

POEMS

شعر



Kajal Ahmad

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كه زال نه حمده

شعر



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## Introduction

Born in Kirkuk in Iraqi Kurdistan in 1967, Kajal Ahmad is one of the leading women poets in Kurdistan. She started writing poetry at the age of nineteen and has since published seven collections of poetry. Her work has been translated into Norwegian, Swedish, German, French, Persian, Arabic and Turkish. She has worked as a journalist and her essays about women's issues were collected into a book, *The Book of Woman*, published in 1999. She also translates from Arabic.

Kajal's first collection, *No*, was banned from publication by the Baath government in 1988. When I was displaced from my home and living in Iran in 1991, I obtained a handwritten and photocopied version of this collection for the first time (secretly put together under the dictatorship and smuggled into Iranian Kurdistan). It was immediately clear to me that this woman poet was what Kurdish poetry needed. Unlike other women poets, whose voices were tamed, and who wrote in the same manner as the male poets, Kajal Ahmad was daring and she wrote about the world as she saw it. She portrays the connections between her oppression as a woman and her subjugation as a Kurd in Iraq very well. In a patriarchal society where anything to do with a woman's body is taboo, she writes its desires and wishes. Her poetic voice is neither bitter nor angry but full of irony and delicious humour. In 'Birds' she makes the familiar seem strange and foreign. The fact that Kurds have fled their homelands and flown to other countries makes them similar to migrating birds. Unlike birds, however, they 'still never realise their dreams of settling, of forming a colony. They build no nests.' They remain homeless and stateless, no matter where they go.

'Kinder than Miriam' was written in the 1980s when many women outlived their sons who were killed by the Iraqi dictatorship. She asks the women not to wait any more, simply to witness the death of their sons. She calls on them to 'purchase' their son's lives with their own. Women should not just sit at home and wait, but actually take part in

the battle of life. 'Stone is Better' is written after the end of dictatorship and the rising to power of Kurdish factions in the early 1990s. Witnessing the civil war between the Kurds, and the corruption, she is disillusioned about love and freedom: 'we are killed in the name of love/deceived in the name of struggle.' She is tired of life and believes that 'stone is better than humanity.' The original poems are strongly musical, which move even those who don't understand or agree with them. Through her poetry she has become an example to many young women who struggle with oppression, gender barriers and lack of acknowledgement on a daily basis.

CHOMAN HARDI

## بالندە

بە پىي تازەترىن پۆلىن، كوردەكان  
سەر بە رەگەزى بالندەن!  
ئەوتانئى...  
لەسەر پەرەى زەرد و دراوى مېژوو  
كوچەرىن و  
بە كاروانى سەفەردا دەناسرىنئەو

بەلئى كوردەكان بالندەن!  
شوينىش نەمىنى ئازارىان بگرىتەخۇ  
وئەھمى گەشتى  
ئىوانى گەرمىانەكان و  
كوستانەكانى نىشتمان دەدۆزئەو  
بۆيە من لام سەيرنە  
كوردەكان دەفەرن و

ولات بە ولات دەگەرىن و ھەرنابن  
بە خەونىكى سەقامگىرو شارستانى!  
نە ھىلانە بە خۆيانەو دەبىنن  
نە لەدوا نىشتنەو ھەيەكىشدا  
سەرى لەمەولانا دەدەن و دەپرسن لە حالى  
نە خوشيان دەكەن بەقووربان  
تۆزى رېگای بادىكى خوش مرور وەك نالى.

## BIRDS

According to the latest classification, Kurds  
now belong to a species of bird  
which is why, across the torn, yellowing pages  
of history, they are nomads spotted by their caravans.  
Yes, Kurds are birds! And even when  
there's nowhere left to fly to with their pain,  
they turn to the illusion of travelling  
between the warm and the cold climes  
of their homeland. And naturally,  
I don't think it strange that Kurds can fly.  
They go from country to country  
and still never realise their dreams of settling,  
of forming a colony. They build no nests  
and not even on their final landing  
do they visit Mewlana<sup>1</sup> to enquire of his health,  
or bow down to the dust in the gentle wind, like Nali.<sup>2</sup>

1 Mewlana Jalaludin Rumi (1207–1273)

2 Refers to a famous line from Nali, 19th-century Sorani Kurdish poet  
(1798–1855):

*I sacrifice myself to your dust – you gentle wind!  
Messenger familiar with all of Sharazoor!*

## نامه

مانگ له پارچه كاغه زىكى ساده دا  
ئەم دېره ساده يه ي  
بۆ مالى رۆژ نارد بوو:  
(من ئەو ھەموو سالە چاوەرێتى تۆم كردو  
رووم نەھات پیتبلیم، بۆچی نامھینیت؟)

رۆژیش بە یەكی لەئەستیرەكانا  
ئەم وەلامەى بۆ ناردەوہ:  
(چەندین سالە  
من خۆمت لیدەشارمەوہو  
نامەوى پیتبلیم، ناویرم!)

## THE LETTER

On a simple sheet of paper,  
the moon sent these simple lines  
to the sun's house:  
'After all these years  
of waiting for you,  
I feel too shy to ask:  
Why don't you marry me?'  
And the sun, by way of  
one of the stars, replied:  
'After all these years  
of hiding from you,  
I don't want to tell you:  
I don't dare.'

## ئاراسته

كه له شاخ بوو  
پيلاوه كاني له ههركوي داكه ندابه  
رووي دهكرده وه ناو شار  
به ئومئيدى ئه وه نه بوو  
ئه مه ماناي پرگار بووني نيشتمان بيت.

ئىستاش له شار  
پيلاوه كاني له ههركوييه ك داده نيت  
رووده كاته هه ندران،  
به لام خه ونى ئه وهى نيه

رؤژيک دابيت

به بئ سه رابى خه يالى هه ندران و  
ماناي ئاراسته ي پيلاويكى راکشاو  
به دلي ولاته كه پيدا گه شتى بكاو  
ميسؤلؤژيا  
له ناو سندوقى بۇراقى داپيره دا  
هه لېگريت و  
له ژيرزه ميني مالئكى به خته وه ردا  
چه ندين ده رگاي په نگاوره نگی  
وه کو ده رگاي  
ناو حيكايه تي منداليى  
له سه ر داخات.

## DIRECTIONS

Whenever he was in the mountains,  
wherever he took off his shoes,  
they would always point towards his city  
but he never thought that this might mean  
his homeland would be liberated.  
Now that he's in his city,  
wherever he leaves his shoes,  
they point towards lands beyond his  
but he never dreams that the day  
might come when, without seeing  
the mirage that exile always sees,  
without any direction from his shoes,  
he will travel through the heart of his country,  
store myth in his grandmother's wooden chest  
and, in the cellar of a happy house,  
close many colourful doors on it  
like the doors in his childhood stories.

## زەوى تەنيا

نە تەنە سىپپەكانى گەردوون  
بەيانىت باشى لىدەكەن  
نەئەستىرە دەستكردهكان  
ماچىكى دەدەنى.

زەويىكە كە  
ئەو ھەموو گولە باخى ھەستەى تىانىژراوھ  
دلى بۆ عەترى نىگايەك خەرىكە شەق دەبات  
تەنيايە ئەم تۆپە خاكىيە  
زۆر تەنيا...  
كاتى سەيرى پىنەكانى جلو بەرگى مانگ دەكاتو  
دەزانىت خۆر دزىكى گەورەيە  
سوتاوھ بەو ھەموو تىشكەى بۆ خۆيى بردووەو  
وەك كرئچىش  
سەيرى زەمىنو مانگ دەكات.

## THE LONELY EARTH

Neither do the white bodies of the universe  
say good morning to her  
nor do the handmade stars  
give her a kiss.

Earth,  
where so many roses, fine sentiments are buried,  
could die for want of a glance, a scent.  
This dusty ball is lonely,  
so very lonely,  
as she sees the moon's patched clothing  
and knows that the sun's a big thief  
who burns with the many beams he has taken  
for himself  
and who looks at the moon and the earth  
like lodgers.

## دوو گيان

ئەو چى دى ناو قەدى باريك نيه  
وھكو دەستە خوشكەكانى.  
لەنجەو لارى لەيادچووھو  
ناوئىرى سوار  
كورسى كورسى و  
بەلەمەكەى سەرچنار بيت  
وھك سەردەمى دەزگيرانىي.

ئەو دوو گيانە..  
بۆيە جوانترە لە ھەموو كچەكانى دەوروبەرى  
لەو پياوانەش كە ئىواران  
بەلای خەميدا دەرۆن و  
لەناو ژنانى گەرەكدا  
شپۆھى ئەو عاشقترينە،  
ھەروھەا زىندووترينە.

دیمەنى سكى وادەكات  
مرۆف ھەزى لەخواردنى شووتى بيت!  
فیریش ببیت  
بەديار چىنى گۆرھويى و  
بلوزىكى بچووكەوھ  
خەون بە گريان و خەندەى  
كۆرپەيەكەوھ ببينيت.

ئەو چىدى ناوقەدى وھكو  
شمشال نيبە  
تپپەرى سەردەمى تەنورھو  
ستريچ و  
كابۇى جينز

## PREGNANCY

Unlike her friends,  
she can't boast a waist any more.  
Her hips don't swing and sway.  
She doesn't dare  
to ride the wheel  
and the ship of Serchnar<sup>3</sup>  
as she used to when she was engaged.

She is pregnant  
which is why she's prettier than the girls around her,  
prettier than the men who at evening  
pass by her lament.  
Among the neighbourhood women,  
she looks the most love-stricken  
and the liveliest.

Looking at her  
makes you long for watermelon.  
And you learn to dream  
of a baby's cry or laughter  
as you knit a sock  
or a little jumper.

Her waist isn't as slim  
as a reedpipe any more.  
The time for skirts  
expands  
and for jeans  
disappears.

<sup>3</sup> The wheel and ship are fairground rides.

بينازن ئىستا قەلەمى لىتو  
پاژنەى بەرزو ئاوينە  
بەجىما ويستگەى لەبەركردنى  
جلى خەو و جلى مەلە.

ئەو چى دى  
لەگەل ھەناوى خۆيدا  
قسەدەكات  
ئاگای لەئىمەو خۆى نىە.

خوایە بەخىرى بگىرپىت  
تو مانگ گەران بە كولانى  
ژيان و مردنا  
خوایە بەخىرى بگىرپىت  
ئەم قەدەرەى لەرىى ژنە.

Lipstick's now ignored  
along with high heels and mirrors.  
Her heyday for wearing  
ballgowns and swimsuits is over.

Now she talks  
to her own womb.  
Unaware of us or of herself.

May God make it good,  
this nine-month search  
on the roads of life and death.  
May God make it good,  
this fate which women face.

## بەرد باشتەرە

شپرزەتر لە گەلای سەر بالی "با"  
نئومیدتر لە مەودای نێوان گەردیلەکانی "خۆل"  
شەهوەتبارتر لە نیگای "ئاگر" و  
بیزەنگتر لە فوستانی "ئاو"، پوژەکان رەتدەبن.  
بەرد باشتەرە...  
ژیانی مردووانەى ئەو سەنگیتەرە  
لەقسەى ئەو فەیلەسوفانەى قەدەرئ  
فریوانداین و بەتەنیا جینانەهێشتین!  
حیکمەتیشی وەك قەردیلەى خۆئندکارىكى سەرەتایی  
دلبەر و سادەیه. ئەو کەوێستی پیرۆزبیت وەچەى وەكو  
بەردە قارەمانى شیخ و بەردە مۆرو  
بەردە رەشەكەى پیغەمبەرى خستەو...  
کە وێستی نەمر بیت بوو بە میعمارو پەیکەرتاش  
هەر بۆ ئەوێ بەدریژایی پوژەكە لەگەل کچان بی  
خۆی کرد بە بەردى هەلماقوو خەتخەتین  
توانی وا لە ژنان بکا رازی دلپانی بی بلین  
بەرلەوێ بینین بە گلکۆی رزیووی پیاوچاكانەو.  
بۆ ئەوێ دەستی بگاتە مەزنیی پیاو  
چووێ سەر شانی سیریف و کردی بە هێما بۆ عەبەس  
لەراستیدا، بەردى سەبر و بەردى رەجم و  
بەردى ئەلحەدو بەردەباز برادەرن.  
بەردى نیاز و دەستار و یاپراخ و حەمام  
دەستە خوشكى یەكترن.  
جوگرافیای بەردینی ئیمە  
حەقیقەتێكى سەرکێشى لەشاخزاه  
من دەمخواست نەوێ بوونیکى ئاویى بم  
کە ژپانی لى برژئ.  
هەر وەها کوژراوی بوونیکى هەوایم  
کە تا بلێی مەزاجیی بی.  
شیتى بوونیکى ئاگریم  
وەك هەموو ئەو پەرسەتگایانەى بۆ ئەبەد زەردەشتین.

## STONE IS BETTER

Bewildered as leaves on the wind's wing,  
drear as the space between motes of dust,  
lustful as the gaze of fire, colourless  
as water's dress, the days pass.

Stone is better, its dead life weightier  
than the words of philosophers who  
for a while deceived us, then left us bereft.  
Its wisdom, like the hair ribbons  
of primary school children, is simple and lovely.  
When it wishes to be holy, it gives birth  
to descendants like the 'hero stone' of Sheikh,  
the prayer stone and black stone of the Prophet.  
When it longs for eternity, it becomes  
an architect and sculptor. Whenever  
it wants to play with girls all day, it becomes  
a fivestone and hopscotch pebble; it makes  
women tell it their secrets before they press it  
against the crumbling headstone of holy men.  
To reach man's greatness, it sits on Siseph's shoulder  
until he stands for all human futility.  
In fact, the stone of patience, the stone of stoning,  
the burial and stepping stones, are brothers.  
The wishing stone, the grinding stone,  
the *dolmeh* and *hammam* stones, are sisters.  
Our rocky geography is a defiant truth  
born from a mountain. I wish I had been born  
from a watery being, brimming with life.  
Or from an airy substance, ever-changeable  
and moody. Or descended from a living fire,  
like all temples that are forever Zoroastrian.

جوگرافیای ئیمه بهردینه، بویه شیعره کانمان پرن  
له باسو خواسی ئه و دهریاو ناخوداو کهشتییانهی که  
نه مانینین! ههروهها یاخیشه.. بویه گیرفانی میژومان  
لیوان لیوه له میوژی شوپرش و قووربانی  
ههروهها کهله ره قیشه..

دیروکی ئیمه بهردینه  
بویه خهونه کانمان به کوشتار ئاوسن  
من زهمان و خه لکیکی نویم دهوی  
زهمانی که شاعیر بیت و خه لکیکی که شیعر بن.  
شه قامیکی دیکه م دهوی که سپیده پیندا روشتم  
خه یالم لای جریوه و گمه بی نهک له لای تیرورکردنم.  
له بهرئه وهی شتیکی جیاوازم دهوی  
بووم به سیوکی چاوه پروان  
تاقه تم چوو..  
ئهمه وی به عه شق بلیم خودا حافیز  
به رد باشتریکه له مروث  
کردنی ئه و هه موو دروو شهرو زولمه  
وایلیکردم ئه وه بلیم.  
ئیمه ته نیا به ناوی عه شقه وه ده کوژرین  
به ناوی خه باته وه هه لده خه له تین!  
جوړئه تمان هینده بچووکه  
جار ههیه له نینو گیرفانی  
به رینی ترسنوکیدا ون ده بیت و  
ده بین به ئوف. تاقه تم چوو..  
حه زده که م ئیدی به ژیان بلیم شه و باش  
من دهمه وی جیا بیه وه  
مه رگ باشته ره له مروث!!!

Our geography is rocky which is why  
our poems brim with talk of seas, captains  
and ships we've never seen.  
Our geography is defiant too which is why  
pockets of our history are caked  
with the crumbs of revolution and its victims.  
It is also stubborn.

Our history is rocky which is why  
our dreams are rife with massacre.  
I want a new era and a new people,  
a people who are poets and an era that is poetry.  
I want a different road, a road  
I will walk in the morning thinking of  
birdsong and cooing, not of my own murder.  
Because I want something different,  
I am like a waiting apple.  
I am worn out. I want to say goodbye to love.  
Stone is better than humanity.  
It's only because of all the lies, wars,  
and oppression, that I say this.  
We are killed only in the name of love,  
deceived in the name of struggle.  
Our courage is so small,  
it gets lost in great pockets of fear  
and we give up. I am worn out.  
I want to say goodnight to life.  
I want to be divorced from life.  
Stone is better than humanity.

## فەلسەفەى ميوەفرۆشئىك

ھاۋرېم تۆ ۋەك قەيسىيەك بوۋىت  
ھەر كە ويستم تامتېكەم  
ھاتم كړۆكو ناۋەرۆكم فرىدايت

دۆستى دېرىن  
تۆ ھەندىجار لالەنگىت!  
ھەر لە خۆتەۋە رووتدەبىيەۋە  
جارىش ھەيە ھەرۋەكو سىو  
بەبى تويكلو  
بەتويكلېشەۋە دەخورىت!

دراوسىكەم  
تۆ ھەر ۋەكو چەقۇى ميوەيت!  
كاتى نىيە لەسەر سفرە  
مالى ئىمە نەبىنرىت  
بەلام دەبى لىمبورىت  
من حەزم لىت نىيە!

نىشتمانى ئازىزم بەلام تۆ لىمۆيت  
ھەموو دنيا كە ناوتھات  
ناو دەمىان پېر دەبىت لەئاو  
كەچى من موچركم پيا دىت!

ئەى ئەۋەى ناتناسم  
بىگومانم لەۋەى شووتىت  
تاۋەك چەقۇ بە ناختا رۆنەچم  
ناتوانم بزائم تۆ چىت!

## THE FRUIT SELLER'S PHILOSOPHY

My friend! You were like an apricot.  
At the first bite,  
I spat out the core and crux.

\*

My old flame! Sometimes  
you're a tangerine,  
undressing so spontaneously,

and sometimes you're an apple,  
edible  
with or without the peel.

\*

Neighbour!  
You're like a fruit knife.  
There's never a time  
when you're not  
at our dinner table.  
But forgive me if I say –  
you're a waste of time.

\*

Dear homeland, you're like a lemon.  
When you are named,  
the world's mouth waters  
but I get all goosepimply!

\*

You, stranger!  
I'm sure you're a watermelon.  
I won't know what you're really like  
till I go through you like a knife.

## له مریه م بهرحم تر

(ئەى مریه مەکانى ولاتەكەم! ئەو ساتانەى مەرگ دەبیتە پنیستییهك  
با یهكەمجار ئیمەى دایك پیشوازی لینهكەین نەك رۆلەكانمان)

گەل تەنیایه!  
وەك تەنیاىى بابە ئادەم  
بەر لەهاتنى بەفەرى دایه حەوا  
گەل تەنیایهو  
منیش ... تەنیاىم.  
قارچكى بیزارىی لە دلم هەلتوقىو  
بیزار نەبووم.  
نانى پیکەنینى گەرمم كەروو لىیدا  
وەك دووگانیش بووم ئەى شاعیر  
نەكۆرپەى شیعرم لەبارچوو  
نەخۆم لەبارى شیعەر چووم.

مەسیح كەى دى؟!  
وا لەپردى سیراتى چاوهروانییهوه  
كەوتمە خواری،  
لەدیرى عەشقىو شیعردا هیندە گریام  
رۆخى جۆگەلەى فرمیسكم قەوزە گرتى  
بەبى شیعریش هەر چاوهریم  
چاوهرپى ریم  
چاوهرپى توم  
بىپەروا دەدویمو  
هەرگیز لام روون نیه  
باسى زەمینت بۆدەكەم  
یان باسى خۆم.

## KINDER THAN MIRIAM

*Marys of my country! When death becomes a necessity,  
let us mothers face it first and not our children*

Our nation is as lonely  
as Father Adam was  
before the fertile  
arrival of Mother Eve.  
Our nation is lonely  
and I am lonely.  
Boredom has grown  
like a fungus in my heart  
but I haven't wearied.  
My laughter was once  
like warm bread in the mouth,  
now it curls at the edges.  
Ah, poets, I have been  
like a pregnant woman  
but I haven't miscarried my poems  
nor has poetry miscarried me.

Jesus, when are you coming?  
I am standing on the Sirat,<sup>4</sup>  
about to fall from the bridge.  
I have cried so much  
in the house of love and poetry  
that the pool of my tears  
is covered in algae.  
With or without poetry, I'm waiting.  
Waiting to cross, waiting for you.  
Talking to no avail and who knows  
if it's all about me or the earth?

<sup>4</sup> Sirat: the bridge mentioned in the Qur'an which must be crossed to reach heaven.

پاش ھېلنجېك  
پارچەيەك نور بووی لەدەمی  
زامەكەى دەممەوہ رژايت  
نەزىفۈ وشەى دواى بوونت بەرىنەدام  
خوین كرمى بە شاعىرىك  
يان مریەمە شاعىرى شىت.

ھاتم پردى بەخشىنم بەست  
بۇ نىوانى خاكى دالمو  
ئاسمانكەى كاسەى سەرت  
لى رۇشتىم بەردەوامە  
بلىى بۇ ئەبەد لىم پروات؟!

تو نەبوو بوويت  
خاچ كوون بە كوون بۆتدەگەرا  
بمزانىايە ناتوانى بەرھەم بى بووت  
لەگەل لەدايك بوونتدا دەموت: وەرە  
بگەرپرەوہ ناو جەستەى پر لەئارامىي دايكى خوت!  
بمزانىايە ناوت لىدەننن (كورى خوا)  
نەمدەھىشت بىتت،  
كەھىچ شەوى من نەنووستىم لەگەل خوا  
ئەو نابىتە باوكى كورو  
كە باخەلى ئەوم دىبىي  
بۇ ناوم لى بنرىت (عذراء)

نورى دىدەم  
تو خوت بلى  
من بىگەردترم يان مریەم؟!

After a wave of nausea,  
you fell from the wound of my mouth.  
You were a sheet of light.  
After your birth  
words bled and never stopped.  
Blood made me a poet,  
the mad poet Miriam.

Before you were born, I came  
and built a bridge myself  
between the land of my heart  
and the sky of your skull.  
(The bleeding still goes on –  
will it be for ever?) At that time,  
the cross hadn't found you yet.  
It searched for you everywhere.  
Had I known it would be unkind,  
right there at your birth,  
I would have told you to return  
to the safe womb of your mother.  
Had I known they would call you  
the Son of God, I would never  
have let you come in the first place.  
How can God be the father of my son  
if I have never spent a single night  
in his embrace? And if I have,  
why call me the Virgin Mother?

\*

Tell me, light of my eyes!  
who do you think is the purer,  
me or Miriam?  
Who is more in love?  
Is the wound in my heart  
deeper than hers?

من عاشقترم يان مريه م؟!  
 زامى دلى من گوره يه  
 يان خه مى ئه و؟!  
 من هيچ ناليم، تو خوت بلن  
 نوري ديدهم.  
 خونياگه ره عاشقه كه... \*  
 عيساكه ي خوم  
 پيم مه لى مريه مى شاعير  
 دهرو شيم، دلگران ده بيم  
 من له داياكاه تيمما زور  
 له مريه م به ره حمترم.  
 من و مريه م...  
 جياوازيما ن له وه دايه  
 كويزبم ناتوانم چاوليك بيم  
 تا به ژيانم ژيانت نه كرمه وه  
 له كونجورى قه ناعه تدا هه لئاكور ميم  
 تا له برى تو به سهر خاچدا دانه كوتريم.  
 جياوازيما ن له وه دايه  
 من وه كو ئه و ناتوانم بتدهمه دهست خوايش  
 دللم نايه ت...  
 ئاخر خواوه ند داياكاه تى نه بينيو وه و  
 بوتناسوتى و ده ره ستي سك سوتان نايه ت.  
 داياكاه تى خه ميكي ئيجگار گوره يه  
 من بووم به داياك  
 بهرله وه ي بيم به ژن!!

كه مه سيح خولقاندېن ده ره سستنايه م  
 نه گه ر چه قوم لى بكيشن و  
 گومان له كچيتيم بكن!!  
 مه سيحى خاك...  
 مه سيحى باوك...  
 من بويه هه م، دنيا به درو بخه مه وه

It's not for me to say  
but you, light of my eyes,  
loving singer, Jesus, tell me!  
Don't call me Miriam  
or you'll hurt my pride  
and my heart will break.  
Surely, as a mother, I am kinder.  
Miriam and I differ in this:  
were I unable to purchase  
your life with my own,  
I'd rather go blind and keep  
my eyes eternally open.  
If I couldn't be crucified  
in your stead, how could I sit by,  
complacently in a corner?  
And in this, too, we differ:  
unlike her, I couldn't give you away,  
not to anyone, not even to God –  
my heart wouldn't let me.  
God is no mother whose heart  
burns with pity and who grieves  
over losing a child.  
Motherhood is a grave sorrow  
and I became a mother  
while I was still a virgin.

Since I gave birth to Christ  
and you doubt my virginity,  
raise your knives, I don't care.  
Jesus of sand ... Jesus, father ...  
What am I here for,  
if not to expose the world's lies?  
I won't wait for you to die.  
Just this once, my only child,

چاوه پتی مردنت ناکه م  
هه ر ئه مجاره ... تاقانه که م  
له بری گیتاره غه مباره پرچ سپییه که ت  
تهرمی دایکت له باوه شنی.  
باش دلنیام پیش تو ده مرم  
ناگه مه ئه و کاته ی کوشم  
دووربا- مه رگی تو ببینی.

\*خونیاگه ر: گورانیبیژ

instead of holding your grey  
and grieving guitar,  
embrace your mother's corpse.  
I'll die first, I'll make sure of that.  
I won't live to see the day  
that your death lies in my lap.

## باران

پیکه‌ری چرای بروسکه‌و  
رادیوی گرمه‌و  
کوژینه‌ره‌وه‌ی ده‌فته‌ری وشکاییه  
گریانه بۆ ئەو هه‌موو به‌پیوه راوه‌ستانه‌ی دارو  
ئوه‌ه‌موو دانیشتنه‌ی به‌رد  
بوژینه‌ره‌وه‌ی دنیا‌یه‌و بکوژی من  
هه‌ر هه‌موو ئەفسانه‌کانم کرده به‌رم‌و  
باران ئەو ئەفسانه‌یه بوو  
که نه‌شیا بۆ له‌به‌رکردن.

from *'All the Incomplete Definitions'*

R A I N

It sparks lightning  
and broadcasts thunder.  
It cancels drought

in the calendar's leaves.  
It weeps for all the trees that stand  
and for all the stones that sit.

It may give life  
but it drowns  
my will to live.

I have tried on every legend like a cloak  
and rain is the one cloak  
that never fits.

