

At the top of Nemrut Dağı



*On the rough stones, on that night of charms,
the wind blew through rocks
over wandering travelers on the twisted paths.
New skies opened to the dark sky.
We made dances on sacrificial altars
under distant blades of light.
At the astonishment of dawn
the statues relived,
mute shapes in in the wind,
on the top of that mountain,
they seemed to talk to each other
during the birth and death of the sun.
Rocky vortices rolled down
with fragments of boulders.
We walked on hanging paths,
crescent moon under fixed stars
for long time observing us, poor mortals.
The wind gave its voice
to the up or down sculptures
still to scrutinize
the imperial eagle and the astral lion,
the two omnipotent keepers.*



*Far away memory! The goddess Commagene,
with her crown of fruits and wheat on her ears,
seemed laughing to us.
Closer and more humane,
prolific appearance of the fertile ground,
from her cornucopia she poured abundance.
The dusk covered with his cloak
ancient splendors and vestiges:
through history only
the effigy of the empires lasts.*

