

ZIYAD NADIR SAYS:

I quit all my attires,
throw all my
LEAVES
away, and prepare for a
new spring.



Poems

My Fallen Leaves

FROM KURDISH CONTEMPORARY POETRY

Ziyad Nadir



ZIYAD NADIR

MY
FALLEN LEAVES

SELECTED POEMS



Translated by: Mohammed Hussein, Engr.
2020

My Fallen Leaves



Iraq-Kurdistan

Kurdistan Regional Government
Ministry of Culture and Youth
Directorate of Literary Activities

- A collection of poems from Kurdish Contemporary Poetry.
- Author: Ziyad Nadir.
- Translated by: Mohammed Hussein, Engr.
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Kurdish Contemporary Poetry
POEMS

My Fallen Leaves

Poetry of Southern Kurdistan
Ziyad Nadir

Selected Poems
Translated from Kurdish by:
Mohammed Hussein, Engr.

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Introduction

The Kurdish poetry has a long history. If we see literary genres as a tree, poetry would be the roots of them. It has always gone through renovation and vitalization, but sorrowfully, it has less crossed the borders of Kurdish language to other languages.

We as the directorate of Literary Activities/Erbil, has perceived this fact clearly. Therefore, we assigned the translator Mr. Mohammed Hussein, Engr. to translated five selected collections of poems into the English language. In this package, you may find all these five books.

We hope that we would be able to implement similar projects annually.

Zana Khaleel
Director of:
Literary Activities Directorate
Erbil/2020

MY FALL

In my fall,
Even if you fall,
A leaf after a leaf,
You will always remain,
The most beautiful,
Home,
Outdoors,
And season.

TONIGHT

Coldness kills me tonight,
I am like a bird,
Under the rain,
Hug me,
Warm me,
My silk-made woman.

DOGMA

In any era,
In any season,
In any time,
Woman,
Is the dynamo of life,
Well!
If there is no woman,
Will the earth roam around?

YOU SNOW FIRE

Are you softer than snow,
Or it,
Are you hotter than fire,
Or it,
I don't understand,
You and snow and fire.

Desire

The poet earns to:
Live evenly for an instance,
On the snow,
At the fire,
In the hot bosom of a woman.

IMPOSSIBLE

Climbing Everest,
Alp's crest,
Hovering over Bermuda,
Playing with fire,
Are:
Much easier than:
Nearing and discourse,
In the jungle of a woman's heart.

NO MORE

Except you,
I will plant three things in my soul,
Wheatear,
Woman,
Booze.

AUTUMN

Autumn taught me,
To be quiet,
Full of grief,
With woman.

LOGIC

Softly,
Softly,
Drop,
Drop,
I will spill on woman's body,
I am the phoenix of love,
I will catch fire,
Even in a flood.

SIMILARITY

Tree's dance,
And,
Woman's dance,
Are alike,
Tree:
Crazes the wind,
And,
Woman crazes man.

THOUGH

Madness oozes out of my soul,
But,
I love you,
You are in me like a god,
And I love you.

WITH YOU

Your:
Tranquility,
Blasts in my soul,
Your:
Eyesight,
Horrifies my starlings' flock.

LOVE KILLERS

In a homeland of:
No flag,
No ID,
No Address,
Love is a lost dream,
Love is a mirage,
Love is a delusion,
Here,
Crows and eagles,
Are blood-thirst.

HERE

Woman,
Rain,
Sparrow,
And,
Love,
Lose bets always.

HEY!

God is in your eyes,
God is your color,
Women.

FOG

I want to:
Erase the fog of thinking of you,
On the windows of my imagination.

OH!

Woman:
You are the fate,
And,
The refuge,
Of the poet.

Definition

Woman:
You are my astray starling.

DREAM

The dream is a dear spring,
Adam plants his desires there.

CONTRAST

Earth wants:
To change us into two water drops,
Sky wants:
To change us into two stars,
You and I want:
To be I and You.

NOW

What to plant?
A rose or an ablaze,
What to smell?
Our breaths or daffodil?
What to drip?
Dew,
Or,
Colocynth?

Those

She said:
Who kills:
Beauty,
Woman,
Love and ewes,
Is still alive.

MOTHER

With you,
The four seasons are one,
Spring,
Spring,
Spring,
Spring.

DIVISION

You divided me into:
 Plague,
 Death,
 Poison,
 Black hells,
I mean four parts,
Just like my homeland.

COMPARISON

Against sword,
 What love?
Against killing,
 What dove?
Against hanging,
 What hope?
Against ashes,
 What fire?
Against death,
 What life,
And against crash,
 What flying?

STRANGE

Butterfly,
Lives its whole life,
Among sunrays and flowers,
Bat,
Lives its whole life,
Among darkness and ruins,
Conflict!

HEY GIRL

You have a fortune of snow,
A poet,
Loves you,
Don't skip my words,
Never go away.

LIKE YOU

Don't you know?
I have a dream,
I have a secret,
I have a wish,
I am just like others,
I am breathing.

A QUESTION

Did?
Mona Lisa know,
How much Da Vinci,
Loved her?
Do?
You know,
How much I love you?

ANOTHER QUESTION

I don't know,
Is it this rain,
What drenched me?
Or,
Is it your eyes,
What scorched me?
Or,
Is it a homeland of embers,
What exiled me?

!!!

The most precious glass has
broken,

And,

E

C

H

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E

D

My heart has startled and said:

Hence, I am not anymore,

Alone,

And in solitude...

I ENVY THE UMBRELLA

I envy the umbrella,
A side is you,
The other is rain,
I didn't want to be anything,
This time,
I want to be the umbrella.

EYEGASSES

You look at me,
Or I look at you.

Take

Take my hand,
I'm looking for myself long ago,
Looking and looking,
I want to find myself in you.

YOU ARE BERMUDA

I want to find myself in it,
You are the entire world,
I'm such a broken and scattered,
My pieces don't know each other,
My body's geography had altered,
Grip my hand,
In an evening,
You let my hand go and said:
Life's codes here are wrong,
The dreams of digital and
electronics,
Are always black deaths.

LIFE HERE

Looks like a broken mirror,
Love is a cancerous wound,
Why should I be more loving,
"Wind" does not still breeze,
"Wind" is a wrecked ship,
And delivers us to the mad and
furious waves.

GRIP MY HAND

Lest snowstorm and black gale
wound me,
Lest the wolf of pain devour my
heart,
Lest fall in the flames of
nothingness,
Fall in the oblivion's cruelty,
If you grip,
Grip,
Grip my hand,
I will be learned many things
again,
Woman and loving life.

QUERY

One and one hundred are different,
Only in uttering them,
And,
Rivers and oceans,
Are,
Geographers' divisions.
etc... etc...

TONIGHT

I cannot distinguish you from the
 moon,
You shake my soul in magic and
 solemnity,
I want to hug you,
In this black attire,
 Questions,
 Suspicious,
 and suppositions kill me,
The one who has not two hands,
 And two eyes,
How could he be a lover?
 What love is that?

EVEN THE OCEAN IS ASTRAY FOR A GULP OF WATER

Fish like to fly in the sky,
And the ocean is astray for a gulp
of water,
And you,
You are astray for a hug hotter
than fire,
The theory of thirst and ocean will
kill me,
As much as I kiss you,
Fading away covers me more and
more,
As much as I embrace you,
The hell of being away from you
blazes me,
Oh, jug and liquor and fire,
Dream of thirst, inebriety, and
setting a fire.

RAMING

Roaming is always a matter of,
Meditation, enquiring, and
suspicion,
As I see,
Roaming of death and life,
Is as beautiful as,
The roaming of starlings and
cranes.

**O, GOD, CHANGE ME TO A
SPARROW**

Let whatever are migratory birds
are,
Set them free out of your home,
To fetch me the buds and scent of
your beauty,
The sparrow:
Doesn't know the language of
lying,
The sparrow:
Is the most passionate than all
lovers,
O my God,
Make me a sparrow, please!

DREAM OF FLYING

I love to have an evening flying,
To come to your room,
And bit by bit suck your tender
bosoms,
Until they become smaller and
smaller,
In my mouth,
Oh! Your bosoms are:
Such as the honey of versants and
cool highlands.

**I HELD YOU IN MY EYES
DEVOTEDLY**

I have seen birds,
Filling the rosy land with:
 Warbles,
 Echoes,
 And melodies,
Due to their faraway beloveds,
I am away for years,
 But,
 Even once or a day,
I never naked you stonehearted,
 May God bless you!
 I am a poet,
 I am a lover,
I have held you in my eyes
 devotedly.

THE RAIN

The rain:
Doesn't know why and how it
rains,
But,
I know,
How I love your eyes,
And,
Why I am not dry up of love.

MIRROR

The mirror is a big liar,
It envies your beauty,
Break those mirrors,
My eyes should be there,
Not mirrors,
But, my eyes!

SPLITTING OF THE MOON

Heartbreaking,
Is harder than moon splitting,
My heart is broken long ago,
So far,
It echoes and tings,
No need to hear.

BREAKAGE

Breakage is:
The start of,
Disaster and Catastrophe,
Breakage is:
The point of,
The most perilous calamity.

DREAM

I dream of everything,
Except for your eyes,
 May be:
Your eyes would dream of me,
 I don't think so,
Your eyes would dream like this,
 I know women,
Women never see dreams of
 happiness.

LOVE

You go away,
And I follow you like the wind,
How mad rain are you!
I am following you,
Love should not follow.

EYES AND HEART

There is a problem in my heart,
Blood and love would not separate,
It is about to encompass my eyes
too,
My eyes cannot construe:
You and the snow.

CALAMITY

Tonight,
I will tell the moon,
To come to your room,
And smell you until satiety,
If two moons kiss each other,
What a tragedy would occur?

VASE

A flower vase has broken,
Its flowers became homeless,
It is not a provision,
That the homeland must be large,
Flowers' homeland is a vase,
Pigeons' homeland is a nest,
And my homeland is:
Those green eyes.

????

One dream,
One God,
One love,
Enclose human in:
One angle.

MOON

To see or not to see,
The moon from afar,
Nothing will happen,
Seeing you once,
Conveys:
A thousand of moons,
A thousand of feast days,
A thousand of happiness,
And;
I say nothing about your kisses!

RIPTIDE

A sparrow chirped,
A hunter shot it,
A woman fell in love,
Traditions killed her,
A poet wrote riptide poems,
They made him another Hallaj,
In a river, two fish drowned,
Geographers erased its name.

I'M AFRAID

If ever I hug you a night,
Next morning,
Executioners:
Will make you,
A doll,
And,
A whore.

LOTS OF LOVE

I am thinking of lots of things,
If a shot of liquor is spilled in a
garden,
Does it change to the grape?
If a bottle of perfume broke in a
forest,
Does it change to roses?
If a woman died on the moon,
Does she change to moonlight?

I AM THINKING OF:

Why?
Dance,
Music,
And lovely voices don't grow old?
Why?
Rainbow doesn't become bored?
For all these legends and epics of
love,
I will say:
Why does love need tales?
Love is nice without tales.

WOMAN, WOMAN, AND WOMAN

(1)

Tender, tender,
Like raindrops,
Coats me with colors,
Oh! Woman!
How sweet is, when a woman,
Nude and romantic,
Sleeps in a loving man's lap,

(2)

Liquor's look,
Honey's rendezvous,
Sugar's tête-à-tête,
Coiling each other, you say!
Oh! What a liquor, honey, and
sugar would be?

(3)

I slightly remember,
Once,
A woman coiled her fingers'
daffodils,
To my fingers' autumn,
Since then,
My fingers' had sprout buds,
And, became a jungle of daffodils.

(4)

There is no place where I didn't
look for you,
Where are you, wayward woman?
Why did you come,
And, why did you went away?

(5)

You were,
At the same time,
Fire and storm,
I don't grieve for your coming
back,
I don't feel sad of your going away,
Just,
Send back my love letters,
Which you were holding them,
In your bosom.

(6)

Every moment,
I am in love,
Fourteenth two is not for me,
Oh! How does that man live,
Whose soul is not the kiln of
woman's love?

(7)

Her eyes say:
I love you,
Of course,
Eyes are the soul's courier.

(8)

Comes,
She burns my heart beautifully,
Goes away,
Puts whole my life in misery.

PERISH

The wave,
Though tires the ship,
But she doesn't leave the sea,
I look like a ship,
Even if I am wrecked,
I love you,
Don't you see,
Your eyes are my birthplace,
The most beautiful ocean,
And the most tender windstorm.

I THINK MORE

If I think more than this,
I will stray,
Become frenzy,
And outlaw,
If I think more than this,
I will perish faster than a haze.

DREAMING

You said:
I will come,
You didn't come,
Being with your poisonous
awaiting,
All my beautiful seasons passed by,
All my dream's songbirds flew,
Your coming became a mirage,
Became a ghost,
Became a wound,
Became dreaming.

TWO RIVERS

Two rivers emigrated,
In the first,
A naked woman sank,
The second,
Braced a loving-dead woman,
When both met,
In the first,
There was the perfume of love,
And,
The second,
Diffused the aroma of wounds.

HIDE AND SEEK

If I go back,
To juvenility and beauty,
I will love otherwise,
I will play hide-and-peek,
With trees,
Rocks,
And walls,
I will be in love,
With dried vales,
Burnt jungles,
And the stark-black versants.

THE FIFTH SEASON

I don't understand seasons,
The season had forgotten their
names even,
It was decided to kiss you in
autumn,
You said:
Spring,
Is the season of nectar,
And kisses,
In the season of winter,
You wanted to warm me up,
And,

You changed summer into sever
frost,
Now,
Whether you don't know,
What are seasons,
Or,
Seasons are big liars,
Or,
I don't understand what are they,
You are,
The fifth season,
As you never come.

BURNING

Nothing defeats love,
Blood,
Age,
Words,
Your eyes are:
The sweetest headsman.

FIRE

Fire:
Burns threshing floors,
And love,
So,
Teach me a burning,
To let the hell envy me.

TAUGHT

From grasslands,
I learned greenness,
From fire,
I learned to burn,
From canaries,
I learned to whine,
And,
From glass,
I learned breakdown,
Don't break me,
Don't burn me,
Let me be green grassland,
Green forever.

IMPORANT

It's not important,
Where does fate set up,
A camp for you,
Since you had,
For years
Perched on my heart,
As a broken-winged canary.

THE BOOK OF VOICES

(1)

Voices are different,
Some are like dewdrops,
Some are like liquor's murmur,
Some are like the flux of martyr's
blood,
Each one,
Has its pain,
And tune,
Each one,
Has its wisdom,
And a philosophy,
Holding a secret.

(2)

A voice,
Penetrates your deep mind,
And,
A voice,
Goes away like a wind,
And leaves nothing,
Behind.

(3)

I will never forget
That voice,
Who whispered: Hi!
With the first word and Hi!
My soul's bird startled,
I remember,
He was always saying:
I love you,
Sugar-man.

(4)

Two voices,
Alter my soul,
To a hearth,
The voice of women,
And,
The voice of sparrows.

(5)

In a play,
A voice full of:
Pain,
And agony,
Shrieked:
"Anyone who does not listen to,
The voice,
And whining of,
Oppressed women,
Will never,
Relax."

STATUE OF LIBERTY

Prisoned birds
Know the meaning of:
The sky and liberty,
Let no one:
Talk about love,
If butterflies,
Talk about their stories,
Don't look at,
The magic and history of fire,
Flying had obsessed me,
I want to fly and alight,
Over Statue of Liberty,
There,
To know,
What does freedom mean!

ONE-SHOT OF A DRINK

I want:
To drink the ocean,
Of your homelessness,
And,
Shoulder the sadness,
Of having no home,
I understand the sadness,
Of alienation.

YOU MIGHT KNOW

Do you know:
Extinguishment,
And,
Subsidence,
Are hard,
Just like:
Boiling grievance.

X and X

Women and birds,
See:
The sky only.

ORDER!

Leave these fogs and masks,
I don't like:
A sun,
Behind a cloud.

WEEKDAYS

Saturdays:
I head to alleys of kisses,
Sundays:
I head to outdoors of awaiting,
Other days,
And,
Fridays:
You tell me.

RESTLESS

She is upset,
What love,
I do love her?
She contemplates too much,
But,
Raises a doubt about:
Poetry,
And,
Wounds.

DRAMA

In the play,
A sad voice shrieked:
Anyone who doesn't listen,
To my voice,
Never,
Feels ease.

LEAVE AND LEAVE

I will go,
Go,
Go away far,
Traveling with sparrows,
Is holiness,
Familiarity with flowers,
Is glory,
And,
Being away from you:
Is eternal.

WHY NOT?

Sky without quietness,
Is some hostile darkness,
Hopeless flying,
Is soul-killing,
And,
Smashing the dream.

I WILL BE BACK

What am I,
Without woman,
Love,
And,
Home?
What am I,
With a Kurdistan full of
breakdowns.

I WILL LEAVE

I will hold my head,
Between my shoulders!
And leave,
Life,
War,
And lying,
They have broken,
My wings,
Long ago.

THE SNOW IS HERE

Where are you,
Taking:
All these fire?
You haven't warmed up,
A man of snow,
Yet.

BEFORE

I am falling,
Before,
The coming,
Of the falling season.

REVIEW

Water:

Doesn't know to write his history,

Liquor:

Doesn't know her lineage,

Sun:

Desires for one time,

To rise in the eyes of a beautiful
lady.

PARADOX

Yesterday,
A robot was telling a woman:
Zorba has,
Resurrected,
A dumb poet was talking about:
His last poem.

Ziyad Nadir



Born in 1980/Erbil-Iraq

Graduate of Erbil Technical

Institution/Information Media Dept.

-“Autumn is A Romantic Man” poems
2011.

-“Abdullah Pashew: A poet from Rashness
Progeny” A study 2013.

Corporate Member in Kurdistan

Journalists Syndicate.

Member of Kurd Writers’ Union

Mohammed Hussein, Engr.



-Born in Erbil–Iraq in 1951.

-Graduate of college of engineering/Baghdad University/1978.

-Graduate of college of languages/English dept./Salahaddin University/2006.

-Postgraduate study: MA in English Literature/College of languages/ Koya University/2008.

Scientific Works:

Compiled 7 scientific books in Roads and Bridges Construction in Arabic.

Literary Works:

From Kurdish into Arabic:

Translation of 16 Collections of poems.

Translation of 1 Kurdish novel.

From Kurdish into English:

1-"Al-Rawnama or The Book of Migration."

A novel by Abdullah Sarraj/2010.

2-"**The Day I'll Be Dying.**" A collection of poems by Tayyib Jabbar/2010.

3-"**Language and Celebration of Names.**" A collection of poems by Hashim Sarraj/2020.

4-"**The Book of Water.**" A collection of poems by Kareem Dashti/2020.

5-"**The Someone Else.**" A collection of poems by Zana Khaleel/2020.

6-"**The Fallen Leaves.**" A collection of poems by Ziyad Nadir/2020.

7-"**The Skipped Words.**" A collection of poems by Hemin Zandi/2020.

He has versed a collection of poems
"Astonishment Has Meanings" published in
Arabic language/2019.

Member of the "Kurd Writers' union."

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محمد حسين المهندس

- ولد في مدينة أربيل / محلة تعجيل / كردستان العراق.
- خريج كلية الهندسة/ بكالوريوس في الهندسة المدنية/ جامعة بغداد.
- خريج كلية اللغات/ بكالوريوس في اللغة الانجليزية/ جامعة صلاح الدين.
- حاصل على شهادة الماجستير في الادب الانجليزي/ جامعة كويه.
- عضو نقابة المهندسين العراقية، عضو نقابة مهندسي كردستان،
- عضو اتحاد الادباء الكورد/ فرع أربيل.

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- 2- المجموعة الشعرية "الغلة وعرس الأسماء" للشاعر هاشم السراج/2009.
- 3- المجموعة الشعرية "كتاب الماء" للشاعر كريم دشتي/2010.
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- 11- المجموعة الشعرية "شعر النانو" للشاعر هاشم السراج/2012.
- 12- المجموعة الشعرية "عاليا عاليا الى الأعماق" للشاعر كريم دشتي/2015.

- 13- مجموعة قصائد توليدية "متى تصلين يا بياتريس" للشاعر
كريم دشتي/2016.
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