

ZANA KHALEEL SAYS:

I AM different
| **AM** (the) someone **else**,
I AM brimming with
LOVE and **GRIEF**.



Poems

The Someone Else

FROM KURDISH CONTEMPORARY POETRY

Zana Khaleel



ZANA KHALEEL

THE SOMEONE ELSE

SELECTED POEMS



Translated by: Mohammed Hussein, Engr.
2020

Hewalname

**THE
SOMEONE ELSE**



Iraq-Kurdistan

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

- A collection of poems from Kurdish Contemporary Poetry.
- Author: Zana Khaleel.
- Translated by: Mohammed Hussein, Engr.
- Typed by: The Translator.
- Designer: Daraw Khaleel.
- Printed by: Hevi Press.
- First edition 2020.
- General Directorate of Libraries of Kurdistan, SBN (127) of 2020.

Kurdish Contemporary Poetry

POEMS

THE

SOMEONE ELSE

Poetry of Southern Kurdistan

Zana Khaleel

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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

COMING OUT FROM THE OUTSIDE

I don't want to precede anyone;

Nor after.

I don't want to be superior;

Nor inferior.

Neither higher;

Nor lower.

Neither more victorious;

Nor loser.

Neither stronger;

Nor weaker.

No, I don't want,

Become defeated;

Nor defeat anyone.
My world is solely my world,
My superiority and inferiority,
My lowness and highness,
My weakness and strength,
Victory and loss,
My defeat and non-defeat,
Are all mine.

As such I am peaceful,
On the earth and in the sky,
Paradise and hell,
They are all mine.

WE SHOULD LOVE OUR ENEMIES

Hewalname

Don't' ask me;
Why do I love my wife so much?
Don't you know that Jesus says:
We should all love our enemies.

A DIFFERENT SEASON OUT OF THE FOUR SEASONS

Be afraid of loneliness;
But, never fear to stay alone.
Let what never happened to
happen;
Calm down, I don't let you stay
alone,
Hence, let's welcome floods and
earthquakes.

THE SKIN OF THE NECK

The scent of your neck's veins
Is more concealed than the scent
of pear, musk, and liquor
I feel cold
Cover me with your scent
I am tired
Cover me with the skin of your
neck.

What are we, a mere wandering
around?

Our misfortune might be of
Seeking for happiness
Our seeking for light is this

Darkness has conquered us
As we're seeking for love
Which means we run away from
hatred
As for immortality, we donate our
lives to the death
We're dead
Humanoid is what he seeks for
something,
He doesn't know what it is.

WITH MYSELF

I go to the desert
I do a wet prayer
Unlike the dry prayers of the sand
Beside poetry
I go to a sweet walk
Unlike the bitter walks of the stone
I go into myself
And die a death
Unlike the death of the town's
dead
In death
I live a life
Unlike the life of the town's dead.

EXCEPT TO THE LIFE

There is a woman looks like the
chess

Her people are checkmated Kings

There is some life looks like the
chess

Its people are silent kings

There is some life doesn't look like
chess

But gambling

All humans and monkeys are losers
there

There is life doesn't look like
anything but life

There a life doesn't look like
anything but death.

THE RED FOREST OF APPLES

I was at the foot
When I was looking at the red
forest of apples
I was thinking about damsels'
bosoms
Now, I am at the top
While I am looking at the red
forest of apples
I think about damsels' bosoms
And while descending
Looking at the red forest apples

I think about damsels' bosoms

I will die

Damsels' bosoms stay as they are

If I were Armstrong

If I were in Armstrong's shoes

I would have taken with me

Seven billions of alcohol liters

And seven billion tons of cigarettes

Seventy-seven women

And seventy anthologies of poetry

Hence, I was drinking

Smoking

Copulating using condoms

And from that height

I was looking at the earth and

laughing

Doing nothing

Hewalname

Just drinking

Smoking

Copulating using condoms

And from that height

While reciting poetry

I was looking at the earth and
laughing.

BAHNHOF

For the first time
I saw you on a walkway in the
Bahnhof
I was afraid to get to know each
other
When I knew you at the service of
the Bahnhof
I was afraid to kiss you in a park
When I kissed you in the park
I was afraid to love forever on a
bed

Hewalname

When I loved you forever on a bed
I was afraid to separate from each
other

Now, I am afraid once more
To see you again on a walkway of
a Bahnhof.

THE BOTTOM GAMES

Always at the bottom of laughing
There is a dumb crying that smiles
Always at the bottom of crying
There is a silent laughing that smiles
Always at the bottom of pessimism
There is a ray of a glowing optimism
that smiles
Always at the bottom of optimism
There is a ray of a dark pessimism
that smiles
Always in the bottom of human's
core
There is a life that ridicules death
But, always at bottommost of the
core
There is a real death that ridicules
life.

A DRUNKARD DEVIL

Where to? It is too late!

There! Behind the sea

I have a rendezvous with life

She decided to show me the soul
of death

Where to? It is too late!

There! Behind the desert

I have a rendezvous with the soul
of death

She decided to show me the face
of life

Oh! The drunkard devil
Where to? It is too late!

There behind the sea and the
desert

I have a rendezvous with death
and life

Life wants to show me death
And death wants to show me life.

I WAS ALWAYS ENAMORED

When I love "Dilan"
I decided
To send her from Billafield
Some money with a smuggler
So she can buy me a garden full of
peacocks in "Lalish"
When I love "Olga"
We sent for buying us a small flat
full of books in "Yaroslavl"
When I love "Svetlana"
I had put a Bible under my pillow

With Crosses, I was crucifying
myself

And with resuscitation, I was
livening up

When I love a damsel in "Esfahan"

In a dark-red evening I told her:

From now on, I will quit the
Kurdish language

Farsi will be my mother tongue

Now, as I love you

Let "Hawler" be for "Turkomans"

I was always enamored

The enamored forever has

No homeland, no nation

No language, no religion.

WHEN I DIE

When I die

My soul goes into a cigarette box

A woman may smoke me

When I die

My soul goes into a bottle of Arak

An enamored may drink me

Or, I will be converted back to

poetry like now

An enamored drunkard who loves a

smoking woman

Will read me

Or a loving woman who loves a

drunkard

Will drink me

When I die

My soul goes into a barbarian
macaque in the Atlas Mountains
Of a smoking woman and a
drunkard lover
That macaque who loves a
smoking woman
And an animal protection
organization
Some writers will look after me
To save my species from extinction
Since they know
That I was just a flying monkey
and a barbarian poet
But no more.

SCARE

I am so scared not to die
And see you in the cold soul of
someone else

Cry for my warm heart

I too much scared to die
And could not see you in the cold
emotion of someone else

Cry not for my warm embrace

I am very much afraid

Not to die

And see you away from me

I am very much scared
To die and could not see you
Beside me.

HAVE YOU EVER LIVED LIKE THE DEAD?

Have sand whirls ever blown on
your left shoulders

Snow whirls blown on your right
shoulders?

Have you ever set a fire in a
tobacco pipe

Filled with hashish

And inhaled into the veins of your
toes?

When you were kids

Have your feet ever stuck in a
stench-unbounded pond

And gone to drown quietly and
helplessly?

Have you ever fallen between two
trains
And drawn with a rope towards the
sunrise
And a rope towards sunset?
Have you ever felt
That all good times start only when
life ends?
Have you ever breathed as a dead
And writing poems while you were
swallowing poison?
Have you ever died without any
reason
Like me, as I am living as a dead
now.

HEY YOU! WHY DIDN'T YOU COME?

At six o'clock morning
In a bus
Which was passing through a red
jungle
And a black fog
I drank half a bottle of "Black
Label" with half a lemon
Fancying her being there
She was not
But she had to be there
In a tram station filled with
drunkenness and fatigue
At six-ten minutes morning
I smoked and smashed the "Black
Label" bottle

Fancying she will come
She didn't come
But she had to be there
Twenty-three hours in the station
I dangled a leg from the upper
shop
A hand next to a beer can
Putting my head under my hand
Returning travelers feet and my
heart on the tram rail
Back to me
I gathered my pieces and gone
away
Looking around at times
Knowing that she will come.

DO YOU LIKE IT?

Question the Four Seasons of
Vivaldi

Go and question the five o'clock
morning

When the Mullah our neighbor
Without brushing his teeth

Demands us to read Al-Fatihah

On the soul of Bilal Al-Habashi

When you woke up unexpectedly

Go and

Question the first cigarette before
taking breakfast

Question the sun-rays on the car
steering and starter

The strange songs of the radio

The first cup of coffee in the
morning
The Korek Telecom
The office manager
Question the temperature
Question the lunch at home
The lunch at restaurants
Go and If you like
Question the book-reading
YouTube
When I listen to Shamlou without
understanding
The four seasons of Vivaldi
The "Allahu Akbar"
And the three Rakats of Maghrib
prayer
Question the first peck of Arak
Go and

Question those hangover literary
conversations

Question the way back to home

Question the raindrops

When they strike the car screen

Question me:

What time is that moment

When I don't think of you?

IN MY CONDOLENCE

In my condolence
With the intoxicating tunes
And the full-of- sympathy voice of
a reciter
Who would vocalize Yusuf and Ar-
Rahman Surahs
No problem
You may feel sad
Go back into your recollections
But never ask and say:
Why did he die?
It was too soon
Death is a blue song
All of us should listen to it
I talked to him yesterday by
cellphone

But he didn't tell me he will die
today
Before he dies
He was taking a walk on the
rooftop
As he was anticipating a star fall
After a little torture
They will move him to paradise
Tonight
What will angles hurt him?
He was a good man
He was writing novels as well
He was a bad man
He was pretending to be a poet
He was a nobleman
But alcohol killed him
He was naught

But human must go to even a
dog's condolence.
Except what I know
God knows how many bad he has
done
In my condolence
With the intoxicating tunes
And the full-of- sympathy voice of
a reciter
Who would vocalize Yusuf and Ar-
Rahman Surahs
Go back into your recollections
And about me
Let only one thing be back to your
memory and say:
Mashallah we remember him
How much was he interested in
women!?

THE EPIC OF PANDA BEARS

He is lying in a room
Holding a remote control
Playing with his shadow in the
darkness

The world is in his hands
He changes the map of streets
Now, all the roads of the world
Are flute heading to a room
A drunkard in the flute
Drives a car fast
In a room on the ground
They are lying down near a stove
They drink Vodka with lemon
A drunkard woman had put a
drunkard man's head
On her thighs
And holds a book in her hands.

ARE WE HAPPY?

+ No, maybe, yes, not available,
but, yes.

- Ok! Say yes in a way,
To let us feel happy

+ Yes.

- Say yes in a way,
To let me feel until death you are
saying yes

+ Yes.

In a room on the ground
They are lying down near a stove
They drink Vodka with lemon
Now, all the roads of the world are a
flute

A drunkard woman and a man

They read a play

The play of Panda Bears.

ARTY

I brought the hookah and switched
on lamps;

Even WC's one.

The light was going to neighbors'
houses,

They were all saying in one tone:

A house of laughter,

A house of shine,

But, they were not apprehending
that because of loneliness,

I was having a party with the
darkness of my heart.

They were not apprehending that
loneliness in me;

Was having a party nakedly.

They were apprehending;

Oh! Why didn't you come?

ONE THOUSAND AND ONE DAYS

I think I cannot;
Wait for more one thousand and
one days;
What stories are you narrating to
me?
Decide;
Hell or paradise?
If not, go love Job;
He is professional in patience.

THE END OF THE YEAR

The week flipped the green papers
of its days.

The moon read the yellow papers
of its weeks.

The season counted its blue
moons.

The year saw off its white seasons.

Kisses became crumbled in the
summer saunas.

Kisses got lost in spring's grass.

Kisses changed into grapes,
And like life;

They fell down from autumn trees.

Kisses in frost changed into winter.

The year had gone to the end;

But, love has started just now.

ANOTHER LYING OF THE POET

As the distance between us is one
meter,

I feel we are away from each
other;

As much as the distance between
inundation and a clear sky.

I don't know why;

When the distance between us,
Is as much as between a clear sky
and inundation,

I feel;

Between us is only one meter?

THE NEW TESTAMENT

I ordered: let the light be born.
The light was born in the darkness
of an office.

I saw the light, it was too
beautiful;

Then I decided;
To separate light from the
darkness;

I saw the bright light
Was just stark darkness.

LET'S GO FAR

Go far, lose yourself in me,
In order to find me in you.
I go far, I lose myself in you,
In order to find you in me.

Sometimes,

We have to run away from each
other,

In order to find ourselves in each
other.

Or no! Let's open a course,
And learn Job's patience.

WE'RE STILL IN THE BEGINNING

There's someone who reads a
novel;

Seven times,

But, still feels he hasn't begun
reading.

Someone fights earth and sky
fiercely;

Seven times,

But, still feels he hasn't begun
fighting.

I am kissing you seven times;

But, I am sure I haven't begun
kissing.

IFS FOR SURVIVAL

If I dare not light a cigarette,
Fearing death,
If I dare not drink a peck;
Fearing money and illness,
If I dare not love a woman;
Fearing fear and dignity,
If fearing survival;
I dare not drink a peck,
And love a woman,
Being alive means what?

WHERE THERE IS NO FREEDOM

Behind the "White Mosque,"
Where in childhood days,
I ate soil and caught measles,
Where I feared Iranian warplanes,
Played football,
And completed Quran reading;
There was no freedom there.
In manhood days, you told me:
Behind the "White Mosque"
Where you ate soil and caught
measles,

Where you feared Iranian
warplanes,
Played football,
And completed Quran reading,
There was no freedom there;
You must be free.

You said:

Where there is no freedom, you
must be free,

“Where there is no freedom, you
are free.”

BELIEF

It's important to convince me that:

To lose the land and have love,
Instead of having land; and lose
love,

It's better to lose everything, but
have love.

Rather than having everything and
lose love,

It's better to lose everything, but
have love,

Rather than having everything, but
lost love.

It's important,

My beliefs would remain.

BLUE TASTE

Get up and kiss me,
Life is only a blue lying;
In the arms of a black man.
I know you don't understand!
But, get up and bring your lips;
Let me kiss you.
Life is only a kiss;
A little bit salty relish,
And stark-black relish,
Or no, I am lying;
How could I know what color it has!
Oh! Get up as if you don't know,
Living alone has the taste of life,
As if you can't know until you die;
That living alone has the taste of
death.

I DON'T NARRATE IMAGINATION

In your veins,
I am looking for that blood,
Which you have sucked during the
night
From the wounds of my right hand.
In my bones,
Look for that tooth of yours,
Which I snatched from doctor's
hand in the night;
And swallowed it.
My blood is swimming in yours,
Your bones in mine.

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE ENAMORED

As he asked you for red roses and
cinema,

He read your poems,
Forget him.

If you put your heads on each
other's hugs,

And related stories,
Forget him.

If you wanted to go but didn't
know where to,

Despite that, you both go,
Soon forget him.

If you wanted to break up and you
couldn't,

It means you're smashed.
If you broke up,
And think of each other every
minute,
That means love's hashish has
gone into your blood.
If the whole world asks you to
break up,
But you go on,
It means you are both enamored.
If you were disgraced,
The world resented you,
But you don't break up,
This means that this love will kill
both of you.
If you don't want to be enamored,
Forget him with the first line of this
poem.

IN A WINTER MORNING...

IT WAS LIKE THIS

He closed the door of the bath,
Just like an ant,
He crouched nakedly.

His legs which were like a wooden
table's leg,

He locked them with his frozen
hands.

He besieged his face in his knees,
The world was frozen,

It was morning, there was
brightness, it was winter.
He listened to songs,
(it was night, it was desert, it was
winter),
Suddenly, he opened the tap,
To let the water take away,
The voice of shaken-off tears,
And a man's real weeping.

THE ASH

He came,

Shook it,

Defoliated it,

Cut its branches,

Uprooted it,

Burnt it,

Went away;

Why did you burn that tree to
ashes?

THE POET

The smoke veiled the sun,
A fish is swimming in the smoke,
A poet is smoking cigarette down
there,

With crooked steps,
A poet moves to drown,
We have to know that:
Poets' amour,
Looks like only the amour of poets.

SUBJECTIVITY

Between not being yourself and
being yourself,
How many millions of kilometers
are there?
That faraway road,
Cannot be covered by monkeys,
Parrots can never cover that road,
That very faraway road,
Cannot be covered by robots,
There is millions of miles distance,
Between not being yourself and
being yourself.

IN THE VOICE OF COLOR, I SOUGHT FOR YOU

I sought for you everywhere,

First time:

In the voice of falling teardrops,

Second time:

In the color of water's breakdown,

Third time:

In the voice of the color,

Fourth time:

Not in the voice of color,

But, in the voice of the wind,

Fifth time:

In the seeking and in the loss,

Sixth time:

In the glittering of the shining,
And the glowing of the glow,
I sought for you everywhere,
 Couldn't find you,
 I was too exhausted,
But still, I couldn't find you,
 All of a sudden,
I heard the voice of glittering,
And the shining of your lips,
 Hence, I understood,
 You were hiding in me.

WHEN I NEAR YOU

Hewalname

When I reach your edgings,
I see worry, fear and death,
I don't understand!
Whom do I love a human or a
minefield?

FOR THE SAKE OF LIFE

Someone with life,
Dances in life against death,
And writes a poem for life.

Someone with death,
Dances in life against death,
And, writes a poem for death.

Someone with death and life,
Plays in life,
And writes a poem,
For living on behalf of life,
And a poem,
On behalf of life,
Against death.

**IN NON-WANDERING, I AM
LOOKING FOR WANDERING**

In wandering, I want to find non-
wandering,

In lostness, I demand to find
finding,

In wandering, lostness, non-
wandering, and finding,

I am looking only for you,

Isn't possible for you to look for
yourself in me?

I WALKED ME IN A SUMMER NIGHT

From my window;
As I was looking at the traffic of
that intersection,
For the thirteenth time in that day,
I heard the siren of firefighters,
So, I became sure and knew,
They have come to put me out,
No chance,
I put a long-brown belt around my
neck,
And, walked me
In the perfume of that summer
night,

Suddenly,
A thunderbolt struck the domain of
my imagination,
I went to the hostel,
Looking for Katia's name,
I found it,
A man, say a bald elephant,
opened the gate,
Looked at me furiously and said:
- Entering of all dogs is
forbidden, please!
I came back sadly to my window,
To look at the traffic of that
intersection as earlier.

THE EGINNING OF A NEW BEGINNING

To begin a new beginning of life,
I have to begin from the
beginning,
To begin a new life beginning,
I have not to love for the sake of
pleasing,
I must love not for pleasing,
To begin a new beginning,
I have to begin anew,
I must love only for love.

A Will

- Why seven million monkeys are
in queue enthusiastically?
- + Graves are going to be
distributed, my son.
 - Mother!
 - + Yes son.

When my queue comes,
Cover me with women, poetry, and
Arak,
Instead of soil.

FOR MYSELF

I want to sleep, sleep,
And to not wake up until six years,
So until something would have
been changed in this world,
And I won't have become like you.
It strange, you don't feel jealous,
Sometimes,
Do you build someone like you on
the earth?
Oh! My God, how you didn't feel
jealous,
When you decided to shatter me,
Just like you,
And build yourself on the earth?

EUROPE AND THE RED TEARS OF PROPHETS

Adam:

A dish of flow market, and some
kilos of apple,
Are covered by Aldi and he had lied
down on found table,
And he has lied down on the
moon's carpet,
Waiting for Sozialhilfe,
Because legal work doesn't suffice
him and all his children.

Cain:

In ordinary days, he works in a
slaughter of pigs,
In weekends,
Holds a bayonet and provokes
everything.

Abel:

How much he tries,
But he cannot sign a trafficking
protocol;
With a Turkish-Greek truck driver!
In his eyes, it's clear that he will be
endangered.

Noah:

I read on the internet,
A trafficking ship had lost the way,
Due to the weather.
And, in a BBC reportage,
I saw an expert in the weather was
saying:
That ship was heading to Europe
primarily,
But, the flood shifted it away.
The satellites had shown that:
The captain had left the small
cabinet,
And had stored tobacco, hashish,
and Arak,
And every minute,
He was looking at the sky,
My God! When shall the pigeons
arrive?

Abraham:

In a meeting against accepting
refugees,
Europe asked for the roof to speak,
And, threatened in the dialect of
thunder and flood:
Abraham should not land on the
soil of this continent,
He must be ready to sacrifice his
son,
What a catastrophe would he make
to Europe?

Lot:

In the terrain of the city and far
away,
He had hired a two-meter square
house,
With an African, they had a mutual
kitchen and a WC,
He had decided,
To abandon his kin and kith,
And contact with a Sri Lankan and
a Mongolian.

Jacob:

He had recorded his name to be
criminal police,
So as to search for Joseph,
And, since he wasn't a German,
He wasn't appointed despite his
aging.

Joseph:

Thanks to the Great God as I
couldn't get Europe,
Otherwise,
I should have taken overall
expenses,
Of all those traitorous stars.

Shu'ayb:

After the interview,
It became clear that he is
responsible for the genocide,
Of Abkat and Ma'an land cities,
That is why the Interpol had
decided to:
Put him on trial.

Job:

I told him you were a millionaire,
Why did you seek for alienation?
It seemed that he thanked God,
And accepted being got a refusal.
Oh! The city of patients,
What I remember is that since you
have been in the camp,
You haven't got asylum,
Because you haven't recorded
yourself as an Arab,
That day, the doctor had told him:
You have got a chronic disease,
you must be patient.

Moses:

In a scientific roundtable of an
Israeli satellite channel,

I heard:

The theory of mobile invention

dates back to Moses,

Though, I found him.

Buying and selling a mobile

illegally;

In a Turkish gambling house.

Johan:

That wretched unlucky man,

Had given \$5000 to a whale,

To take him to Europe,

When he descended, he saw that

he was tricked on.

David:

Deceptively,
He kidnapped Sabigh daughter of
shaigh her from Orba,
Who was forcibly a refugee,
And because of too much thinking
of this cruelty,
The disease of crying came,
And, until now his tears are
whining,
And sing for the homeland.

Solomon:

I went to the zoo to visit the
parrot,

I saw Solomon at the gate,
White-haired, bearded, and tired,

It seemed that his ring;

Was dropped into the sea on his
way,

And, he didn't know the language,
That's why he was selling the card
of permission.

Zechariah:

Anyone like this traumatized
person, who loves:

The freedom of the essence,
Breaking the holy walls of the
circle,

And women's rights,
They will insert him in a tree,
And split him into two parts.

Mary:

In front of Finanzamt,
She campaigns for marriage.

Jesus:

Saturday evenings,
He walks around the bars on a
stolen bicycle.
He sells colored flowers for 50
cents,
To the lovers.
Today, I read in a newspaper:
From now on,
In Saturday and Sunday nights,
A group of policemen with a Cross,
Will hunt for him.
Someone as an envoy of.....:
They reckoned that instead of
disappointed tears,

Women are raining in Europe,
After a turtle-like trial of the envoy.

In the end, he answered the
president as below:

Mr. the president, expatriation
salute,

In our homeland, women are
raining better,

Though I have decided,
To stay here as a refugee,
But, you should never think of the
exile,

Since death is superior to
expatriation.

After a few days,
In a Fatwa issued by the president,
The envoy was condemned to
death.

NOT POETRY... MY LIPS

You admired my poem in a
newspaper,
I sent my entire poems with a
woman,
You read all,
You put the poems on your
bosoms,
When you woke up,
I am the poet,
I am near to you,
Very near,
Why don't you put my lips on your
bosoms?

THERE'S ALWAYS A LANGUAGE FOR THE POETRY'S LANGUAGE

There's still a chance for the
chance,

There's still a coincidence for
receiving a coincidence,

There's still destiny for changing
the destiny,

There're still a mouth and lips for
kissing,

There's still a language for poetry's
language,

There's still a chance for a woman,

To sing for their neighbor covertly,
Unbeknown to her spouse,
There's still a chance for a man,
To go to a woman's house in the
hotness of midday,
Unbeknown to his spouse,
There's still a destiny,
To burn all destinies.

Don't be afraid of life, when it fears
death,
Don't be afraid of death, when it
fears life,
There're still a mouth and lips for
kissing,
There's still a language for poetry's
language.

WOMAN

Why don't I file your nails daily;

For thousands of times?

Since I have known that all colored

prophets,

Had come from your white uterus.

Oh! woman, you are greater than

all prophets.

LEAVE MY CORPSE

Hewalname

Under this wide sky,
All things live on each other.
When I die,
Leave my corpse on that street,
Let only dogs live on it.

I SEE EVERYTHING, BUT NOT ME

I will put myself in a bag,
Throw the bag into my car's trunk,
Push the starter,
Take me back to that time,
Which is brightened by one peck of
Arak,
From there, I will view,
A writer who has put himself in a
plastic handbag,
Heading to a dump,
A cockeyed has become a General
In the random bombardment
regiment,
A mechanic buys a cot,
He sleeps underneath at nights,

A joke is condemned for life,
Because it has killed someone with
laughing,

A poet writes for freedom,
As there's no war in his home,
A critic who leaves his homeland,
Takes a truck of sugar with him,
Because he has heard that exile is
bitter,

I will put myself in a bag,
Throw the bag into my car's trunk,
Push the starter,

Take me back to that time,
Which is brightened by one cup of
intellect,

From there, I will view,
And see everything, except me.

PARADISE

We have many types of seashore,
horses,
Jungles and rivers,
Birds, rocks, gardens, waterfalls,
Dances, and apples,
Sun, moon, gazelles, ocean, and
ships,
Here next to the desert of
narcissus,
We have liquor cottages,
Here next to the woods of poetry
and liquor,
We have millions of hours,
Why don't we build a paradise
here?

PRESENTLY WE ARE IN THE PRESENT

We all know that,
Since the existence of life until the
present

There's something dominating,

It's called: death,

From now until life remains,

There something will be existed
and will dominate,

It's called: death,
Presently we are in the present,
Why don't you throw away your
bras?

So as to live now against yesterday
and tomorrow,

Why don't you lie down on the
earth nakedly?

So as to live now against death.

AFTER FAILU, THERE'S THE ONLY FAILURE

Look,

After every success, there's a
failure,

And, after every failure,

There's another failure,

Hence, after all, successes, there's
a failure,

And after every failure,

There's but the only failure.

THE ROAD

The road is very far away,
And, the end is very near
There're women, liquor and poetry
on that road,
There're gardens, rain, and
rainbows on that road,
There're deserts, Crosses, and
drops of blood on that road,

There are tears, smiles, laughter
and whining on that road,
There're dreams, lands, and God
on that road,
There's the Devil on that road,
There's life on that road,
On that road,
There's a non-stopping running for
the sake of life,
Nevertheless, the road is very far
away,
And the end is very near.

IF THERE WERE NO CLOTHES

If there were no clothes,
I would never change myself,
To a man to respect for those five
days,
To strip off an Azeri plastic artist
born in Tehran,
And lives in Essen.

If there were no clothes,
Why did I, in the first minute,
Promised marriage to a singer,
Next to the North Sea,

So as to strip her off in the second
minute?

If there were no clothes,
I would never love the one, whom
I love,

If there were no clothes,
Who was thinking about stripping
off?

WHERE IS THE WAY OF RUNNING AWAY

Beneath her skin; a jungle of veins
are seen,

In the jungle of veins, there's a
river of blood,

In the river of blood, a boat can be
seen,

In that boat, there's a woman,

Beneath her skin, a jungle of veins
can be seen,
In the jungle of veins, there's a
river of blood,
In the river of blood, a boat can be
seen,
In that boat, there's a man,
Okay! Where is the way of running
away and exit?

**EXCEPT MYSELF
I WILL ANSWER
EVERYTHING**

I will answer, for example,
A navel, which is filled with the red
wine,
The answer to a barber's glittering
scissor,
In a brain attack's hospital,
The answer to a dog,
Lying in front of the hell,
And busy with chatting with
household women,
The answer to that dream,
Which hasn't seen the sunrise yet,
The answer of a 14-year old
Damascene whore,

As she wakes up in the morning,
And sees herself has become a
mug,
The answer of the black-red
hunter,
Who without socks,
Runs over thousands of bayonets,
Tries to chase the sun,
The answer to a sculptor,
Who is in his last innovation,
Believes that no one is superior to
him,
The answer to a Romanian friend,
Who B.C. told me:
Not because it is too hard,
I dare not,
But because I dare not, it is too
hard,

The answer to a fox,
Who was alleging that people have
tails,

The answer of a dung beetle,
Which a boy after crunching it,

Tells his mother:

Mother, I ate an olive having legs,

The answer of hen and a woman,

As to why the first one during
slaying,

Looks like the second one during
the climax,

The answer of a woman,

Who looks like the horses of
pharaoh's chariot,

The answer of Belafield
neighborhood,

Where Russians and Yazidis fought
for,
The answer to that sky,
Which never could,
Even for once,
Drop the Arak instead of the rain,
And the breasts instead of the hail,
And instead of the snow,
A law to impose spraying Arak on
breasts,
I will answer everything,
Even those breasts,
Which are changed into doves in
the poetry,
The answer to that Lebanese tree,
Which a prophet made his seat
from it.

The answer to that restaurant
owner,
Whose cooking was like old
breasts,
The answer of a writer,
Who knows that nothing is similar
to success,
Allows the man to face failure,
I will answer everything,
Everything, everyone, every
language,
And all those available things in a
place,
Except myself,
For example,
Why couldn't I be better than now?

WATER HAS THE SAME CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMAN

Today, for the first time,
I have learned from a primary
school's book,

That water has the same
characteristics as the woman,

Solid state,

Liquid state,

Gas state,

Today for the first time,

I have learned from a primary
school's book,
That water as well as the same
characteristics of the woman,
Because I was knowing since Eve's
epoch,
That the woman has three states,
Solid state,
Liquid state,
Gas state.

LONELINESS S BRIGHTER THAN LIFE

Darkness is more original than
power,
Power and fear are stronger than
human,
Human is the dog of,
Power, fear, and darkness,
In a crowded center of a crowded
city,
Someone evaded someone else,
Someone is the slave of loneliness,
Because he knows that,
Darkness is more original than
human,
Human is the dog of,
Power, fear, and darkness.

NO ONE IS AWARE OF THE EARTH

I saw a dark-bodied donkey,
Next to a slaughterhouse,
Eating the carcass of a dead dog,
In a glassy restaurant,
I saw hundreds of men,
Eating colored fish,
Which were fattened up with the
carcass of donkeys,
On this earth,
We are eating each other,
No one wants to remember that
The earth will eat all of us.

A KILLED-TIMED WOMAN

She was sixteen years old,
They forced her to marry,
On twenty years,
She got four children,
Now,
She is thirty-four years old,
She has no children, no husband,
She travels on her own,
Lies down nakedly in the park,
She plays sports,

Kills men,
Drinks beer,
Sings songs,
Dances,
Thus, life was just like this,
On her teenage years,
This human lived like a grown-up,
And now as she is a grown-up
woman,
She lives like a teenager.

I AM BORN FOR THIS

On the peaks of high places,
On the glasses of restaurants,
On the alcohol bottles,
On the hails and whirlwinds,
On the shimmering-tear drops,
In the sunrays of the dog's back,
On the bells of lights,
In the tunes,
On the cars' windscreens,
In the words inside the songs,
In the cigarettes' smoke,
In the knife-like memory filled with
wounds,

In the different shapes of clouds,
In the reflections of the moon on
the lake,
On the tombstones,
On the mosques' domes,
On the foreheads of the actors,
In the books' titles,
On the tuna-fish cans,
On the dews,
On the natural water bottles,
On the MacDonalld foods,
On the faces of sculptures,
On the grasses,
On the bells of churches,
On the traffic lights,
On the sands,
On the wings of the seagulls,
On everything,

Hawalname

On every everything,
I see your form,
I am born only for,
To salute you in every space-time,
And, when I will be dying,
I will farewell your form in every
place

WORSE THAN AWAITING

A woman in the station,
Waiting for her lover,
Talking to herself:
Nothing is harder than eagerness,
Awaiting,
A dog is waiting for its owner,
Talking to itself:
Nothing is harder than hunger,
Awaiting,
A naked woman in a display
window,
Waiting for a customer,
Talking to herself:
There's something harder than
sleeping with men,
Awaiting,

A Quran reader in condolence,
Waiting for the task beginning,
Talking to himself:
There's something harder than
people's non-dying,
Awaiting,
A pious dead body,
Waiting for doomsday,
Talking to himself:
There's something harder than
death,
Awaiting,
I am sitting,
And waiting for nothing,
Talking to myself:
There's something harder and
worse than waiting,
It's to wait for nothing.

YOU'RE NO MORE ON THE TOP

If you have no more vigor,
To cover thousands of kilometers,
For living for one week with a
woman,
If you rely on a wall for wearing
your socks,
If you bite your nails against your
will,
If you see a florist in a traffic area,
And turned your face around,
If the imagination became your
homeland,
If after drinking alcohol,
You left your jacket and mobile at
the table,

If your present became your past,
If a scene that is not for whining,
And tears hemmed in your eyes,
If the taste of the toothpaste,
In the mornings,
Became like an aged ram,
Filled your throat with coughing,
If on the cot,
A flame in your blood doesn't come
and go,
Instead of the blood,
This means that you're no more on
the top,
This means that you're in the state
of rolling down,
This means that you are no more a
young man.

A PIOUS WOMAN

When she was born,
His parents were Muslims,
So, she born as a Muslim,
In the age of eighteen,
She loved a Jewish lad,
And converted to Jewish,
In the age of thirty,
For gaining asylum,

She decided to be a Christian,
But, when they took her to get the
baptism of the holy spirit,
She cried,
They asked her:
why do you cry?
She said:
I am afraid of dying,
And no one could know,
That I have had no religion.

AIRPORT, THE GRAVEYARD OF WOMEN

Conclusion

Human,

From the womb until the grave,

Is nothing except a twofold

awaiting,

One time, waiting for life,

The second time, waiting for

death.

AN INDIFFERENT BOY WHO GROWS NOT

I think of the death every so often,
But, this time,
I am much more serious,
I will put a bottle of arak, bedding,
and a fish,
In the trunk and head towards the
death of loneliness,
At the versant of a mountain,
Under the shade of a redbud tree,
I will lay a food rug and begin to
drink,
And try to vision the world after my
death,
Sigh, after a while,
When I rescue myself,

From the barbed wires of that
cursed world,
Nothing will happen,
Save that I have to rescue myself,
From that cursed world,
I will drink and fry the fish,
I will look at my slept pistol,
Under the leaves of that tree,
I will write my will,
But,
I don't know why it becomes a
poem!
Now,
I have finished a bottle of Arak,
The stones of the mountain will
glitter,
The good perfume of the earth,

And the glow of the stars are
mixed,
I will reach home,
And undress half-naked,
Precede my children,
Who pace the rooms,
They shout passionately and say:
Death to the death,
Long live the life,
Long live the life,
Death to the death.

APARTMENT NUMBER 13

A Refugee: So, I am Tired
I'm tired of tiredness,
Tired of shiny marches,
Of the waves of petrifying humans,
Of worlds' refugee camps,
Of the sun and artificial lights,
Of frontiers' barbed-wires,
Of governments' dreams,
Of dark clouds,
And break news,
Of organizations of cats and ants
rights,
Of interrogators and police,
And the walls of and judges,

Of the laws of law,
Of our coffins on our shoulders,
While we think that, we are living,
I'm tired of tiredness,
Of life,
Of myself,
Of ourselves,
Of the death,
My heart feels pain,
And I'm about to puke on:
The face of the law,
Freedom,
The world,
The heart,
Which is full of my life and death.

A DOG IN MY BLOOD

My exhaustion is a brave dog, in
my veins,
My exhaustion is a brave dog, my
veins,
My exhaustion is a brave dog, my
blood,
My exhaustion is my blood in my
body,
My exhaustion is my body's
cynicism, against the world,
My exhaustion is the cynicism of
the world in my veins,
A brave dog is my exhaustion,
It's mine, it's for me, and my sake,
My exhaustion is mine and for me.

FROM DARKNESS TO DARKNESS

Our fathers' mind was dark,
Our mothers' womb as well,
The heart of the grave like our
mothers' womb,
Between the dark mind of our
fathers,
And, our mothers' womb and the
grave,
There's a ray,
What does life mean,
If you don't do what you like to
do?

POETICALLY

I have come from the south,
I lived in the north,
The east swims in my blood,
I desire to go and live in,
A cottage in a garden in the west,
I'm what I'm always,
Every angle in this world is my
home.

THE TASK OF THE ROAD

Hawalname

All roads,
Have one task:
Moving human from complexity,
Towards the simplicity of the earth.

THE TASK OF TRUTH AND SUSPICION

Hawalname

Asks: What's the task of the
reality?

I say: Producing suspicion and,
The task of the suspicion is,
Producing of the reality.

A SHORT WALK

A grave next to a river,
Looks at the river,
Beneath the grave,
A tongueless-golden skull thinks
that:
Human is merely a droplet in the
river,
That takes a short walk,
Finally, pours into the sea,
He is nothing else.

TOWARDS HOME

We travel... we travel,

I ask:

Where to?

A distant voice comes,

The voice of a falling color in the

woods of lemon,

A prophet's cry,

In a deep and dry hole,

A distant voice comes,

The voice of a falling voice,
The voice of silence,
The voice of shadow's
enlightenment,

I ask:

Where to?

Distant voices come,
Altogether towards home,
Dilatant voices come,
Altogether towards home.

FROM SAMARKAND UNTIL JERUSALEM

Drive away,
The eastern-red-beak pigeons,
Give up coloring your hairs,
Come out from the Malls to the
streets,
Don't puff your new-painted
fingernails,
Hey!
Eastern lasses,

From Samarkand until Jerusalem,
Today, the world is more beautiful,
Close your books,
Stop your heartbeats,
Put out your laptops,
Quit the world,
Come to us,
Ha! A woman is crowning me,
A woman is putting the crown of
love on my head,

HAVING DELUSION

I had sworn in my poems,
Not to tell about the rain,
But when the rain came down in
showers,
Hit the car's windscreen,
Said: The beast,
Said: The kindhearted,
Said: The kindhearted beast.
I had sworn in my poems,
Not to tell about the rain,
But when the rain came down in
showers,
Hit the car's windscreen,
I said: the rain,
I said: The earth,
I said: The whole earth,
In a black car,
Under white rain.

DIG A HOLE FOR ME ON SATURDAY

O! Women of the city,
Trill cries of joy,
O! Men,
You should gather at the gate of
the mosque,
Dig a hole,
In the chest of Saturday,
Wash me,
Let me hear the voice of your
golden pickax,
Wash me,
Let the voice of washing a dead
And, the shower of a stranger,

Silence the world,
Wash me,
So, my infidelity and her chastity,
Shine in the books of history,
I'm not coming tonight,
I won't come anymore,
O! Poets,
Where is my chalice on my empty
table?
O! Poets,
Where is the toast!
Where is the chime of your
glasses?
Where are my friends?
O! my dear friends,
Whenever you see me,
Whenever you remembered me,
Close your eyes,

And read one of her poems for me,
O! Women of the city,
Trill cries of joy,
O! Men of the city,
Dig a hole with a golden pickax,
Wash me with stones,
And you should know that:
God had quit ruining the world on
Saturdays.

I EXIST... I WILL BE

Hewalname

Lace me on your neck,
If you feel cold,
Make me your cover,
If you become tired,
I will be your steps,
I am nothing else,
But you.

CROW

A murder of crows is,
Hovering in the sky of the desert,
A murder of crows is,
Watching in the sky of the desert,
A murder of crows is,
Doing prayer in the sky of the
desert,
A murder of crows,
In the sky of the desert
Dare not near the sand of the
desert,
A poet in the sand of the desert is
thirsty,
A poet in the sand of the desert
watches the sky,

A poet in the sand of the desert is
taking his last breath,
A poet in the sand of the desert is
still moving,
And a murder of crows dares not
near him,
A murder of crows in the sky of the
desert is watching,
A murder of crows in the sky of the
desert is plunging,
A poet in the sand of the desert
takes no more breaths,
A murder of crow dares to near the
sand of the desert,
And, beforehand,
Crows divide the eyeballs of the
poet,
Among themselves.

LIFE AND DEATH

An unordinary start may be
ordinary,
And, an ordinary deletion may be
unordinary,
We may all know,
That life is an unordinary book
filled with carelessness,
And, death is an ordinary area of
surprises,
Or, maybe,
We will leave an unfilled space,
Between ordinary and unordinary
things,
Who knows?

YOU BORN FROM ME

I saw a dream of the woods
nude,
Next to me,
You woke up wavering,
Next to me,
A world burnt,
You born in me,
Now, in this coldness,
Where are you going?

TEXT

Some texts cannot be opened,
Some texts have no readers,
And cannot be opened,
Some texts do open themselves
forcibly,
Some texts open themselves and
are dead,
Some texts are better not to open,
Some texts open themselves for
the sake of betrayal,
Some texts are drivers,
Some are hunters,

Some are artists,
And, you are just a text like all
these,
But, a text of metaphor,
Full of rhetoric,
And, to be opened or not,
You will remain opened,
And, you are just a text like all
these,
But, a silent feminine text,
A text of metaphor,
Full of rhetoric,
And, to be opened or not,
You will remain opened.

**I LIKE YOU
NOT TO BE LIKE ME**

Hewalname

I like you would love only
someone,
I like you not to be like me,
Because I am like God,
I love not only someone,
But, everyone.

I DON'T DREAM OF YOU

Hewalname

Now, since I have you,
I don't dream of life,
But, I live in my dreams,
Now, since I have you,
I don't dream of you,
But, I see dreams in you.

LOVERS SEE THINGS IN ANOTHER WAY

You want to run away,
You find yourself lying down,
Your lie down,
Running away mounts your head,
You want to live,
You die,
You want to die,
Death runs away from you,
You want the end,
You find yourself in a new
beginning,
Love makes lovers' life,
Sees everything happen in another
way.

Zana Khaleel



Born in 1976/Erbil-Iraq
Graduate of College of Arts/Salahaddin
University
Member of Kurd Writers' Union

Poems collections:

- 1- "Prostration" 1995
- 2- "Snows' Paradise" 1996
- 3- "Fog's Dance" 1998
- 4- "Your Den is Hashish Fields" 2001
- 5- "The Dialogue of a Dumb" 2003
- 6- "Don't Suspect, I love You" Lyrics
2005
- 7- "Mobile Poems" 2005
- 8- "The Book of Modes" 2006
- 9- "Another Lie of a Poet" 2008,
translated into Arabic.

- 10- "The Start of a New Start" 2009
 - 11- "19th Hour" 2010
 - 12- "No Exit for In" 2012
 - 13- "A Dog in my Blood" 2015,
translated into Arabic.
 - 14- "Pilot's Wife and Others" 2019
- Co-announcer of "Znak Literary
Movement" 1996
- "Second Season of Znak" 2000
- "Third Season of Znak" 2004

Novels:

- 1- "A journey Towards Women" 2005
- 2- "Irum" 2006
- 3- "Olga Borodino" 2006
- 4- "on the Banks of Rhine" 2007
- 5- "More than Loving State" 2007

Translations:

"Kingdom of Stones"

A collection of German poems.

Studies:

"Eroticism in Nali's Poems.

The Meaning in Poetry.

Lexicon of Poetic Language.

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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Member of the "Kurdistan Syndicate of
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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 الأدب الانجليزي / جامعة كويه.
- عضو نقابة المهندسين العراقية ، عضو نقابة مهندسي كردستان ،
- عضو اتحاد الأدباء الكورد / فرع أربيل.

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- 3- هندسة التبليط الأسفلتي / 1986 ط 1 مع المهندس نامق حويز احمد / من مطبوعات المؤسسة العامة للطرق والجسور العراقية.
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