

# POEMS OF INNOCENCE *NOTE TO HISTORY*



A collection from the Poetry Contest on Gaza



Use the QR code to access the daily local press news about the event "All Children Are Innocent" organized by KTUDELL.

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## FOREWORD

With a profound sense of sorrow, solidarity, and responsibility, we, the English Language and Literature Department of Karadeniz Technical University (KTU) in Trabzon, Türkiye, organized a poetry contest titled "All Children Are Innocent" to share the pain of the Gaza children, who were forced to write their names on their arms in case they lost their lives under the most brutal Israeli bombardments. This heart-wrenching act was so their loved ones could recognize them and inscribe their names on their graves. Born from the depths of indescribable pain in the wake of unspeakable atrocities and massacres inflicted upon innocent Palestinian people, this book stands as a testament to our shared humanity and firm solidarity with the innocent souls lost in Gaza.

This collection of poems emerged from the heartfelt contributions of over seventy poets from fifty universities across our nation. Their words, mostly penned by university students, speak volumes where language often fails, offering a fragile comfort to hearts shattered by unimaginable loss. The profound grief and empathy encapsulated in these verses reflect a collective conscience and effort to honour and remember the innocent lives stolen in Palestine.

This book is not merely a collection of verses; it is a vow—an unyielding promise to never remain silent in the face of massacre, to stand firmly beside the innocent Palestinian people, and to illuminate the shadows of apathy that darken our world. It also serves as a stark reminder of the hypocrisy of those who claim civility and democracy while deliberately turning a blind eye to the suffering of the Palestinian people. Silence is not an option; it is an unforgivable crime.

Through the medium of poetry, we chose to echo the most brutal pages of history. As you turn these pages, may you hear the echoes of Gaza children's lost voices mingled with tears, fears, screams, and frozen

eyes. May you feel the weight of their absence, and may you join us in bearing witness, in remembering, and in vowing never to forget. Our aim is not only to commemorate but also to ignite a global resonance—a call to action against indifference and a resolve to inscribe these poignant moments into the annals of history.

The awards of the national English poetry competition on “All Children are Innocent” were announced at a ceremony held on 28.05.2024 at KTU Faculty of Literature. Among the poems sent by more than 70 participants from 50 different universities across Türkiye, Murat YÜMLÜ from Bartın University won the first prize with his poem “A Requiem for Humanity”, Hala Nabil BADRAN from Uludağ University came second with her poem “Gaza”, and Gerdane AKKUŞ from Hacettepe University came third with her poem “Forgive Us, My Gazan Child”. Habibe DİLSİZ from Ahi Evran University with her poem “How Does a Palestine Child under War Feel”. Sena Nihan ARSLAN from Amasya University with her poem “Free Palastine”, Selbi BÜTÜN from Bitlis Eren University with her poem “Palestine Angels” were awarded the Special Jury Award. Palestinian student Hala Nabil Badran, the owner of the poem that was awarded the second prize, thanked the Turkish nation for its support and read her poem, which caused emotional moments in the hall. The poem titled “Palestine Angels”, in which the names of hundreds of children who lost their lives were mentioned, was read by the whole hall together.

Together, through the power of poetry and the strength of shared humanity, let us ensure that every child, everywhere, is forever remembered as innocent.

Prof. Dr. Mustafa Naci KAYAOĞLU  
Head of the Department of English Language and Literature  
Karadeniz Technical University  
Trabzon, Türkiye  
June, 2024

## POETRY CONTEST POSTER AND PHOTOS

**ALL CHILDREN ARE INNOCENT**  
*Award-Winning English Poetry Contest*



Open to all students across Türkiye

Submission Deadline  
November 26,  
2023

*\*Award will be announced later*

With a profound sense of sorrow, solidarity, and responsibility, we are organizing a poetry contest to share the pain of the innocent GAZA children. Let's stand together for them who need our voices and our hope.

**KTUDELL - KTU English Language and Literature**

FOR SUBMISSION



 **ALL CHILDREN ARE INNOCENT**  
*Award-Winning English Poetry Contest*



**KTUDELL PRESENTS THE WINNERS**

**JURY'S SPECIAL PRIZE for 3 contestants**

With a profound sense of sorrow, solidarity, and responsibility, we share the pain of the innocent GAZA children, and by marking a note to history we want to be an echo for their voices and hope.

**LET'S MEET AT THE EVENT  
IN OUR DEPARTMENT ON  
TUESDAY - 28.05.2024 - 13.00**



KTU  
English  
Language  
and Literature



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*We hope to witness a time without war;  
Instead, a time with happy children all around the world.*

**KTUDELL FAMILY**

## **ABDULSAMET NAK**

### **Flower Child**

Just as a flower can bloom beautifully  
You too bloom like a flower  
How sweet is honey?  
You are as sweet as honey, child.  
You have a tiny  
You spread joy around with your tiny.  
You are the light of happiness of people's hopes, I'm glad to have you,  
child.

## ALEYNA ÇİMELİ

### All Children Are Innocent

Where are the handprints on the wall?  
Where are the crayon stains?  
What is this blood and tears?  
Where did all the joyful laughter and smiles go?  
Why do mothers hug dead bodies?  
If they say who is innocent,  
I say it's all the children who are surrounded by and see evil.  
All children are innocent, as long as they are children.  
Babies, waiting to be born in their mothers' wombs,  
Also waiting to be scared rescued under the rubble.  
Children who get scared when warplanes fly over them,  
And then think it's a game.  
The children of the wicked who participated in this cruelty also,  
All children are innocent, as long as they remain their childhood.  
Children, as long as you want to live your childhood,  
Your swing is ready in the sky.  
All innocent children, please forgive the world...



## ALİCAN TİN

### Our Fate

We were just born in a conflicted nation  
That was not our decision  
We are just children like in Jerusalem  
Just wish we would have an Atatürk

That is a fight between grown-ups  
And we are growing up in a battleground  
I am just a child born in Gaza  
Just wish we would have an Atatürk

They are using my brothers to fight  
We are in a life struggling  
Not that hard to find a peace signing  
Just wish we would have an Atatürk

We got the wrong side in WWI  
But saying we deserve it is an extreme one  
We are the children of Gaza  
Just wish we would have an Atatürk

## **ANIL MÜGE SEYREKBASAN**

### **Innocent Silence**

A child's footprint,  
Destroyed from this world suddenly,  
He said, "Can anyone hear my voice?"  
But the whole world was deaf.

He thought war was in the world of adults,  
Without knowing that the effects are mostly on her/him,  
S/He came and passed from this world,  
Before graduating from school.

We say peace at home and peace in the world, but  
Without being able to feed the greedy societies.  
Let this war end immediately,  
Before more children close their eyes.

## ASIM CEM ATEŞ

### Don't Grow Up Child

Don't grow up child, the things they say aren't true  
Don't grow up child, the people aren't so innocent as you  
Don't grow up child, don't learn the truths  
Don't grow up child, don't lose the sparkle in you

Don't grow up child, don't lose your exclusive wings  
Don't grow up child, don't turn your dreams into nightmares  
Don't grow up child, don't learn how to lie  
Don't grow up child, don't lose your faith

Don't grow up child, if you grow up, who will ever be the symbol of  
the innocence  
Don't grow up child, if you do, who will ever be as beautiful as you  
Don't grow up child, remain as you are  
Don't grow up child, remain clean and smooth like nature

Don't grow up child, don't learn how to walk  
Don't grow up child, since the walls will walk over you  
Don't grow up child, cry with all your innocence  
Don't grow up child, stay with all uncontaminated emotions

Don't grow up child, always remain curious  
Don't grow up child, stay with paradise in your dreams  
Don't grow up child, stay with your mom's love  
Don't grow up child, don't learn that everything is a lie except your  
family

## AZRA GÜZEL

### Have I Killed in Front of All Your Eyes?

My name is Zeyneb  
You call me orphan Zeyneb.  
That's what they call me too  
Those who are not orphans I am talking about.

Is there not a sound if you could hear me?  
I scream as much as I can to the whole world  
Have you also become deaf in this ruined city of mine?  
Where is my rag baby?

If there was water instead of bloodshed, what if this land of ours  
If I washed my face, every time I woke up  
When you can't even find a sip of water to drink,  
Or is your water clean?

Disaster is happening, I'm in dust and smoke.  
I was guilty under those blue flags.  
If I hadn't been born, I would have been on the land occupied by those  
men holding guns  
Then I can grow up with you too, right?

Or have I not grown up like you?  
First, I saw that black shadow in front of me  
He will take my soul with his iron scythe  
Have I really killed in front of your eyes?

His black face is terrible, I can't look at him  
Where have the nightingales gone, the swallows?  
There were crows on the shoulder of that shadow that wanted to take  
my soul  
The crows and the sky were falling to the ground from my hand to  
witness the rag baby.

My name is Zeyneb, I am a 5-year-old orphan.  
Can you hold my dirty hands?

Will you kiss my wet, scarred cheeks?  
Will you embrace my headless body?  
Or can't you see me anymore?  
I'm around you, I'm walking around  
Or... Or have I killed in front of all your eyes?

## **BERÇEM YAMAN**

### **God's Most Beautiful Miracle**

Babies are the buds of an adventure,  
God's most beautiful miracle.  
first step,  
their first smile,  
The huge love in those tiny hearts,  
Their mothers, fathers, siblings and grandmothers.  
What did they wish for?  
A red pair of shoes or maybe a blue bicycle.  
But now their pacifiers are lost in the destroyed streets of the city.  
Now he has learned to count blood-soaked fingers.  
The last piece of candy fell out of his pocket.  
Their mother is lying down and passing by.  
But if he cried, he would come running.  
Where was his father? He promised to have chocolate after dinner.  
If her grandmother saw her bare feet, she would scold her.  
Ashamed, he hid it behind a stone on the ground.  
Who knows where your shiny shoes are?  
His hands are covered with soot,  
Their faces were covered with blood and wounds.  
He stopped, thought and took a deep breath.  
If their screams could surpass the sounds of bombs  
Would his mother wake up from the floor?  
Ah, the orange cookie scent of your dreams.  
A piece of stale bread in their hands.  
What was his sin? Who punished him?  
He dived into an endless dream with a soft voice and a deep echo.  
God's most beautiful miracle.

## **BUSE HANDAN KOÇ**

### **Aren't We Children?**

Oh! Humanity, take heed, this is my word.  
I'm just like you, flesh and blood.

A child is born in China, other is born in Paris  
Someone is born in the Vatican, I was born in Palestine  
They always live happily in their country  
I'll die too, in bombed-out Gaze

We are in the middle of a sea of fire  
It's a pity for you, earthling, we thought you were a human.

It's not a pigeon flying in the sky, it's a bomb,  
This is not the rising sun, it's the bomb spreading fires,  
There is nowhere to run, there are bombs everywhere,  
It's falling from the sky, a bomb instead of rain.

Are we not always equal in universal laws?  
Where are the rights of the child, aren't we children?

Your child plays in the garden, in the park, in the fair,  
Death pursues me wherever I live.  
Thousands of children die derelict in Palestine,  
Is it possible to kill children in the holy religion?

It's a pity that the world always spins in vain  
Does the raving Israel feed on blood?

Inaudible screams, has everyone become deaf?  
Is there no one who will say stop? Gaza is full of corpses!  
Shattered bodies turned into a ball of blood,  
The number is unclear, hundreds of children have died.

What a difference we are from your children,  
I don't know what you want from the little babies.

My blood will flood from the bullets they fired,  
There is no one who says stop, everyone is sitting and looking.  
There's fire everywhere, like lightning flashes,  
I hope that fires will burn you too one day.

Children are always innocent no matter what,  
My God, let them who kill a life drown in their own blood.



## **BUSENUR KARATAŞ**

### **A Silent Scream**

You can't find  
The room you slept last night  
Early in the morning

You can't find  
Noone of your family  
Not just in your family  
Anybody

You can't find  
Peace on cruels' eyes  
They are telling lies  
About the genocide

You can't find  
Happiness in your homeland  
A sound is coming  
Steps of a coward

You can't find  
Expressions calling humanity  
Of big men's charity

You can find  
People's solidarity  
Who has a heart with mercy  
After the tyranny

You always find  
The hidden fear of enemy's  
Because of innocent  
But brave families

## **BUSENUR SÖKMEN**

### **The Innocent's Supplication**

There is blood on my face,  
It shredded out on your face.  
The bomb sound makes out space,  
For me to run, cry and hide in case.

There is murder at the door,  
Come with the enemy, oh my lord.  
Save our children from the road,  
God knows, they need more than hope.

Oh god, stop this nonsense I beg!  
There's a child lying, his face is red.  
The other cries out for her mother's sake,  
They shoot her mom without hesitate.

There was a house in this place,  
Now its split, destroyed and used as rack.  
Our beloved ones died, please make it safe,  
They're all suffering, give mercy for their sake

All of this holocaust, just to have space,  
For them to run their kingdom in base.  
The remaining ones trying and suffering,  
To gain purpose of living, they're getting mad

This torture is enough, I beg you out,  
With innocent sounds, they are flipping out.  
We need help they say, our precious ones died,  
Their hearts are evil, innocents are trying to get out.

## **DAMLA YILMAZ**

### **Halo**

Woken up by a scream  
Dream, must be what I see  
There is no light, no gleam  
Pale faces looking at me  
Mother, take me home, I am freezing  
My little heart cannot take it  
Here is creepy and I am losing  
The taste of blood makes me vomit  
There is no noise, no bomb, no hate  
Oh, I think I am saved, I see  
Someone is smiling me  
Showing me the gate  
What a beautiful face, who is he?

## **DENADA DOSTI**

### **All Children Are Innocent**

There is a map in my son's bedroom.  
On the map, there a place  
in the form of the letter Elif.  
It is not my motherland,  
but our motherland.  
I'd like to dive in there with a single skip.  
Stone cities.  
There was a house,  
Now there is no house,  
There is a no-more-house.  
A handful of houses, then rubble.  
There are no lights but hearts shine.  
The main dish of the table is salt,  
and water from the well in the garden.  
A girl is swaying peacefully in her swing  
Her hair tied in a bun under a white scarf.  
Dressed in a black dress with red thread like gold.  
A rain of rockets from hell just gobbled up everything  
Even the swing on the olive branch together with the tree.  
The girl suddenly became an orphan.  
In the blink of an eye, she became a woman too.

## **DİDEM ÖZER**

### **I Was Once a Kid in This World**

I was once a kid in this world  
Before the bombs were here enough to hear  
Tears were burning down the ground  
The ashes were pieces of my heart

I was once a kid in this world  
I had colourful dreams and a clear sky in my vision  
Before all was lost in an explosion  
That wasn't left to my decision

I was once a kid in this world  
I drew a picture of kindness in my mind  
Paint it with innocence in my soul  
I wasn't aware of the chaos and its sight

## **DİLARA GÜLTEKİN**

### **Drown Out by the Lights**

Thunder and light  
Scaring a child at night,  
Coming from the sky  
but his mom said it's natural.  
One day lights are falling, again.  
But it keeps coming back like rain.  
As the lights get closer,  
They set the city on fire.  
He looked at his mom,  
Fire reflected from her eyes  
and she realized it was not natural this time.  
If it's not God, then who?  
All their power is for evil, is it true?  
He said: Mom tell me is this devil from the sky, coming through?  
He tried to figure everything out.  
At this young age and found out.  
It's the devil, but the one in people's mind.  
The child matured that day.  
The world is not a hell  
but under their control, it was like a preview of it.

## **DİLARA SICAK**

### **The Child**

There's a child living in my skull  
His skin is tainted by wasted days  
His youth is stolen by aching bones

There's a child living in my skull  
He would laugh and play for hours  
Hiding away in darkened corners

There's a child living in my skull  
Please God, be kind to him  
He is too young to have scars

There's a child living in my skull  
He can see the sky  
out of his bedroom window  
He watches the stars as he falls asleep  
There's someone to hold him when he cries

There's a child living in my skull  
In another life  
Nobody hurt him  
He is safe  
He is loved  
He is smiling.

**ELANUR GEZER**

**Can a Little Child's Heart Feel Broken?**

On a warm summer day, I feel a chill within,  
Innocent bodies are dying.  
There's a melancholy upon me today,  
Can a little child's heart feel broken?

I can't change anything, my mind doesn't comprehend,  
Is it where I was born that's a barrier, or is my birth a hindrance to  
you?  
There's a melancholy upon me today,  
Can a little child's heart feel broken?



## ELİF ALTAŞ

### Gaza, the Colour of Pain

Can a baby talk?  
Does a baby defend itself?  
Can a baby use a gun?  
So why are they becoming martyrs...!  
Why are children and women in war?  
Innocent people were thrown out of their homes  
Gaza was left breathless,  
Is a person strong enough to explain?  
Pain and hope coexist  
Is it a crime to protect your life and honour?  
Isn't the real crime not to say stop to this brutality?  
Babies also joined the war, Mother  
He was holding a tank gun with his little hands.  
Where is his mother; became a martyr  
Where is his father; became a martyr  
Where is the world; they are sleeping  
They fight at the cost of their lives  
They become martyrs in the womb  
How do they sleep? Why are they silent?  
While Muslims are being bombed,  
Can babies be shrouded?  
Mothers and fathers, where are you?  
Children's screams echo in Gaza  
How clear your conscience is!  
While Jerusalem is in danger...!  
Hey Muslim Ummah, where are you?  
Generation of the Prophet, where are you?  
Why did it take you so long to arrive?  
Where are the people, why are they silent?  
Gaza turned the colour of blood  
With the blood of innocent babies  
The sky thundered and cried  
Jerusalem is ours; victory is ours  
Does it say so in the Quran?  
Victory for Muslims...

They should be afraid of us now  
Because angels are also at war with us.  
We now have an invisible army  
I swear to save your blood  
Gaza belongs to Muslims  
It will remain theirs forever.

## **ELİF GÜNEŞ**

### **All Children Are Innocent**

Actually, what a beautiful thing childhood is.  
Like an innocent smile.  
Light, clear, and lucid.  
Childhood is the capital of the World.  
Happiness was written for them.  
To imagine is their first right.  
Laughter suits them most.  
Don't ignore their existence.  
Racism must end.  
Every child wants to live, not die.  
Not wailing under the bombs with teary eyes.  
All of them were abandoned to their fate.  
Resistance to genocide is required.  
Every child is special and beautiful.  
It is necessary to listen to their wishes.  
Not starving to death.  
Not getting lost in blood and war.  
Of course, this massacre can be stopped.  
Childhood is one of the most innocent moments.  
Endless dreams are their hope.  
Now they should have been having fun in the park.  
The sky is black now, kites don't fly.

**ELİF NUR YILMAZ**

**Counting Beyond Three**

In the middle  
of the night  
A booming sound...

By his side,  
Mother's lying  
Tells him she:  
"Just a balloon,  
it must be"

Thinking,  
Momentarily  
Asks his mom he:  
"Why are there,  
Mommy;  
Balloons, so many?"

## **EMİRCAN YILDIRIM**

### **All Children Are Innocent**

Race, gender, language  
Religion, nationality or age  
All these discriminations are needless  
All children are innocent

The sound of bomb, plane and missile  
The terrible sound of bullets passing through the ears  
Pacifiers covered by the tears and blood  
All children are innocent

The nights they used to sleep peacefully  
The lullabies their mothers used to sing  
Now all their longings remain in memories  
All children are innocent

The babies buried in rubble and ground  
The slippers coming off the feet  
The groaning of wounded bodies  
All children are innocent

## ESRA AYYILDIZ

### Child

One morning two children woke up  
Someone woke up with enthusiasm, was hungry, and was fed  
He played and ran around all day and then fell asleep again to wake up  
tomorrow.

The other one woke up crying and went hungry  
He fell asleep to avoid waking up in the middle of the war

Shhhhhhhhh, be quiet, the child is asleep  
He slowly slept with one last hope in his heart  
Don't wake him up, don't let him open his eyes to this dirty world  
Can't handle the silence of the voices again

Invisibility is a great invention  
Congratulations, you invented it kid!  
You cried, they didn't see  
You were hungry, they didn't see  
You were injured, they didn't see  
They don't see you dying.

When you should embrace big dreams  
Did you carry big burdens, child?  
When you should be sleeping in your warm bed  
Is the ground cold? Are you cold, child?

Don't be shy, raise your head  
Wipe your tears  
You're not the one who should be ashamed  
Lying down on your back  
Watch the sky with all your childish feelings  
Not the tortures you were subjected to.  
See the life you were meant to live in cloud shapes

You are the most merciful of living beings, child.  
Your heart can't stand it if a bird hurts you  
You are the most suffering of all living things, child.

Your world collapsed; people became silent

If somewhere a child is sobbing  
He is expected to remain silent  
But if somewhere a child is dying  
This is a matter of humanity

## **FARUK BABĪR**

### **Ship of Innocence**

Why are all these flags waving in the sky  
Different colours blue, red, black and white  
Why are the walls and barbed wires and borders lie  
Surrounds houses before the people inside die  
Why all this effort and hard work and try  
Planning to stay hundred years more alive  
Why vaccines hospitals and pills for  
Where children died there is no tomorrow  
What revenge or which rage and how dare  
Justifies killing who not chosen to be there  
Leave that evil speechless world alone and listen  
Its a murder sinking a ship if there are 99 guilty  
And just one innocent  
What's happening now is sinking all ships on the sea  
Because a genocidal killer says among all ships there is one dinghy  
And a person inside it is guilty  
No point no cause and no reason  
All these flags are waving in the sky  
Different colours blue, red, black and white  
The walls and barbed wires and borders lie  
Surrounds the world while children die  
Silences the world while Gaza die  
Chains the world while innocence die  
And you are not even allowed to cry  
Our desperation proves from river to the sea  
We are not but those inside the walls are free



## **FATMA KOLSAL**

### **Sea of Sorrow**

Letters there are, and words as well,  
But the meaning of emotions  
Is neither numbered nor defined.  
A meaning that contains  
All the grains of sorrow and grief  
Has yet to be born.  
Innocence was embodied in children.  
But now that innocence  
Has been cast into the sea of sorrow,  
It has been left in the void of grief.  
All that remains are the letters  
And numbers of that innocence that has vanished.

## **FİDAN DOST**

### **I'm Little**

Everywhere your hands touch,  
Bombs are detonated,  
I am little to your dreams,  
Blood is being shed,  
I am little to your loved ones.

Cruelty and fear,  
These evil things do not suit you.  
You were left orphaned,  
You were left orphaned,  
This pain does not suit you.

My little one, you are dear  
My little one, you will come  
My little one, you are the world  
My little one, you are a pure heart.  
You are the only art that can glorify peace.

Without you, my little one,  
Everywhere is ruined.  
Without you, my little one,  
The whole world is dark  
Actually, you are everything, little one

## **FIRDAN FADLAN SIDIK**

### **A God's Affection within Mom and Child**

Listen to a God's Love  
In an adorable baby's crying  
Shouting a message to the world  
A God's almighty  
His Mom and Dad encircled him  
Beaming in blooming smiles  
Look at  
A baby grows  
Crawling, standing, and walking  
Trying to tell the world,  
And "Mom" is the first word he can say  
Because Mom is the biggest favor God sent to him  
And a child is the greatest gift for Mom  
A year pregnant be paid  
By a smiling kid in a sincere way  
Consisting not even of a strand of sin  
Mom taught her child a kindness and attachment  
Because she knows that a child is a gift from God  
He believed that Mom was his first school  
Teach them until they know which is good and bad  
But once made a mistake, warn them with love  
Because God created us with love  
And we should spread love to each other  
Including innocent kids all over the world

## **FİRDEVŞ AKKURT**

### **Ending of World**

If the world was ending, would you say I do not care  
You'd care and we'd have a beer  
All of fears would be irrelevant  
We'd wait to be dead  
If the world was ending, I would touch your heart  
I would touch your heart and I'd love so much  
The universe would not be far  
There wouldn't be a reason why  
I would even find a car  
I would find and we would be on a star

## **GERDANE AKKUŞ**

### **Forgive Us, My Gazan Child**

Forgive us, my child from Gaza,  
While the bombs are falling on you day and night  
When death is rushing through your streets,  
Israel massacres people brutally,  
While all hell breaks loose in the holy land where you live,  
We were more blind, deafer than ever  
Forgive us, my child from Gaza,

You were going to make your fields green  
Lemons, olives, Jaffa oranges  
You would live in peace with your brothers who long for peace  
The land where you live has turned into a killing field  
Forgive us, my child from Gaza,

History will surely write this cruelty  
Hospitals, schools, and even mosques were bombed,  
How humanitarian aid was blocked,  
The hypocrisy, the silence of the whole world,  
How cowardly they hid behind bombs,  
That he committed a genocide without saying children, women, young  
and old...  
History will surely write you too,  
Your innocence, courage, and martyrdom  
The saga of those innocent children, the Gazans,  
He will write with a pen stained with blood,  
The unheard cries of the oppressed people.

## **HABİBE DİLSİZ**

### **How Does a Palestine Child under War Feel?**

When you were little, bombs fell on you like rain,  
You were supposed to be playing games,  
You lost your mother and father when you were little,  
Their compassionate arms were supposed to surround you,  
The year was 2000, Child Muhammad took shelter under his father's wings,  
An Israeli bullet came and found him there too,  
When the year was 2023, another Child Muhammad was very afraid of the Israeli bombs thrown on him,  
He was covered in dust and dirt when he was brought to the hospital and his eyes were wide open with fear,  
When his doctor uncle hugged his trembling body, he shed tears like crystal, before he could hold himself back any longer,  
The first Muhammad became an angel and spread wings towards Heaven,  
Muhammad the Second took shelter in the refugee camp with his family,  
In hunger and misery, accompanied by bombs thrown on top of him...  
What does a child feel under war?  
Fear and anxiety come first...  
Of course, if he/she's still alive!

## **HALA NABIL BADRAN**

### **Gaza**

In Gaza, my kin's home, a land so near  
Yet forced to leave, overcome by fear.  
For forty years, in a foreign land,  
Safety sought, but heart in Gaza's sand.

Old days repeat, a harsh replay,  
No mercy found in the world's display.  
Do Gaza's children not deserve peace?  
Has human kindness seen its decrease?

Have hearts grown cold as time unfolds?  
In Gaza's plight, a story retold.  
The city's children, born within,  
Is their fate sealed, a life of din?

But still, I hope for a brighter morn,  
For Gaza's kids, a world reborn.  
In every heart, let mercy reside,  
For Gaza's children, let peace be their guide.

## HALİDE NURAY SELAMZADE

### Scream of Peace

What is the child known for?  
For crying or laughing  
For asking too many questions or for sitting silently  
Who cares? Absolutely nobody  
In fields of laughter, sorrow takes flight.  
Children's hearts pure and shining bright  
With eyes that twinkle like the morning dew,  
Their gentle souls inspire us anew.  
Children are not guilty of anything  
The death of children is more suffering.  
These little ones, a reminder to us all,  
To cherish the moments, both big and small.  
While the kids awaited presents  
They got a surprise with fire so intense.  
In the night sky, fireworks grow,  
A dazzling sight to behold.  
Their vibrant colours paint the air, stories waiting to unfold,  
But in a twist of fate, a bomb taints the show.  
Filling hearts with fear, a tragic blow.  
Let us choose the spark of joy, spreading cheer  
Embracing the beauty of fireworks, banishing all fear.  
For in unity and celebration, we can rise above,  
Turning bombs into scream of peace, fuelled by our love.



## HATİCE CELEP

### The Child of Cotton Candies

A child raised to the clouds of cotton candy.  
Dreams praised with the gleams of rotten sandy.  
Kids smelled the smells of the foreign humanity.  
A child spelled a wish fairy within fallen sanity.  
The fairy yelled and said what you wish little cute inanity.  
The child wished an immortal mommy with a strong daddy.  
The child wished a candy house not to be treated like a mouse.  
The child wished a blouse not to be painted with red.  
The child wished honey not gloomish money.  
The child wished a smiling sun not a killing gun.  
The child wished a game not a crying fame.  
The fairy said  
“What sweet dreams with pink gleams!”  
The child said  
“Can I fly to cotton candies?”  
The fairy heard a noise covered with black clouds.  
The fairy cried and flew with the silent face of a kid.  
A child raised to the clouds of cotton candy.  
Dreams praised with the gleams of rotten sandy.  
Kids smelled the smells of the foreign humanity.  
The child joined the glory, humanity staying with vanity.

## HÜSEYİN SAVCI

### Gaza

I am a baby, I am a child,  
I have not lived my childhood yet,  
All holly books say innocent for children.  
I did not sneak out even a candy from store.  
Why do they kill me in Gaza?

My mother and father passed away,  
No food, no water, no medicine,  
I am alone in dirt and dust,  
Everywhere smells death and pain.  
I can't bear this much pain anymore.  
Why don't they kill me in Gaza?

The most famous singer,  
Please sing a song for me,  
Mention about justice and right to live.  
Maybe they can hear you,  
Nobody hears my scream in Gaza

In 21st Century,  
Genocide exists in Gaza,  
United Nation, UNICEF and Modern World,  
Muslim World and Humanity,  
Blind and deaf for GAZA.

This is the last scream,  
We die for nothing, we don't know the reason,  
I also expect help from God  
We are not to die only; Humanity dies with us also.  
Humanity dies in GAZA.

## **IBROHIM MUHAMMAD DHIYAUHAQ**

### **Heroic Children**

Yaa Ahmad...

As far as eyes can see, plague strikes your land! No mercy even to women and children

Neither water, food, electricity, nor fuel could be collected  
In a worldly inferno in the truest sense

Yaa Maryam...

Small you are in frame, however...  
Left alone in the world you became  
But never those spirits of your waver!

O angelic children!

Innocent and pure even though you are  
Won't make them stop blitzing you over...  
And over and over till nothing was left over...

O band of heroic children!

Scared and powerless you must  
The fate of your country is in your hand  
With mere pebbles! Fearlessly against the iron beast!

Children of Gaza

Prey of the dreamers! Fallen  
"Drop!" Like autumn leaves

## İCLAL SARITAŞ

### **Eternal Angels**

I've needed to collect a thousand pieces of myself.  
When the frost bites, I've become a wanderer.  
I've told the streets not to weep anymore.  
When the streetlights hum, children can't bear it.  
I've found myself alone, no need to search.  
I've cursed, they've straightened my collars.  
That way, when the light extinguishes, children can't sleep.  
They've struck the face of the spilled blood.  
My hysterical notes are worth nothing.  
My nature has asked above me,  
Is the world back in its place?

## **İLAY NUR KIRMAN BANDUR**

### **Nurturing Innocence: A World of Hopes and Dreams**

Children and their innocence,  
In a world of malevolence.  
Children free from the world's sin,  
But still, the darkness lurks within.

In a world where shadows play their part,  
Children stand as hope, a glowing heart.  
In their eyes, beams of pure light.  
Their dreams, pure and bright.

Their laughter's melody, a tranquil stream.  
Makes us believe in hopes and dreams.  
With every giggle, the world transforms,  
With innocence's magic, the heart warms.

Let us guard them, guide and embrace,  
As they grow and discover, within this space.  
Let us protect and cherish their grace,  
Building a world where love finds its place.

In their eyes, the truth is unveiled,  
A world where love and peace prevail,  
A glimpse of how life's meant to be,  
In their innocence, we find the key.

**KADİR AKSAY**

**Being a Child in Gaza**

It is difficult to be a child in Gaza,  
I want to live,  
My life is stolen.  
Is it only my life that is stolen?  
My hopes and dreams for the future are stolen.

But I'm still a child,  
Despite everything, I have hope  
This hope contains childlike, pure emotions  
I want to play games, to grow and to realize  
Allow it, Earth. Think about it, empathize,  
Understand me,  
That's why it's hard to be a child in Gaza.

## **KADİR MERT KÖK**

### **Innocence of Children**

Innocence in a child's eyes,  
A world of wonder, no disguise.  
Their laughter pure, their hearts so kind,  
In their innocence, love we find.

With open hearts, they play and dream,  
Innocence, a radiant beam.  
No judgments, hatred, or divide,  
In their innocence, love does reside.

Let's protect their innocence so dear,  
For in their purity, there's nothing to fear.  
Children, a gift from up above,  
In their innocence, we find true love.

**KEMAL METİN**

**Silence Means Being an Accomplice**

Hoping for an end to this madness  
For the children's suffering is needless  
How cruel the world is for being a bystander  
How unfair the world is for silently watching

As the devil continues his evil deeds  
For the innocent children are in pain  
Encircled and besieged by demons  
Children of Gaza abandoned

Without help or mercy  
The innocent children will go to heaven  
Where the explosions of evil cannot reach  
Where they are in peace



## **KEMAL ÖRER**

### **Whereas All Children Are Innocent**

Do you think this is a poem describing our pain?  
No, there is no poem that can explain our pain...  
Dark days of 2023,  
In the dirty war of dirty hearts,  
Innocent children who are pure minded were killed...

I was only a five-month-old baby,  
Time stopped for me.  
Before even start playing the game,  
My body was shattered by a bomb...  
The face of humanity is darkened,  
I lost my life...

In the unjust war of unjust people,  
Innocent babies were brutally killed...  
I was a boy with shining stars in his eyes.  
Yesterday while asking my mother for bread,  
Fire dust from a bomb entered my eyes,  
My world went dark, I blinded...  
I lost all the colours, the brightness...  
My face was dirty not with game mud, but with debris mud,  
My cheek was torn, my arm was broken  
My mother's body fell on my heart...

In the war of petrified hearts in 2023  
Blameless children lost their joy...

“Mom, are bombs or toys real?  
My mom, has the world become dark for you too?  
Mommy, where are the others?  
My sweet mommy, I'm so scared, where are you?”

While hoping for colourful worlds in my dreams,  
I'm a girl who forgot to smile...  
An innocent, harmless child like all children...

My dreams are darkened... I am in the need of the brightness of hope,  
I don't understand what adults can't share.  
I can't figure out why adults can't get along.  
I don't know why there are bombs,  
I can't ask why humanity is silent...

Whereas, I was far away from the hatred of war,  
Was the world this narrow?  
I couldn't understand if it wasn't enough for all of us,  
No child deserves to die,  
I could not explain to the world that every child is innocent...  
I don't know why I was exposed to hatred, hostility and war,  
I couldn't say whether it was a crime to be born...  
While other children live life with all its colours,  
I couldn't ask why I deserve hatred.  
While worthy of playing games  
I couldn't question why a child was bombed.  
They talk about human rights and children's rights...  
But I could not understand the contradictions of adults.  
I want to ask you all  
“Were we overmuch for the world?”

In the unfair war of merciless people,  
Innocent children were brutally murdered...

I am an older brother who is alone with two siblings  
I couldn't even reach my parents' body  
I will take care of my siblings  
But who will parent me?  
Are you adults?  
The ones, who write only victories in history  
Not mentioning, the lives they took, roses they plucked  
No! Do not touch me with your dirty hands  
One day, you too will be taken to court  
Without an attorney or defence

Turns out there is hell on earth too...  
It turns out that there is no end to the injustice of the oppressor...  
It turns out that the saplings were hit by hurricanes...

It turns out that immature crops are harvested brutally.  
It turns out that young lambs are sacrificed.  
It turns out that there are wounds in the souls that cannot heal,  
It turns out that there are very few people who can say "stop" against  
universal evil.  
It turns out that one can commit a sin by remaining silent.  
I hadn't known, I learned it at a young age...

You know, children can't hide their emotions...  
Evil hearted people! Don't die but kill the anger and hatred in your  
heart.  
No one should be killed,  
Wouldn't you like a peaceful world for all of us?

Didn't we also have inalienable rights?  
In this age, in the evil war of the unclean spirits  
We lost our right to live.  
We lost the right to peaceful shelter and education.  
We lost the right to play and go to school.  
Our right to maintain family ties has been taken away from us.  
Because of the beliefs and opinions of the elders  
We were discriminated against.

Whereas we were far far away from the hatred of war.  
It has been forgotten that we are innocent souls.  
Do you think this is a poem describing our pain?  
No, there is no poem that can explain our pain...

We were innocent little children,  
We disappeared before we could play,  
Not while playing in the sand,  
Bomb debris got into our eyes...

We were the children, the hope of tomorrow,  
But tomorrow is gone for us now...  
We were the innocents, the hope of tomorrow...  
And we were destroyed before tomorrow...

## **KEREM ÖRER**

### **Silent Scream of an Innocent Child**

We were people,  
On the planet Earth, belonging to the solar system in the Milky Way  
Galaxy  
Life was right of person; everyone had the right to life.  
Life was the right of children too..  
Healthy living is as the same way..  
Engage in play was the right of children,  
Being able to go to school is the same way..  
Being happy within family relations,  
Life in peace and security was the right of children.  
Not being discriminated due to adults' beliefs  
It was a child's right..  
That's what they said.. I thought so..  
Turns out it wasn't..`

This is the voice of a child hiding sharp pain in her (his) heart  
I don't believe in the existence of human rights anymore,  
I don't trust children's rights anymore..  
Bombs are falling on my city every day,  
Do you know that our hospitals are closed?  
Debris, dead, injured...  
Chaos and darkness..  
I'm in an angry –hateful war.  
I am alone and without support..  
My life is spent in fear..  
People are shattered... souls are shattered..  
But there is no one in the world who can say stop..  
Most people are silent..  
Please don't stay silent.. please do something.  
“Every child is an innocent soul..  
A war in which children are killed  
There can't be a justifiable reason,  
In a war where children are killed  
Shouldn't you say, "There is no winner, the world loses..."?  
Isn't sometimes silence as shameful as a crime?

Sometimes a person can commit a sin by remaining silent for longer than necessary.

I only hear faint, very faint sounds from time to time...

Fair ladies and fair gentlemen...

Wasn't this world our common living space?

What did I do to deserve war?

What was my crime for being killed and injured?

Wasn't every child innocent?

Fair ladies and fair gentlemen..

Condemning is not enough, it is not enough

I'm waiting to be rescued..

My father and brother were killed, I lost my mother,

My family broke up..

My fingers are cut off and I can't be healed

I'm waiting to be saved.

I'm filled with fear..

I don't know what the coming days will bring or give...

This is how I am these days...

These days it's like there's a ball of fire in my heart...

It's like my heart is on fire...

These days I often dream of peace..

I don't talk to anyone much these days,

I don't trust people anymore,

In fact, the whole world knows:

All children are innocent,

No child deserves death or violence.

So where are understanding, peace and tolerance?

Where is the spirit of friendship among all people?

Fair ladies and fair gentlemen...

I see you blurry, you're far away..

I hope you will not remain silent to this brutal war.

I hope that what makes you human will not be lost..

Please don't leave me alone in this cruelty.

This will leave you much dirtier than you can clean.

Can you see, shrapnel pieces in my body?

And wounds in my soul that will not heal?

Don't you think, they showed evil in practice to the whole world?  
So, will these days of fire really pass?  
Will the world remember children's rights?  
And remember that every child is innocent?  
I can't ask.  
I see you blurry, you're far away..

And.. There is another explosion..  
another brutal explosion..  
With a silent scream that you will never hear,  
I'm wailing..  
We all have rights,  
Our common living space is in our world,  
As I take my last breath,  
With a silent scream that you will never hear,  
I'm wailing..

## **METİN ŞENER**

### **The Sky Is Not Blue**

Tonnes of bombs were dropped on him,  
Women, children, hospitals, schools, places of worship,  
In the holy land of the oppressed, where humanity is black soil,  
The bloodshed,  
Where tears fall in torrents,  
There are no more mothers in Gaza, where crimes against humanity  
are committed!  
Swinging on their feet as a swing,  
No children sleeping soundly!  
No colourful balloons, no kites!  
No humanity!

Not raindrops falling from the blue sky,  
Not flaky white snowflakes,  
Not the dried leaves that fall from the branches in the sonbar,  
It is not the fruit that falls one by one from the plane tree next to you  
every day.  
It is not the fragrant red rose petals that fall on the roads,  
They are the bullets fired at women and innocent children.  
Bombs and missiles that tear the bodies of babies to pieces.  
Blood and tears flowing drop by drop to the conscience.  
In every drop of tears flowing, life is torn from life.

When women and children raise their heads, the sky is no longer blue,  
The sun does not rise.  
Day does not become night; night does not become day.  
Among the darkness, the fire of shattered dreams begins.  
Humanity has no conscience! No mercy, no compassion, no mercy!  
Where white doves and seagulls do not flap their wings,  
Where balloons and colourful kites don't fly,  
It is the fireball that explodes in the navels where loneliness and  
loneliness are rampant.  
It is the death of birds with broken wings.

The sun will shine on the bright future of the children of Gaza!

The nightmare will disperse over the clouds.  
The raindrops will become the sun,  
It will open rainbows in wounded hearts,  
They will play freely in their own lands, houses and gardens,  
Roses of happiness will bloom on the faces of innocent children...  
Leaving his head on the chest smelling like Reyhan, Jasmine, he will  
hear lullabies,  
Sleep will flow peacefully from your eyes,  
They will sleep soundly, grow up with love and affection...  
Children will joyfully release colourful kites into the sky,  
He will become a butterfly to put a kiss on the tears of the mothers...  
Raindrops falling from the deep blue sky  
It will open rainbows in silent, dark hearts.



## **MUAMMED ARSLAN OMAR**

### **Child of Gaza**

I've been hungry and thirsty for days,  
My stomach hurts from hunger, Mom!  
I gave up milk, buy me bread,  
Why don't we go to the grocery?

There was thunder outside, Mom!  
Why did they break our windows?  
What is this dust and smoke, Mom?  
I was so scared; take me in your arms,

Mom, why are you crying?  
Don't be afraid, I'm with you,  
Don't cry or I'll cry too,  
Wipe your tears and pick me up from the ground!

Let me, Mom! Let go of my arm,  
Give me this stone so I can throw it,  
So, I can ask them for an account,  
Let go, Mom! Please leave me!

## **MUHAMMED BİNGÖL**

### **Gaza**

You are the time for everything:

The blue sky,

Long road,

Of the open sea,

A political war

The fate of the Middle East,

A democratic action,

The leaves of a lifelong plane tree that are about to fall off,

The rising tide of the lost civilization's waters...

You are the offspring of unfree war children who took refuge in their future and bloomed from the concrete walls.

You were the owners of the world.

## MUHAMMED ŞARA

### Forgive Us Gaza

A little bit of Gaza, a little bit of you  
And heedlessness weighs heavily on us  
While every life is a road to death  
Lord forgives our silence  
See this heartfelt plea and our hearts bleeding  
Cleanse our hands reaching out to the sky  
Maybe our hands are to reach you  
What better way than our feet

They wrapped your wounds with silk bandages  
Golden cuffs on your wrists  
Their ointments were like roses  
And his gifts of lead smelled of apples  
How cowardly did they shoot you?  
O Gaza, there is no orphanhood or orphanhood in you  
Every daughter is at the mercy of her mother  
And every man weighs as much as a father.  
Children who could not walk ran to martyrdom  
Prayer on lips and children's cries  
Now there is innocent blood on every stone and lamentation in the  
streets  
Our silence and your glory  
Your smile and your resistance  
Our tables full of blood and deaf consciences  
Hira, every hug you take shelter in now  
All the water you can't drink is Kevser  
Your beds are as friendly as baby feathers  
O you whose reality is heavier than your nightmare  
O city that bears the silence of the ummah as death  
We are victorious in every fight we engage in, and we are defeated in  
every fight we enter.  
This time the living are defeated, and the dead are victorious

Our soups are still hot, and our tea is fresh  
Our food is not lacking in salt.

Have they forgotten you, Gaza?  
Did they find an orphanhood suitable for you?  
Didn't they remove the hump from their eyes?  
Did anyone shed tears?  
Wasn't there anyone in Islam who could become a mother to the orphan?  
Did they tear you apart, Gaza?  
While every piece of you is being thrown aside  
Children's hope is falling apart, and their homes are falling apart  
While the beds are stained with blood  
Have they forgotten you, Gaza?  
While everything is flashing before our eyes  
While the innocence of babies turns into pain  
While everyone and everything curses the oppression  
Did your Muslim brothers ignore you?  
The hands reaching out to you should have been cut to stone  
Our hearts that did not burn for you turned to stone, Gaza  
An uprising fell upon Meryem's side  
In the longing of migratory birds for martyrdom  
Now every street is Karbala  
People have a stance like Yazid and Hussein before you.  
Inside us Gaza, inside us  
Our hearts narrow with every death  
And where are our eyes that cry for a bird?  
Why do we have hands in Gaza?  
Our hands that do not lift your city  
What about our feet?  
If they won't come to you  
What colour of pain is this that the eyes cannot see?  
This smell of Gaza is felt only by believers.  
And this maddening sound of despair  
Why is there living, in Gaza, when you're dying?  
However, while one Muslim suffers, the world should be a prison for another.  
We should have worried about your troubles  
We should have turned our eyes to the ground and shed tears for you  
Forgive us, Gaza  
In this age where everything is consumed  
For our exhausted humanity!

## MURADIYE ÇAKIR

### Shooting Stars

"I opened my eyes to a new dark morning,  
I was stuck at the bottom of the wall again  
My small body took up little space, after all.  
I got used to the coldness of my new bed,  
It wasn't colder than death after all.  
I washed my face right away  
It was very dirty.  
There was more dust and dirt  
In my eyes than sleep.  
My mother used to say that the dirt of the world  
Doesn't go away easily.  
Now...  
She's not here either.

My father held my hand  
It felt like he got strength from holding it  
From the only hope left in life  
Me...  
We went out to the street  
To our house, the ruined house, the street  
Yesterday Ahmet was at the end of the street  
With his new but burst ball in his hand  
Today Ahmet is also gone, and so is his burst ball.

It used to rain  
Water would gather on the roads  
I would show off with my shoes to my friends  
And I would run and jump around there.  
My father used to laugh with laughter.  
I jumped again  
With my bare feet this time.  
This time my father didn't laugh.  
He looked.  
Blood splattered on me  
He cried.

I turned to my stone bed  
I turned and looked at the sky  
The stars winked at me  
The only beautiful thing left to us  
Was probably the sky  
They will take that away too soon.  
Just like when I was a child, in my most innocent moment,  
With sleepy eyes in my bed  
The only hope tightly held by my father,  
That is, me  
Just like what they took from my father.  
Like a shooting star.

## **MURAT ÇELİK**

### **Must Live a Child!**

Must live a child!  
Rather than leaves,  
Lives to light:  
Must live a child!

Must live a child!  
Rather than silence,  
Roars a child's  
Must live a child!

Must live a child!  
Rather than tear,  
Pours wish of a child's  
Must live a child!

## MURAT YÜMLÜ

### **A Requiem for Humanity: A Gazan Outcry**

Sinking of the dust, a blow for the serenity  
Resembling a bow shot from the long miles of the seas  
As we breathe and aspire to soothe our souls  
The holy call for the requiem of humanity

Gazan outcry tears our prayers, bleeding the wounds  
Prayers for the salvation of people, whispers  
As we breathe and aspire to soothe our souls  
The outcry turns out to be a requiem for the mourns

Hold my hand, as bleeding from our hearts  
Cry of babies may not be heard from the yards  
Collapsing the history into the society  
People's requiem rises to the skies

A book of uncertainties, history is the past  
What may have been told if it was not the past  
Thousands share the outcry, millions mourn  
The holy call for the requiem of humanity

Mother, no way for the expression of the tears  
Lying there, beneath the crowd  
The fire in the heart of a house  
A kid never forgets the unheard outcries

No way to solve the bad souls  
Darkening clouds, vanishing blues  
Lying there, beneath the crowd  
Faces of babies never ever fades

Sinking of the dust, a blow for the serenity  
Resembling a cloud from the pouring of the skies  
As we breathe and aspire to soothe our souls  
The holy call for the requiem of humanity



Gazan outcry breaks the history's bridges  
Prayers for the salvation of people, aching minds  
As we breathe and aspire to soothe our souls  
The outcry and call for the people make us blinds

## MUSA ENES YILMAZ

### Oh Orphan!

Oh orphan, lying in the nook, hidden and secluded.  
Our tears are trickling down, bothered and shivered.  
As thy soul gets bruised and betrayed,  
Dreams of thy past are now dimmed and departed.

That's the hell or more of the hell.  
One after another and no end they tell.  
'Thou shalt not kill' yet they still shell.  
But no one can sweep the innocent of thy smell.

The hopes and courtesies of the Earth.  
Smashed against the walls of thy world.  
That's not the blood of thee, but of us all.  
Thou, to survive as an angel and they are to die as servants of the  
devil.

## **MUSTAFA EFE SAYGIN**

### **Your Worthless Heaven**

Oh Mama, where do I go now?  
Gonna rest a bit, if you allow  
For all the naughty things that I've done  
Another sin is just another blow

My Father, so where is he now?  
I'd be a martyr too, if you'd just showed me how  
Save your tears, they must've reached by now  
Another drop is just another blow

So, tell me, could I make it?  
Well tell me, was it worth it?  
For all the blood, for all the blood  
For lives that they disinherited  
For all the blood, for all the flood  
For loves that we forfeited

Oh, dear God, please have mercy  
Are you really there, can you hear me?  
I beg you, please protect my mommy  
For she didn't do anything wrong to thee

And tell me, could I make it?  
Then tell me, was it worth it?  
For all the blood, for all the blood  
For all the tears that you ignored  
For all the blood, for all the flood  
For the tomorrows that I won't be able to see

## ONUR CAN ÖTER

### Innocence

Innocence, a treasure so divine,  
In every child, it does brightly shine.  
In Gaza's struggles, in war's cruel line,  
Let's forge a path where peace will entwine.

Amidst the chaos, let hope persist,  
In children's eyes, it must exist.  
For in their laughter, we find our list,  
A world where love and kindness coexist.

Gaza, a place where dreams have wept,  
But in unity, their spirits kept.  
With peace, our promises are adept,  
Innocence and joy, we shall accept.

Let's bridge the gaps, let kindness prevail,  
Innocence and love will never fail.  
For every child, let's set the sail,  
Towards a world where peace will prevail.

## ONUR CAN ÖTER

### Innocence

Innocence in children, pure and bright,  
In their hearts, love's guiding light.  
In Gaza's shadows, a sombre sight,  
War's cruel grip, a never-ending fight.

But hope persists, a candle's glow,  
Innocence we must protect and show.  
With peace, together we can grow,  
In children's smiles, let kindness flow.

Let's mend the wounds, seek harmony,  
End this cycle, and set all hearts free.  
Innocence, the world's decree,  
A future where all can truly be.

Innocence, our guiding star,  
Through peace, we'll heal each scar.  
In children's dreams, near and far,  
A world where love outshines the war.

## ÖMER FARUK UZUN

### Every Childlike in Gaza

In Jerusalem in Gaza, every child wants a peaceful bed, a happy life,  
In Istanbul in Paris, no child wants to die,  
Killers speak we are fighting with terrorists,  
But the whole world knows it's all a big lie.

I live in Gaza I am a kid,  
I don't want to have Kevlar, I don't need to have a bomb security kit,  
Why planet is not talking, you have to fix it!

In Gaza, the olive trees lost their leaves,  
Now it is time to say stop, it is time to block these,  
Otherwise in Gaza children will never be able to eat olives.

## **ÖZGÜR YILMAZ**

### **Eyes Will Keep**

There's no one to show me  
How yesterday and tomorrow will collide  
When it begins to move towards you  
Are there any tears in your fountains to fall apart

The worst thing you can say is silence  
To your inner child  
When it was, they turned to speak  
Tell me if there's enough conscience there  
To compete with a child's.  
Then you remember those eyes will keep

## ÖZLEM ÇAKMAKOĞLU

### Ode to a Gazan Child

Once upon a time  
In faraway lands called Gaza,  
There was a child named Esma  
Whose eyes had a supreme charm,  
Whose voice had an endless rhyme.

There was a picture on her wall,  
She remembered that night all in all.  
Every single heirloom in her memory shattered  
With a fireball.

The woman in the frame was embracing her  
Whose face reminded her a bright future  
Whose hands were more than a picture.

She was the one who taught her life  
Sang her lullabies  
Read her tales  
Lived everyday with frankness  
She was the one shared her experiences  
With joy and a heart fearless  
Til the night brought a deafening silence!

The night that turned the familiar world into an alien  
Since she didn't teach how to clean the squirting blood  
Since she didn't teach how to breath in cruelty flood  
Since she didn't teach how to become an orphan!

Esma left her play on the ground  
Like others left their half-eaten orange cookies  
And unfinished stories  
Just a weak voice heard from foggy distance  
"I will tell Allah these!"



## PERUZE YÜCEŞAN

### Why?

Mama!... Mamaaa! Mamaaaa!  
Papa? Papaa?  
Is it thunder roaring? My ears cannot bear  
Lightning that so bright and gets dark  
Ohh. Did I forget the colour of rain?  
Why It's raining red and everywhere is reddish  
But we never paint the rain like this in art classes  
Teacher? My beautiful teacher  
Why you are lying there with painted in red  
Let's go, this time you are late to class  
Let's paint in the class  
Teacher?

Name written on my arms and legs  
Liya written by papa  
Asked why Papa you need to write my name?  
Tear in eye explained he:  
When... when I...  
A huge thunder hit again  
I cannot see any more why?  
Too much dust around  
My face is wet now  
It's raining hot now I feel warm  
So sleepy am I ..why  
Did not have dinner yet  
Mama is going to wake me anyways  
Ma..maa... Pa..pa.  
Good nig..ht

Ohh.. Horror, terror!!  
Is it real?  
Daddy, why did you turn off it? Why?  
Is she dead now, Daddy?  
Did you hear the screams?

Alisa, did you finish watching your cartoon?  
Let's have dinner, it gets cold!  
Told you, news is not for your age  
But Papa...  
Children are dying at my age...  
Why?

## **PINAR ŞAHİN**

### **Innocence Fits All**

When it comes to the child,  
In the world, sometimes gloomy and dark,  
A genuine love of anything with good deeds,  
A hidden thing inspires the curiosity of his little feet...

He can feel the genuine love,  
One can learn a lot from a child,  
An intimate laugh and patience,  
No worries about sustenance...

The world itself seems to be a great playground,  
Also, the grown-ups are the ones who deserve trust,  
All the living things are for him to manipulate,  
The dog, the moon, the grass,  
Even the click heard through the wall when it is late...

Children are the ones innocent to be in a fight,  
When they should freely fly their kite outside,  
Deserving to have childhood memories that are pleasant and kind  
Since they experience life without any discrimination,  
Through a genuine love and interest to every living creature...

## **RAŞİDE DAĞ AKBAŞ**

### **An Eternal Sunshine**

Palestine...  
You are like a sunshine  
Please shine everytime

Honey...  
They have no mercy  
stay in my clos[y]  
Do not go outdoor  
Let me have your odor

Humanity...  
Be with me and reprimand  
Damn on them and command

Honey...  
They have no mercy  
Keep your own sanity

Mortality...  
Come with me and hug me  
Pray with me and hold me

Evils are over there  
Bombs are everywhere

Honey...  
Let's together breath away  
They have no mercy  
But deserve all curs[y]

Palestine...  
Please shine everytime  
Be an eternal sunshine!

## **RİTA BRUCHHAGEN BOZKURTLU**

### **A Child Is a Child Is a Child**

My father once told me,  
a human is a human,  
and a child,  
is a child  
and do you know what?  
my father was right.

You remember the poem  
about the Palestinian child,  
playing with the Israeli one  
from the other side?

Both marking handprints in the clay  
and I swear you  
and I'm sure,  
nobody can say-  
which hand is the one of the Palestinian child,  
which hand is the one of the Israeli  
from the other side.

The world suffers and deeply cries  
for all the children  
the Israeli, the Palestinian,  
and the children from all the other sides.

My father once told me,  
a human is a human,  
and a child,  
is a child  
and nothing,  
nothing is more important  
than humanity and human rights.

## **RUMEYSA PULAT**

### **Pursuit of Innocence**

Children always want to daydream under the stars.  
Some of them make up their mind to spread the hope for binding up scars.

Some of them promise themselves to establish the neoteric future for liberty.

They crave to discover divergent worlds to find who they are in reality.

The innocence suits kids most for sure.  
They resemble the blue sky as they remain pure.

Sometimes, they build castles made of sand  
To struggle with enormous waves unwaveringly.

They plant seeds of peace so that human beings' blood doesn't water droughty land.

Every time they smile happily, the grinding pains disappear slowly.

Children make numerous wishes  
As they are surrounded by goodness.

Whenever it rains at night  
Their tears fall in the moonlight.

We used to lie to ourselves when we were in danger.  
However, we have learned our lessons from little hearts' honesty any longer.

Kids believe in their heart of hearts everything will be better.  
The sun looks forward to rising to scatter its glitter.

Whereas we are trapped in nightmares  
Children enjoy freedom in endless dreams.

Our souls break into pieces every waking moment.  
They seek gorgeous sparkles for their spirit as a component.

There are millions of memories in our minds.  
Let's hold them tight whatever it takes.

Because those unique moments belong to magnificent childness.  
Beforehand, everything was so far away from evilness.

We used to play games without even realizing the sorrow  
As if there was no tomorrow.

In the beginning, none of us knows the death.  
We only were filled with extraordinary happiness in every breath.

Therefore, if you fancy giving yourself a lift  
Just give your inner child a gift.

## SELBİ BÜTÜN

### Palestine Angels

Muhammed İbrahim Intaiz brother of,  
Muhammed Salim Intaiz.  
Ahmet Nail Mehdi's voice,  
Last look of Hüseyin Yusuf.  
Tears of Basil Salim,  
Abdullah Hamid's whining,  
Kasım Cabir Kavar's words.  
Ammar Ahmet Cudi's shout,  
Escape of Seray İyad Abdül Al.  
Muhammed İbrahim's smile,  
The smile of the noble Asil İbrahim El Masri.  
Yasmin Muhammed El Mutavak's walk,  
The gameplay of Muhammed and Emir İyad Arif.  
Nidal's Mother,  
Father of Muhammed Halif El Nevasra.  
Ranin Cevdet Abdil Gafur's intuition,  
Süleyman Salim's stance.  
The pen of Musa Muhammed Al Astal,  
The tweet of Meryem Atiye El Arca.  
Abdül Ramazan Bassam Hattap's ball,  
Saad Mahmut's heartbeat.  
The mystery of Fatıma Alhac  
Seher Selman is the pupil of Ebu Namus,  
Steps of Enes Yusuf Kandil.  
Nur Mervan El Necdi 's cheeks,  
Safa Malaka's eyelashes.  
Enes Ala's hands,  
Merve Macit's skirt.  
Kusay's shoes,  
Muhammed El Bash's ball.  
Book of Husam İbrahim En Necir,  
Müeyyid Halid El Araç's life.  
Sera Cihad Şeyh El Eyd's paws,  
Ziyad Mahir En Neccar's Quran.  
Hamza Raid Tihari's socks,



Ahid Arif's headscarf.  
Zekeriya Ahid 's headcarf,  
Muhammed Ramiz's trousers.  
İsmail Muhammed Bakr's eyebrows,  
Fingers of İbrahim Ramazan Ebu Dakka.  
Palms of Yasemin Mahmud,  
Usame Mahmud El Astal's hair.  
Efnan Vesam's knees,  
Cihad and the run of Vasim ısam şuhıbar.  
Yemin Riyad El Hamid's food,  
Muhammed and Vela's hide and seek.  
Ahmet İsmail Ebu Misallam's bike,  
Milk of Rahif Halil El Cibur.  
Siham Ahmet Zurup's eraser,  
Cradle of Faris Cuma El Tarab.  
Kasım's brother,  
İmat Hamit Elvan's sister.  
Sera Muhammed Bosta's notebook,  
Rıza Ahmet El Hayık's lullaby.  
Semih Naim's folk sung,  
Hymn of Samir Naim.  
Ahlam Musa's bag,  
Cloth of Haniye Abdül Rahman Ebu Cerat.  
Photo of Ömer Cemil Hamud,  
Rüya Mahmud's non-stop.  
Arms of Negram Mahmut El Zivedi,  
Mahmut Enver Ebu Sahap's school.  
Dina Ömer Aziz's age,  
Aya Behçet Ebu Sultan's hug to the moon Flights of Halil Hamza and  
Eman Usame El Haya.  
Prayers of Merve Süleyman El Sirsavi,  
Diving by Dina Adel İslim.  
Hiba Hamid El Şeyhs numbness,  
Recitation of Tala Ahmet El Tivi.  
The beauty of Hada Subbi Eyad,  
Dina,Rüştü Hamad's buckle.  
The cry of Saci Hasan and Kenan Hasan,  
Wailing of Muhammed El Hami Halak.  
İbrahim, İman and Asım Halil Emmar's call,

The steps of Rahif Ekrem Ebu Cuma.  
The tale of Abdül Rahman El Iskafi,  
Merih Şakir the story of Ahmet Sufyan El Cemal.  
Sami Ahmet El Şeyh Halil's jacket,  
Sayings of Şadi Ziyad, Fadi Hasan and Ali Ziyad.  
Muhammed Rami, letters of Muhammed Eşref eyad.  
The loves of Muhammed Eyman and Rezan's guitar,  
Instruments of Cevdet and Aya.  
Poems of Hayfa and Tevfik,  
Meysel and Ahmet's songs.  
The mourning of Ahmet and Eyüp,  
Hatim's of Fatma and Reyan.  
Pictures of Rihat and Nur,  
Drawings of Betül and Süheyla.  
Cradles of Bisan and Siraç,  
Races of Nur and Ebu Cami.  
The paper of Hüsam Ebu Kinas,  
Land of Şaban Cemil Ziyade.  
Enes Mahmut Muammer's dream,  
The flower of Abdul Yusuf Dereci.  
Diary of Muhammed Raci Handam,  
Abdül Ebu Hicayyir 's magazine.  
Gayda and Mustafa's literature,  
The morality of Bedir and Delel.  
Ahmet Eyman and Amin Eyman the Poverty of Siamese,  
Languages of Erva and Samir.  
Justice of İsra and Nisma,  
The sign of Lemya and Muhammed El Kassas.  
Sevsan and Rim İbrahim El Kelani's enthusiasm,  
Raid İliyan 's effort.  
Ela Abdülmecit Ebu Dehruc's grandmother,  
Grandfather of İman İbrahim and İbtihal İbrahim El Rımah.  
Paradise Gardens of Gaza,  
Immortals of hearts,  
Poetry of a life story.

## **SEMİH BİLGİÇ**

### **We're Dying**

We're dying day by day  
Stars bear our remains  
Our coffins flare in the dark of night  
And in the moaning of barn owls come we  
Hear our own laments...

We're dying and searching for that couple of hands to bear us  
In the shadow of a handful grass quietly shot from our soil  
By the heaviness of our spans drifting us never calling out to anyone  
We find solace.

Darn women in veils wail now as they blend with the owl's moaning  
By the relief death brings  
We find solace.

## SENA NİHAN ARSLAN

### Free Palestine

One day of an orange fall without any sign,  
We were laughing, playing, and having our time.  
Little stars in the sky coloured red mine,  
Leaned down to bury us in silence.

I wish they were millions of the real stars  
But they turned into screams that filled the night.  
We were flying in the sky like red-coloured kites  
Do we really need to play in this uphill fight?

There was a place between life and death  
I was stuck there, I didn't know yet  
There was a glint of hope in my cloudy eyes  
Strong enough to scatter my goodbyes  
It held my tired arm gently  
Whispered to my ear suddenly  
"Maybe it rained already  
And everywhere smells so shady.  
Even though  
When you raise your head  
If you can see a rainbow ahead  
It's worth to have a pain, right?"

They said there are green flaws in our hearts  
A reddish smile on our faces, blackish eyes to despise  
They tacked us down as we started to rise  
We are Free Palestine, don't you know us?

Where did I drop my heart?  
There is a big tree now  
In the place where I cried.  
Its fruits are orange in colour,  
The smell is a sour feeling,  
The times I've spent missing that flavour  
My body is parched for something

Actually was mine before.  
I think it is strange, right?

I'll sing the song of happiness and  
Dance with the moon when it rises  
Because  
"Together" is a beautiful place to be  
Every time it sounds like a dream to me  
Maybe I'm dreaming  
Maybe the whole world is lying to me  
But we should dream  
While we are wide awake, right?

I don't know when will I close my eyes,  
I don't know what kind of child's play it was  
But I know we are Free Palestine  
In heaven, we keep laughing, playing, and having our time.

## **SERDAR UZUN**

### **Ode to Children's Innocence**

Children, you are the world's hope, our future in your hands,  
You deserve to live, not suffer, in a kinder land.  
Why do we destroy what we should cherish? This is so unwise,  
When children need our shelter, not be war's sacrifice.

While children are slaughtered, most of the world stays silent,  
But if money, not blood, flowed from their bodies, they would be  
defiant.  
Against this atrocity, they would rise and fight,  
To stop the injustice and defend the children's right.

In their curious eyes, humanity's light beams,  
Come, take their hands, nourish the hopes children dreams.  
Together we can build one peaceful world,  
Where children's laughter shall always be unfurled.

Let gentle peace and justice reign in every land,  
So, children's mirth resonates, not war's cruel band.  
Their lives a sea of dreams and potential wide,  
Let's stand as guardians to protect childhood's side.

## **SITKI BERAT TERCANLI**

### **Stay Alive to the Dawn**

The empathy within,  
Where would it go?  
The suffering of the naive,  
Innocent  
Why aren't you managing to see?  
While they are burying them six feet deep,  
Why does anybody conquer the agony?  
Don't watch the children turning into a street magazine.

Don't poison the fountain,  
No peace of mind.  
Don't baptize the children,  
Swallowed inside by a bloodline.

Is it your forfeit,  
Or is it mine?  
Godspeed to the fair boy soldier,  
Thank them for taking your life while it all burns down.

Close your eyes, it's too bright.  
Ask someone to shut the lights out,  
Now it's not the time to go outside,  
Lock the doors and find a place to hide.

Seek the pain,  
The baby food, the toys and the corpse  
Seek them once again,  
Is there anything alive to the dawn?

## **SİMİN SAHİR MUALLA**

### **My Heart Goes Out for You**

My heart goes out to you,  
Oh! Children of Palestine, my heart goes out for you.  
From the ringing of school bells to the sirens of war;  
From the singing of lullaby to the mourning of parents,  
From running around with friends to running away from them;  
Oh! Children of Palestine, my heart goes out for you.

You are innocent and helpless,  
They are merciless and ruthless;  
You are pure and gentle,  
They are peccant and brutal;  
You are agitated and heart-rending,  
They are charlatan and shamming;  
Oh! Children of Palestine, my heart goes out for you.

You are deprived of your childhood,  
You are ousted from your abodes;  
You lay screaming in agony,  
You are left to suffer in silence;  
Oh! Children of Palestine, my heart goes out for you.

Your naivetés tear up apart,  
We are raging and fuming, unable to succour,  
In this time of hardship and distress;  
Certainly, you all are in our prayers,  
Reaching through the skies, the Almighty will hear;  
This phase of anguish and grief will perish soon,  
Though, the scar will never evanesce;  
Oh! Children of Palestine, my heart goes out for you.



## **SUDE NAZ KILIÇ**

### **Innocent Sisters and Brothers of Gaza**

Bombs are in safe places.  
I hear the screaming lullabies,  
Echoes in their painful cries.  
Remember the good days  
Even if we don't have one.

Civils are begging for help  
Trembling children, holding hands.  
Innocence dies in front of our eyes--.  
It's neither death nor suicide,  
It is called genocide.

Where's my mother? She asks;  
Why can't I sit on her legs?  
Where are the graves of kids?  
Who were once my friends?

## SULTAN İNANÇ

### All Children Are Innocent

Sometimes we feel inadequate.  
Sometimes we feel very strong.  
I'm in pain now. And I'm so powerless.  
Hundreds of children are dying. And I can't do anything.  
I'm calling out to everyone.  
I ask everyone.  
Why does he have the right to life?  
Why isn't everyone free?  
Why is there cruelty?  
Why do I exist?  
Why is Gaza in this state?  
Why doesn't the sun rise in Gaza?  
Children of Gaza.  
The babies of Gaza.  
Women of Gaza.  
The young of Gaza.  
The men of Gaza.  
Why is he being killed?  
Why does no one see the innocent children?  
Why do we remain silent?  
When all children are innocent?  
What is this punishment?  
When all children are equal?  
What is this lawlessness?  
When all the children are happy?  
Why are these desperate, frightened children hiding?  
Hope it is being stolen by  
Who is the thief?  
Who is the killer?  
Who is unjust?  
O Gaza, arise and shake for these innocent tearful children.  
O world, make your voice hard now.

I'm butter in Canaan I am in Gaza.  
We have the flag in our hands, blood and soil in Gaza's hands.

What's the matter with this burning coldness inside me?  
Whose voice is the screams ringing in my headphones?  
All consciences are gathered, whose cage are these?  
I am afraid as a nation; I have a guilty conscience as a nation  
Of course, we will find out a way.  
We happily hold hands.  
Gaza your tear is my tear.  
Your destiny is my destiny.  
Your lost hopes are my hopes.  
Your broken heart is my heart.  
Let the frozen hearts melt now.  
Robot hands stop.  
Everyone should shut up; the wars should end.  
Everyone should shut up, let the children laugh.  
We have congratulated our republic for you as well.  
We have also travelled for you with our flags.  
On November 10, we cried with you secretly.  
Let the children celebrate their holidays now.  
Let the children be excited with ringtones now.  
I'm going to shout it out for you here.  
We will resist here for you.  
We have not been silent; we will not be silent.  
We are Atatürk's youth; we never give up.  
We are trying make our voices and consciences heard with the cries of  
Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar.  
You have reached your daily translation maximum-please come back  
tomorrow.  
Let bad consciences die, let good consciences be born.  
Someone tells Israel to stop now.  
Stop now, Israel, for the innocent-looking children.  
Please don't cry, Gaza!

## TUFAN ASLAN

### **Do You Know Me?**

Hello, do you know me?  
I am the child smiling at the future.  
You know, they shot me, do you remember?  
However, I am harmless, I am small.  
Don't you recognize me yet?  
Let me clean the blood off my face.  
Just wait a bit because it will take time to be cleared.  
They just pulled me out from under the rubble.  
Do you recognize him now, uncle?  
I was on television, didn't I see it, dear?  
You know, you put your head on the pillow with peace of mind.  
You saw me in your dreams, didn't your conscience ache at all?

Do you know that my mother and father are dead?  
So, I gave a leg to the ground.  
Before I forget, let me ask you something, uncle, are you listening?  
We were defending our homeland, what was your problem?

## **YASEMİN ATEŞMEN ÖZER**

### **A Hundred Thousand Years of Smile**

Imagine the smile of a child  
And, gather that smile in your palms  
Think of the laughter of a child  
And, collect that laughter in the folds of your skirt  
Build a world for these children from smiles and laughter  
Paint this world with the freest of colors  
The green of an olive, the black of a grape  
And even the white or red of a bird's colors  
Let the sun warm this beautiful world, let the moon illuminate it  
May these children wake up to a day scented with lemons  
Children are innocent, let everyone know this  
Children are beautiful, let everyone see this  
Let the dreams and hopes of children overflow  
Let the land of freedom belong to the children  
In this country, let mothers put their children to sleep  
Let the children of this country run through these streets  
May these children smile from the heat of the day to the coolness of  
the evening.

## **YASİN PELİT**

### **For the Our Beloved Children Victims of the War, Disasters, etc.**

We forgot usness  
We fell into individuality  
Forgive us  
We couldn't protect you

We forgot unity  
We returned to separation  
Forgive us  
We couldn't protect you

We forgot truth  
We made mistakes  
Forgive us  
We couldn't protect you

We forgot hope  
We fell into hopelessness  
Forgive us  
We couldn't protect you

We forgot Allah  
We obeyed the devil  
Forgive us  
We couldn't protect you

We forgot friends  
We deceived by enemy  
Forgive us  
We couldn't protect you

We forgot FEAR  
We chose easy way  
Forgive us  
We couldn't protect you

We forgot hardness  
We fell into ignorance  
Forgive us  
We couldn't protect you

We forgot knowledge  
We fell into ignorance  
Forgive us  
We couldn't protect you

## YUNUS AKBABA

### Innocent Children in Clean Pages

A fairy-tale-scented future is the desire of every child.  
Every child dreams of a future full of hope.  
The child created as a symbol of innocence in the first place,  
They have no right to tears, to have someone take them from them.

No child is born with the concept of evil in his or her mind,  
She/he who comes into the world crying does not yet know evil.  
The one who cries because the leaf of the tree has fallen, the feather of  
the bird has fallen,  
These innocent children teach us a lesson in humanity.

Children are caught in the tail of cruel fate,  
Could they be hostages whose innocent smiles have been forcibly  
withered?  
Innocent children who cannot choose where to be born and how to be  
raised.  
In the war of those who have lost their childhood, their child-hearts.

Innocent children waiting behind the black, dark nights,  
Hopeful hearts standing in the shadow of grey and meaningless days.  
Children who should be promised a white future,  
Innocent children full of hope growing up dreaming of a green world.

The world of a child who wakes up to the light of bombs,  
Perhaps we should look at this war with the child that lies deep within  
us, at our core.  
Children growing up under a dark sky with no light,  
They need to be regenerated before the seeds of anger settle in their  
hearts.

Perhaps it is reflected in children, the purity of nature.  
Innocent children who remind us of the human values we have  
forgotten.  
That huge, inexhaustible light in their eyes,  
Perhaps it can be the flashlight of our dark world.



Children are the embodiment of love and hope,  
What is this effort to defile their innocence?  
Humanity is losing its most basic values.  
Would the world be this dirty if children ruled the world?

The desire to make a criminal out of a child, what is this?  
Endless hatred and anger in the hearts, which heart can accept this?  
Let the children eat their candy and play hide and seek.  
Give their world back to them.

In this world full of evil, full of children's tears,  
Hades will release Kerberos, towards those who have lost their child  
hearts.  
Stars will shine in the pupils of children.  
The hope that grows in the hearts of innocent children will grow by  
fighting the darkness.

Grey, meaningless days for a child,  
But it will end, innocent children will go on with their lives.  
The scales of justice of Themis will be lifted for innocent children,  
Their stories will be written in a clean book.

**YÜKSEL ASLAN**

**All Fruit Seeds Are Innocent**

The child is the seed in this blue womb,  
The mother is the earth, and the sun is the father.  
The soil can feed everyone,  
The sun can warm everyone,  
And whole streets can grow from seed to seed.  
Everyone can take root without difficulty with the "right to exist",  
Long tables, cheerful faces, rainy songs of hope can be drawn on  
maps.  
The composition of freedom is red in the vein,  
It can keep the seed in its warm bed.  
Difference can enrich us in taste.  
If the pureness of conscience may one day poison ambition,  
The world can turn without an axe.  
Here,  
Believe me, this huge area can sprout entire flags.  
For example, today,  
Red can only be from watermelon seeds.  
And wake up,  
The world is the most innocent right of fruit seeds.