

INTERVIEW WITH ORLIC

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+ Do you know the story of the winter flower snowdrop, Olric? The story of the abandoned snowdrop, which was told to wait and left alone... There were two snowdrop flowers that loved each other, one of them said to the other, "The other flowers bloom in summer, let's bloom in winter and enjoy the solitude." Days passed, months passed, winter came, one of the snowdrops bloomed, but the other did not succumb to his fear. She waited in that cold, she waited, but her loved one did not come. He said wait and left. A little thoughtless, a little cruel. He was like that, he didn't say wait, but he kept giving hope and left. Tell me, olric? Will it come after all these years, after all this time?

It won't come, sir, even if it comes, there will be no pure feelings. Seven would come, he could not stop. You, sir, did your best. Now is the time to silence the silent screams within you.

+ But he found me as my bleeding wounds increased the blood flow rate, while the silent screams inside me increased the decibel. He made me who I am, for the first time I understood what love means.

A lover sees not with his mind, but with his heart, sir, and you see with your heart. You can't give up by putting the positives forward, not the negatives. He never loved you and never came to you. Pure feelings are not mixed with your relationship.

+ So what will I
do now?

Son of man, sir, this is man. He does not change, he does whatever goes through his heart and character. As he grows older, his soul does not change. Waiting hurts, waiting for the wrong person hurts more and more. Open your eyes, close the doors of your hearts, that room in the heart that will burn after a while. The ashes will remain, yes, but it will be impossible to remember what happened in the room after forgetting what it was. The ashes will no longer be of any use.

+ Patience is the beginning of everything, Olric. It's all about patience. Surely this too shall pass. And you know? Sometimes I think about the heart. I think about how she feels when she loses the person she thinks about for hours, goes crazy even when she thinks about the possibility of seeing someone else next to her, laughs with her smile, and gets hurt with her crying.

Isn't the heart yours sir, don't you feel it?

+ The heart of a non-existent soul is not felt. When you lose someone you care about very much, you come to the point where you don't understand how you feel from pain. And I would like to know what my heart is feeling right now.

Talk to yourself. What do you say?

+ In fact, my heart has not stopped loving. Forced by the owner. You know what's the saddest thing, Olric? The one to whom you surrendered your purified and pure heart, shattered it and killed your soul. In this resentment, one's eyes no longer look at him as before, they look a little sadder, a little more hurt and helpless.

What is the cause of desperation? Everything has a solution.

+ There is no cure, Olric, for the one who goes and shows that there will be no return. For example, if sparrows cry, they die and there is no cure. He made my sparrow cry and I watched helplessly as he did it because I loved him back then too. While I was my murderer, I was still watching with admiration.

What is helplessness like?

+ You look but you cannot speak, you pass by but you cannot look, you try to love someone else, you try to forget, but you cannot forget. Under his gaze, he will both kill you and make you live in the most beautiful way. Being aware that everything will not be as before creates a feeling of emptiness in the heart. It may be easy for some people to be filled, but it is not so easy for someone who surrenders their soul to their loved one.

You seem hurt.

+ It doesn't
matter if a crying
sparrow soul is
injured, little
one.

You are right. By the way, really... what is
death?

+ Death is to leave his body under the ground and keep his memories alive in the hearts. It is to leave your way of speaking, your voice, your laughter, your cries as a memory.

And what is it like when someone we are close to dies?

+ When someone dies...
If you love that person,
you can't understand
what it's like, no matter
what I say, olric. It is
unknown without living,
there is no way back to
death. As a person who
has lived, words will not
be enough for my
explanation. As
Shakespeare said, "You
can't understand what
you can't feel".

You said that words would not be enough, but
would you still talk about it?

+ You miss everything. Your voice, your eyes, your smiles that you dedicate every bit of your heart to. When I say it like that, I seem to miss your looks, right? If you think so, you will see my painful smile on my face. Because appearance is not what I miss. Maybe you will ask “why did you mention him in the first place?” saying. People are starting to forget. He's starting to forget the first things I mentioned, and it hurts his heart as much as he leaves. While talking, one misses the peace he gives when he is with you. Just stopping without speaking is sometimes enough to show your pain. You walk away from everyone and everything, they think as if nothing happened. And they think you have changed, but these are to hide the pain in the heart. It's to get back up. But sometimes, no matter what some people do, nothing is the same as before, you miss your voice but you can never hear it again. You want to see, but you cannot see. It is enough to look into your eyes, in fact, if you really love, you do not look at your eyes or your smile... it is enough to think for those who love wholeheartedly. Everyone knows love wrong, they think it's all about passing time or saying a couple of nice words... but there are such loves that Olric only spoke by sending a letter once a year.

What should I take from here, my lord?

+ What you will infer here is not a classical saying. Do not think of the classic phrase "distance does not prevent love". Because this is not so simple that it can be explained with a stereotyped sentence in everyone's language. The lesson you will learn today is that while the souls are one, the eyes and hands are not the same.

I don't know if it's my place, but you talk as if someone living died for you. Is it true?

+ I planted
chrysanthemums
on your grave,
Olrlic.

Please ignore my ignorance, what does it
mean?

+ Unrequited
love.

Got it sir, got it.