

# Vagif Samadoghlu

## Poems from the book "Far Green Island"

From AZERI.org – a website created by Azerbaijan International Magazine  
Typed by Narges Abadi and prepared for web by Arzu Aghayeva in 2001  
© Vagif Samadoghlu

1

My address is:  
Infinity.  
Time.  
Location.  
Yesterday,  
today  
and tomorrow.  
What is seen,  
What is not.  
What is heard,  
What is not.  
Galaxy.  
Solar system.  
Globe.  
Soil.  
A little bit of Europe.  
A little bit of Asia.  
A large country.  
My native land  
Azerbaijan.  
Baku.  
A quiet street.  
Building 4, apartment 37.  
Room.  
Triangular writing table.  
Pen and papers.  
Poems...  
1962

---

2

If I die untimely,  
Say: "He lived long."

If I die when I am old,  
Say that I died prematurely.

If I lie in bed for a year and then die,  
Say that I died unexpectedly.

And if I die unexpectedly,  
Say that I died after a lingering illness...  
1962

---

3  
I came earlier,  
earlier than you.  
Your absence.  
I walked a little bit  
without you.  
I was waiting.  
The cloud in the sky  
was waiting with me.  
Eyes winked.  
Now, I don't know  
whose eyes they were...  
Perhaps, they were yours,  
Or maybe, mine...  
1962

---

4  
Vessels go out into the sea  
from thousands of points, mother,  
I am feeling heaviness in my heart.  
I know, mother,  
my heart knows that  
what is lost in this horrible sea  
is never found.  
Even not a boat  
can save its life...  
1963

---

5  
There are huge churches in Rome,  
But in Baku\* there is a flat  
with a big room,  
and with a balcony with convolvulus...  
There are skyscrapers in New York  
which want to reach the God,  
But in Baku there is a 14 meters' wide room  
which is full of cigarette smoke...  
1963

---

6  
If the heaven lives  
With dark clouds and blueness,

The earth lives either with labour  
or with trickery.  
And perhaps, I am living  
and keeping my head  
Flying in the sky,  
Running on the earth.  
1963

---

7  
A hungry, cruel and hobo wolf  
Is bustling about the forest.  
There is forest - thank God!  
There's something to do - thank God!  
There's she-wolf, then there's love - thank God!

A hungry, cruel and hobo wolf  
Is bustling about the forest.  
There's forest - wallow around!  
There's something to do - go and bite!  
There's she-wolf - mount the high horse!  
Fortunately, there's this, there's that...

A hungry, cruel and hobo wolf  
Is bustling about the forest...  
1963

---

8  
Why are you barking?  
Who are you barking at?  
People are passing by you  
smiling,  
But you are barking  
at this world  
from everywhere.  
Perhaps, you remember  
the wholves that  
tore your grandpa into pieces, ha?  
So what...  
Who can survive after wolf's attack?  
Why are you barking?  
Whom do you see with your eyes  
which are as red as the setting sun?  
Don't bark!  
The world is big.  
Who'll understand what you are saying?  
Who'll get to know you?  
You are not lying,  
Or your barkings would  
have passed from mouth to mouth.  
How to explain you...

Don't bark,  
my dear!  
You won't find anything to bite  
or to bark at in this city.  
Keep your silence just for awhile.  
We'll see  
what the end of this beginning will be,  
If there's necessity we'll even bark  
You, by yourself,  
Me, by myself...  
1963

---

9  
I heard three kinds of voice:  
Hoarse voice,  
Normal voice,  
Soft voice.  
The hoarse voice asked:  
"How are you?"  
The normal voice asked:  
"How are you?"  
The soft voice asked:  
"How are you?"  
I said:  
"So-so!"  
"So-so."  
"So-so..."  
1963

---

10  
Tonight is the last one again,  
Tomorrow the last morning,  
The last wind is blowing the last sail,  
The boat is sailing hardly...

This tree is the last one,  
The last wind is blowing,  
The last devil has again  
Blocked the last way...

Now the last steps  
Will tread the last street,  
The last dark yellow people  
Will again turn around the corner...

The last child is born,  
The last man passes away,  
And again there's someone crying,  
And someone laughing for the last time...

Don't take a dagger  
If you see your enemy!  
Tonight is the last one again,  
Tomorrow the last morning...  
1963

---

1 1  
This cloud reminds me  
my deceased granny,  
That one is like  
the swarthy water-carrier  
from the adjacent street.  
People are like  
Clouds in the sky.  
And the sky is full of  
natives and strangers...  
1964

---

1 2  
The thunder struck.  
It was as firm as a dictator's signature,  
and as clear and short as hope...

Then it rained.  
The excessive load of the heaven  
Poured down onto the earth...

And then stuffy heat...  
1964

---

1 3  
This wind is not the most fearful  
of the winds which have blown  
and will blow on the earth.  
The street lamp frightens me  
for a moment with its yellow light,  
But this is not the most fearful of fears yet.  
Your door was shut...  
But this door  
is not the most fearful  
of the shut doors yet...  
1964

---

1 4  
I won't pick up  
the receiver of my last day,  
Even if my darkest thoughts

roar like the telephone's sound.  
Hopelessness will find me  
neither at work, nor at home.  
I have hidden myself in joy now!...  
1964

---

15  
I'll comb my hair  
A little time left till my death,  
I'll wear neat and white shirt  
A little time left till my death.

The sky will be blue,  
And the clouds will be like  
white foams  
A little time left till my death.

I'll write a letter to you,  
I'll tell you:  
"I loved, love and will be loving you."  
A little time left till my death,  
A little time left till my death...  
1964

---

16  
It has been raining and raining  
since the morning...  
It rains even in winter,  
in winter it rains onto the snow...  
Sorry,  
I remembered you  
when it started raining...  
I remembered you  
when the snow got wet...  
Sorry...  
1964

---

17  
Some day you'll fall down  
near a wall  
like a tired arm.  
Don't wait in vain.  
The God must have been talking to someone.  
Put your life aside  
and wait for your death...  
1964

---

18

Today the clouds are like  
the words which haven't been told,  
And today everywhere is of the same color  
as those untold words.  
Another man is the cemetery  
of questions which have died unanswered...  
1964

---

19

A year will pass...  
I'll get on a usual  
"Moscow\*-Baku"  
15 passenger car train  
and leave for the South.  
No one will be looking for me  
in Moscow,  
No voice will be calling me  
in Moscow.  
And I,  
I'll take to Baku  
the yellow door of this dormitory,  
the evil and good of the streets,  
the atmosphere of my narrow room  
which is filled with your smiles  
and the Moscow of my Baky wishes...  
1964

---

20

I might forget your laws,  
But I can't forget  
either your words  
or your dialects.  
If some day  
the sudden and cold winds of life  
throw me into the sea of other languages,  
I won't forget even for a moment  
Your sorrow,  
Your joy,  
Your hope.  
And I won't forget even a feeling of yours,  
My mother tongue, Azeri...  
1964

---

21

If the Caspian\* gets lost,  
If the seagulls stop crying,  
And if the shadow of these rocks disappears

While I'm alive,  
If the Caspian disappears from my life  
like a ring on my finger  
While I am alive,  
What shall I do,  
What shall I do  
If I lose the Caspian as well?..  
1964

---

22  
I was a big blue mammoth  
During the icy times on the earth...  
Then there was neither Koroghlu\*,  
nor Mary Pickford,  
nor Lambaransky\*, nor Henrich Ford.  
Then there was neither right,  
nor left,  
Neither there was a road with traffic light.  
Ice...  
Sea...  
Again ice...  
It was cold...  
I was a big blue mammoth.  
Now... Now I am a piano teacher.  
1964

---

23  
If they are going to make a gallows  
of this plane tree,  
And if they are going to make a fire  
of the boards of my grand piano,  
Then during my lifetime  
I have been breathing  
while I was hung.  
If so,  
then I have been ice  
while the sun was being trampled under my feet!..  
1964

---

24  
His dark black eyes  
Are gazing at an overdried tree.  
He is crawling  
along the black and narrow city.  
He is an old blind man.  
The overdried tree he's gazing at  
Is shedding tears drop by drop.  
The teardrops are shed drop by drop



Into the blind darkness of the night...  
1964

---

25  
Though you abandoned me yesterday,  
The prints of your elbows on the dusty table  
Seemed to me as old as rock paintings.  
Two white stains.  
Two round spots.  
They are like my goggled eyes  
which are so after our parting,  
after I am without you...  
1965

---

26  
The sea remains  
without doors and windows  
in winter.  
The sea and sky are like twins  
in winter.  
I want to bring willows home  
in winter.  
I want to become a grandpa  
in this of my age.  
I am convinced that  
man's life is filled with happy days  
in winter.  
But I don't believe  
that ships get ruined  
in winter...  
1965

---

27  
The window glass  
Is painted with dust...  
Someone has written his name on the glass  
cutting through the dust.  
Someone has been waltzing  
on his tiptoes  
in the dust.  
Man saw dust,  
What can we do?  
The dust on the window glass  
will be wiped off with a dirty duster,  
And someone's name  
as well as his waltz in the dust  
will be wiped off as well...  
After all,

The window has to be clean.  
Because as we say:  
"The world is a window,  
Everyone looks at it and passes by..."  
1965

---

28  
My heart is opening and closing  
Like the door of an abandoned cottage  
in a windy autumn day.  
I am drawing the profiles of my days  
with my finger  
on the dusty window glass of the world...  
My God, just please,  
Stroke my head at least!  
1965

---

29  
There is a ringbell on her door  
Which is covered by a spider's web.  
There is a pair of armchairs  
in her room,  
One has become ragged,  
Another has remained quite new.  
There stands an aquarium  
in her window,  
And there are swimming  
five or ten fish  
in the turbid water of that aquarium.  
They are swimming so carelessly...  
1966

---

30  
Say, there was another girl in the world  
other than you, my dear!  
Now, either you kill me,  
Or let me kill you...  
1966

---

31  
That strange and soft tune  
that once you were murmuring all day long  
in the language that I didn't understand,  
Is still ringing in my ears.  
I have learned by heart  
the strange words of that nice and inconsolable,  
of that distant and desperate song,

And they are still ringing in my ears...  
That strange song that once  
you were singing all day long  
Is as far, unhappy and somehow cautious  
as my native land...  
1966

---

32  
What's the sun?  
It's the star  
in the light of which  
I don't see you.  
What's the world?  
It's a planet  
the blocked ways of which  
lead to your home...  
1966

---

33  
See, how our fates  
separated us from  
the trees in the forest,  
from the grass in the mountains,  
and from the pebbles in the river.  
See, how we distributed  
our lives that God bestowed on us  
among mankind!  
1966

---

34  
Today  
on the seashore  
I was standing like a cross  
over the dead body  
of a seagull  
which was soiled with black oil.  
Mom, now I am starting  
to resemble the grave as well...  
1967

---

35  
I am running from heat...  
But it is not raining  
neither at our home,  
nor in the streets,  
nor in the homes of relatives and friends.  
I am running from heat...

But there is not even a single dew drop  
on the faces that I see.  
I am running from heat...  
1967

---

36  
If we don't take the seagull into consideration,  
There is nothing and nobody  
between God and the sea...  
1967

---

37  
You can arrest me and convict  
within a day.  
And that very day  
You can make me lean  
against the wall.  
But,  
But you'll have to shoot at me  
for thousand or perhaps,  
hundred thousand years.  
You'll have to wait until I die.  
You'll have to shoot at me  
day by day,  
month by month, year by year  
until I die.  
1969

---

38  
Will my notebook die  
as a man his heart full of words?  
Or will it tell all what it knows?  
Will crows be flying over its corpse?  
Or will they be pigeons?  
Who'll remember which of these  
thousands of words?  
Will this last page of my notebook  
be closed tonight forever?  
Or will it be opened tomorrow again?  
If it'll be opened tomorrow,  
The who'll do it?  
My nation,  
enemy  
or the breeze?..  
1969

---

39

The clouds are as  
heavy, clear and kind  
as the Georgians\*  
who have just left the restaurant.  
Our garden is in such a bad state...  
The fruits have dried,  
the pond is split,  
and the ditch is blind...  
1969

---

40  
Since the day when  
I started expecting  
help from my fate,  
I am not caring about  
my life anymore.  
And all day long  
you are telling me  
that I have to live.  
Now I don't need life,  
I need to write poems...  
1970

---

41  
A lot of trees became cripples  
this winter,  
A number of forests met the spring  
without their hands and legs...  
Now the leaves are as noisy and innocent  
as children,  
They are not aware of the past winter...  
1970

---

42  
Come on, take me by the hand,  
Let's go and visit the Zoo.  
I have much to say,  
I want to share them with you.  
I want to share my words with you  
Facing a big lion  
who's slumbering in the cage...  
1970

---

43  
Oh dear, please, don't remind me,  
Don't remind me that today is your birthday.  
I can't afford to buy

any present for you...  
Fortune has never favoured me  
to enter to someone's life.  
I have been able just  
to stand behind everybody's door  
as well as yours.  
My fate has sent me  
to this world  
empty handed...  
That's why, my dear, please,  
don't remind me that today is your birthday...  
1970

---

44  
Some rain is pouring all day long  
On the lips that are saying "I love you,"  
On the children that are looking at the sun,  
And on the boats that are going out into the sea.

Each drop of the rain of flowers  
Brings a flower, brings a rose.  
It brings a wish, a word,  
Sometimes a fate, a fortune,  
And sometimes hope, sometimes tears.

Some rain is pouring all day long,  
It's painting the world with its color,  
Joy becomes bigger, grief smaller,  
Some rain is pouring all day long...  
1970

---

45  
Today they told me that  
I have grown old.  
Don't tell me that I'm going to die.  
Today I was told that  
I have grown old...  
1971

---

46  
I neither raised a stone,  
nor rode a horse.  
I could not set free  
neither a stranger,  
nor myself.  
I came to the world  
just for watching...  
1971

---

47

To Molla Panah Vagif\*

Today is holiday

and the wind is blowing.

Today the wind is bringing

the sound of an awkward orchestra

which is playing in the park

to my home.

There is nothing at my home

except for cheese and bread.

And there must be some Mocco coffee

at the bottom of the pot.

Today my eyes are gazing at

the shadow of the wings of a dead eagle

which is falling onto the side-walk from the flag...

1971

---

48

The sky is full of stars at night.

Some of them are thousand times bigger

than the sun.

Then why don't we see their lights?

Why don't they warm us like the sun?

Perhaps, because they are far from us,

too far,

as far as others' troubles...

1980

---

49

I want so badly

to be remembered by someone,

I want so badly

to be dreamt of by someone.

I want so badly

to be drunk to.

I want someone

to take my wishes by the hand,

to pick my memory from the ground.

I want so badly

to turn into someone's smile,

someone's sigh,

I want so badly

to be lit in one window

and go out right there...

1982

---

50

Forget me, forget,  
Your memory is another load on my life.  
I am still in need of my lonely voice,  
my truth and lie.  
I still need them.  
My being without you  
is more necessary for me  
than for you...  
1982

---

51

Don't forget,  
when you go to bed tonight,  
close your eyes tightly,  
wrap the blanket around yourself  
up to your forehead  
so that you can be all in darkness.  
And there in that darkness  
remember me for a moment.  
Then you'll see that  
My eyes cast light on you  
though it's weak...  
1982

---

52

The gossips of this world,  
and its hypocritical truth  
are disturbing me.  
Today this world  
is an obstacle on my way of writing poems...  
1982

---

53

I'll have a cat which will be  
the softest one in the world.  
I'll find an armchair  
which will be wider than the world itself.  
The smoke of an English pipe  
which will be full of  
the finest tobacco in the world  
will surround me.  
And a big wall-clock  
will be standing in front of me,  
And it'll be showing  
the most beautiful moments  
of my life...  
1982



---

54

All the statues of the world,  
Turn to the wall!  
A lively, chubby child  
is sitting on a facet horse  
and is galloping it...  
1982

---

55

There is a buzzing in my brain again.  
It started again...  
Who or what needs me,  
my God?  
Are there a lot of doors left  
in the corridors of this life?  
I am like a picture  
which is in a blind man's hand...  
1982

---

56

Suddenly I remembered  
the sea which is like  
a tired deer's eyes,  
and a mermaid who is crying  
having been abandoned in the desert.  
What is filling my heart?  
I don't understand.  
The pregnant world  
always bears war...  
This day lasted so long...  
There was lit a morning star  
in the distance,  
And a lamp  
in the room...  
1982

---

57

There's such a little time left  
Until your arrival,  
Just two hours.  
Don't come, I beseech you, don't come,  
Cheat me and today...

Forget about your promise,  
Or fall ill again,  
Do whatever you like,

But don't come, I beseech you,  
I am not blessed with happiness...

Waiting for something every day  
Is the bullwark of my life.  
Neither happiness, nor love  
Can make me as happy as  
Parting does...  
1983

---

58  
They are lying,  
It must have been lie.  
I don't believe that Mozart  
created his music easily  
and smiling.  
A man can't die so -  
easily and smiling.  
They are lying,  
It must have been lie...  
1983

---

59  
I wish it were 1932 now  
And I were in Chicago.  
I wish I were sitting  
in a cafe there  
smoking my pipe.  
And I wish  
there were being played "swing."  
I wish it were played in a brown grand piano  
which had got out of tune.  
I wish I were playing that grand piano  
being a Negro...  
1983

---

60  
I am leaving now to come back home again,  
Life has turned into the house with one room.  
Where to head for, where to run?  
The world is closed as well as that door.

The weakest gleam of this oil-lamp  
Is shedding desperate lights on the wall.  
God takes the word "joy" away from my poems  
Saying "It is not yours!"  
1983

---

61

This one is checked--bb - April 19, 2001

When the word "I love you"  
is said with the voice  
whose color has faded,  
and when the eye of longing  
can't distinguish the color  
in a woman's voice,  
Then nature itself  
Becomes like an abandoned land...  
That's why, be silent.  
Don't save my life  
with a voice  
whose color has faded.  
Don't cause this colorful life  
that I am leading to fade.  
And don't extinguish  
the light in my eyes.  
As it is, I don't know,  
I don't know who has my life,  
or who has my death...  
1983

---

Baku - capital of Azerbaijan

Moscow - capital of Russia

Caspian - the sea in Caucasia on the coast of which Baku is situated.

Koroghlu - a national Azeri hero who lived approximately in the second half of the 16th century. He was one of the leaders of national freedom act against Osmanli invaders and the local feudals.

Koroghlu's real name was Rovshan. There is a famous saga among Azeri nation about Koroghlu. This saga is also poular in some other Turkic countries.

Lambaransky - Alish Lambaransky (1914-1998) was the Soviet stateman, the laureate of the USSR State Prize (1951), entered the Communist Party in 1944, he participated in World War the 2nd and left the front in 1942 as was deadly wounded. He has been working as a Deputy Oil Industry Minister of Azerbaijan SSR from 1954 till 1959. Other than all these, he has been working in different higher governmental posts.

Georgians - Georgia is a Caucasian country which is having the same border with Azerbaijan. Azeris and Georgians have been friendly since old ages.

Molla Panah Vagif - famous Azeri poet who lived in the 18th century.