



Child-King of the Neighborhood

—Anthropology in verse—

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Opinion Article

Hüso was entirely
different from the rest of us.
A natural, born-leader;
To put it most concisely!
His ways were all unique, yes!
(We did not then take note that
His name officially was
Nothing else but Hüseyin,
Not the abbreviation.
Some say even Obama
Has it as a middle-name).
He was putting on some airs
No other boy could assume
In the quarter, at the time.
Which example should I cite
Among the tens we witnessed?

From discarded movie-rolls
cut-out-pieces he would take;
Nicely fit it in his famous toy,
A magnifier, that is;
To enjoy watching in delight;
And let his friends do the same
in return for a palmful
of sunflower-seeds.
Getting tired of the scenes,
He'd resort to comics
Published in the daily-prints
Carve them also, place there
As if they were film-strips,
To be seen as enlarged.

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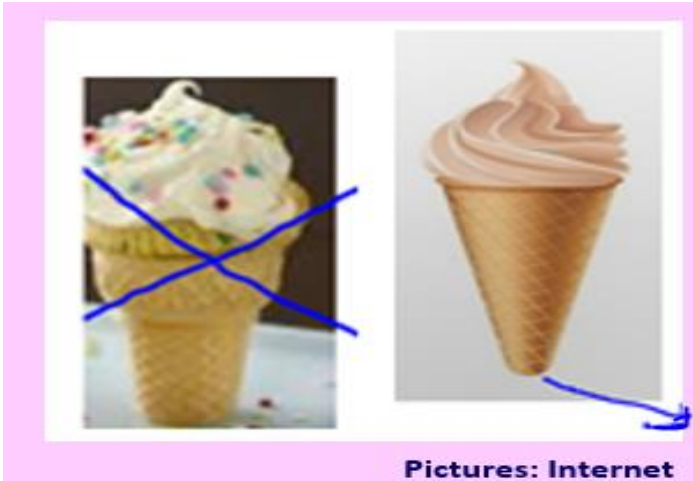
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He would tinker with all junk:
Hand-guns he'd chip from soft wood;
Hollow, cable-contoured toy-trucks
To be dragged along so,
By the protruding shaft-like
External-steering-wheels!
Arrows- bows and slingshots.
Full of skill were his hands.
Some of the products he prepared
He would call his "inventions"!

He'd require the ice-cream
Within tippy lengthy cones
from itinerant sellers;
Pierce it at the bottom-point
And suck in like biberon;
Refusing the flat-ended
commonly-used ice-cream-cones.

After all, a different
 Peculiar boy he should be!
 And so, act accordingly.

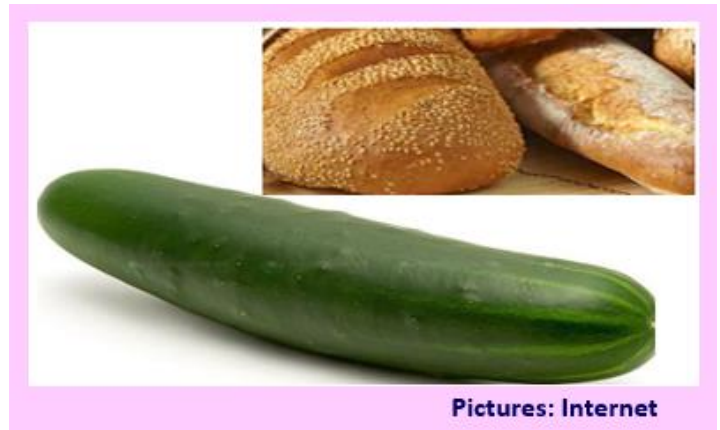


Solid-rumors went about
 Claiming Hüso did peddle
 In some other quarters
 Selling cookies, lemonade
 Pocketing some banknotes,
 let alone the small coins!
 Though from a poor household
 As an individual,
 He surely had his money.



I clearly remember:
 A dirtied morsel was
 Picked by his sacred hand
 from the mid of street
 And put aside solemnly,
 His face all awe-stricken,
 (Blessed food is the bread:
 God-provided nourishment).

He commented as follows:
 — "It is a sin to let crumbs
 Get mouldy in disgrace.
 A good Muslim is bread!
 It would cry, abandoned!"
 Good role-model as he was;
 To give us the onlookers
 A didactic contrast ;
 He now feigned to scrutinize
 the overlarge cucumber
 He'd been gnawing with eager.
 —"As for this big cornichon,
 Infidel it's, I would guess!"
 He pretended to discard
 The unpeeled green chunk;
 Yet could not bring himself to
 sacrifice his hors d'oeuvre.
 Was it really his inference?
 Or else learned he from elders?



A "Piss race" he organized.
 Must have somewhere
 heard the phrase.
 Gathering us all around,
 The match got implemented;
 And he placed first of course!
 Thanks to the two referees
 ("Appointed" by his wish).
 {All of us took the idiom
 In the literal sense, then!
 Along the course of growth
 Afore reaching certain age
 An abstract thought or metaphor
 Is simply not possible
 To be grasped, digested.
 It just would not work that way
 as Piaget affirms so}



Photo: Internet

Playing on the front-road
 If somebody here new
 Somehow came to join the gang
 Soon he'd pick up his full name
 to issue a short command:
 - "Go now and do lynch the fellow
 Whose name is so-and-so!"
 The poor boy would first scream
 Then escape at full speed
 Before getting amnestied.
 (A forgiveness had always
 Sealed such mass-violence,
 Good-hearted in essence
 are ringleaders like Hüso!).
 Hüso must have captured this
 Sophisticated word from
 cowboy-movies he had seen
 At outdoors theaters.
 He wouldn't buy a ticket
 To go and see a movie.
 Lingering for long time
 at the threshold of the gate
 While staying outdoors;
 (Off-limits in legal form)
 He'd just insist steadily
 Until the stern, moustached man
 Who cuts tickets and ushers
 Movie-goers to the chairs
 Gets distracted by something
 and the control loosens up.
 At the auspicious moment
 Our hero plunges
 Like a famous goal-keeper
 of Brazilian football-fields
 (Today I am more inclined

to another theory:
 Le moustachu means it
 To appear so negligent;
 puts on a false impression
 of getting fooled by Hüso).
 Along the course of lookout,
 (Patient, stubborn abiding)
 Hüso carefully picks up
 All the dialogues pronounced
 by actors and actresses
 Omitting the involved sight.
 But once he is inside there,
 Visual stuff does combine
 With previous voices
 To reveal coherently,
 All the themes and the sub-themes.
 The puzzle gets completed.
 Some cognitive jimnastics
 Processed by his quick brain.



Pictures: Internet

Super-assertive, he was!
 —"Which is more thin and fluent?
 River-sand or tap-water?"
 He set up the debate thus.
 Picking up the sand to win
 He began to form a pile
 of fine construction-sand
 and perform demonstrations
 backing up his opinion
 (some jugglery included).

 He grounded many crows,
 Those on some branches
 of fruit-trees around.
 The skill he verified
 With his home-made slingshots
 Was indeed formidable.
 (Municipal tellers then
 Used to pay some "good money"
 In exchange for crow-heads
 In agrarian small towns.

Fact of Social History!
 “Hazardous” birds were crows).



A Romani (gypsy) boy
 Got promoted by Hüso
 to the post of chief-hangman
 To sort out the crow-heads.
 (The child had felt so “honored”
 That he fulfilled all orders
 Coming from his king’s mouth
 With an outmost fervor!)

Hüso one day got his knee
 Caught by sheer accident
 By the edge of a trowel,
 An instrument being held
 In the Hands of Shorty,
 Son of the brick-layer
 (And the whitewasher, also).



Narrowing dark looks on the child
 He spoke menacingly:
 —“It is your luck I think
 That I do not know
 The location of the jail.
 I would have made officials
 Squeeze you right in there!
 I guarantee I would have”
 Thought a moment and snapped:

—“Strolling around town,
 I did come across prisoners,
 Men with close-cropped hairs
 Looking out of windows
 Equipped with thick iron rods.
 Nevertheless, well, err,
 How to get there I can not
 Figure out right away!”

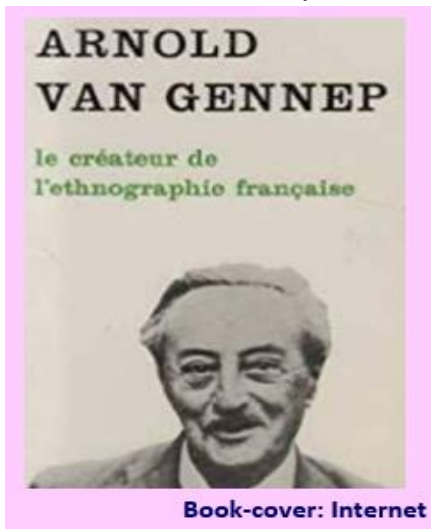
A good climber he was:
 Real good at pilfering
 Fruits from branches
 Of various tall trees.
 Acrobatics he did, too
 On some very suitable
 Evergreen trees: Pines.
 He would attach both his feet
 Through a fork-like growth
 Up there in the high “skies”
 Just oscillate upside down
 For long seconds, yes he would.
 An incredible courage
 Besides skills and talents!

One day after bath
 While “banned” from the outdoors;
 Out of our balcony
 I looked up and saw Hüso
 Dressed in real trousers!
 “Gee!” I couldn’t help saying!
 I myself was always
 Walking around in panties
 Sawn by my granny.
 Out of of loud-colored
 Softy tissued calico,
 With an elastic waist-band.
 No pockets whatsoever.
 Not a single button or
 No zippers or velcro!
 What a shamful contrast
 Between us, two peer-boys!
 I did not say anything
 But no need was for words.
 My humility, I guess
 Felt like printed
 All over the atmosphere!
 He was reading my own mind,
 Gloating over his real
 Nice-and-manly trouseres.
 On the right frontal side

There was even a tiny
Special cut; meant for what?
A handsome pocket-watch, of course!
If only not “filled” yet



(If one comes to think of it;
In some western countries,
Actual trousers
Constitute a kind of, well,
Initiation or a rite
of passage to puberty!
Übergangriten in German
As defined by Van Gennep
“Breeching” says the literature.
In Turkish society
The leap is just affected
Without ceremony,
Is let go of, unnoticed.
Different are the emphasis
In various cultures, yes).



We were about to carry
The household far away
To the capital city.
Destination Ankara!
I did not show my pride
Lest others got envious
If he ever had been in
my position, I am sure
He would have proclaimed it
At the top of his thick voice!



The day before the truck came
To load the furniture,
Mommy forbade outdoors!
After all, in the house
All the muscles were needed!
(Wrapping up tiny items).
He must have thought arrogance
took over my character:
Not stooping to play
with lowly acquaintance,
City-dweller from now on!
Indignant was my hero,
Whatever the grounds.
He had set up an ambush
At the back yard, I gather.
At the moment of mystic
prayer-call melody
Undulating all the way
From nearby minaret,
An apple-sized rough stone
Gliding over balcony,
Ended up plattering
My entire left-side-face!



Blood-flow smearings,
Tincture of iodine, cotton pads.
I could not then make out an
Expression of meaning.
Could not even feel anger
Or resentment of some sort.
Nothing but sheer amazement.
This dark scar on my chin
Originates from that time.
Jealous-feelings of a child!