

the three riders (üc atlı - 1926)
m: vasya gontarski, fatima spar
w: necip fazıl kısakürek

from across the other walk
three riders winged like a hawk
come fleeting towards the village

with their fancy jackets over their shoulders bright
and their right hands
to the sky

there is no wind no more
the wheat heads hold their breath
in awe

the mountain range gives out a sigh
and listens to its heart cry -
the clicking horseshoe sounds

hurry over riders hurry!
take me away
i have no-one here to stay

“who are you?” you’ll say, i fear
though my inner voice tells me
“i am one of you” is what you’ll hear.