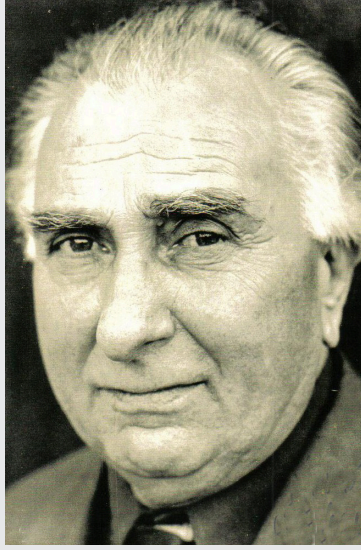


HASAN İZZETTİN DİNAMO*



**Born on January 1, 1909, in Trabzon, Hasan İzzettin Dinamo is one of the pioneers of contemporary Turkish poetry. He lost his father and older brother during World War I. The writer left Ankara Gazi Education Institute before completing his education and made a living by translating and giving private lessons, but he was persecuted by the oppressive governments of the period. Hasan İzzettin Dinamo made contributions to Turkish literature with a socialist worldview after meeting the poetry of the world-famous Turkish poet Nâzım Hikmet. He was held responsible for the events and the big explosions in Istanbul during the September 6–7 events and imprisoned. He was imprisoned for four years for mentioning workers' rights in his poem "Train." He continued his revolutionary struggle in prisons and exile. He wrote countless poems, novels, and epics in prison. In addition to works of poetry such as Lighthouse, Karacaahmet Symphony, Exile Poems, Fight Poems, Freedom Song, Poems from Mapusanem, etc., he wrote volumes of books about Turkey's rebellion against imperialism and the Turkish War of Independence: Holy Rebellion (eight volumes, 1966-1968), Holy Peace (seven volumes, 1972-1976), and Years of Fire are some of them. The revolutionary master poet Hasan İzzettin Dinamo died on June 20, 1989, in Istanbul.*

NINETY-SEVENTH SONNET**

In times to come, that my existence will not reach
Just like now, on a sweet afternoon just like this one,
In the pink haze where dreams fall drunk
If my reader hears a noise similar to a heartbeat

Let him know that it is my heart that beats so passionately.
These are the bitter roses of the hearth of pain
Decorating the horizons with their poetic beauty.
The most heartfelt time to dream is towards the evening.

You will be left alone in a field
No one sees you except the eyes of the evening star,
The girl you once loved has grown old, just like you, far away.

You have no universe other than your old dreams.
Everyone is an enemy to your poetry, your thoughts, your bread,
Only a single yellow light seeps through the centuries to come.

