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AŐK AND İNKİLAP IN THE POETRY OF NAZİM HİKMET AND FAİZ AHMAD FAİZ

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Abstract

Three distinct sub-streams of poetry have emerged over time. First, there is poetry dealing only with the matters of heart, beauty, nature, and imagination. Second, poetry that invokes revolution and tries to wake the masses out of their slumber and bring about social change. But interestingly, a third type has also been around for quite some time. The roots of that third type lie in the peculiar circumstances of the twentieth century. This type merges heart and head, romance with revolution and the personal with the political. There are many examples of this practice of poetry but perhaps three poets with cosmopolitan reach stand apart from others: Pablo Neruda of Chile, Nazim Hikmet of Turkey, and Faiz Ahmad Faiz of Pakistan. This article attempts to compare the politics and poetics of Hikmet and Faiz. Few people are aware, including the academics, that Nazim Hikmet and Faiz Ahmed Faiz were friends, so much so that Faiz translated some poems of Hikmet into Urdu. It calls for further study to see how these two revolutionary poets of the 20th century were linked and related.

Keywords: Love, Poetry, Revolution, Ideology.

Introduction

The twentieth century was a time of great upheavals: the two great wars and subsequent regional wars such as the Spanish Civil War, Vietnam War, the Korean War, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, etc., proved great engines of change, sometimes bringing revolutions in their wake. The Russian Revolution, the Chinese War of Independence, and many other anti-colonial movements in Asia and Africa brought about tremendous changes in the social, political and economic spheres of the world. As a result, many writers and

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artists of the Twentieth century were closely associated with those movements. Trotsky points out: "To suggest that art will remain indifferent to the turmoil of our time is ridiculous, absurd, ... Events are arranged by people, made by people, and then affect people and change them. Art directly or indirectly reflects the lives of people who make or experience events." (Trotsky, 1976, 10). As a medium of artistic expression, poetry has often been associated with invoking people's desires and dreams whether those dreams are individual or collective.

Although poetry and ideology seem to exist on two different planes, they have always been two channels that support and nurture each other. Cerci Zeydan says, "Arabs would prefer a great poet to grow up to a great commander." (Batur, 1993, 38)

Octavio Paz explains this separation: "A poet who, despite his participation in social life and his deep devotion to the beliefs of the time, is a completely non-sectarian creature: he says something else even when members of the congregation in which he lives say something else. The distrust of states and churches against poetry does not only come from the exploitation of these forces: even the poetic word is enough to evoke this feeling." (quoted in Batur, 1993, 39) For this reason, poets and poetry have always troubled the state and the society. Poets like Dante and Nefi had had their share of this situation. However, in some cases, society accepts those poets, posthumously, who were persecuted or even prosecuted while they were alive; they become heroes, and role models for the masses. Of course, this softening of society is not permanent. With the birth of a new challenging idea and its proponent, the oppressive social and state apparatuses again become malevolent. As Cemal Süreya writes: "Every order, every new revolution started by condemning art, especially poetry. This has been the case throughout history. The new order, after winning the victory and being established in time, according to the rules of its own logic, chooses the poet as the first man to be excommunicated and sent to the gallows... It is a social martial law against the primitive and pure nature." (quoted in Batur, 1993, 63)

Aşk in the Poetry of Nazim

In Turkish language, love is translated as 'Aşk' which is etymologically derived from the Arabic word "aşeka" meaning 'ivy.' The implications of this connotation are clear. In Nazim Hikmet, love forms the basis of his poetry. It would be correct to define this love as passion for the lover, sometimes love for the country, sometimes just for living and the world. For the poet, love of homeland and beloved are not feelings that will replace or override each other. At the same time, they develop in parallel, grow and support each other, and provide the poet with the love of life. His enthusiastic, hopeful discourse in his poems is indebted to these two loves. Because for him, love is hope, struggle, rising again from where he fell, not giving up. Love will gain meaning when shared with all humanity: "The letter he wrote in handwriting to Mehmet Ali Cimcoz in the early days of his illness embodies this resistance: Life is beautiful, hopeful and should be lived with love and enthusiasm, whether in prison or with anxiety, with all humanity." (Kurdakul, Sezer, 2002, 35)

In 'What a Beautiful Thing Remembering You', the poet remembers the beloved in his prison cell while receiving news of both death and victory. The memory of the beloved also reminds him of Istanbul, brings the sun into the darkness of prison.

"What a lovely thing to remember you
Amid news of death and victory,
In prison,
When I'm past forty...

How beautiful to think of you:
Your hand resting on blue cloth,
Your hair grave and soft
 like my beloved Istanbul earth...
the joy of loving you
 is like a second person inside me,
The scent of geranium leaves on my fingers,
a sunny quiet,
and the call of flesh,



a warm,
deep darkness
parted by bright red lines..."
(Kurdakul, Sezer, 2002, 143)

The memory of the beloved adds different meanings to the place where the poet is and transforms it into a new place with the scent of geranium, the warmth of the sun, and passion for the beloved. The poet feels complete with love, even though he is in prison. "Like the poetic situation, the state of love does not embrace the contradictions it reconciles; joy accelerates the rhythm of time, but existential completeness gives it a new development, stops aging, temporarily eliminates death, erases anxieties and frustrations." (Burney, 1999,34)

Again, in his poem 'About You', the line "I love impossibility but never despair" (Hikmet, 2013, 914) actually reveals not only his love for the beloved but also his ideology. The poet is not hopeless, although the revolution he wishes for seems distant.

Compare this with Faiz who, while in prison, wrote a poem, 'Solitude'
"Someone is coming at last, sad heart! No. I am wrong.
It is a stranger passing on the way to another place.
Night falters; stars are scattered like clouds.
The lamps in the hallway droop; they want to go out.
All roads are asleep after their long work of listening.
Alien dust has come to cover the traces
of the footsteps everywhere.
Snuff out the candles, clean away wine, flask, and goblet.
Lock up your sleepless doors, my heart.
No one, no one will ever come here now." (Hasan, 2006, 78)

While waiting for the beloved, Faiz, in prison, is gripped by feelings of despair and despondency. This difference in attitude of Hikmet and Faiz is due to, perhaps, the differences in their personal lives as well the conditions of oppression in their respective countries. Perhaps Faiz was more oppressed in the inhuman conditions in his prison. On the other hand, when Hikmet says "our hearts know nothing but love" (Hikmet, 2013: 828), he means all kinds of love in the world. The darkness of the night and its pessimism as well as the brightness of the stars and the hope of the beloved intertwine in the heart of the poet. Hikmet's love is the whole world, together with his beloved. Eric Fromm said, "If I love someone, I love everybody, I love the world, to live. If I can say to a person "I love you", I can say I love everyone, I love the whole world with you, and I love myself at the same time." (Fromm, 1985, 52). As Hikmet writes, "Separation is coming closer everyday a little more, goodbye beautiful world, and hello universe." (Hikmet, 2013, 58). Therefore, completing his life does not mean leaving the world for him. To live is to keep planting olive trees even at seventy; it is the patient who knows that he will not get up on the operating table, but listens to all the news in the world as if he will live for many years until the last minute, and like a soldier he knows how the war will end even though he knows he will die on the front. His words, "To live is single and free like a tree, and in brotherhood like a forest / this longing is ours" constitute his philosophy of life.

Love is not an obstacle in the way of his ideological struggle because love of his beloved strengthens him to carry on the path of collective causes. Love is the source of turning of night into light, breathing in a snowy pine forest, mixing of the ashes of their bodies in a jar, and burning in the stars. The darkness of prison cell exists on the same line with the brightness brought by the beloved's memory. It does not let him succumb to hopelessness in prison. The beloved is not just a woman or lover, but the poet's brother, wife, mother, sister, hometown, future, hope, and enlightenment.

Romance and Revolution

Hikmet and Faiz have distinct attitudes to romance and revolution. Faiz, even when talking about or to the beloved, remembers the sufferings of the people. Hikmet, on the other hand, writes about love and



the beloved as if they exist in their own world, away and separate from the larger social problems. The personal and the political strains exist side by side in Faiz. As Agha Shahid Ali has noted:

“The beloved – an archetypal figure in Urdu poetry – can mean friend, woman, God. Faiz not only tapped into these meanings but extended them to include the Revolution... Waiting for the Revolution can be as agonizing and intoxicating as waiting for one’s lover.” (Ali, 1990, 132)

Why does he mix romance and revolution? Perhaps because, like many other revolutionary poets of his generation, he realized that all writing is embedded in politics or that without socio-political commitments, no writer can claim ideological legitimacy. His political commitment determines his creative imagination. That is why he has earned himself a curious position: he is lionized by the literary elite and is idolized by the masses. Politics and aesthetics go hand in hand in his work. Edward Said rightly remarks about him:

“The crucial thing to remember about Faiz ... is that like Garcia Marquez he was read and listened to by both the literary elite and by the masses. His major – indeed it is unique in any language – achievement was to have created a contrapuntal rhetoric and rhythm whereby he would use classical forms (qasida, ghazal, masnavi, qita) and transform them before his readers rather than break from the old forms. You could hear the old and new together. His purity and precision were astonishing, and you must imagine therefore a poet whose poetry combined the sensuousness of Yeats with the power of Neruda. He was, I think, the greatest poet of this century, and was honored as such throughout the major part of Asia and Africa.” (quoted in Ali, 1990, 129-138).

Faiz is never free from the feelings of social injustice and neocolonial oppression even while remembering the beloved. The epitome of this mingling of romance and revolution occurs in his famous poem:

“Don’t ask me now, Beloved, to love you as I did

When I believed life owed its luster to your existence.

The torments of the world meant nothing;

you alone could make me suffer.

Your beauty guaranteed the spring,

ordained its enduring green.

Your eyes were all there was of value anywhere.

If I could have you, fate would bow before me.

None of this was real; it was all invented by desire.

The world knows how to deal out pain,

apart from passion, and manna for the heart, beyond the realm of love.

Warp and woof, the trappings of the rich are woven

by the brutish spell cast over all ages;

human bodies numbed by filth, deformed by injuries,

cheap merchandise on sale in every street.

I must attend to this too: what can be done?

Your beauty still delights me, but what can I do?

Don’t ask from me, Beloved, love like that one long ago.” (Lazard, 1988, 88)

His social commitment is probably nowhere more accentuated than in this famous and oft quoted poem. Professor Fateh Muhammad Malik’s opinion in this regard is provocative and original. In his book, *Faiz Ahmed Faiz: Poetry and Politics*, he opines thus:



“In the conflict between romance and revolution, Faiz’s consciousness is marked by ambivalence. He seems to be indecisive about what direction his thought must take. The curves of the beloved’s body and the traumas and trials of the world equally attract him as the subject matter of his poetry. Again and again he goes to sympathize with the suffering humanity, only to return to his personal grief and the unrequited love.” (Malik, 70)

Perhaps that is why he cannot refrain from mixing private feelings with larger political/public causes. In his poem, ‘We Who Were Executed’, he typically blends both:

“I longed for your lips, dreamed of their roses:
I was hanged from the dry branch of the scaffold.
I wanted to touch your hands, their silver light:
I was murdered in the half-light of dim lanes

When the night of cruelty merged with the roads you had taken,
I came as far as my feet could bring me,
on my lips the phrase of a song,
my heart lit up only by sorrow.
This sorrow was my testimony to your beauty-
Look I remained a witness till the end,
I who was killed in the darkest lanes.” (Ali, 1991, 9)

His social(ist) commitment is beyond doubt. This is evident in his poetic method too. Radical departure from poetic conventions of the Subcontinent is evident in his treatment of the love theme in which there is no place for effeminate pessimism and indulgence in self-pitying. The persona of the Beloved, as we know in Urdu poetry (as well as in the Elizabethan poetry before John Donne and his Metaphysical school of poetry), is placed on a high pedestal and is worshipped as a sensual goddess only, far beyond the touch of the lover. Faiz drags her down to earth and asks her to share with him the sorrows of the world and compels her to shun the self-centered celebration of grief of unrequited love. In his social commitment, Faiz shatters the illusions of the beloved in the most realistic fashion imaginable. As Agha Shahid Ali remarks, “In Faiz’s poetry, suffering is seldom, perhaps never, private... Though deeply personal, it is almost never isolated from a sense of history and injustice.” (Ali, 1991, 39). This is perhaps nowhere more acutely obvious than in his poems dealing with the Palestinian struggle for liberation. On the contrary, Hikmet does not mingle his romantic strain with his politics. His love poetry is pure while his politico-ideological poetic discourse stands apart.

Nationalist or Internationalist?

A number of Faiz dissidents accuse him of pandering to Socialist agenda, and, by virtue of that association, he was dubbed as unpatriotic. However, in my analysis, such charges can be answered if one makes the helpful distinction between a narrow nationalist and an internationalist who struggles for the broader human causes. Under the influence of divisive and partisan Western ideology of nationalism, we often lose sight of larger human issues and predicaments. Faiz, with his cosmopolitan vision, was able to rise above the parochialism of bourgeois ideology. His Marxist understanding of history and links with many global resistance figures provided him the opportunity to rise above the narrow divisions of national boundaries. Therefore, the question of his postcolonial intervention vis-à-vis Pakistan should be judged in the light of writings about other anti-colonial causes. In any discussion of Postcolonial ‘nation’ and ‘nationalism’ Benedict Anderson’s *Imagined Communities* (1983) is as frequently quoted as Said’s *Orientalism* in any debate on Orientalism and Postcolonialism. Since Anderson’s seminal theorization of the idea of nation, a number of postcolonial critics [Bhabha (1990), Ranjit Guha, Ania Loomba (1998), Robert Young (1995) and others], taking cue from Anderson, have rebutted the monolithic concepts of ‘nation’ and ‘nationalism’ as political constructions fashioned by those who benefitted from such totalizing formations. In the narratives of nationalism and anti-colonial struggles, it is now well known that a politics of exclusion and



inclusion has always been at work. That is why women, lower classes, and those who opted for a different path in anti-colonial struggle, are effectively erased or marginalized from the 'national' histories. Loomba insists,

“When nationalist thought becomes enshrined as the official dogma of the postcolonial State, its exclusions are enacted through the legal and educational systems, and often they simply duplicate the exclusions of colonialism.” (Loomba, 1998, 198).

The difference in the social and historical experience of Turkish people from other (post)colonial states is an important marker of their art expression. For Hikmet, the human spirit is not separate from the soul of the society. The poet does not move away from social problems and ideology while fulfilling his personal orientation of the human soul. In Hikmet's poetry, the human, the society and the poetic complement each other. “I believe that if I connect my poems to life, I will better serve the ideas that are sacred to us. But this connection must be made without the thread being visible. The thread in which I sew my people in my poetry is still visible. I have a lot more to learn. Any poet at the end of the skill of the agitator is an agitator. Nobody should notice that he is an agitator. ” (Hikmet, 1995, 124). Social(ist) realism may be the basis of poetry. “I'd rather write than quarrel.” According to Krupskaya, the biggest resource for Lenin in learning about life was Russian literature (Hikmet, 1995, 121). While poetry reflects the outside world, it also conveys certain terminology. Art conveys a certain ideology to the reader, teaches life, affects it, transforms it. So, like Faiz, Hikmet is an internationalist without being an anti-nationalist. He believes that he connects with the public through his poems: “I am Asian, do not look at my blonde hair; I am Asian/Do not look at my blue eyes; I am African” In his opinion, “poems can be flagged like you there.” (Hikmet, 2013, 1795). The poem is not just an emotional individual text. It may encompass and embrace social subjects too. “Our poems should be able to plow the soil by running next to the skinny ox, go into the swamp in the rice fields to their knees. (Hikmet, 2013, 1795). The artist, like an antenna, should be sensitive to all the problems of the people and should perceive and explain the problems and struggle. It is also significant that the title of the poem is "To Asian and African Writers." Because, according to the poet, the people of Asia and Africa suffer injustices and become the colonies of imperialism.

Faiz too, in his own way, was critical of narrow nationalist agendas that ignored the role of the masses in the nationalist struggles. Perhaps it was due to his criticism of the elitist nationalism, and his associations with the wider international politics, that he was not regarded as a staunch nationalist by the establishment. In his famous poem ‘The Morning of Freedom: August 1947’, Faiz is ominously skeptical of the newly found freedom from the old colonial order. In a prophetic manner, he doubted that Independence would bring fruits for which millions lost their lives:

“This stained light, this night-bitten dawn –
This is not the dawn we yearned for.
This is not the dawn for which we set out
Hoping that in the sky's wilderness
We should reach the final destination of the stars.
----- [But]
The night is as oppressive as ever.
The time for the liberation of heart and mind has not come yet.
Continue your arduous journey
This is not your destination.” (Hasan, 2006, 103)

The reason for such skepticism was that Independence was hijacked by the forces of status quo; they did not allow the Revolution to take roots in the wake of decolonization. In most postcolonial countries, the post-independence era is marred by violence, political and economic instability due mainly to the machinations of the ruling elite that has been working to perpetuate the neo-colonial agenda. Faiz, as a socialist thinker was conscious of the fact that change cannot be effected as long as the exploitative structures of political and social system are not removed and replaced by a more just system. Independence did not



bring the fruits of freedom for most postcolonial states and Faiz was conscious of it. That is why there is no celebration of Independence in his poetry.

Hikmet is more critical of Western colonial project and imperial hubris because Turkey had not been occupied for long periods of time. In fact, modern Turkish Republic was carved out of the Ottoman Empire as a result of war fought against the imperial forces. Therefore, Hikmet criticizes the West's perception of the East in the face of Western imperialism. For the West, the Orient is a nation that is far from logic, does not think, does not like certainty, is lethargic, does not want proof to believe something. The West, on the other hand, favors logic, enjoys being keen and never demonstrates belief without evidence. What Sir Alfred Lyall said is actually the Orient in the eyes of the West:

"The European is a man of reason; his statements of fact are devoid of any ambiguity; he is a natural logician, albeit he may not have studied logic; he is by nature skeptical and requires proof before he can accept the truth of any proposition; his trained intelligence works like a piece of mechanism. The mind of the Oriental, on the other hand, like his picturesque streets, is eminently wanting in symmetry. His reasoning is of the most slipshod description." (Said, 2003, 38).

In the poem about Pierre Loti, according to the West, the "East" means "secrecy, fatalism, cage (for harem), the caravan, inn, fountains. The sultan dancing on silver trays!" Nazım condemned this perception of the West. "Not that! There was no such Orient yesterday, there isn't today, and there won't be tomorrow (Hikmet, 2013, 426) However, the Orient is completely different. The Orient is an orient in which prisoners starve to death, everyone other than the Orientals share the possessions of the Orient. While the barns in the West are full of grains, the Orient is starving. There is an Orient that Britain and America seized. However, the Orient will no longer bow to all this exploitation.

"Asia's bosom is full. The Orient will not swallow anymore, we have run out of patience, even if one of you can revive our starving ox if he is a bourgeois, he should get out of our sight!" (Hikmet, 2013, 427). "In order to secure our independence, we are people who follow a profession that sees it appropriate to fight nationally against imperialism that wants to destroy us nationally and against capitalism that wants to swallow us." (Kurdadul, Sezer, 2002, 16). Hikmet is for active resistance, not passive resistance, so he is uncomfortable with Gandhi's attitude towards the British in India. In fact, in 1930, in the 30th issue of the magazine *Resimli Ay*, in his article titled "Is The Famous Gandhi A Hero? Or is he a Traitor?", he states that Gandhi's passive resistance helped the British, and in fact Gandhi is the representative of the petty bourgeoisie in India. According to him, the real change in India will come from the peasant movement. "They stuffed this naked prophet imitator in the hole; but they packed a great honor with a treat." The British, who killed tens of thousands of Indians on the roads, streets, cities and villages, showed great respect to Gandhi. He wasn't even tired of thanking the killers of his fellow citizens. Hikmet accuses Gandhi of treason. "Gandhi is a traitor who betrayed the great Indian revolution, the Indian independence." (Toprak, 2015, 64)

In his poem "Voices Are Coming", he states that millions of people around the world are waiting for them, starting from India. For the poet there is no concept of "I", there is always the concept of "we". We have to find a solution to the troubles of India on the other side of the world, to fight for the people in the farthest part of Asia, and there is no time to wait for this struggle.

"We are...

Borneo, Sumatra, Javanese peasants,

We are...

We are shouting from where the sun rises." (Hikmet, 2013, 371)

As the sun rises in the east, the struggle will start in the east and the victory will rise from the east.

In his poem "The Independence", he calls out to the Egyptian people and says that their songs are brothers, referring to the Egyptian rule of the British between 1882-1914.

"My Egyptian brother,

our songs are brothers,

our names are brothers,

our poverties are brothers,

our fatigues are brothers." (Hikmet, 2013, 1585)



For many years, the British held the administration in Egypt under the pretext of administrative reform. Egypt became an important export center for the British, and they dominated the Egyptian resources. Cromer as colonial administrator worked in Egypt for many years. According to him, it does not matter whether it is an Indian or an Egyptian. The behavior of the oriental is everywhere same, and they are dependent races. "Accuracy is abhorrent to the Oriental mind. Every Anglo-Indian should always remember that maxim." Want of accuracy, which easily degenerates into untruth-fulness, is in fact the main characteristic of the Oriental mind (Said, 2003, 47).

The poem "The Girl Child" was written for Hiroshima. War is told through the experience of a seven-year-old little girl who died in Hiroshima.

"Since I died in Hiroshima,
It's been a decade or so,
I am a seven year old girl
dead children do not grow up.

I'm knocking on your door,
aunt, give a signature.
Don't let children be killed

May they also eat candy." (Hikmet, 2013:1581)

Public Intellectual and Exile

Faiz lived and wrote during a period of the Twentieth century when great public intellectuals were putting up their resistance against the forces of imperialism and capitalism. The Third World literary and political landscape was teeming with the textual and actual protests of Frantz Fanon from Algeria, Edward Said from the USA, Pablo Neruda from Chile, Ngugi Wa Thiongo from Kenya, and Eqbal Ahmed and Tariq Ali from Pakistan. During his exile in Beirut, Faiz lived for some time with Edward Said and Eqbal Ahmed. Said recalls that time in one of his articles thus:

To see a poet in exile - as opposed to reading the poetry of exile - is to see exile's antimonies embodied and endured. Several years ago, I spent some time with Faiz Ahmed Faiz, the greatest of contemporary Urdu poets. He had been exiled from his native Pakistan by Zia-ul-Haq's military regime and had found a welcome of sorts in the ruins of Beirut. His closest friends were Palestinians, but I sensed that though there was an affinity between them, nothing quite matched - language, poetic convention, life history. Only once, when Eqbal Ahmed, a Pakistani and fellow exile, came to Beirut, did Faiz seem to overcome the estrangement written all over his face. The three of us sat in a dingy restaurant one night and Faiz recited poems to us. After a while, he and Eqbal stopped translating his verses for my benefit, but it did not matter. For what I watched required no translation, no enactment of homecoming steeped in defiance and loss. (Said, 2001, 174-75)

Like Said, Faiz and others, Hikmet too was a member of this international clan of resistance poets and public intellectuals. All of them had just one common goal, that is to bring about revolutionary change for their respective people. That's why there is a common thread running into their poetic and prose writings as well as their public lives. They were tireless advocates of reason applied to public policy. In the former colonies, due to their critique of the governmental policies and clash with the neo-imperial order, many public intellectuals, ironically, fled to the former imperial centres. "Authentic art does not conform to the discursive modes of the dominant ideology. There is hardly any writer or artist who does not target the roots of the bourgeois actor: Sade, Van Gogh, Joyce, Artaud, Wilde, Baudelaire, Cummings, Brecht, Pasolini, Bacon, Stockhausen ... Today, these names are the cultural focal points of the Western bourgeois; but at whatever cost: Sade, Wilde and Genet were arrested for years; Artaud, Van Gogh and many others were put in "mental hospitals"; Brecht, Gombrowicz deported; Joyce, Gide, Cummings banned; Pasolini and Lorca were killed, Pavese and Nerval committed suicide." (Batur, 1993, 43).

In his poem "In Istanbul, In The Prison's Courtyard", the poet is in the detention room in Istanbul:

"I, thought of the world, my homeland and you,
while I carry:



all the courage, lowness
strength and weakness of my soul..." (Hikmet, 2013, 643)

The absence of one of these three will not be able to make the poet happy. It always depicts the lover with the hometown. Beloved is a village in the country, a city, the cry of the country.

"You are a village, at the top of a mountain in Anatolia, you are my city
the most beautiful and painful
You are a cry of help, so you are my country." (Hikmet, 2013, 1493)

That's why the poet will say, "The land and you are not enough". (Hikmet, 2013, 645) The poet loves his country as a whole, including everything positive, negative, dark, and light, he loves its absence, and its existence.

"Screaming "I love my hometown"
"I bowed in their plane trees, slept in their prisons,
Nothing will relieve my boredom
like my country's songs and tobacco " (Hikmet, 2013, 646)

Although the poet is often imprisoned in his country, it is still the same country that will give hope and peace to the poet. The country, with its pine forests, plains, mountains, folk songs and half-hungry and half-dead people, will give him the joy of living, he will remember the country from afar when he is far away, and feel weak because his homeland is his power. Sitting in the square in Prague, he remembers his distant homeland.

"Poet, far from homeland
riddled with longing
He was standing in the old city,
in the square, all alone
on a gothic wall." (Hikmet, 2013, 1592)

He deeply feels his longing for the country in Prague. It has been a long time since he left the country, the country remained only in the traces of the poet's heart, face and hair. He makes the reader feel the longing and love he feels in his heart by repeating the word "homeland" many times deeply and sincerely in his poems.

"It Was Said to My Homeland Again
My homeland, my homeland, my homeland,
I have neither a cap from there
Nor a shoe that I walk your ways that I bought from there.
my last shirt is already ripped on my back,
It was made of gauze.
Now you're just in the whites of my hair and,
You're in the infarction of my heart,
You're in my wrinkles on my forehead, my homeland
my homeland,
my homeland..." (Hikmet, 2013, 1639)

While his hometown was the accessory he used on his body before, it later became permanent in his heart, forehead and hair. The love of homeland in the poet changed direction from outside to inside and



became a part of his deepened body. The poet remembers every moment of his hometown while abroad. In Leipzig, the poet uses the expression "I wake up from sleep, my great Istanbul".

"It is our strangest strength
Living is heroism
Knowing that we are going to die
We are absolutely going to die." (Hikmet, 2013, 1562)

The purely aesthetic concerns of the writer in exile do not address the real pathos of the exilic condition as exiles are often relegated to a position of powerlessness in their adopted land. In his *Memoir*, Pablo Neruda writes:

"There is an old theme, a "body divided", that recurs in the folk poetry of all countries. The popular singer imagines his feet in one place, his kidneys somewhere else, and goes on to describe his whole body, which he has left behind, scattered in countryside and cities. That's how I felt in those days." (Neruda, 1978, 173).

Edward Said also questions the romantic view associated with the state of exile: "To think of exile as beneficial, as a spur to humanism or creativity, is to belittle its mutilations... For exile is fundamentally a discontinuous state of being. Exiles are cut from their roots, their land, their past." (Said, 2001, 174-175) Yet Said recognizes the literary nature of exile, in that the unreality of exile's double or contrapuntal vision can lead to a restored and enhanced identity and even more meaningful life.

As a writer in exile, Faiz too can be regarded as an intellectual exile who used his exilic perspective to write about his Home, irrespective of the fact that, like many such exiles, he lived like an exile in his Home as well. In 'The Hurricane of Remorse', Faiz expresses the trauma of such an exile:

"Surely, this caravan of pain
Will come to a stop
Somewhere, sometime
Surely, this restless river of life
Will cease to flow
Somewhere, sometime." (Hasan, 2006, 136)

In another poem that he wrote in 1967 in Moscow, he has expressed the feelings of rootlessness and not-belonging to any country:

"You ask me about that country
whose details now escape me.
I don't remember its geography,
nothing of its history
And should I visit it in my memory,
it would be as I would a past lover,

I have reached that age
when one visits the heart merely as a courtesy." (Ali, 1991, 71)

The exile is not a mere physical displacement; it is a mental condition suffered by those who do not accept the repressive regime's socio-economic exploitation. Therefore, such rebels are cast out of the pale of 'normalcy.' Both Faiz and Hikmet are the rebels who lived in self-exile and were forced to live abroad in Beirut and Moscow at different times in their careers. Both were awarded Lenin Prize for Literature.



Conclusion

In conclusion, we may say that though Turkey and Pakistan have different histories and varying social conditions, still there are a few similarities in the ideology as well as the poetic works of Hikmet and Faiz. Turkey suffered less from the machinations of European Imperial project as compared to Pakistan. Even after Independence in 1947, Pakistan continues to face the consequences of the Great Game between the Western capitalist bloc and the Russia-led communist bloc. All this struggle had a tremendous impact on the life and works of Faiz which is apparent from this study about romance and revolution. Hikmet, on the other hand, was involved in the ideological struggle because of his own socialist commitment. He was part of Communist International. Perhaps that is why his love poetry is mostly free from the pangs of collective pain of the masses. He prefers to write about the social(ist) causes separately.

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