CENNET VARSA
EDİSON GİDER

Beni Camiye çağırma hoca
Fabrika olmalı, tütmeli baca
Çalışmayı öner aça, 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[a], Father[b].
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[c].

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[d] 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

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[a] literally, *mosque*

[b] lit., *hodja*, that is, *(religious) teacher, &c.*

[c] *sc.* for ablutions

[d] 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