

Confront Me

The truth spills out of my mouth
As the turquoise eye in the corner of the room confronts me
The eye brings back memories I am ashamed and therefore neglect
the times when I tried to disassociate myself from my father's culture, my culture
The times from when I refused to learn my father's native tongue
While I tried to get away from my father's stories, my sister was always wanting to learn more
About the city on the Bosphorus, the city where mosque calls and Turkish
was all you heard, the place where those before me walked on ancient cobblestone streets
But now all I want to do is go back to that little apartment in the big city
and learn all the stories, I refused to listen to when I was younger
Thank you, for showing me regret of all the time I wasted
Estranging myself from my culture