

# *A Mid-September Late Afternoon at Trident*

KORKUT ONARAN

The sun approaches  
the mountaintops.  
There is lightness in the air.

Disguised as young lips  
the fresh breeze  
explores the exposed shoulders and long  
necks.

Bare legs, free and abounding,  
like high-mountain waterfalls,  
walk the sidewalks.

The western light whispers  
on the faces  
words of September—there are

so many gazes in so many colors  
flirting  
with an endless possibility of adjectives;

all  
compacted  
in this very moment.

of which I scribble  
as days go by like seconds  
into the western horizon.