

Poetry Series

Hilal Yilmaz
- poems -

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Hilal Yilmaz()

I started writing poems when i was twelve.

Of course, they weren't that good, i mean no one can expect that a twelve years old girl can write really good poems.

When i was telve, my parents decided to divorce, that was enough reason to look for a way to impress myself.

I started drwaing, i still do.

I tried myself in writing songs and playing guitar and piano, i still do.

I love to do all these things, but when you feel empty, because you miss a person in your life, it doesn't help that much.

And then i read a poem.

Actually it was Dylan Thomas' Do not go gentle into that good night.

It was my inspiration to write poems. It still is.

Everytime i read this poem, i got a new idea, not just for poems, for anything!

A Lesson About Life

It starts with your birth
From that day on you raise
You get older with each day
You learn with each day
You seize the day

It goes on with your teenage
You try to find out who you are
You shout out your rebel yell
You live the life the way you want to
You seize the day

It goes on with your grown age
From that day on, you teach
You have children
You love, you hate
You seize the day

It ends with death
You give up what you had, to rest
You got older with each day
You shouted out your Rebel Yell
You loved, you hated
You seized the day

Hilal Yilmaz

A Red House...

A red house in the near of a sea,
that's where i want to be.
Lying under a tree,
where i can see,
that you are free.
I just want to be,
with you for the eternity.

Hilal Yilmaz

Blood Sky

The sky is drunk by blood
Blood, from the people who tried to save us.
People who are heroes.
They wanted that our live become better.
So i ask you, did it?

The sky is drunk by blood
Blood, from the people who tried to save their Families,
the people they love.
They wanted that the world become better.
So i ask you, did she?

Hilal Yilmaz

Family

What is Family?

For me, Family is when you have someone you can talk with,
someone who understands you,
someone who gives you a warm feeling,
someone who truly loves you.

Family runs for you in a fight without thinking of the risks,
runs to save you in every situation,
runs for you till the edge,
goes over blood.

Family fights for everyone,
fights for every generation,
fights for freedom,
fights till the end.

Family is the bound between people who love each other so much, they would kill
for the other person.

Would you forget the whole earth, when someone you love is in danger?

Would you left everything behind, for the people you love?

Would you kill for your brothers and sisters?

Would you die to save your Family?

I would.

Hilal Yilmaz

Head Up High

Keep the hope
i know, there is a lot to deal with,
but you'll see it ends up good.

Keep the strength
i know, there are lots of weak moments,
but you'll get to a better point.

Keep the life
i know, life sucks sometimes,
but you deserve to live.

Hold your head up high
and you'll see
no matter how much hate there's on the world
no matter how people treat you
no matter how many times life takes you down
someday there'll be a better time
and a better place
which is only made for you.

Hilal Yilmaz

Love Is...

Love is...like a legend:

You don't know, if it's true or not.

Love is...like the time:

It comes and goes.

Love is...like a child:

So, wonderful and true.

Love is...like you:

Everything!

Hilal Yilmaz

My Earth

Hello earth, my mother, my old friend.
Do you become the greetings i send?
It's 2012, some think you will end.
But i can't.
Can't let you go.

Hilal Yilmaz

My Sweet Bottle Of Gin

Someday i looked up into the bright blue sky.
I couldn't imagine that he could lie.
So i shout to him, why, oh, why do i love him?
No answer, i put the bottle to my mouth.
My sweet bottle of Gin.

Someday i look up into the deep Night.
So cold and dark, with no light.
But i also shouted to her, why, oh, why do i love him?
She didn't shout back, but she showed me his smilin'.
That was enough, to screw the bottle away.
My sweet bottle of Gin.

Hilal Yilmaz

My Way To Mourn

Sitting in the corner,
Thinking about the good time we had.
I should be stronger,
for you and your memory.
But you exist no longer.
What should i do else,
it's my way to mourn.

I feel me strengthless,
without my best friend.
I know what you would think 'bout my weakness,
But without you the world is a dark place.
This sadness,
it's wrong you would say.
But it's my way to mourn,
'bout my best friend who passed away.

Hilal Yilmaz

Real Friends

Look, it always end up dead
And that's a point that drives me mad
I'm endless sad
Without my friends

There's always dead around me
wich everyone can see
but they don't care 'bout me
I'm no one without my friends

Hilal Yilmaz

Sometimes

Sometimes life is insane.
It keeps you running for it.
But there are good days,
where it leaves you to rest.

Sometimes love is rough.
Maybe there are days
where you don't have to fight with your love.
But you always have to fight for your love.

Sometimes pain is easy.
Most of the time it hurts, yes.
But if you need to hide,
the numbness after the pain
is just welcome.

Hilal Yilmaz

War

War.

I thought about this word:

war.

It's simple, isn't it?

Then why is this word
causing so much trouble in the world.

I tell you:

power.

Another simple word.

But yet so problematic.

For these two words are many examples.

And all are horrible reminders
of what a lone man is capable of.

Hilal Yilmaz