicayyir 's magazine.
Gayda and Mustafa's literature,
The morality of Bedir and Delel.
Ahmet Eyman and Amin Eyman the Poverty of Siamese,
Languages of Erva and Samir.
Justice of İsra and Nisma,
The sign of Lemya and Muhammed El Kassas.
Sevsan and Rim İbrahim El Kelani's enthusiasm,
Raid İliyan 's effort.
Ela Abdülmecit Ebu Dehruc's grandmother,
Grandfather of İman İbrahim and İbtihal İbrahim El Rımah.
Paradise Gardens of Gaza,
Immortals of hearts,
Poetry of a life story.

SEMİH BİLGİÇ

We're Dying

We're dying day by day
Stars bear our remains
Our coffins flare in the dark of night
And in the moaning of barn owls come we
Hear our own laments...

We're dying and searching for that couple of hands to bear us
In the shadow of a handful grass quietly shot from our soil
By the heaviness of our spans drifting us never calling out to anyone
We find solace.

Darn women in veils wail now as they blend with the owl's moaning
By the relief death brings
We find solace.

SENA NIHAN ARSLAN

Free Palestine

One day of an orange fall without any sign,
We were laughing, playing, and having our time.
Little stars in the sky coloured red mine,
Leaned down to bury us in silence.

I wish they were millions of the real stars
But they turned into screams that filled the night.
We were flying in the sky like red-coloured kites
Do we really need to play in this uphill fight?

There was a place between life and death
I was stuck there, I didn't know yet
There was a glint of hope in my cloudy eyes
Strong enough to scatter my goodbyes
It held my tired arm gently
Whispered to my ear suddenly
"Maybe it rained already
And everywhere smells so shady.
Even though
When you raise your head
If you can see a rainbow ahead
It's worth to have a pain, right?"

They said there are green flaws in our hearts
A reddish smile on our faces, blackish eyes to despise
They tacked us down as we started to rise
We are Free Palestine, don't you know us?

Where did I drop my heart?
There is a big tree now
In the place where I cried.
Its fruits are orange in colour,
The smell is a sour feeling,
The times I've spent missing that flavour
My body is parched for something

Actually was mine before.
I think it is strange, right?

I'll sing the song of happiness and
Dance with the moon when it rises
Because
"Together" is a beautiful place to be
Every time it sounds like a dream to me
Maybe I'm dreaming
Maybe the whole world is lying to me
But we should dream
While we are wide awake, right?

I don't know when will I close my eyes,
I don't know what kind of child's play it was
But I know we are Free Palestine
In heaven, we keep laughing, playing, and having our time.

SERDAR UZUN

Ode to Children's Innocence

Children, you are the world's hope, our future in your hands,
You deserve to live, not suffer, in a kinder land.
Why do we destroy what we should cherish? This is so unwise,
When children need our shelter, not be war's sacrifice.

While children are slaughtered, most of the world stays silent,
But if money, not blood, flowed from their bodies, they would be
defiant.
Against this atrocity, they would rise and fight,
To stop the injustice and defend the children's right.

In their curious eyes, humanity's light beams,
Come, take their hands, nourish the hopes children dreams.
Together we can build one peaceful world,
Where children's laughter shall always be unfurled.

Let gentle peace and justice reign in every land,
So, children's mirth resonates, not war's cruel band.
Their lives a sea of dreams and potential wide,
Let's stand as guardians to protect childhood's side.



SITKI BERAT TERCANLI

Stay Alive to the Dawn

The empathy within,
Where would it go?
The suffering of the naive,
Innocent
Why aren't you managing to see?
While they are burying them six feet deep,
Why does anybody conquer the agony?
Don't watch the children turning into a street magazine.

Don't poison the fountain,
No peace of mind.
Don't baptize the children,
Swallowed inside by a bloodline.

Is it your forfeit,
Or is it mine?
Godspeed to the fair boy soldier,
Thank them for taking your life while it all burns down.

Close your eyes, it's too bright.
Ask someone to shut the lights out,
Now it's not the time to go outside,
Lock the doors and find a place to hide.

Seek the pain,
The baby food, the toys and the corpse
Seek them once again,
Is there anything alive to the dawn?

SİMİN SAHİR MUALLA

My Heart Goes Out for You

My heart goes out to you,
Oh! Children of Palestine, my heart goes out for you.
From the ringing of school bells to the sirens of war;
From the singing of lullaby to the mourning of parents,
From running around with friends to running away from them;
Oh! Children of Palestine, my heart goes out for you.

You are innocent and helpless,
They are merciless and ruthless;
You are pure and gentle,
They are peccant and brutal;
You are agitated and heart-rending,
They are charlatan and shamming;
Oh! Children of Palestine, my heart goes out for you.

You are deprived of your childhood,
You are ousted from your abodes;
You lay screaming in agony,
You are left to suffer in silence;
Oh! Children of Palestine, my heart goes out for you.

Your naivetés tear up apart,
We are raging and fuming, unable to succour,
In this time of hardship and distress;
Certainly, you all are in our prayers,
Reaching through the skies, the Almighty will hear;
This phase of anguish and grief will perish soon,
Though, the scar will never evanesce;
Oh! Children of Palestine, my heart goes out for you.

SUDE NAZ KILIÇ

Innocent Sisters and Brothers of Gaza

Bombs are in safe places.
I hear the screaming lullabies,
Echoes in their painful cries.
Remember the good days
Even if we don't have one.

Civils are begging for help
Trembling children, holding hands.
Innocence dies in front of our eyes--.
It's neither death nor suicide,
It is called genocide.

Where's my mother? She asks;
Why can't I sit on her legs?
Where are the graves of kids?
Who were once my friends?

SULTAN İNANÇ

All Children Are Innocent

Sometimes we feel inadequate.
Sometimes we feel very strong.
I'm in pain now. And I'm so powerless.
Hundreds of children are dying. And I can't do anything.
I'm calling out to everyone.
I ask everyone.
Why does he have the right to life?
Why isn't everyone free?
Why is there cruelty?
Why do I exist?
Why is Gaza in this state?
Why doesn't the sun rise in Gaza?
Children of Gaza.
The babies of Gaza.
Women of Gaza.
The young of Gaza.
The men of Gaza.
Why is he being killed?
Why does no one see the innocent children?
Why do we remain silent?
When all children are innocent?
What is this punishment?
When all children are equal?
What is this lawlessness?
When all the children are happy?
Why are these desperate, frightened children hiding?
Hope it is being stolen by
Who is the thief?
Who is the killer?
Who is unjust?
O Gaza, arise and shake for these innocent tearful children.
O world, make your voice hard now.

I'm butter in Canaan I am in Gaza.
We have the flag in our hands, blood and soil in Gaza's hands.

What's the matter with this burning coldness inside me?
Whose voice is the screams ringing in my headphones?
All consciences are gathered, whose cage are these?
I am afraid as a nation; I have a guilty conscience as a nation
Of course, we will find out a way.
We happily hold hands.
Gaza your tear is my tear.
Your destiny is my destiny.
Your lost hopes are my hopes.
Your broken heart is my heart.
Let the frozen hearts melt now.
Robot hands stop.
Everyone should shut up; the wars should end.
Everyone should shut up, let the children laugh.
We have congratulated our republic for you as well.
We have also travelled for you with our flags.
On November 10, we cried with you secretly.
Let the children celebrate their holidays now.
Let the children be excited with ringtones now.
I'm going to shout it out for you here.
We will resist here for you.
We have not been silent; we will not be silent.
We are Atatürk's youth; we never give up.
We are trying make our voices and consciences heard with the cries of
Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar.
You have reached your daily translation maximum-please come back
tomorrow.
Let bad consciences die, let good consciences be born.
Someone tells Israel to stop now.
Stop now, Israel, for the innocent-looking children.
Please don't cry, Gaza!

TUFAN ASLAN

Do You Know Me?

Hello, do you know me?
I am the child smiling at the future.
You know, they shot me, do you remember?
However, I am harmless, I am small.
Don't you recognize me yet?
Let me clean the blood off my face.
Just wait a bit because it will take time to be cleared.
They just pulled me out from under the rubble.
Do you recognize him now, uncle?
I was on television, didn't I see it, dear?
You know, you put your head on the pillow with peace of mind.
You saw me in your dreams, didn't your conscience ache at all?

Do you know that my mother and father are dead?
So, I gave a leg to the ground.
Before I forget, let me ask you something, uncle, are you listening?
We were defending our homeland, what was your problem?



YASEMİN ATEŞMEN ÖZER

A Hundred Thousand Years of Smile

Imagine the smile of a child
And, gather that smile in your palms
Think of the laughter of a child
And, collect that laughter in the folds of your skirt
Build a world for these children from smiles and laughter
Paint this world with the freest of colors
The green of an olive, the black of a grape
And even the white or red of a bird's colors
Let the sun warm this beautiful world, let the moon illuminate it
May these children wake up to a day scented with lemons
Children are innocent, let everyone know this
Children are beautiful, let everyone see this
Let the dreams and hopes of children overflow
Let the land of freedom belong to the children
In this country, let mothers put their children to sleep
Let the children of this country run through these streets
May these children smile from the heat of the day to the coolness of
the evening.

YASİN PELİT

For the Our Beloved Children Victims of the War, Disasters, etc.

We forgot usness
We fell into individuality
Forgive us
We couldn't protect you

We forgot unity
We returned to separation
Forgive us
We couldn't protect you

We forgot truth
We made mistakes
Forgive us
We couldn't protect you

We forgot hope
We fell into hopelessness
Forgive us
We couldn't protect you

We forgot Allah
We obeyed the devil
Forgive us
We couldn't protect you

We forgot friends
We deceived by enemy
Forgive us
We couldn't protect you

We forgot FEAR
We chose easy way
Forgive us
We couldn't protect you

We forgot hardness
We fell into ignorance
Forgive us
We couldn't protect you

We forgot knowledge
We fell into ignorance
Forgive us
We couldn't protect you

YUNUS AKBABA

Innocent Children in Clean Pages

A fairy-tale-scented future is the desire of every child.
Every child dreams of a future full of hope.
The child created as a symbol of innocence in the first place,
They have no right to tears, to have someone take them from them.

No child is born with the concept of evil in his or her mind,
She/he who comes into the world crying does not yet know evil.
The one who cries because the leaf of the tree has fallen, the feather of
the bird has fallen,
These innocent children teach us a lesson in humanity.

Children are caught in the tail of cruel fate,
Could they be hostages whose innocent smiles have been forcibly
withered?
Innocent children who cannot choose where to be born and how to be
raised.
In the war of those who have lost their childhood, their child-hearts.

Innocent children waiting behind the black, dark nights,
Hopeful hearts standing in the shadow of grey and meaningless days.
Children who should be promised a white future,
Innocent children full of hope growing up dreaming of a green world.

The world of a child who wakes up to the light of bombs,
Perhaps we should look at this war with the child that lies deep within
us, at our core.
Children growing up under a dark sky with no light,
They need to be regenerated before the seeds of anger settle in their
hearts.

Perhaps it is reflected in children, the purity of nature.
Innocent children who remind us of the human values we have
forgotten.
That huge, inexhaustible light in their eyes,
Perhaps it can be the flashlight of our dark world.

Children are the embodiment of love and hope,
What is this effort to defile their innocence?
Humanity is losing its most basic values.
Would the world be this dirty if children ruled the world?

The desire to make a criminal out of a child, what is this?
Endless hatred and anger in the hearts, which heart can accept this?
Let the children eat their candy and play hide and seek.
Give their world back to them.

In this world full of evil, full of children's tears,
Hades will release Kerberos, towards those who have lost their child
hearts.
Stars will shine in the pupils of children.
The hope that grows in the hearts of innocent children will grow by
fighting the darkness.

Grey, meaningless days for a child,
But it will end, innocent children will go on with their lives.
The scales of justice of Themis will be lifted for innocent children,
Their stories will be written in a clean book.

YÜKSEL ASLAN

All Fruit Seeds Are Innocent

The child is the seed in this blue womb,
The mother is the earth, and the sun is the father.
The soil can feed everyone,
The sun can warm everyone,
And whole streets can grow from seed to seed.
Everyone can take root without difficulty with the "right to exist",
Long tables, cheerful faces, rainy songs of hope can be drawn on
maps.
The composition of freedom is red in the vein,
It can keep the seed in its warm bed.
Difference can enrich us in taste.
If the pureness of conscience may one day poison ambition,
The world can turn without an axe.
Here,
Believe me, this huge area can sprout entire flags.
For example, today,
Red can only be from watermelon seeds.
And wake up,
The world is the most innocent right of fruit seeds.

