

Love in  
4  
Monologues

From: Melisa

To: Hala

By  
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1...

Darkness laid itself  
On the  
Black emotions  
Of us  
Loneliness is not a feeling  
But a practice so  
Echo  
Echo  
Echo  
Ech  
Ech  
Ech  
Ec  
Ec  
E

Kneeled and told her story/  
One's voice is its own ghost  
So my lover said  
Scream for me //when Narcissus fell in love  
With himself through  
Echo's voice  
Through  
My voice  
Through  
You \r voice one doesn't listen but reads  
Feels  
My voice  
Become suicide \ of my own  
Love is now  
At this moment  
As you read & I cry  
Laid on me as the blanket Penelope weaved for Odysseus  
One does not sing for love but laments  
I light all the candles on earth for you  
Stole the fire from the gods

Yet my body or/and my heart, not one's own entity  
Narcissus loved my voice  
Which was his voice  
I echo for  
Love  
Grief  
So when he faded in his own beauty  
I faded for love.  
As he said farewell I  
~~did could~~  
repeat  
Farewell  
It was the perfect ending  
I couldn't find myself anymore ] my voice, my beauty  
Now silence itself is the monster and/or the poem  
Yet I am not scared and/or sacred

I love you  
I love you  
I love you

2...

Orpheus laid naked  
In misery at  
Underworld

The gates could have been heaven or hell.

“Never look back.”  
Said, Eurydice  
So we can be happy  
Yet  
Orpheus turned around  
Now his wife a ghost in him  
A mistress in the underworld  
“I choose you in my memory”  
said Orpheus

to keep your ghost in my heart  
For the brutal eternity.

I made the choice of the poet  
You become the sacrifice

3...

Bride /\ in the hands of men  
Mistress can be ugly too  
Memory is love, and grief is passion  
Punished for infinity  
Like  
The daughters of Danaus  
All killed their husbands  
Except one

“I love you”  
I said. That no poet could say

“I love you”  
She said.  
Delicate  
Like the threads of Arachne



4...

Sappho island

Neither a pilgrimage nor  
a thought

I loved you / in all these fragmented lives

And will love the ones  
that will come

A skinned flesh

burned magnolias

I hold my tongue for love  
Sadness blossoms with lost

I

give  
myself  
to  
you  
my  
skin  
&  
my  
heart

Cannibalism//// look so  
beautiful  
on you when you carry me inside

so let it be an ugly bride  
and a hungry mistress

let it be love.

Face love like Helen Of Troy

To be immortalized by my  
Tongue.

