

ADYGHEAN

International Mother Tongue Day, February 21st

When they asked me to write in Circassian, they ended up being either too political or too sentimental. Then the famous Circassian poet Kuyeko Nalbi saved me.

Sebahattin ÇURMIT

Istanbul - BİA News Center

21 February 2012

When they wanted me to write an article for the February 21 World Mother Language Day in Circassian I dwelled upon it a lot.

I scribbled and deleted several times. Sometimes it was too political and sometimes too sentimental. But none of them reflected what I really wanted to say. Then the famous Circassian poet Kuyeko Nalbi saved me. Who, but a poet, can portray the magic of a language!

I salute all the living languages of the planet and hope in every language that the peace and democracy prevail

THE LONE HORSEMAN

I saw the lone horseman
He was the wind, the storm
In darkness he was the light
And he was a shadow under the sun

The tip of the dagger, and an arrow sometimes
Running and diving into the womb of the earth
I saw the lone horseman
He was the blind not seeing his path
But the thunder was light in his horizon
He was the one seeing all lives
And bored of all lives
I'd known that.

He was the one tested the friendships
And the ones that, in hard times, disappeared...
First a God to them, then being deserted
He, he had seen the life of human
And had enough of the earth's light
Wanted nothing, had a cold heart
His hands crippled, his ears deaf
He was blind, he was deaf

"Earth" he calls, begging -

Open yourself up
Let me fit in you
The layers of the earth are deaf
Deaf and dumb they are
He ran into the mountain cliffs
Tear the air like an arrow
The cliffs did not take him
The rivers ran into creeks
He silently begged to the sky
The sky split, and he rose up the sky.