

Quake

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Everybody knows, including myself – from day one – it is just the tremors occurring naturally. Maybe we get used to it in our new daily rush of relocating for a safe shelter.

where I am from

day one

It took me one delayed ticket from the capital “grey” city to reach the apricot land. Just a week ago, I was home alone, half-covered in flour and kneading my heart out for a cinnamon roll, while we were wine-drunk and uncontrollably laughing with my favourite cousin. Suddenly, with a confused mind and a wounded heart, I waited for the first flight of the day. Although I have never lived in my homeland longer than three months, many lifetimes of my ancestors built and fell there. If my anger had faded away as it did this winter, I was to stay put for the new underpaid job. Yet, I failed, and my brother gave me a ride to the airport amidst a snowstorm. This is a calling from the homeland and I am answering it, even if it is mildly boring to stand by for an extra five hours. I felt under pressure to make sense of it when the earthquake hit. I was there, at the right time, in the right place so I named it “Calling”. As blood relatives of mine get used to landslides, I can get used to quakes in a heartbeat.

day seven

Up and down one time on a plane to get right where I am from, it snows for fifteen hours straight as predicted. “Cyclones”, the bulletin said, brought icy storms. What a time to be alive when we sit on a plastic sheets to slide down the slope with my mother. All of us celebrated the 54th birthday of my father with chocolate



"Cyclones brought icy storms."

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to find home



cake, no balloons. Life doesn't feel like a big to-do list anymore because I was here for an ancient purpose. Nevertheless, this is what they believed, because I had a dream of a disaster before it happened. It should've been the exhaustion from pickling red cabbages for the rest of the winter, and nothing more.

the night

If my memory hasn't been deceiving me, this is what memories are famous for, I remember every second. I was awake all night, thanks to my new playlist. I was reflecting on a great day I had with my cousin. I woke up unexpectedly as soon as I felt the tremors beneath me. It had happened to me before, so I thought, and I immediately knew. I walked on and got down. Nothing worked. I kissed my mother's forehead thinking it was the last time I'd see her. If the inherited landslide syndrome didn't end my lineage, shaken ground would've done it for them. It felt like true revenge. The statement comes from stuck-up aggression over eroded cities under rubble piles and snow. People have lived and died in their

homes. These were the places where they should celebrate their next birthdays. The place where they bake rolls in the middle of the night and host their friends and families. The place where they have dreams and nightmares, yet they're in the safety of their home when they wake up.

One morning and two nights outside followed by a week in an abandoned concrete house with two kangals. We weren't just escaping from the collapsing buildings. We couldn't stop until we found warmth somewhere. For me, it took a couple of weeks to reach the warmth. For some people, it takes a lifetime to find a home. I was sleeping in a tiny room with ten other people. We found a way for only four of us to leave the apricot land with a truck.

Finally, a week later, I was on the intercity bus watching the sundown at the Anatolian steppes, wondering if seeing through the city would be possible. What if their hearts are still beating back and forth? My heart became boiling water. I had sores on both my eyelids and my wrists were blue and black. Anything can wake me up from my sleep that is slightly warmer than the air floating around now.

Before I left my home for my homeland, I had both. Two weeks later, my homeland is one big graveyard.