



POSTCARD#2
Istanbul
SONGS FOR THE
HOMESICK

Istanbul. The city of cities.

My friends left me in their apartment in Üsküdar for a few days, alone with a talking cat and a piano. I'd feed the cat in the morning and then play the piano til noon, having no idea how that instrument works but enough time to make errors and more errors until uncontrollable sounds turn into melodies.

The balcony overlooks the Bosphorus. I have dinner watching ferries cross from Asia to Europe and back, hear seagulls screaming, unaware of continent borders. Back home, over there, in the West there are things waiting for me, unresolved stories, but I keep lingering over here, far away and out of reach from everything.

Istanbul is the loudest city I know, the most restless one, crowded, big and dirty and unbearable, but I love it more fiercely than any other. I've thrown myself right into its very core, got lost in the maze of its streets, talked to people in a language I don't understand. To then come back to a place I call home for a couple of days, my ivory tower, with the talking cat and the piano and cast current desires and confusions into songs.

These are the first songs I ever made on that instrument which I still cannot play, right in that city I cannot shake. Istanbul, you'll have me back. Soon.

Istanbul, June 2011

CALM

what a bright peaceful morning after a long, slow night. in the east the sky turns yellow. early seagulls draw patterns on the sky. and for a second there is stillness in me before the hustle swallows me again.

how long can we wait? we say it's never too late but life has taught me otherwise and how long can we stall? is that an option at all? or are we facing our demise?

what a bright peaceful morning after a long, slow night
but morning light ceases, the pressure increases, so hurry and haste, there's no time to waste. and morning will fade,

clocks are racing, it's late, so hurry, my dear, we'll wait for you here.

how long can we wait? we say it's never too late but life has taught me otherwise and how long can we stall? is that an option at all or are we facing our demise?

BURN

she fell into pieces,
lies broken and scattered.
even knowing you mean well
does not make it better
she lost her direction,
she's rotating off-center.
even knowing you mean well
will not manage to mend hert

for now, conceding her defeat
she will quietly retreat
she will quietly retreat

with your mind as her anchor
your arms as her shelter
even in stormiest weather
there was something that held her

and though that is a notion
that had just started to grow
that doesn't make it less hard
to let it go

and if there's one thing she will learn:
keep your heart cold or it'll burn
keep your heart cold or it'll burn

MILES

down by the water, down in the restless
sea I cooled my swollen feet. I had to
rest eventually, tired of walking, for miles
and miles with no end, no end, no goal in
sight...

under my blanket I look for inner
peace. fled from the city's noise, it's so
unbearable to me. I'm tired of talking
in foreign tongues when there is never
enough air to fill my lungs, when there
are never the right words to phrase my
pains, when there is never enough silence
it's all in vain.

walk another mile, don't slow your
pace. always wear a smile. things will fall
in place..

I'm tired of walking for miles and miles
with no end, no end, no end, no end in
sight.

I'm tired of walking for miles and miles
with no end, no end, no goal in sight.

WAY OUT

it is scary to see the world spinning faster
and faster around me - now you are here,
tomorrow you're gone

and I can't really tell if I'm really awake or
still curled up and dreaming

between what I've lost
and what I have won

what am I here for? what have I become?

is this the right path to be upon?

what am I here for? what have I become?

is this the right path to be stumbling
along?

though I scream 'seize the day!' I will
linger till dusk, till it all went away, and
nothing's been changed, nothing's been
done. and I'll procrastinate all important
decisions until it is too late - for now
chances are near, tomorrow they're
gone.

my tendency to analyze, my pressing
urge to do it right, they only leave me
paralyzed, they only leave me petrified.
my tendency to analyze, my pressing
urge to do it right, they only leave me
paralyzed, they only leave me petrified.

what am I here for? what's it all about?

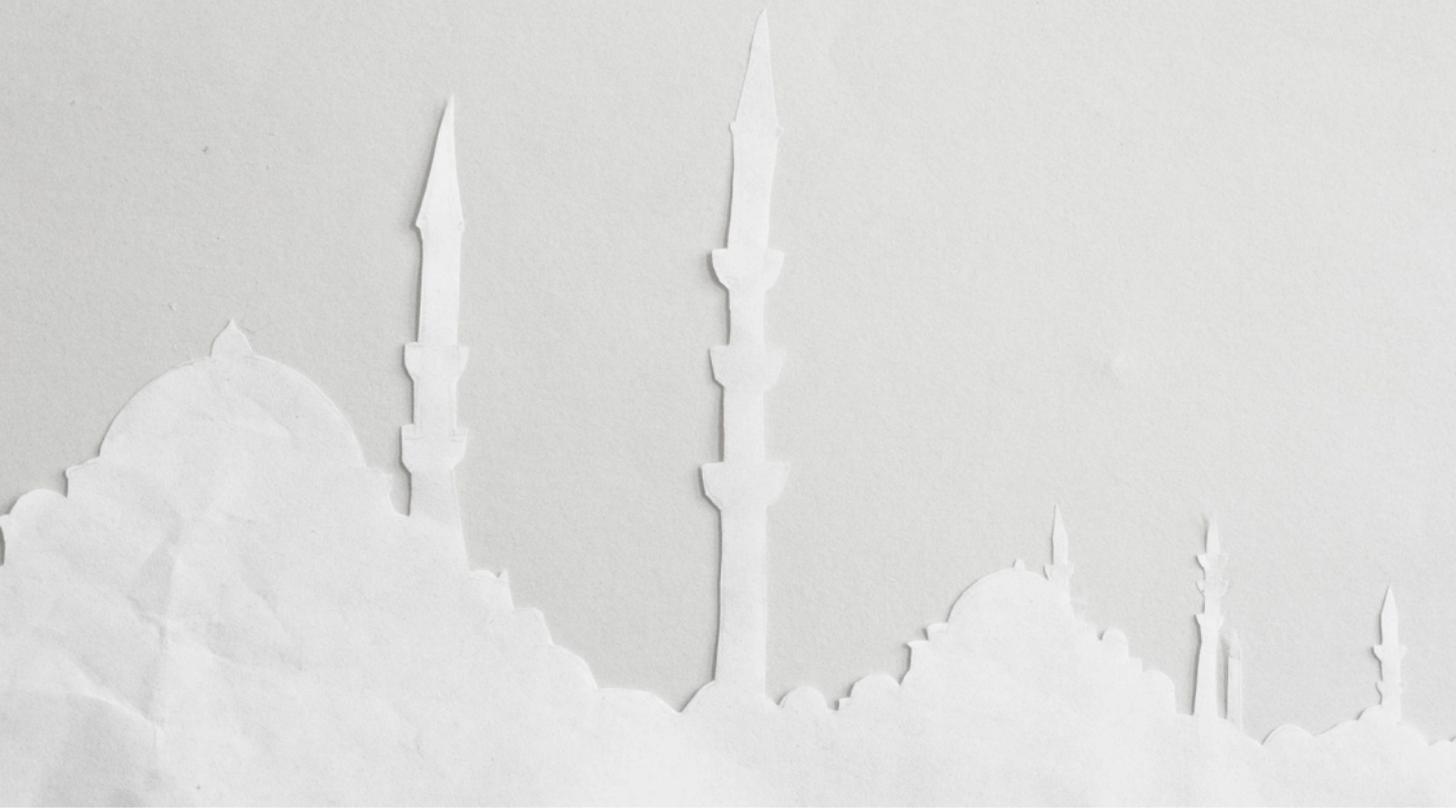
is there a right way or an easy way out?
what am I here for? what's it all about?
show me the right way or an easy way
out

01 CALM

02 BURN

03 MILES

04 WAY OUT





Constantinople... The Mosque of Ortakoy (Aspendaris)

