

Remembering heval Şevger Ara Makhno

Tekoşîna Anarşîst

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Ara was always thriving to be in a place he belongs to. His time in Europe was tough. He felt the individualism of people, their loneliness. We used to joke that it is just the miss of good cay and comfortable carpets which fueled his thirst.

He appreciated the beauty of music and poetry, and preparing and drinking cay was kind of a sacred ritual for him. When he wanted to talk about something, he would always say, 'it's time to drink cay.'

He prepared himself and his journey in a similarly patient and focused way. Once he would leave, he said, it will take time to recover the 'reflexes' which he had lost during his stay in the capitalist modernity of the cities of Europe.

Ara knew how to lighten up tough situations. His original humor brought smiles to faces through his letters, through spoken words, through touches or through a single look. He surprised his friends with care, waiting for a train of which he did not even know the time of arrival, just to welcome you on the platform, or secretly filling your pockets with almonds and other gifts, with singing a song in a moment of hopelessness.

Ara had a deep understanding of hevalship.

On his way, he always shared a feeling of connectedness, of 'us', being right here right now but always looking forward. Ara could take you dreaming, just to pinch you in the right moment. This is not a dream. Gain consciousness, sharpen your senses. akilli ol.

He thrived for freedom and was aware about the responsibility it brings. His strong wish to be part of a revolutionary community, his understanding of trust and his courage continue to inspire us.

Thinking of Heval Şevger, we see his adroit, witty figure, climbing to the top of trees, carefully observing his surroundings and moving seamlessly within the night. The name Şevger perfectly fits his character. Through the distance of a night, we still expect him to show up suddenly, a witty look in his eyes and with a çakal smile, his soul burning of freedom.

His passion for the struggle, his consistence and dedication for anarchist ideals, inspire us together with the other comrades who gave their lives for their believes. Their spirit empowers the revolutionary flame in our souls.

Strength to all the comrades in Rojava in this moment, in which everything the revolution achieved has to be defended once again. Our greatest solidarity and passion for freedom is with you!

Death to fascism, death to the state!

Long live comradeship and the struggle for freedom!

This poem Ara sent us before he left to Rojava.

Orhan Veli

FOR YOU

For you, my fellow humans,

Everything is for you,

Nights are for you, days are for you;

Daylight is for you, moonlight is for you;
Leaves in the moonlight;
Wonder and wisdom in the leaves,
Myriad greens in daylight,
Yellow is for you, and pink.
The feel of the skin on the palm,
Its warmth,
Its softness,
The comfort of lying down;
For you are all the greetings
And the masts winnowing in the harbor;
Names of the days,
Names of the months,
Fresh paint on rowboats is for you,
Mailman's feet,
Potter's hands
Sweat on foreheads,
Bullets fired on battlefronts;
Graves are for you and tombstones,
Jails and handcuffs and death sentences
Are for you.
Everything is for you.

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