

Poetry Series

**Abduweli Eisa**  
**- poems -**

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## Abduweli Eisa(12th December)

Was born in Korla State In Xinjiang, China. Assistant Professor At Northwest University For Minorities In Lanzhou Gansu, China. Write poems since was elementary school, published some lyrics on Uyghur(ethnic language in Xinjiang) , Chinese, write poems in Utghur, Chinese, English, Spanish And Turkish.

# Death Of My Aunt

To my aunt

If there is a God who listens to me now  
I just hope him or her do me a favor  
today is a day that sadden my mother  
today is a day that sadly knifed my mother's heart  
I think I will never know how to I should start.

Life is a journey that gives good and bad for us  
on this way we will be called bad or good  
I wish the one who has left us was called good  
cuz we all believe good ones has to be in heaven...

I am far from my mother, and my aunt's funeral  
sweet memories and love-full arms leaving me  
I called my mother, my brothers and sisters  
they all thought good life's taken by the only creator...

Her face was so warm, her arms were so hard and soft  
I couldn't imagine how has the destiny done  
we all hope to make beautiful home and great earth  
I deeply wondered why the good people stays here so short  
I hope I can pray to my God, and all ours God  
I hope I can move him or her by my true thought and heart...

20th, March, two thousand sixteen, Lanzhou

Abduweli Eysa Wapayi

Abduweli Eisa

# Motherland

My mother looks like motherland so,  
Her face under a mountain that covered by white flowers.  
From her strong footprints,  
From the moment she makes Nan on Tonur,  
From the smelling of garlic she put on Nan,  
From the dumplings she makes in spring,  
I can smell the meaning of motherland.

Swept yard and opened flowers in the morning,  
Take the sunlight that golden color into yards.  
On these drops of water on yard ground  
The letter motherland fly up the sky  
Side of a small stream that flees in front of our home  
Our neighbors talk about the season of harvest.

In the songs that hugged by sparrows on the tree,  
Silence of mountains  
Making fruits as like the love of motherland.  
When I up to the top of our barn,  
I see the garden on my mother's Etles dress.  
The birds fly from her flowers  
Bit her food steps and far away  
I feel a deeply loving from their songs.

I meet with motherland at the first on my mothers wrinkles,  
From that motherland looks like mountains, rivers, deserts and trees,  
When I was I child, I saw the motherland from the gardens where I steel,  
Motherland really looks like my mother,  
I can find my mother's arms in this land,  
When I cry she hugs me by her heart,  
When I laugh she gets strength from it,  
When I fall dawn, she will make me stand by her love.

In those feelings I felt in youth hood,  
I smelt motherland and her gardens.  
She can sing in the food and water she feeds me,  
Sky stars take shower and comb hair on her face,  
Every season learns beauty from her,  
Where was the song of motherland

On my desk when I was in elementary.  
I saw her beauties from the blackboard

After burnt all my poems,  
I sit in my heart and sing the song of mother,  
Ants kiss my feet and make me comfortable,  
Grassland tells me the song of life.  
Gardens on her body hide in my poems  
I wash in her rivers on her face.

Twelfth October,2015  
Wapayi, Lanzhou Yuzhong

Abduweli Eisa

# Sea

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i have never seen a sea,  
as like i have never seen its silence.  
suck a green and widest world,  
makes waves inside of me.

i wish i am a piece of sea,  
green,waving and silent.  
full over all around the world,  
as like fulling over the southeast.

such a dried feeling and spirit,  
moving toward the waves of sea.  
i hope i will sing alone,  
that will make happy me.

a long road longing from the east,  
starting from the green water.

i am putting myself in it,  
i will be a single singer.

14th april,2015  
Lanzhou, By Wapayi

Abduweli Eisa

# You

I can't go one minute without you  
I really don't know how to through  
You are in my dreams everyday and every night  
You don't figure out why I am like this blue  
Everything is true  
I said to you  
Sun rises from the east every morning  
And it settles down in the west  
I don't know how to take the test  
I wake up alone on my bed  
As like I turn in singly every night  
Sadness never look like sadness  
Such as I can't be looking like a happier  
Darkness of the nights are thieves  
Have stolen my soul, my spirit and my all  
I can't go one minute ever one second  
Don't know why and how to go through

\_\_\_ Wapayi

2015-4-19.      Lanzhou

Abduweli Eisa