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## An Anatomy of Boredom

Melahat Küçükarslan Emiroğlu

It will get dark soon  
Unhappiness, all day, circulated in my body such as a gas pain  
It will leave me, perhaps, when darkness goes to full,  
Don't know if this happens in this time of the month so my femininity.  
It may be so men resemble each other.

Unhappiness, if it is felt physically, could also be sent  
Darkness will bring along and remind me past evening times  
With an unrest independent from this time of the month  
Moments where remembrance strikes home most

As darkness goes blind you are in that place  
Unrest will resume on and repeat  
Don't know if it matters with or without man  
Remembering past evenings is a sibling for unrest

As this time of the month carries those times of the year  
There were times of the month and years with and without men  
Restful and unrest and neutral  
Also were the times you just paused without remembering

Body can also get restless so of this very moment without any recalling  
At this very moment as nothing is happening, unhappiness could have an ache  
Since you remember happiness, thus you recognize unhappiness physically  
Lost moments, you haven't articulated with your happiness, twinge and pain

I am bored I am bored I am bored want to write away this constantly  
I am bored I am bored I am bored as long as I write this I want it to be clear that I am too  
bored  
And why and how and why that much I am bored how big word is being bored indeed  
Where is this boring point, from where does it get bored guys, you know everything?

You know human is bored sometimes... Where exactly does it bore?  
Stored happiness can fill the bill of healthy body until a certain time of the day  
Since storage dumped, derives a need for newly invented or recalled feelings of happiness  
Then you fiddle with darkness and evening calling –as- unrest  
Perhaps, you say, for tomorrow, you leave it for tomorrow  
Don't leave!

Once again and again and again let yourself look ahead then  
It is bored from head, from mind and from heart and from bowels belike  
From soul, you call someone as your soul and when s/he is bored do you say that you are  
bored?

*in Istanbul, 24-25 November 2018.*

**Bio:** Borned in 1973 in Turkey, Melahat Küçükarslan Emiroğlu holds PhD in Interior Architecture and teaching in department of Interior Architecture in Bahçeşehir University, Istanbul, Turkey. Have publications and presentations on interrelations between Semiotics and Design, Memory and Place. Her first poem “In You a Ho/me” is shortlisted priced with ‘people’s choice award’ in International Poetry Competition organized by London Centre for Interdisciplinary Research and Interdisciplinary Research Foundation and published in the special collection book “Full Stop” in 2017. Following two poems of her published in *The Criterion*: “You are Still Alive” in vol. 8, issue 5, October 2017 and “Requiem for a Revival of Soul” in vol. 9, issue 3, June 2018.