

The Black Swan



Verses

P.S. Poetry

P.S. Not all of the swans are
white...

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The Black Swan Verses
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About the Author

Aleksandra Halchenko has devoted herself to searching for the meaning of life, true love and calling. A linguist by profession with the fluency in five foreign languages, she is currently working as a Senior Lecturer at The School of Foreign Languages, Istanbul University. She is the inventor of post scriptum poetry genre.

P.S. I know you exist...

The Black Swan Verses

The common western belief that all the swans are white was completely confirmed by empirical evidence. Only after Australia was discovered in 1697, Willem de Vlamingh, a Dutch explorer, found black swans living there. Similar to the discovery of black swans, we discover God and our true selves. We are born to the world of limitations, where each and everyone tells us who we are and what to do. The labels we use to classify ourselves are there — just because we have not discovered that what we truly want to be is achievable in any context, from any country, from any background. The Black Swan Verses is all about leaving the door open for the miracles to come in your life. It is navigating the complex terrain of finding real love and mission.

Its content is thoughtfully divided into three chapters: morning, day and night, which symbolize life spheres and life stages.

Ideal for those who are still looking for the meaning of life, true love and calling.

Part 1

Morning

The Morning Poem

If the sun is still strong and powerful
and its stars shine with light,
P.S. Then our childhood does not fade,
it will always be bright!

I was born to give birth,
I was created to create.
The first cut is always the deepest.
Divine three-word oath.

I was meant to have meaning,
shaped and sharpened to win.
No limits, no ranks, no ceiling!
All the windows open,
all the doors swing.

I was managed to manage,
observed beyond the scope.
I was challenged to challenge,
what springs eternal is hope.

P.S. And here I am!
Standing and breathing.
Day and night living my life!
Picking the flowers —wreathing,
terminating discord and strife.

Mama

I remember the doll you bought
when the bread occupied your thought.
I was dreaming of it so long
in the country facing the storm.

P.S. I remember you working hard
being our church and guard.
I grew up in my heart and thought
in your hands made of pure cold.

