

## CENNET VARSA EDİSON GİDER

Beni Camiye çağırma hoca  
Fabrika olmalı, tütmeli baca  
Çalışmayı öner aç, muhtaca  
Avare kul ile bir etme beni

Haramdan bahseder yan gelir yatar  
Mevlide gider duayı satar  
Abdest, Namaz der de Cemaate çatar  
Takunya giydirip yürütme beni

İlim sahibine Gavurdur deme  
Azdırdın hoca sapıttın yine  
Milletin sırtına sen bine, bine  
Ben cahil değilim tor etme beni

Sakalı sıvazlar sahte şükreder  
Gider camide cennet vaad eder  
Cennet var ise Edison gider  
Beynimi yıkayıp delirtme beni

Edison cennete gidemez diyen  
Muhakkak yobazdır bu haltı yiyen  
Elinde tespihi, Cüppeyi giyen  
Yatırıp, kaldırıp çürütme beni

Edison şalteri indirdiği zaman  
Kesilir cereyan halimiz yaman  
Şaşırır kalırız işte o zaman  
Şamdanda mum diye eritme beni

Edison enerjim, gece güneşim  
İbadet sayarım var ise işim  
Benim meleğim evdeki eşim  
Sen yerin dibinde var etme beni

Düğmeye basıp da lamba yanınca  
O anda karanlık aydınlanınca  
Salavat getirir sarıklı hoca  
Gözümü bağlayıp kör etme beni

**DOĞAN**'ım sözlerim hayınlarına  
Aman siz gelmeyin oyunlarına  
Vebali, günahı boyunlarına  
Çağımızda yaya yürütme beni.

*Halil Doğan, 20.09.1995*

## IF THERE'S A HEAVEN, EDISON IS GOING

Don't call me to the prayer-house<sup>a</sup>, Father<sup>b</sup>.  
It should be a factory; the chimney should smoke.  
For the hungry and the needy, propose work.  
Don't take me for an idle wight.

He determines what is sinful as he lolls about.  
He goes to funerals; he sells prayers.  
He speaks of ablutions, of worship; he scolds the congregation.  
Don't have me go about in clogs<sup>c</sup>.

Don't call the man of science an infidel.  
Still you have corrupted, Father; you have led astray.  
As you climb onto the backs of the people,  
I am not ignorant—don't try to catch me.

He strokes his beard, he gives insincere thanks.  
In the prayer-house he goes and promises heaven.  
If there is a heaven, Edison is going.  
Don't brainwash me, don't make me go mad.

Whoever says Edison can't go to heaven  
Is surely a fanatic—whoever utters this crap,  
Rosary in hand, on shoulders an alb.  
Don't prostrate me and raise me, don't putrefy me.

When Edison turns off the switch,  
The current is cut, we're in dire straits,  
We're bewildered at that moment.  
Don't make me melt away like a candle.

Edison is my energy, my night-time sun.  
I'm at divine service if I have work.  
My angel is my spouse at home.  
Don't give me life in the grave.

When he presses the button and lights the lamp,  
Then—when the darkness is illuminated—  
Father in his mitre<sup>d</sup> says the last rites.  
Don't bind my eyes, don't blind me.

I am **FALCON**: my words are for the deceitful.  
For goodness' sake don't fall into their trap.  
The sin, the crime is on their heads.  
In this day and age, let me not go on foot.

*English interpretation by Ayşe Berkman and David Pierce*

<sup>a</sup>literally, *mosque*

<sup>b</sup>lit., *hodja*, that is, (*religious*) *teacher*, &c.

<sup>c</sup>*sc.* for ablutions

<sup>d</sup>lit., *turban*, which is one sense of the Greek word *mitra*; Herodotus uses this word to describe (1.195) the Babylonian and (7.90) the Cyprian head-dress