

THE WINGS FLUTTERING TO CIVILIZATION

I am a traveler walking around the well of civilizations with a torch in my hand. Although the bottom of the well seems deep, the light of my torch shows me that the actual depth is in my thoughts. Now, I am looking to the well with comes and goes between two ideas, modernity and degeneration.

After the thoughts I've decided to go down to the well. First, my steps more scared than me are going backwards, as I said the depth of my opinion has managed to bring me to its own shadow. I am now slowly going deeper. All points seems uncertain from above becomes clear now. In the shining water at the bottom of the well, I see the reflections of Europe. Smiling people going to work early in the morning, youngsters reading newspapers, books while sitting at neatly cleaned banks, a mother picking up crumbs and chucking them, which her child let fall down... Again I see people... Then again and again I hear clutters which are not ear splitting... Cars which pass by and roads crossed by the cars calmly and according to rules. An old lady feeding cats near the street and cats looking hopefully at those charitable hands, which hold the food bites to still their hunger, on the other side, on a green spot of grass, birds drinking water from a waterhole and giving up this waterhole for a better choice of water in a bowl, and a sensitive, lovely hand holding this bowl. The minds that are still more lively as opposed to the whole changing colors and fading day as a result of evening's embrace of day. The industrious people coming from work, the young going from their school to library, two university students with a saxophone and the other with a guitar directly opposite the library, those cheering around the students and the faces smiling at the art respectfully. Now, all those images are in my mind. The images are living, developing and dynamic. My lucky eyes are witnessing all these scenes and watching the bird swallowing in the bowl in my hand.

When I stop to think a little I realize that I have chosen modernity out of two conceptions I am in dilemma with at the well. Since every step I take now I feel that this image is not a reflection but a life style belongs to me in person. I see myself on a grey line connecting black and white rather than a region with borders. On a line that brings light into sharp relief and leads to sensitivity, modernity and improvement. The well in fact is the deep level of modernity we are running bravely towards. I now better understand civilization doesn't have an end, it is growing every single day with a chain linked to the circle of culture. I have been someone anymore who rescue a kitten that is stuck in a trash can, devote spare time for books in considering each book as a horizon-expanding, is aware of responsibilities towards both family and surroundings, keep clean roads regarding them as not property of other but property of everybody including me and have a brain that pursue, deal with, search every new developments instead of just listening. I am a European now.

Other players who belong to the scene that I now realize point out that I am not unique at this deep civilization level. Bird that already drank water from a bowl in my hand has flapped away into blue sky and new horizons to look for food and nest. It will fly to civilization with its own wings in its sky like thought seeds sprouting again on each new day, like Europe having carried out its independent modernization.