

ناقص پروک

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دیاری

تەرخان کریه بۆ ھەبۆنەک چ ھەبۆن بێی نەه!

Dedication

It is dedicated to An Existence That nothing
exists without!

سوڀاسى

بهري همر تشتى سوڀاسيهكا بئ وئنه بو وئ دل تنگيا
خامهين من بهيز كرى، ههقالين نيزيكى من دهرى دا نيزيكى
من كرين دراستيى دا. سوڀاسداريهكا بئ ههقبهر بو ههقالى من
يئ بهريز كاك بهدران ئهكره مى كو گهلهك يئ هاريكار بوو
دگهل من دكوم كرنا نفيسين و دانهنياسينا گهنجان دا يئن خودان
خامهين بهيز. سوڀاس بو ههقالى من لنهاه سهلاحى يئ نهز
پال قهدايم بو وهرگيرانا نفيسينا بو سهر زمانى ننگليزى.
سوڀاس بو ماموستا ملههت ئهبا بهكر عوسمان بو هاريكاريا وى
گرىداى كارين كومپيوتهرى. سوڀاسداريهكا زيده بسهنگ بو
خاتين كارلا پيترسهنى ئهوا كو هاريكاريا من دكر دهمى من
پرسيارين خو لدور دهربرينين ئالوز بو قري دكرن، وئ ب
دلهكى پرى خوشكين وهردگرتن و بهرسف ددان. سوڀاسى بو
همى ههقالين هاريكار دگهل من سهربارى هميان مستهفا
خالد.

Acknowledgement

Before any thing; unique thanks go for the anxiety which made my pen strong and made the friends that are close to me in the thought close to me in the reality. Thankfulness without counterpart for my dear friend Mr Bedran Akrem who was helpful to me so much in collecting the writings and introducing the youths (to me,) who are owners of the strong pens. Thanks for my friend Lehat Salah who encouraged me to translate the writings into English. An acknowledgement is for teacher Millat Ababekir Othman for his help relating computer issues. Most-weighty thankfulness goes to Miss Carla Petersen who was helping me. While I was sending her my questions about complicated expressions, she accepted with a full modest heart and answered them. An appreciation for all friends who are helpful with me above all of them Mustafa Khalid.

پیشہ کی

بناقی خودایی مہزن و دلوفان. پەرتوکا گولبژیر "رۆندکین
خوێسار گرتی ژ خامەیین ژێگرتی" پیک دەیت ژ نفیسین
نەھ نفیسەران. پینچ ژ وان هایکو وەک دەربریکا کورت و
سەرنج ڕاکیش دەربارە ی ژیان، مرن، هەبوونی ئەقینی و
جفاکی دا نفیسینە وەک یین:

ئەحمەدی بازی کو پتر وەستیان و بی هیفی بوون دگەل
رومانسیەتی بخوفە دگرت. حکیم عەلی دھزیت دەربارە ی
زانینەکا بی ڕەخ و ڕی و وەلاتەکی کو چ تشت لی نینە پی
بژیت ژبلی عەشەکا دیار نەمای. حمید دلشیر ب جانیەکا بی
رکبەر نفیسە لی ب ڕک بەری. مەجید حسین دزانیت
بەختەوہری چیه لی یی بگومانە رۆژەک بەیت رۆندک
راوەستن تیکەلی شەرمی، راستیی و درەوی دوی ژیان دا یا
بو هە ی. هەمزە یەعقوب بەشدارە ب شعر گریدای رەوشا
کورستان و داییکا شەھیدان کو ئاسمان ژ ی وەک عەردی
کاقل بوویە بی جوداهی دگەل ئەقینیا وی هەبیت.

Introduction

In the Name of Allah The All-Merciful, The Most-Merciful. The collection book "The Frosted Tears of the Chosen Pens" contains of the writings of nine writers. Five of them have written haiku as an attractive and short expression about life, death and existence in love and society like those of:

Ahmad Bazi's ones include fatigue and frustration with romanticism. Hakeem Ali thinks about a boundless knowledge and a country therein is nothing to live on except a disappeared love. Hameed Dilsher has written about matchless beauty but obstinately. Majeed Hussein knows that what the happiness is, but he is doubtful about a day comes on which the tears stops together with shyness, truth and lie in the life available to him. Hamze Yaqub is participant with poetry relating to Kurdistan situation and martyrs' mother that even heaven is devastated like Earth without having difference from his love.

دوو نفیسهرین دی پشکدارن و مک یین نافبری لئ ب کورته
 چپروک څه بهدران نهکرم و مک کهسهکئ پیر هیفین وی
 دزاروکیڼی دا ماینه. نهوین هین ژى ژبو وئ فروتینه.
 چپروک لدور کومهلگههکیه کو ههژارین ب ههژاری
 سهرخوش نهفین زهنگین بین و مک پیسه مروقان. مستهفا خالدی
 ژیان نهديته ژبلی دخونهکئ دا کو نهو ژى تیدا ب گریهکی
 کریه کهنى. لهو دبینیت ناخ بوون چارهیه و لایهنئ باشیئ یه.
 دوو کورته چپروکین وی ژى نیک لدور پینج دمرگههین بی
 دوماهی و نیک لدور پینج تلین ب دوماهی دزقرن لئ همدوو
 نیک رامن ددن کو نهجفیانه.

دوو نفیسهرین دی بتنی ب کورته چپروکان بهژدارن. نهو ژى
 کاهین کانى و عادل عبدولمهجید. سئ چپروکین کاهینی دهست
 پئ دکهن ژ باژیرمکئ بی مروڤ و نه تهمام بهرف یا دوو و
 خاتینهکا دلمهن لئ یا بتنی بی کهس تئ بگههیت. دوماهیک
 ژى زیندانهکه یا قوتابیڼ وئ نه مروڤ کو هزرکا مهزنه بو
 ماموستایهکئ بی کهس. ل دوماهیئ عادل عبدولمهجد ب دوو
 چپروکان دیار دکست کو نهگمر مروڤ همن ژى یین سپی و
 پاڅر

Two other writers are participants like the mentioned ones but with their short stories. Bedran Akrem, as An Old Person, his ambitions have stayed in childhood. He has sold those which still remained with him for the sake of her. The story is about a community that the poor who are drunk with poverty do not want to be rich like the filthy people. Mustafa Khalid has not seen the life except in a dream which he laughed at a weep in. So, he sees that being soil is solution; and he is (supporter of) the goodness side. His two stories; one revolves around five doors without end and one around five fingers with end, but both have one meaning which is motionlessness.

Two other writers are participants only with short stories. They are Kaheen Kani and Adil Abdul-Majeed. Kaheen's three short stories start with an incomplete city without humans towards the second one and a big-hearted but alone Madame without anyone understands. They conclude with a prison which its pupils are not human, and it is a big idea for a friendless teacher. In the end; Adil Abdul-Majeed makes it clear with two stories that even if human beings exist, those who are white and clean (virtuous)

دکيمن و هر ولسان ږمگیزې مړوځې ههمې يې خراب بووی
و نه چارن بهر مځ چهرځې بهر دینه یې بچن.

دبیت بهری و پستی خاندنې هندک پرسپار لدهف خنده ځانی
چې بین ژ وانا وکی: بوج کومه کا گنجا هاتیه هلبزارتن؟
بوج ب زمانې ننگیزی؟ چها و مرگيران دې بیته جهې مفای؟
بوج نفیسین کورت و هک هایکو و شعرا پوسته دگهل کورته
چپروکې هاتینه تیکههل کرن دئیک پرتوک دا؟ بوجی
پرتوک یا بی پې داچوون و راست قهکر نه؟

ب راستې ژبلی و هک کومهک، نهف کوما هه ب هشیاری هاتیه
ژئ گرتن و هک لاوین دهوکې و زاخو. پستی بریار دانی، هاتیه
ځیان کو ژ دهوکې و زاخو گنچ بهین ژئ گرتن داکو نازار و
درون و هزر و بیرین تهخا گنجا باشتو و بهر فدهتر بهین
خویا کرن بتاییهت دځان سالین دوماهیې دا بین پری ژان و
دبردهسهری.

هندي هاتیه دیتن و گوهلې بوون، و مرگيرين مه پتر ژ زمانين
بیانی بهر ههمان دکنه کوردی و بین بهروځاڅی ځی چهندي
دکيمن. پې کول بو و مرگيرانې بتاییهتی بو سر زمانې ننگیزی
و هک زمانې جیهانی پې کوله بو داننه یاسینا بهر ههمین
نفیسهرین کورد بو جیهانی ههمی و زیده کرنا سرچاوین
گرنگه بو هر کارهکې فسر بتاییهت نهگهر و هک نفیسین
دبردهست بن دمالپهرین

are few. Besides, all human race has been vicious and are compelled to go towards Stone Age.

Some questions may occur in reader('s mind) before and after reading. Of them like: Why has a group of youths been chosen? Why (is it) in English? How will the translation be useful? Why have haiku poetry and short story been mixed in one book? Why is the book without revision and editing?

Actually except as a group, that group has been chosen carefully as the youthful of Dohuk and Zakho. After deciding, it is preferred that the youths should be chosen from Dohuk and Zakho so that the pains, psychotic situations and ideas of youth class (can) be revealed better and clearer especially in these last years which are full of soreness and mishap.

As much as it is seen and heard, our translators mostly translate the works from strange languages into Kurdish, and not vice versa. Trying to translate especially into English is (an) attempt to introduce Kurdish writer's works to the whole world and to increase important sources for any necessary work especially if they are available on Internet

ننترننټی دا. لى مخابن بتنن و مک پهرتوک دمینن و ناهینه
 هافټنن دمالپراندا کیم نهبن تا دهمی نفیسینا فی لاپهری.
 یا دیاره و ئاشکمرایه کو وهرگیران جهی مفاییه بو فیربوونی
 یان خاندنهکا زیده و مک نوشینهکا جودا بو ئیک ژ هر دوو
 زمانین پهرتوکى. لى پتر دى یا ب قازانچ بیت نهگمر خاندنهقان
 بزانیټ کو رستا کوردی بشوهکى سرهکى و ئاسایى بکهرى
 رستى دهیت و پاش جه و دم و چاوونیا کارى و مک ههفالکار
 دهین و ددیف دا بهرکار دهیت و پاش کار. نهگمر کار دوو
 پارچه بیت دى بهرکار کهفته دناق بهرا وان دا. ژ لایهکى
 دیفه، رستا ننگلیزی بکمر ل دهستپیکى دهیت و کار و بهرکار
 ددیف دا دهین و پاش ههفالکار. هرگاڤا نهف ریزبهندیه تیک
 بچیت، دى بیهنوک هیته بکار ئینان. هر وهسان ل هر جهی
 پهیفا ننگلیزی نهیا گونجای بیت و ببیته جهی تیک دانا رامانى،
 یان ریزبهندیه درست یا رستى یان روهن کرنا رامانى چ ل
 ژیریا لاپهرى یان دناق بهرا دوکهفانان دا یان ب پهیقهکا دی یا
 ب دهست کاریه.

sites and homepages. Unfortunately; they stay only as books, they are not thrown into sites except a few till the time of writing this page.

It is clear that translation is a benefit field for learning or extra reading as a different taste for one of book languages. However, it will be more useful if the reader knows that (in) Kurdish sentence mainly and simply subject comes. Then the time, place and modality as adverbs come after it. (After that,) the verb comes (and finally) the object. If the verb is two parts, the object occurs between them. On the other hand; the subject comes in the beginning of English sentence, the verb and object follow each other then the adverbs. Whenever this arrangement is disordered, a coma is used. Also whenever English word is not suitable and becomes a deterioration for the meaning, either the correct arrangement of the sentence or clarifying the meaning of the sentence is manipulated whether in the bottom of the page or between two brackets or by another word.

تیکههل کرنا دهربرینن کورت دگهل چیرۆکئ چهند مهرمهک
ههنه، ژ وان: پتر مفا وهرگرتن بۆ فیر بوونا زمانی ژ نفیسین
کورت و یرامان بهرفرهه بۆ یین دریژ و پتر تیر پهیف.
دانهنیاسینا پتر کهسین خودان شیان پیکه دگهل یرموشا وان یا
هزری کا چیرۆک نفیس و هایکو چیکهرین کورد وهک گهنج
چ دهرزن زیدهباری شیانین وان یین دهربرینن ژ رستهکئ تا
چهند لاپهرین کیم.

براستی ومک پی داچوون و راست فهکرن کیشهکا بالکیشه بۆ
خاندهقانی. من بنتی راپرسین کریه ژ گهلهک ههفال و دوستا.
هنده نفیسههرینن قئ پهرتوکئ ههنه دقیت هندهک نفیسنا ب
دهفوکا دهفرا خو بنفیس و هندهکان ب کرمانجیا باکور.
هندهک ژ زانینا وان هاتیه وهرگرتن ب رئ یا خاندنگههئ ب
دهفوکا سورانی کو پیشتر ب سورانی خاندیه. لهورا دبیت
بنفیسیت (ری، روو، رووی). هندهک ژ رینفیسنا خو ب چاوانیا
گووتنئ دهفوکا خو دا چئ دکهن یان ژ ی وئ یا وی دقیت پی
بنفیسیت.

Mixing short expressions with story has a number of intentions. Of them: Obtaining more benefit for learning language from short writings with wide meaning to long ones with more (and) full of words. Introducing more people who are capable (of writing very well) together with their ideological situation as what Kurdish story and haiku writers as youths think in addition to their abilities of expressing from one sentence to some few pages.

Truly as review and edition is an attractive case for the reader. I have only interrogated many friends and fellows. There are some writers in this book want to make some writings in the accent of their area and some in Northern Kurmanji. Some of their knowledge has been acquired in school by Sorani accent. The syllabus was Sorani before. Therefore, he may write (the word “face” as) (rri, roo or rooy). They spell some of their words as how it is pronounced in their dialogue or in which he wants to write in.

ڀڙي نفيسا هندهڪ پهڙين ليڪ داي دوو شيواڙ هاتينه ديتن.
 دببت پهڙي پيڪڙه بهڙته نفيسين ومڪ نئڪ پهڙي (پڊاچوون)
 يان ڙي جودا جودا (پڙي داچوون).
 هندهڪ ڙ وان هندهڪ خالبهندي بڪارئيناينه ب تاييهت نيشانا
 سهر سورمان (!). يا بهرچاڙه ڪو ئو نه ل جهڙي خو پڙي درسته
 لڙي يا دياره ڪو نفيسهري مهرمهڪا ديار پڙي ههيه. ڙ لايهڪي
 ديڙه؛ دسهر ڦان ههمي ڪاودانان را، پرانيا راستهڪهريڙن مه
 لديف هندهڪ بنهمائين نهگور دميشڪي خو دا دچن و ئاسايي يه
 دسروشتي خو دا مروڙف ههر دي خهلهتيا ڪست ومڪي گهلهڪ
 پهريوڪين ب پڊاچوون. لهوا پڙي داچوون و راست ڦهڪرن پڙين
 نهڦيانه.

Two forms of the spell of some compound words have been found. The word may be written together as one word “pedachon” (e.i. revision) or as a separated one “pe dachon”.

Some of them have used some punctuations especially the exclamation mark (!). It is obvious that it is not in its correct position, but it is clear that he has a definite intent by (writing) it. On the other hand; in spite of all these circumstances, most of our editors follow some invariable bases in their mind, and one naturally will do make mistakes as many books with revisions. So, revision and editing are not preferred.

نہ حمدیٰ بازی

Ahmad Bazi

تو دلوپه کا عه شقی یا ژ هه لما ژيانی پهیدا بووی و هاتی دناڅ
ههورین قهده را من دا، دا دگهل بارانی ببیه مرنهک و ب سهر
من دا بباری!

You are a drop of the love which has existed
from the life steam and has come in my fate
clouds so that you become a death with the rain
and rain over me!

.....

ژ بو تامکرن و گه هشتنا هیفیان مه هوسا شکهستن خوارن نیډی
دلی مه رهش بوویه ژ ههر تشتهکی کو دبیزنی بزاق!

For tasting and gaining hopes, we failed in a
very (painful) way that we have loathed
anything that is called struggle!

.....

- خەون چىيە؟
- خەون وەلاتەكە...
بەتتە ھەزار و عاشق تەيدا دژين.

- What is the dream?
- The dream is a homeland...
only the poor and lovers live in.
.....

باوەر بىكەن...
ژيان ژ چار پىتان پىك ناھىت.
ئەفە نۆزدە سالە ئەز وئ پەيغى دىخىنم؛
ھىشتا مەن پامانا وئ نە زانىيە!

Believe (me that)...
life does not contain of four letters.
It became nineteen years that I read that word;
I haven't known its meaning yet!
.....

بۆ دیتنا مەزنتەرىن كۆمكۈڭيا دىمىژوۋىيى دا رويداى،
دویر نهچه ...
سەحكە وان هېقيان ئەقېن دناخى
زارۆكهكى زك برسى دا مرىن.

For seeing the greatest genocide which happened
in the history,
don't go far...
Look at those *¹Hopes that died in the interior of
a hungry-abdomen child.

.....

ئەو كەقالى ژيانى يى من ب چاقىن تە رەنگاندى،
من ھزر نه دكر دى رۆژەكى كەقن سەر ئىك
و بىتنى رەنگى رەش دى تىدا مینیت!

That life portrait which I coloured with your
eyes; I didn't think that one day they will fall on
each other, and that only the black colour will
remain in!

.....

¹ 'Hopes' are personified.

هندهک مروڤ وهکى شيشهيا گولاقى نه. ناخفتنا خوش ژ دهقى
دهرناکهڤيت ههتا تو پى لسهرى وان نهکهى!

Some humans are like perfume bottle. The
pleasant speech does not get out of (their) mouth
unless you tread on their heads!

.....

ئسمان ب ستيران يى جوانه،
ئمز ژى ب چاڤين ته!

The sky is beautiful with stars,
and me with your eyes!

.....

ئمز ئهو بووم،
و ئهو مر.
بيژن چاوا بژيم!

I was she,
and she died.
Say, "How I (can) live!"

.....

شەف ...
ژ نەبوونا پوژی پەیدا دبیت،
ئەز ژى ب هەبوونا تە.
پوژ...
ب چوونا شەفێ گەش دبیت،
ئەز ژى ب مانا تە.

Night...
exists from the non-existence of the daytime,
and me with your existence.
Daytime...
glows with the night's going,
and me with your staying.

.....

بەختی مە چەند یی ڕەشە!
تە ژیان ژ دەست دا،
من ژى هین هەر دوو!

How black our luck is!
You lost life,
and I (lost) both of you!

حەكیم عەلی

Hakeem Ali

ماچەك
يا دناڤ دوو كەلەخان دا
جەنگا ترسى دكەت!

A Kiss,
between two corpses,
is fighting (against) the Fear!

.....

سەبەبەك دچوونا تە يا بى دەنگ دا ھەبوو.
ئەو سەبەب ژى ھەمى بى دەنگيا من بوو.
بى دەنگيا من ژى بى سەبەب بوو.

A reason was in your silent departure.
All of that reason was definitely my silence.
My silence was definitely reasonless.

.....

كەس دژيانا راستەقىنە نە گەھشتىيە. ئەوين تى گەھشتىن ژى
ھەر ئەو مروڧن ئەوين ب توندى ھاتىن ئىشاندن و شكاندن!

Nobody understood the real life. Those who
decidedly understood are indeed the ones who
were hurt and derogated roughly!

.....

چوونا ته بتنى ژ خودى بچيکتر بوو، ژ هر تشتى مهزنتر
بوو!

Your departure was only smaller than God, it
was greater than everything!

.....

ژيان ب ههمى رهنګا ژناښ چوونه. مروښ، پټښيه هيډى تو
دهستى مروښ بوونا خو بګهه، ب عشق و ښان ب ژى ژ
بهرکو عشق ژ ږوځه و ږوځ ژ خودايه لسهر عمردى!

The life is downfall completely. (O) man, you
have to understand the feeling of your being
human from now on, live with love and affection
because the life is of the soul and Soul is of God
on the Earth!

.....

هر زه لاههکى ههبيتن ژنهک يا دسينګى خودا ههگرته داکو
بو ههتا ههتايى ژبير نهکهن.

Each man has held a woman in his chest so that
he does not forget forever.

.....

چهندا سهیره!
ئهو ماچا بو من هاتی
یا دگهل هندهک ماچین دی ماچانی دکهت!

How wonderful it is!
The Kiss that has come for me
is kissing (as playing) with some other Kisses!
.....

دقی نیشتمانی دا چ تشت نینه ئهم پئی بژین.
لهوړا نهچارین بو عشقی بمرین.

In this homeland, there is nothing for us to live
on. Therefore, we are forced to die for the love.
.....

زانین دهریایهکه. چ خهیاډ ژبو دوماهییک ئیناینا وی نینن.

The knowledge is a sea. There is no imagination
for ending it.
.....

عەشق جەنگەكە:
نە مێژوو یێ تومار دكەتن
و نە قۆربانیان بەحس دكەتن.

Love is a war:
It neither records the history nor talks about the
victims.

.....

ژیان ژ چار پیتین نافێ خوە کورتترە.
ما بۆچیە کارین مەزن بۆ بکەین!

Life is shorter than its four name letters.
Why we do great things for!

.....

ئەفە تو چووی، ئەز یێ تە دنقیسم. دترسم بداوی بهیم و
تو نەهیی!

Since your going (apart), I am writing you. I am
afraid to finish, and you do not come (back)!

حاميد دلشير

Hameed Dilsher

شەفەکا قۆمچک ستیری،
هەبوونا دتە ئالیای ژبێ زاریا نەجفیانی
بێ ژینە؛
قۆمچکا فەکەت ژ جفیانی ژبەر تارباتیا تو ددهیی
بێ ژینە!

You are a night with star buttons.
The Existence which is folded around you is
without life caused by the boredom of
motionlessness.
If he moves and opens the buttons, (again) he is
without life because of the darkness you give to
him!

.....

ئەگەر دل بەرا دل هەبان، دل نە دبرن. ئەگەر هەبن ژێ بەرن نە
بەر!

If the ²heart-takers had hearts, they wouldn't
take the hearts. Even if they have, ³they are
stones not rugs!

.....

² the beloved

³ 'they' refers to the hearts not to 'the beloved'

"پشتی ئهز بوویمه سهرباز
ل وه لاتی ته,
من پستالین خو دانانه مهزادی،" ناخفتنا وی بوو دتاقی کرنا
دخهونی دا لی نه سهرباز بوو بتنی وه گووت.

"After I have been soldier
in your country;
I put my boots in the auction," it was her speech
in the exam in the dream, but she was not
soldier. She just said so.

.....

دهمی بهلگین زهرین پایزی
دکفته سهر ملین ته,
شین دبنهفه
وهری ههر دارهکا ههشک
یا ته پالا خو دایی!

When the yellow leaves of autumn
fall on your shoulders,
they grow again
like each dry (i.e. withered) tree
on which you leant!

I live every day
except your birthday!
Every days are available,
the days of sending messages are obstacle!
I have feelings everyday;
on the days of seeing you, I am drunk!
.....

Being with till making your nails
the clothes of the unwashed dead (man)
was the great dream of the dead (when) alive.

کهزین ته دبن بهلگین دارا ئهفینیی قه
تهفنه،

دوماهیک کهس مایه ههلاویستی ئهزم وهک ته پیقه!
بینه دا بریسم و کفیی خو ژیی چیکهم!

Your locks, under the love tree leaves,
are (spider) web.
The last person being hung on am I like you!
Bring them (to me) to knit and make my shroud
from!

.....

ژانا دهستی ته یی نازک و بی دهمار
دگهرا خینا گهنیا ئهفینیی دا
نیشا من دا دلراستیه مهزنترین دهوار!

The pain of your soft hand which is without
vessels,
in the fetid blood of love's pond,
taught me that true-heartedness is the greatest
*⁴jackass!

.....

⁴ Kurdish word refers to all kinds of animals used for loading.

دهمى ماچ دكم ريڻ ته،
تاما هه تافى ڙى دهيت!
لهو چاڦين ستير ڀڻ ته
تاما رونا هيا هه ڀي نه!

When I kiss your cheeks,
they taste like that of the sun!
Therefore, your star eyes
are the taste of the moonlight!

.....

من گهلهڪ ڪچ ب جوانى ڦه ديتن و گهلهڪ جوانى بي ڪچ ديتن
لي ڪچ و هڪي ته نه بوو!

I saw many ladies with beauty and much beauty
without ladies, but no one was like you!

.....

ژی من بیست و ههشت ساله لی هیش ئهز نهژیامه! من دقیت
بو ژیی نهژیای یی مای ببه خهجرهک دسینگ سیخوری
دیشکا رهش را!

I am twenty-eight years old, but I haven't lived
yet. So, I want to become a dagger in the chest
of the black Scorpion's Porcupine (= secret
agent) for the rest of the life which hasn't lived!
.....

گهر پشته من مایه بژی،
بنی پی خو دانه سهه ناخا گوری من ژی
دا ژی داریژی وی ژانی ژی!

If you ⁵stay alive after me,
put your foot bottom on the soil of my tomb, too,
so that you extract that pain from (it) too!

⁵ Kurdish verb is past.

مه جید حسین

Majeed Hussein

به خته وری ههست پیکرنا ژيانی یه.

Happiness is the feel of the life.

.....

بهیزترین چهک دژی گونه ها شرمه.

The strongest weapon against sins is shyness.

.....

راستی هندانه بوویه، یال پشت درهوی.

The truth has not lost, it is behind the lie.

.....

ئەگەر راستىيى نە بېژى، راستى دى تە بېژىت.

If you don't say the truth, the Truth will say you.

.....

راستى چ جار
رحەت ناژىت گەر درەو دەستەھلاتدار بىت.

The Truth will never live comfortably if Lie is ruler.

.....

ئەز چ جاب تە
باومرنايم چونكى تە باومريا من
دا دەستى دوودلىيى.

I will never trust you
because you delivered my trust
to the hand of Hesitance.

.....

ئەز يى دگريم
 دناڤ رۆندكىت چاقىن خوه دا.
 ئەو رۆندكىن مينا قولكانا
 چيا دپهقنين
 دهر يا دكهلنن
 ژبۆ راستيهك دناڤ
 درهوان دا نه هاتىيته گهقزانن،
 ژبۆ جوانيهك سهد چاقا
 خو لېس نه گرتى
 و كوره بووين.
 ئەز يى دگريم بۆ گولهك
 بېھنا وئ دوى دا نهماي،
 بۆ دلەك ژناڤ چهرخى عەشقى
 قەماي.
 ما چەند بگريم!
 گەلو داويەك دئ قان
 رۆندكا ئاشكەت؟
 يان دئ لېس كوره بوونى كەلەقاشكەت؟
 بگومانم رۆژەكى
 ئەز چاقىت خو زوها بېينم
 و ئىدى چ جار
 ژ رۆندكا دوگيان نەين
 و چ رۆندك
 ژئ نه زين...

I am weeping
inside the tears of my eyes.
The tears like volcanoes
blow the mountains;
boil the seas.
(I'm weeping) for a truth
that hasn't been caused to roll in the lies,
for a beauty that hundred eyes
have not resisted (against)
and become blind.
I am crying for a Flower
whose smell has not remained in,
for a heart that turns back to the Love Age
remains.
How much I weep!
O people, will an end
soothe these tears?
Or will (it) make sprawled compared with
blindness?
I am doubtful
to see my eyes dry
one day
and are never impregnated by tears
and no tears
spring to (them)...

هه‌بوون دسینگى نه‌بوونى دا
 يا سه‌ ژ هيقيا,
 يا دوره ژ راسته‌ر ييا.
 هه‌بوونه يا ل ناڤ نه‌بوونى،
 يا داگيره
 ژ هه‌مى ئاليان،
 ده‌ر يابه شين و سيره.
 نه هيقيا
 ده‌رينيت
 نه خه‌ما ده‌ندقينيت.
 نزانم كه‌نگى
 نه‌بوونى دلوڤانى
 ب هه‌بوونى بريه!
 كه‌نگى
 پارزينى هه‌بوونى
 بو نه‌بوونى خه‌م چيكره!
 بلا هه‌بوون
 خو بگه‌ڤيزيت
 دناڤ جه‌رگى نه‌بوونى دا.
 نه‌بوون نه‌چاره
 هه‌بوونى ژ جه‌رگى خوه ده‌ريڤخيت

Existence, in the Inexistence's chest,
is in quarrel with Hopes.
*⁶She is far from the righteous.
It is Existence who is in Inexistence,
She is invaded
from all sides.
The sea is blue and salty.
It neither harbours the Hopes
nor sinks the Sorrows.
I don't know that when
Inexistence has showed mercy
on Existence!
When
Existence's *⁷bag
has made sadness
for Inexistence!
Let the Existence
roll herself around
in Inexistence's *⁸interior.
Inexistence is impelled
to take the Existence out of his interior...
.....

⁶ The pronoun refers to the existence.

⁷ shepherd's bag

⁸ Literally 'liver'

ههيوونا من
 بئى ههيوونا ته نهيوونه.
 چوونا من بئى
 چوونا ته
 نه چوونه يا قالايه.
 ئهز ههيم بئى
 تو ههيمى!
 چ بكم؟
 ئهم ههردوو ييت
 ههين
 بئى ههيوون!

My existence
without your existence is nonexistence.
My going without
your going
is non-going, it is empty.
(In case) I exist without that
you exist!
What do I do?
Both of us
are existent
without existence...
.....

ئەز ناژىم
بۆ ژيانى.
ژيان بۆ من دژىت!
چونكى ژيان يا بۆ من
هاتىه چىكرن،
نە ئەز
بۆ ژيانى هاتىمە
چىكرن...

I do not live
for the Life.
Life lives for me!
Because the Life
has been created to me,
it is not that I have been created for the Life...

همزه يه عقيب

Hamza Yaqub

بلبلین نازادی
 ئه‌قرو سهر مه‌ستن،
 بی هیقی نه و پر دترسن؛
 وه‌ریس ل ستویی وان هات به‌ستن.
 ددانین خوداوه‌ندا...
 لئقین به‌نده‌یان گه‌ستن.
 ژ گرنژینا چاقان...
 وچ راجانوه‌نتس.
 وکیله ژ هشیار ووبنی
 نه سهر به‌ستن.
 نابیزن، "نه!"
 گهر شیرئ شیرا
 ژئ بیت خوه‌ستن!

The freedom Bulbuls
 are drunken today.
 They are frustrated and fear greatly;
 the rope was frozen around their neck.
 The teeth of the gods...
 bit the bondsmen's lips.
 Of the eyes' smile...
 they will never get tired.
 The servants are not free
 concerning awareness.
 They will not say, "No!"
 (Even) if the lions' milk
 is required from.

.....

ئەفرو...
 خوەز بیین مرنئ
 ب دیتنا ژیانئ شاد بوون.
 ئەفرو...
 جاردن هیفی
 د رئ یا خویا کرنا وئ دا
 هار بوون.
 ئەفرو...
 دوماهیك پاشیف
 دخه یالین ژیانئ دا
 نانئ خاڤ بوون.
 دوو چایی مرنئ
 دپه یاله یین ره بهن دا
 ژ دیتنا جوانیا ژیانئ سار بوون.
 ههستی مرنئ
 بهرام بهر خودیکین گهر دوونی
 کهر و لال بوون.
 پئ بینیکین هه ژار
 ژ رونیای دیمئ هه یفا نو دهر کهتی
 بریندار بوون.
 هزرین مری
 دخه یالا دیدار هک
 هه قپار
 ب ژیانئ ره شاش بوون.

.....

Today...
 Death's Wishes
 became glad to see the life.
 Today...
 Again, Hopes got provoked
 in finding her way.
 Today...
 the last *⁹post-dinners
 were raw bread
 in the life illusions.
 Two Death's teas,
 in the *¹⁰poor Glasses,
 got *¹¹unemotional of life beauty.
 Death's Sense
 became deaf-mute
 in front of universe's mirrors.
 Poor *¹²eyes
 of the light of Moon's face which newly rose
 became wounded.
 The dead Thoughts
 in the imagination of a mutual meeting
 got confused about the life.

.....

⁹ 'Post-dinner' is literal translation of Kurdish meal eaten after dinner at late night in Ramadan.

¹⁰ It may mean 'nun'.

¹¹ Literally 'cold'

¹² Literally 'seeing-by'

دچاقښ وئاد
 ئارمانجهک سهر ژيکري
 و هيقهک پرتکي
 باز ددهن
 ب پځاسي.
 پيلاقښ گهني ب دهستين پاک
 دوو ږي دکت.
 کليلين ژياني
 دسندوقا ههستين شکهستي دا
 ژهنگي گرت بوون.
 نهفرهت ل خوهديين
 ههزين قالا و درهو بن.
 دبيژن، "ژ بهنگي وئ دياره،"
 لي تو دبيني
 ژيان ژ گياني خوه بيزاره،
 تير بوويه تير
 ژ قئ مرنا پرباره؟

.....

In her eyes,
a beheaded Target
and a smashed Hope
jump
barefoot.
Fetid shoes with clean hands
make hypocrisy.
The life keys
in the box of broken feelings
had got rusty.
Curse be upon the owners
of empty and mendacious hopes.
They say, "It is clear from its *¹³appearance,"
but do you see (that)
Life is uninterested in her body;
she became full, full
of this very repeated Death?
.....

¹³ Lit. colour

وهكو ماسيهفانهكئ
 ل كهنارئين دلئ ته،
 من ههولا نيچيرئ ددا.
 هيشتا هيچ نيچير هك من نه كرى،
 وينهكيشهك هات؛
 تابلويا خوه ب دار قهكر
 و لسهر رهنگ كرم.
 كهقالهك پرى درهو ژئ دروست بوو.
 نه رهنگئ پروندكئين من تيدا ديار دكر،
 نه بيهنا گرئژينا ته ژئ دهات.
 ژيان...
 ئهف ديوارئ دناف بهرا من و ته دا
 پرى دهرزه.
 تو ژى بلقلقه.
 ههست ب ههستئ خوه بكه.
 ههتا كهنگى دئ مينين بهرزه!

.....

Like a fisherman
in your heart shores,
I was trying to hunt.
I haven't hunted any prey yet.
A painter came,
he hung his tableau on the tree
and painted me on.
A painting full of lies consisted of.
Neither my tears colour was clear in
nor did it smell your smile.
(O) Life...
the wall which is between me and you
is full of cracks.
You, move too.
Feel your feel.
Until when we will stay astray!
.....

فرمڪ
 ڙ رويساتيا مرنئ
 ب سهر لهشئ من ده
 دهئته خوار.
 ئهو مرنا
 ---ڙ بهري ڙ دايڪ بوونا من ---
 ڙ ئهسماني ههشتئ
 كهفتيه خوار.
 ئهسمان
 يئ بووي مهيدانا جهنگئ،
 فريشتهيان
 هموو ڪاڦل ڪر.
 ڙ بهر خهو ديڙن،
 "دهنگه جهنگه."
 ههيفاجوان
 ڙ خهوي ڀا ڪر.

.....

A sip
of the Death's nakedness
is coming down
over my body.
The Death
--- before my birth---
has fallen from
the eighth heaven.
The heaven
has been the battle field.
The angels
ruined all (of it).
In the sleep, they talk,
"The sound of war."
They awakened
the beautiful *¹⁴Moon
.....

¹⁴ In Kurdish culture 'moon' symbolizes romanticism.

دەما تو چووی،
ئەوران پۈندۈكۈن پەش باراندن؛
ھەر دارەكا
دەنگى پۈنگاڧىن تە دېھىست
كولۈكۈن ساڧا دومراندن.
دايۈكۈن شەھىدا
كراسۈن پەش
ل بەژنى خەملاندن.
تقەنگۈن ئازادىي
ژ قۈرىيان بىزار بوون؛
لىلىيۈن خوە چەماندن.
شىنى كەت،
يا ب لىڧا شەڧى ڧە.
پۈژ ئاڧا بوو،
نە ھەلات،
ھىشتا يا ب رى ڧە.

.....

When you went,
the Clouds rained black tears (over a wide area).
Each Tree,
(when) hearing your paces' sound,
was shedding the new-born blossoms.
The martyrs' mothers
adorned black dresses
around the stature.
The freedom Rifles
became disinterested in shouting
(and) bent their barrels.
There got condolence;
it is (hung) on the Night's lip.
The sun set;
it didn't rise.
It is still on the way.

.....

چ شەفەکا زۆردارە!
 ڕەنگ
 ژ کراسین دایکین
 شەهیدین عەشقی،
 دەنگ
 ژ تلپلین بلین
 ھەلامەتین دەشتی.
 ھەستین خوداوەندا
 یین بووینە بەرین بەستی.
 وژدان درێژ کرینە
 ل سەر داربەستی.
 یی دبێژن، "زوی بمەن.
 خودی یا گووتی
 حوری ییت ھەین ل بەهشتی."

ئەفرۆ

ھار بووینە کولیکین ساڤا
 ب ھەستین کوژمک.
 ل قولاچکان دبن زاقا،
 بانگی یاخیوونا ڕەوشتی دا،
 "ژمێرمیە ڕۆژ چووێه ئاقا".

.....

How an unjust Night is!
The colour (is)
of the mothers' dresses
of the love martyrs.
The sound (comes)
from the pipes' ululations
of the plain scarecrows.
The gods' feelings
have been (lime)stones of winterbourne.
Consciences are lying
on the bier.
They are saying, "Die soon.
God has said
'There are Nymphs in the Paradise.'"
Today,
New-born Blossoms became provoked
with fatal feelings.
They become grooms in the corners.
The call of morality rebellion was made,
"The sun has set long before".
.....

ڀروى جوانا شفقي
 دخوست خويا ببت.
 د ڪولائين ئاسماني ده
 ل ڪولاچڪهڪي دگهرييا.
 ئهزي چاڻ ڪور
 مينا ستيهڪا مهست
 شهر ابا وي جواني
 پروونيا ديمي وي دبينم.
 دلي من دخوست
 سلاقهڪي ژ نيز فه لي بكم.
 لهو ب قيريهڪا ري سبي
 من گهوريا خواه زوها ڪر.
 لهو ب گوللهيهڪا قهرسي
 من روها خواه نازاد ڪر.
 و ب ماچهڪا برسي
 من هستي خواه تير ڪر.

.....

The beautiful-faced (lass) of the night
required to appear.

In the sky's alleys,
she was searching for a corner.

I, who is deep-eyed
like a drunk star,
see the drink of that beauty (and)
her face light.

My Heart wanted me
to greet her nearby.

Therefore, I dried my throat
with a *¹⁵white-faced Shout.

Therefore; with a frozen bullet
I released my spirit,
and I made my feeling full
with a hungry Kiss.

.....

¹⁵ Proud, not scandalized

جاردن مهییا مرنئ
 ژ پیکئ ژیانئ یاخی بوو.
 هیفی شکهستن،
 بوونه ستیرکین گولهک
 ل ئاسمانئ عهشقئ،
 ب ددانین شیرئ چهریان.
 پینوس بریسییهکا برسیه،
 گووتنن ب هیز
 دزکئ وی دا شاریان.
 ئهفین دهریایهکا رویسه،
 پوپهلین پاک
 ژ پهرتوکا وی وهریان.
 کهرب هزرهکا پیسه،
 هزارهها پرس
 دکلوخین ساقا دا گهریان.
 ل نیشتمانی خهونان
 خهپال ههرفتن،
 هزرین کوره
 ب همدوو چاقان ژبوی وان گریان.

.....

Again, the death Liquid
 rebelled from the life *¹⁶pêk.
 The hopes broke (down and)
 became a flower's little stars
 in the love sky.
 They pastured with *¹⁷deciduous teeth.
 The Pen is a hungry Thunder.
 The strong speeches
 irritated in his belly.
 The Love is a bare Sea.
 Clean *¹⁸waves
 fell from her book.
 The Hate is a filthy thought.
 Thousands of questions
 roamed in new-born skull.
 In the dreams' native land,
 the fantasies broke into pieces.
 The blind Thoughts
 cried for them with *¹⁹both eyes.

.....

¹⁶ An amount of wine

¹⁷ Lit. milk teeth.

¹⁸ Lit. pages

¹⁹ 'both eye' is used as emphasis in Kurdish speech form in this manner and the like.

ڀرابه، ئه‌ي دوستي.
 خوله‌يا پاڪه هه‌ستان
 بلقينه. دايبڪين تفهنگي،
 تليبا كليلا به‌هشتي
 و هه‌ردو وهاره دهستان
 ب قيريه‌كا تيژ
 وهلاتي پاڪ بكه
 ژ قريژا ره‌شه‌چه‌تان.
 ته‌ماشه‌كه!
 يا دگر نژيتن دايبكا مه‌كوردستان.
 ژياني كه‌له‌خي ته‌خوار.
 مه‌يدانا جه‌نگي ژبو ته‌كر گورستان،
 لي روحا ته
 يا لبن سيبه‌را نازادي دكه‌ته هه‌وار.
 هيفيه‌كا وي
 ل دهر زين نهالين ناسي
 ته‌حله‌ ناڤا سه‌رخوه‌بونى فه‌خوار.

O mate, stand up.
Move the ashes of (people) with pure feeling.
(O) mothers of the rifle (and)
the Finger of the Paradise Key,
clean the country
with both provoked hands
(and) a high-pitched shout
from the black gangsters.
Behold!
Our mother, Kurdistan, is smiling.
The Life ate your body (i.e. that of Kurdistan).
*²⁰She made the battle field graveyard for you,
but your Soul
is shouting under the Freedom's shadow.
One of *²¹her hopes
drank a bitter water of independence
in the cracks of obstructive chasms.

²⁰ 'she' refers to life.

²¹ 'her' refers to the soul.

بهدران ئه كرهه

Bedran Akrem

ئەوا ب تلیکین خوه پورا من شهه دکر،
نہا یا دخه یالہ کا بی داوی ده
بووی وینہ کیش.
ئمز ژ ی ل بہندا ہاتنا وی بوویمہ
مہز نترین دووکیل کیش!

The one, who combed my hair with her small
fingers,
now has become a painter
in an endless imagination.
I, indeed in awaiting her coming, have become
the greatest smoker!

.....

ژیان ہیقیہک بوو دزارو کینی ده ما...! مہز ناتیا ژیانئ بو
بیہیقی ما...!

Life was a hope stayed in childhood...! The
maturity of life remained for hopelessness...!

.....

من هیقینن خوه ههموو فروتن
بو دلۆپهک ئاقی
ژ شله شهر ابا لئقین ته.

I sold all my aspirations
for a water drop
of your lips' liquid drinking.

.....

ئهو ری یا هه ی بیهنا
شین پین ته ژئ دهیت.
لهو را همر ئیفار دگهل سیتاڤکا خوه په یاسه یان تیدا دکهم...

The way which is *²²there
smells your footprints.
So, I roam in with my shadow each evening...

.....

ئهو نهزمان بوچی یه یی گازی راستیی دکته، و ب هاتنا
درهوا دلهرزیت!

What the tongue, which calls the truth and
trembles with the lies' coming, is for!

²² Lit. existent

لیر لیرا گورگا یا دهیت.

ساخ و مری دلهرزن:

مری بیدنگ دمین؛

ساخ بریندارا دگه هین.

ئەزى پیر...!

نە مریمە بیدنگ بمینم

نە بریندارم ساخ من بگه هین.

پیرەکی بى چارەمە

دناڤ دەستین تە دا دمینم.

Here comes the wolves' howl.

The alive and the dead tremble:

The dead stay mute;

the alive transport the wounded.

I am--- who is old..!---

neither dead to stay mute

nor wounded so that the alive transport me.

I am a sick old (man)

staying in your hands.

.....

ئۇزى بچووك
 خەونىن مەزن دىينىم.
 دىمەز ناھيا خەونىن
 خوە دە،
 دار بىرەكى بى
 بقرم.
 ئۇقرويا من
 پرە ژ خوزىين
 سوبا.
 داخازا مەزن
 بوونى دكم،
 كا چاوا ئۇزى مەزن
 بچووكيا خوە دنقىسم:
 گولەيەكا
 بى باروتم؛
 دتقەنگا نىچىرقانە كى دە
 چرىك مايم.
 من دقى بتمقم
 دسىنگى خەزالەكى دە.
 ئۇ خەزالا ژبەر
 دەقى گورا فەرەستى...
 دىمەز ناھيا خەونىن
 منى بچووك دە
 بووى مېھقان.

.....

I who is young
see great dreams.
In the greatness of my
dreams,
I am a woodcutter
without axe.
My today
is full of wishes
of tomorrow.
I ask for maturity
as me who is mature
writing my childhood:
I am a bullet
without (gun) powder;
in a hunter's rifle,
I've stayed unshot.
I want to explode
into a *²³Deer's (i.e. Fox's) chest.
The Deer that
has bolted from the Wolves mouths...
(and) became guest
in the greatness of the dreams of me
who is young.

.....

²³ 'Deer' refers to a foxy lady in Kurdish culture.

مرن دووماهیک بهلگه باهوز ژ دارا ژیانئ دهرینیت بهری
شین بوونا هیقین من!

Death is the last leaf (that) the storm sheds from
the life tree before my hopes growing!

.....

ئەز پینوسەکم راستین ژیانئ
دنقیسم.
ژیان ب خوە پیلانقە
قەدەر ل پیی خوە ددرینیت...!

I am a pen writing the life truths,
life itself is a shoe that
Fate tears (when she wears) on her foot...!

.....

ژيان تابلويه که
 ئمز ب کهز يا ته
 وينا لسهر دنه قشينم...!
 دبهرا دهنگي
 بلبهکي دهيت ئوازين
 جهنگي دژهنيت.
 دچاقين ته ده
 ژيان مينا بوهارهک
 بي داوييه.
 من دقيت دناقبرهرا
 ژياني و جهنگي دا
 ته دخهو ببهم.
 بالگوهي ته
 ژ گولين بوهارى بن،
 چيروکا بخهو بوونا ته
 ژ گورمه گورما
 خهزها جهنگي بن،
 بلبل.

.....

Life is a tableau
I decorate pictures on
with your lock...!
Together with (designing) comes
the sound of a Bulbul playing
the war tunes.
In your eyes,
life is like an eternal
spring.
I want to make you sleep
between life and war.
Let your pillows
be of spring flowers;
let your making sleep story
be of blasts of
the condemnation of the war,
O Bulbul.
.....

مهی فروشهک دبیریت،
 "سهر خوشهکئی بی مهی
 دناقا شهقی ده
 ل دیوانا خه مان دهست
 ژ ژیانئی بهردا.
 لبر دیواری دووکانا من
 رینشتی بوو.
 شیشهیین قالال ههف ددان،
 جارا دکره هاوار،
 جارا ژی دگر نژی.
 مهی فروش دبیریت،
 "خیره خورتو؟ وه ها بی مهی
 سهر خوش خویا دکی!"
 خورت دبیره،
 "مهی فروشو، من حهقی شیشهکا
 مهی نینه.
 لهو ب خه مین ژیانئی
 خوه سهر خوش دکهم.
 من هیزا سه مایی دگهل
 لهش فروشین دووکانا ته نینه.
 لهو شیشهیین قالال ههف ددم.
 من کافلهک نینه
 سه ری خوه لبن سیفاندا وی
 شور بکهم.

A *²⁴barkeeper says,
"(Someone) drunken without drink
gave up the life
in the sorrow assembly at night.
Next to my shop wall,
he was sitting (and)
hitting the empty glasses against each other.
Sometimes he was shouting;
sometimes he was smiling."
The barkeeper says,
"O *²⁵boy, what is wrong with you? You are
without drink like that,
you seem drunk!"
Youth says, "O bar-keeper, I don't have the fee
for a glass of wine.
Therefore, I make myself drunk
with the life sorrows,
I don't have dance energy with
your shop prostitutes.
So, I hit empty glasses against each other.
I don't have a ruined (house)
to *²⁶bend my head
under its eave.

²⁴ Literally alcohol-seller

²⁵ Youth or adolescent

²⁶ Be satisfied anyhow

ئهف جلین دریای، تو دبینی
 چاوا گرنژینا من پی دهیت!
 تو دزانی هزار تینقیس
 من یی ب پروندکیت خواهه شاندین،
 هزار ئاستهنگ و ری
 من یی ب هیزا خواهه شاندین؟
 ئهف شهفه زی
 ئهز میهفانی فی جادهیا تازی
 و دیواری دووکانا تهمه.
 بهری سپیده بهلیت،
 بهس خودایی ته دزانی
 دی ل کیفه بم و ل کیفه همه".
 مهی فروش
 دبیره، "خورتو،
 ته دقیت سمری خواهه دمه
 بهلینی؟
 ته دقیت دباوہشا
 لهش فروشا دا
 سرودا بیدهنگیی بخوینی؟
 ته دقیت دناقا نقینین گهرم دا
 سنورین خهوی ب بهزینی؟
 یان زی مینا سیربهندهکی
 ترسی ژ خواهه بترسینی...؟!

These torn clothes, you see
how I smile at!
Do you know that I showered
thousand notebooks with my tears?
Thousand obstacles; tracks
I have traversed with my strength?
Tonight;
I am guest of this *²⁷nude road,
and your shop wall too.
(Before) early morning comes up,
only your Lord knows
where I will be and where I will exist".
Barkeeper Says, "O guy,
Do you want to dip your head in the liquid?
Do you want to read
the song of silence
in the prostitutes' *²⁸lab?
Do you want to exceed
the boundaries of the sleep
in the warm beds
or like a magician
frighten the Fright from yourself...!?"

²⁷ According to writer's accent

²⁸ embrace

خورت دبیژه،
 "مه‌ی فروشو، وئ چاوا
 ئەف تشتین ته گووتین
 بین راستی؟
 تو و ئەو لەش فروش وئ دناف خوینی ده
 بهین گه‌فاستن.
 ئەو خوین دئ وئ شیشه‌یا قالا تژی که‌ت، ئەو شیشه‌یا زر زر
 ژئ دهات؛
 لئ نه‌ا زک پره.
 ب وئ خوینی دئ قه‌رکا قه‌مه‌رئ شل که‌م
 دا به‌س که‌سین مینا من
 پی‌خاس و پرِس
 لهر دووکانا نه‌مه‌ر دین و‌ه‌کو ته
 پرینه خار؛
 دا دل پیسین و‌ه‌کو ته
 شنی لسه‌ر سه‌رئ مه‌ نه‌ بنه
 شیخین و‌ه‌فادار.
 ئەفه ئەو شیشه‌ بوو
 یال کولانن بیکه‌سی
 ده‌نگ قه‌دا.
 ئەو شیشه‌ بوو یا سینگی تنی بوونا
 من شه‌ق کری،
 ئەو تنی بوونا دگه‌ل پرتین شیشه‌
 هه‌ست ل قولاچکین دلی من بریندار کرین... "

The guy says,
"O barkeeper, how
will these things you said
be reality?
You and those prostitutes will be
rolled around in the blood.
That blood will fill up that empty glass,
the glass which chinks;
but now the abdomen is full.
I will wet the neck of the Fate with that blood
so that the people like me
barefoot and naked
do not sit down
next to the shop of the ungenerous like you;
so that the dirty-hearted like you
do not only just become
loyal sheikhs over our heads.
This was that glass
which in the alleys of *²⁹friendlessness
was echoing.
It was the glass which has penetrated
the heart of my loneliness,
the loneliness that with glass pieces
wounded the feelings in my heart corners..."

²⁹ Literally 'kinlessness'

مستہفا خالد

Mustafa Khalid

ده نگی قیری بین بی دهنگیا من گوھین مرنی پھاندن و ژیان ژ
 خمو رانه کر. ئهو ژيانا ئمز دناف بی دهنگیا وئ دا بهرز
 بوویم ل هیفیا وهرزی پینجی ژ سالا وئ یا دوو وهرز.

The voice of my Silence's shouts made the
 Death's ears explode and didn't awaken the Life.
 The Life which I have been lost in her silence
 and waiting for the fifth season of her two-
 season year.

.....

دخهونئ دا ئمزئ ساقا
 ب جلین رهش
 لسه دهستین خاتینهکی دکره گری.
 لهرامهر ئه زی فاما
 لبن سیبهر ا دارهکی ب وئ گریی دکره کمئی!

I, who is baby
 with black clothes,
 was crying on a madam's hands
 in the dream.
 In front of (him), I who is mature
 was laughing at that weep under a tree shadow!

.....

من ههمی لاپهڕین په‌رتووکا ژیانێ ژ چار لایان فه وه رگیران،
هه‌ر تشه‌ت ب به‌ر چاڤین من كه‌فت تنی ژیان نه‌بیت!

I browsed all pages of life's book from the four
sides, everything ^{*30}occurred in front of my eyes
except (for) the life!

.....

هه‌زا ده‌سته‌ی من یه‌ چه‌پێ زۆره‌، ده‌سته‌ی من یه‌ راستی
په‌داكه‌شیت... ده‌ترسم به‌شكه‌ینیت.
من هه‌یفه‌یه‌ ده‌سته‌ی من به‌گری!

The strength of my left arm is a lot, it draws my
right arm... I am afraid, it may break it.
I beg you to grip my (right) hand (as help)!

.....

³⁰ Kurdish idiom 'everything occurred in front of my eyes' means 'I saw everything,' but 'everything' is subject.

مینا شہمالکی من خو سوت دا ږی یا ته ږو هون بکهم. دهمه
دوماهیک چیکا حهلیانا من بکهفیت، هیشتا چاقین ته دگرتی نه!

I burnt myself like candle to lighten your way.
The last drop of my melting is about to fall, your
eyes are still closed!

.....

ژیان... خهونهکه... تنی مری یین ژی هشیار بووین!

The life... is a dream... only the dead have been
awake of!

.....

بیېنا من ژ بیېن فرههیی تنگ بوو!

My breath became hard (because) of the
patience!

.....

دهستين همى مروقتين جيهانى تيرا قهشارتنا برينين من ناكهن.
تنى من دوو دهستين بريندار يين همين...!

The hands of all world people are not enough to
hide my wounds. I only have two wounded
hands...!

.....

هند نهمايه دهرگهه دووماهينى ژى بهيته گرتن. نهز ... هيشتا
يى ل كليلا دهرگهه نيكي دگرهم... !

The last door is about to be closed. I am... still
looking for the first door's key...!

.....

ئاخ... ئەو دندكا بچىكە يا ھەممى مەزناھى يېن جىھانى ب دلەكى
مەزن دناڤ خو دا دكەتە چنە. ئەزى بچىك چەند ژ دلمەز نيا قى
ئاخى ھەز دكەم!

The Soil... is a little grain that makes all world
greatness nothing in herself with a big heart.
How I--- who is little--- like the big-heartedness
of that Soil!

دهست...!

ئەفە چەندە ل پشت دەرگەهێ کوتانی راوستیای دا دەری
فەکەت و پەزی بەردەتە چەری لێ نه شیت. دەستی وی یی
چەپی ل سەر گوپالی یی دقەلەرزیت، ژ ترسا کەتنی دا
نەویریت گوپالی بەردەت. دەستی خو یی راستی دپشت
دەرگەهێ کوتانی را دبەت و دگەهینیته دوور دەری، لێ یی جار
جار دەستی خو یی بی تەل ژ پشت دەری دەر دئیخیت و لێ
تەماشە دکەت و هەناسێن کویر دەر دئیخیت. بێرا وی ل
را بر دووی وی دەیت. دایکا وی گووت بووی کو دەمی ژیی
وی سێ سال تەلا خو دانا بوو سەر گوریا وی چرای یی باپیری
وی دناف ئەوانی دا ب شەف قورئان ل بەر دخان. جارەکا دی
ل دەستی چەپی نیری یی دوودلە گوپالی بەردەت ژ ترسا کە
تنی. زقری دەستی دی و چوو بەرەف بیست و سێ سالیی دەمی
تەلا دی ژ دەست دای ب پێفەدانا ماری دەر کەزاختنا میوی
را. تەلا سیی ژ پێفە نینه، ئەو ژ دشری ئێفارەکا درەنگا
ئەینیەکی دا دگەل مالباتەکا گوندی ژ دەست دا بوو ل سیه و سێ
سالیای خو ب گولەیهکی.

The Hand...!

This is a while that he has stood behind the door of the corral to open the door and put the sheep to pasture, but he cannot. His left hand is shaking on the walking stick. From the fear of falling, he does not dare to release the walking stick. He stretches out his right arm to behind the door of the pen and reaches over the *³¹dorder. But he sometimes repeatedly takes his fingerless hand from behind the door, looks at, inhales deep breaths and thinks of his past. His mother had told him that when he was three years old, he had put his finger on the flame of the candle which his grandfather was reading Koran under its (light) in the veranda at night. Again looking at the left hand, he is hesitant to release the walking stick from the fear of falling. He twisted his head to the other hand and went towards being twenty-three-year-old when he lost the other finger with the snake biting together with the pruning the grapevine. The third finger is lost too. That one he lost in a Friday late evening brawl with a clan of the village in his being thirty-three-year-old by a bullet.

³¹ 'dorder' is a type of old Kurdish key used for closing pen's doors.

جارهکا دی دهستی خو بر لی بی مفا بوو. بیرا وی هات دهمی
ژی وی چل و سی سال، دهر درینا گهنمی را تبلا وی یا
چاری ژی کهتیه بهر شالوکئی و بریه. لی یی دکهت و ناکهت
نهییت بیرا خول دهم و چاوانیا ژ دهست دانا تبلا پینجی بینیت.
نھا ژیی وی ژ شئیست سالیی بووریه و ژ بهخت رهشیا وی
زاروکین وی ههمی کچن...!

He stretched out his arm again, but it was useless. He remembered that when he was forty-three years old, he has his fourth finger cut by sickle while reaping the wheat. With all difficulty, he cannot remind himself of the time and modality of losing the fifth finger. Now, his age is above sixty years old. Unfortunately, all his children are girls...!

دەرگه...!
دخهون روشکهکي دا!

ل سهر ناخه رښهکا شل پځاس دبهزيم. دەرگههکي نارميشي
من ديت. بي ليدان ب ژوور کهتم. گومهکا خويني يه لي يي
مهلهقان بووم من کاري بيي سور بيم خويني بېرم تا داوييي کو
ئهو داوي دهسټيپکا ريکا دەرگههکي دووي بوو. دەرگههکي داري
من ديت. ب دهسټي چهپي من فهکر و بيي دهسټيري، ب ژوور
کهتم. من چ نهديت ژ رهشاتيي ژبلي گولهکا سور ژ دير فه. من
قهست کړي. لي دگهل همر پينگافهکا من، ئهو دوو پييان ديرتر
دچوو تا گههاندیمه دەرگههکي سيي کو ژ زيقي بوو.
روناھيا خو ژ دوو چرايښن رهمځين خو وهردگرت. نهشيام
فهکهم، نهچار بووم ب دهسټي راستي لي بدم. دگهل فهيوونا
وي، چاځين من پر بوون ژ بيابانهکا بي با لي يا سار بوو.
دهرباز بوومي، هندي هندي تهسک بوو تا دەرگههکي چاري يي
زيړي خويا بووي. ژ نهکاريينا فهکرنا وي، نهچار بووم بشکينم.
ل پشت وي ناگرمک بوو. بي دوودلي، چوومه دناق دا لي نه
سووتم ژبهر باريينا بهفرمکا نهرم و هير. زور ماندی بووم.
دگهل سهرکهتنا خو، من دەرگههکي پينجي ديت کو شيشهکي
روهون و ساده بوو؛ لي نه ويړيام فهکهم، نه ليدم و نه بشکينم ژ
ترسا دەرگههکي "شهشي" دا.

The Door...!

In a daydream, I was running barefoot on a wet soil way. I saw a silk door. I entered without knocking. It was a pond of blood, but I was (capable of) swimming and could pass through without being red till the end which was the beginning of the second door. I saw the wood door; I opened with left hand and went in without permission. I saw nothing from blackness (e.i. darkness) except a red rose from distance. I went towards it; but with each of my steps, it went away two steps until it took me to the third door which was of silver. It was obtaining its light from two torches beside. I couldn't open; I am impelled to knock at it with right hand. With its opening, my eyes became full of a desert without air, but it was cold. I passed through, it was getting narrow step by step till the fourth golden door appeared. For being unable to open, I'm forced to break it. There was a fire behind. Without hesitation, I went into, but I was not burnt because of snowing smoothly and delicately. I became very weariful. Together with my ascending; I saw the fifth door which was a clear and transparent glass, but I didn't dare to open, knock at or to break from being afraid of the SIXTH DOOR.

کاهین کانی

Kaheen Kani

داوی گهشت بهرف داوی!

"بئی دهنگیی بپاریزه و ریژی ل نامیان بگره! ههمی مروڤ یین بووینه هزیڼ خو. تو دئی بیه چ؟" ب قی شیوهی ئهو ناما ب دهر وکئی داوی باژیږی یادگاری بپاردای گهشتین خو لئ ب داوی بینیت یا نفیساندی بوو. تشتئ سهر؛ دهما یادگار چووینه دناڤ باژیږی دا، چ مروڤ نه دیتن! بتنی هندک پهیکر و دارین نه خشانندی و جاده یین نهرم! که تن بهر چاڤا!

یادگار بو لایی چهی زږی، دلکئی مهزن وهک کورسیکان ل بهر دهرئ مهیخانهک بهردای بوو. دیمه نئ وئ سهرنجا وی راکنشا. خو پتر نئزیک کر. نامیهک ل سهر کورسیکئی یه و تیدا گووتیه، "خوشتفیا من، ژ بهر هر ژیکرنا من بو ته و دووریا ته ژ من؛ من ههستینکر تاکه رییا ئهز بگههم ته هر ژ ههمو مروڤان بکهم و ههموویان د دلی خو دا ب رازینم. لئ گهر ته نامه دیت من ل گهل خو ببه!"

یادگار چوو خوارتر ئافاهیهک بچووک دیت. نامیهک بیس و بیهنین نه خوش ژئ دهاتن پیقه بوو. ل سهر نفیساند بوو، "ل قئ دهرئ روڤا خو بئی بهرامهر پاڅر بکه". ژ بهر وان بیهنان، نهشیا بچیته دناڤ وی ئافاهی دا.

The Last Travel towards the End!

"Keep quiet and respect the messages! All humans have been their desires. What will you be?" In this manner; that message, on the door of the last city which Yadgar decided to terminate his travels in, was written. The wonderful thing (was that) when Yadgar went into the city, he saw no human beings! Only some statues, designed trees and soft roads occurred in front of the eyes!

Yadgar turned on the left, there was a big heart like chairs beside the door of an evacuated bar. Its sight attracted his attention. He got nearer. There is a letter on the chair, and in it is said, "My dear; because of my love for you and your distance from me, I felt that the only way I get you is that I should love all human beings and cause all of them to lie in my heart. But if you *³²see the letter, take me with you!"

Yadgar went down, he saw a small building. There was a filthy letter being hung on (building wall) from which unpleasant smells were coming. On it was written, "Clean your soul here with no fee." Because of those smells, he couldn't go inside the building.

³² Kurdish verb is past.

ل دور زږی، هندک کتین پلاڅان دیتن دتږی کرم بوون و
میش ل سمر درونشتی بوون! هر بلمز یادگاری نهو جهه
هیلا و نامین وان نهخواندن.

چوو لایې راستې یې باژیری. ژ نهگهړی هزر کرن و ریڅه
چوونې، ماندی ببوو. باخچهک گلهک جوان دیت یې پر بوو ژ
گول و کولیکین ژ نووی دېشکورن. ل دهر دورین باخچهی
هممو په لاتینک بوون. یادگاری دهست کره گیای و هه ناسهک
کوور کیشا و دناڅ دا رازا.

چهندهک پیڅه چوو، ههست پیکر هندک روح یې پیکولا
هممیز کرنا وی دکهن. ژ نو وی زانی نهو بیهنین خوش ژ وان
دهاتن. یادگار یهکسمر رابوو و ل نامی گهړیا لې چ نامه نه
دیتن. سهری خو بلند کر، ل په لاتینکا نیری هر یهکې پرتهکا
کاغزمک پیڅازی څی یه. په لاتینکهک ژ وان فری سمر دهستی
وی، و نهو پرتا نامی نهوا څ وی بو وی هیلا. تیدا نفیساند
بوو،

"مه گلهک حمز ژ هممو مروڅان دکر لې..." نامه یا پرت
پرت بوو، هممو تیدا نههات بوو نفیسین. یادگاری دڅیا بچيته
نک په لاتینکین دی لې نهو دفرین! و روح نیزیکی دبوون!

He went around it. He saw some single shoes (one of each pair) full of worms, and the flies were sitting on! Immediately, Yadgar left that place and didn't read their letters.

He went to the right side of the city. Due to thinking and walking, he had got tired. He saw a very beautiful garden. It was full of flowers and blossoms that are *³³ smiling only just. All around the garden were butterflies. Yadgar touched the grass, took a deep breath and lay in.

A moment later, he felt that some spirits are trying to hug him. He newly realized that those pleasant smells were coming from them. He directly stood up and looked for the letter, but he saw no letters. He raised his head and looked at the butterflies. With each one is a piece of a pinky cartoon. One of those butterflies flew onto his hand and left the piece of the letter which was with it to him. In it was written,

"We loved all humans, but..." The letter was ripped up. All was not written in. Yadgar wanted to go to the other butterflies, but they were flying (away)! And the spirits were getting near!

³³ Blooming or flowering

ژ بئ هیفی بوونی ئهو پرتا نامی هیلا دناڤ باخچی دا و چوو.
ل بهر سینگئ وی و ل ئوردی هندک میړی کهتن بهرچاقین
وی.

ئومان میړیهکا دی یا مری بن ئاخ دکر. لی یادگار مهندههوش
ما دهما دیتی میړیهکا مهزن هات و پرتک ژ کهلهخی وئ
قهکر و چوو! دیسان ههقالین وئ هاتن داکو ب قهشیرنه قه، لی
ههر ئهو میړیا مهزن هات و پرتک دی ژی بر. ئهقی جاری
ههقالین وئ بیزار بوون و کهلهخی وئ هیلان و چوون.

یادگار ب فی دیمهنی گهلهک توره بوو. لهوما دهما میړیا مهزن
هاتی دا ههمی ببهت، ئهوی ب ههمی هیزا خو گووت، "حهز
ژ خائینان ناکهم." و میړیا مهزن دبن پی خو قه ههرشاند و ژ
وی جهی چوو.

ل بن کاریگهریا هزر و دیمهنی وئ میړیا پرت پرت، خو
دناڤ کولانهک تاری دا دیت. ئهو تشتین سهیر ئهوین وی دناڤ
باژیری دا دیتین نهبوونه هاریکارین وی تا ئهو بشیت دیمئ
مهندههوشی دبن دیمئ خو قه بهشیریتن.

دناڤ کولانی دا چوو. روناهییک دیت. خو نیزیکی وئ
روناهیی کر. ب رهخ قه نفیساند بوو، "ئهقه دهستیپکه." فی
نامی پتر یادگار مهندههوش کر. "دهستیپکا چ تشتی؟ و گهر
ئهقه دهستیپک بیت، دوماهی کیشکه؟ و بوچی دهستیپک ل
قیرمیه و نه ل دهستیپکی یه؟

From disappointment, he left that piece of letter in the garden and went (away). Some ants occurred in front of his eyes on ground ahead of him.

They were burying another dead ant. But Yadgar stayed astonished when he saw a big ant came, detached a part from its body and went! Again; its friends came to rebury it, but that ant itself came and took another part too. This time its friends became exhausted, left its body and went.

Yadgar got very angry by this sight. Therefore; when the big ant came to take all, he said by all his strength, "I don't like the betrayers." And he shattered the big ant under his foot and departed from that place.

Under the influence of the thoughts and sights of that torn-up ant, he saw himself in a dark alley. The wonderful things that he saw in the city were not helpful to him so that he can hide the face of amaze under his face.

He went through the alley. Seeing a light, he got near to that light. Beside it was written, "This is the beginning." This letter made Yadgar more surprised. "The beginning of what? If this is the beginning, which one is the end? And why is the beginning here and is not in the beginning?"

من دڦٽ بگه همه داوین و خو ببینم و نامیهکی ل دووف خو
بهیلیم!" دهر گهرما پسیار و هزاران دا، بالندهیهک سپی فری و
هیدی هیدی نامیهک کهت خوارئ!

I want to arrive at the end, see myself and leave a message behind!" Together with the warmth of the questions and thoughts; a white bird flew, and a letter fell down slowly!

ئەو سترانا مەن دىگەن زارۋەك خىيانتى لى ناكەم

ژ سەرشويى دەركەت. ژبلى مويىن سەرى خۆ يىن دى
ھەمى يىن كوشتىن. دەست دا وان جلىن ديارى بۆ وئ ھاتىن ژ
لايى وى كەسى تايىبەت قە ---مروڧەك بەرزەيە. ھەتاكو دەمى
نازكى بېھن كرىيە پارفيوما وى ژ بۆ وئ ھنارتى، مەندەھوش
ما!

ژبەركو نازكى يا بېھن كرىيە گەلەك زەلام و مېھقانين تايىبەت
لى كەسى ژ وان ئەف بېھنە ژئ نە دەھت. "تو دىبىژى ئەفە چ
جورئ پارفيوما بىت؟" بىدەنگ ما ديسان ل بەر خودىكى ل خو
نېرى و گووت، "سەيرە، مروڧ بتنى ھەقالى خو بىت."

دەست دا چانتا دى يا دياريا، گورەك پرەش و پروھن تىدا بوو.
كرە پىين خو ھەتا دسەرچوكين وئ دا دچوو. دوو لەپەك دگەلدا
بوون. سەرى وان تولەك نەخشاندى پى قە بوو. ئىخستىن
سەرى گورى و ل دوور كەماخا خو ئالاند.

پشتى كو نازكى داخوازيين وى ھەموو ب جەھ ئىناين، يا ب
گومان نە بوو كو ئەو ژى داخوازيين وئ ب جەھ نائىنيت

I will not Betray the Song that Makes me Child

She got out of the bath. Except the hair of her head, she has *³⁴killed all of the others. She carried the clothes that came to her (as a) gift from that special person--- he is an unseen one. Till Nazik smelled the perfume which he has sent to her, she got amazed!

Because Nazik has smelt a lot of men and special guests, but no one of them smelt (like) this. "What the type of perfume is this you think?" She stayed silent. Again, she looked at herself in front of the mirror and said, "It is wonderful that (some)one is friend only with himself."

She carried the other bag of gifts. Therein were black clear socks. She wore on her feet till they went up over her knees. There were two grips with (them), an adorned *³⁵tolek was attached to their heads. She attached them to the tip of the sock and folded around her waist.

After Nazik carried out all his requirements, she was not doubtful that he won't carry out her requirements either

³⁴ Shaved and picked

³⁵ 'tolek' is like a fine piece of veil or tutus.

ب تاييەت ئەو سترانا وئ ھەز ژ ئ دکر؛ لئ ئەف داخوایە بو
ھەموو کەسان یا سەیر بوو! ل دەمئ گوھداری کرنئ، کەسئ
گوھل چ دەنگان نەدبوو.

بنتئ ھندەک پارچین مووزیکئ یین ژ ئیک فەقەتئای بوون، لئ
ئەوئ دگوت، "ھوون دخەلەتن... و من باش گوھل وی
دەنگی ھەمە ئەوئ دناف فئ موزیکئ دا ژيانا من فە دگيريت."
بەری نازک ژ مال دەربکەفیت، دیمەنئ باخچەئ ئەو
راوەستاند پشٹی دیتی ئەو گولین وئ ھند نەخوشی ژ بەر برین
ھەمە یین ھاتین برین و بنتئ ستري یین ماین.

ل بەر دەروکی کەسەک ل بەندئ بوو. دەفئ وی یئ تژی بوو،
تف کر نازکئ و چوو! نازک یا فیری فان جورە کەسان بوو.
ئەوان ئەو وەک خۆ دقیا لئ کەس نە دشیا نازکئ بکیشیتە دناف
ھەزین خۆ دا. نازک گەھشت سەری کولانئ و زەلامەک دی
ب کەرب لئ نییری و دبن لیقان را نفرین لئ دکر. نازک
دچوو و بنتئ بیھنا پارفیوما وئ بو وان دما.

نازک دناف بازاری دا دەرباز بوو. زارۆیەک و بابئ وی یئ
روونشتی دکورسیا کیم ئەندامان دا دیتن.

especially the song that she liked though this song was wonder for all people! When listening, no one heard any sounds.

They are only some inharmonic musical pieces, but she was saying, "You are wrong... and I hear that sound well, which narrates my life in this song." Before Nazik gets out of the home; the look of the garden stopped her after seeing the flowers, which she got so sorrowful of, all have been cut, and only the thrones are left.

Next to the door is a person whose mouth is full, he spat at Nazik and went! Nazik was accustomed to (dealing with) those types of people. They liked her *³⁶like themselves, but no one could attract Nazik into his desires. Nazik arrived at the head of the alley, and another man looked at her with contempt and cursed her *³⁷under lips. Nazik was going (far), and just her perfume smell remained for them.

Nazik passed through the market. She saw a child and his father sitting down in wheelchair.

³⁶ In accordance of their desires

³⁷ As whispering

کو ھەر دوو چ بوون دخەيالین یاریین زاروکان دا ئەوین
دپەنجەرا دوکانی دا ھاتینە بەرچاقرین. دەمی زاروکی نازک
دیتی و دەست دایە وئ یاریا ژ ھەموویان سەرنجراکیشتر، دلی
وی گەلەک شاد بوو. وەک دەیکەک دلوقان لی نیری و بابی
وی ژ ی ژبەر ڕەوشا خو نە دویریا ھزر بکەتن کا دی چەند یی
بەختەمەر بیتن ھەگەر ئەف خاتوونە بیا ھەژینا وی.

نازکی یاری پیشکشی وی زاروکی کر و گووتی، "خوزی
ژیان پیکەنیک با. ھەر دەمی مروف پی کەنیا، ب داوی
ھاتبا."

Both had gone into the children's toys imaginations which were shown in the shop window. When the child saw Nazik carrying the most attractive toy, his heart became very glad. She as a merciful mother looked at him, and his father--- because of his circumstance--- didn't dare to think that how happy he *³⁸would be in case this Madame was his wife.

Nazik offered the toy to that boy and said to him, "I wish the life was a joke. Whenever someone laughed at, it would finish".

³⁸ Kurdish sentence tense is future.

فەيلەسوفى پروناھيى

چاخى چيا دىيىتە مامۇستا!

سې جاران ھەناسەك كۈۈر كېشا، خەيالېن خو زفرائدن
خالا دەستېڭكى. ۋى ھزر دگۈھرىنا ئەۋ جەھى لى دژىت نە دكر.
ھەروەسان نە دڧيا ببىت كەسەك دى. ب ھەڧالېنى ل ۋى تېرېژا
رۋژى نېرى ئەۋا دېەنجەرا زىندان ۋى دا لى دىيىتە مېھقان. ل
سەر مللى خو بى راستى زڧرى ب چاقان سلاڧ كرە
شۋوشكىن دەروكى.

ل بەرسىنگى ۋى چەند پەرتوكېن بى سەروبەر بوون. ژ
ئەگەرئ دەست ڧەدانى، ھەمى دەما ھەز دكر تېبىنىن خو ل
سەر پەرتوكى بكت دناڧ ۋى دا. ژبەر ڧى چەندى پەرتوكان
ژ قەبارى خو بى نورمال مەزىنتر خويا دكر.

مامۇستا بېكەس بى ل بەندا... "ئاھا ئەڧە چۈچك ژى ھات".
"ما ئەم دەست ب ۋانى ناكەين؟" نېك ژ ۋان شۋوشكان گۈوت.
بېكەس گەلەك ب ھازر بوونا چۈچكى كەيف خۇش بوو. ئەۋى
دزانى چ زىندان بى دەروك نابن، چ رۋژ بى تېرېژ نابن؛

The Philosopher of the Light

The Era (in) which Mountain Becomes the Teacher!

He inhaled a deep breath three times (and) took back his imaginations to the starting point. He didn't think in changing the place where he lives in, and also he did want to be another person. He in a friendly manner looked at the sun Beam which becomes guest for him through the jail window. He turned on the right shoulder (and) greeted the door *³⁹Bars by eyes.

There were a number of untidy books in front of him. Due to manipulating, he always wanted to make his notes (which are) on the book inside it. Because of this, the books seemed bigger than their normal size.

The teacher Bekes was waiting... "Oh here comes the *⁴⁰Bird too". "Don't we start the lesson," said one of those Iron Bars. Bekes became very happy with the Bird's attending. He knew that there are no prisons without door, no days without beams;

³⁹ 'bars' are personified as a student.

⁴⁰ 'bird' is personified as a student.

لئى گەلەك خودان شيان و پەيام دناڧ مېژوويا بەرخودانا هزرى
 دا بى نائ مائنه ژبەر كو چ كەس يان تىشت نە بووينە ئەوا وى
 دقئيت بگەهينن. ھەروەسان چويچك ژى ب ھاتنا خو يا شاد
 بوو. ب راستى ستيركفائين زيندانئ دقئيلابزبون، لئى ژبو
 گەھاندنا وانين بيكەسى ئەوى رۈحا خو ددانا سەرىپەرين خو و
 دفرى.

"بۆچى ئەو كەسى پەككەفتى ئەوى بەشدارى ياريا غاردانى
 دببىت و ب سەر نەكەڧىت پندقيە گازنده ژ وى بەين كرن؟"
 بيكەسى ب قئ پرسىارئ وانە دەستپنكر. "ديسان زيرەقائى سەر
 ھشك ھات. ئەو دئ جارەكا دى دارئ خو يئ رەش ل تەنشستين
 مە دەت داکو بين نفستى ژخەو راببن. ما كى دشيت ل بەرقان
 دەنگان بنقيت!" شووشك دحەق بوون. دگەل ئيكەم پينگاڧ بۆ
 چوونا دژوورقە يا زيندانئ بتنى مروقى گوھ ل دەنگين ب
 ترس دبوو و وينين ب ترس دديتن.

ئيك ژ وان شووشكان گووت، "دببىت ئەڧ گووتنە پتر ئەگەرى
 ئازريانا ھەستان ببىت ژبەركو گەلەك جاران توشى روودانان
 دببن دگەل ھندەك تىشتان، و ل دووڧ دا ئەم وى جورى ھەمبىئ
 گونەھبار دكەين." دگەل بەرسڧدانا يا دووئ دەنگەك بلند بوو
 دگووت، "ئەز توبە ناكەم... ئەز توبە ناكەم!" تىشتى سەير دگەل
 بلند بوونا دەنگى وى ئاميرين كارەبئ دقەمرين!

but a lot of owners of ability and message stayed nameless in the history of struggle because no one or thing became what he wants them to deliver. Also the Bird was glad for her coming. Actually, the jail snipers were cunning; but she was putting her soul on her wings and fled for handing Bekas's lessons over.

"Why does the disabled (one), who participates in the race (game) and does not win, have to be scolded of?" Bekas started the lesson with this question. "Again the stone-headed guard came. He will hit his black baton at our flanks so that the sleepers wake. Who can sleep under (the effects of) those sounds!" The Bars were right. With the first step towards the entrance of the prison, one only heard the horrible sounds and saw the terrible *⁴¹looks.

One of those Bars said, "This speech may be the reason behind arousing the feelings more because we suffer accidents with some things many times, and then we accuse all that type." With answering the second one, a voice raised and said, "I will not repent... I will not repent!" The marvellous thing is that the electric instruments shut down together with his voice!

⁴¹ pictures

لئى مامۇستا بېكەس يى پۇرۇد بوول سەر بەردەوامىي و گوت،
 "باش بەزرن، نەھىلن ئەو روناھيا ژيانى يا گەش ل ھەو
 بقمەرىن."

لەوما يا دووى ب باوەرى بەرسف دا و گوت، "پېدقە گازندە
 ژ قان جورە مروقان بەین کرن ژبەر کو کەسئ خودان ئەقل
 خو نائىخيت دبن بارەكى را و پاشان نەشيت بەلگريت. نانکو
 بپارار شەھمزارکرن و سەربلنديا وى بەرى بەشداربوونى
 ددەست وى دا بوو."

بېكەسى ھند ھزر دېرسف دانا وان دا نە کر ھندى ب دل رەقبا
 يا دووى ئىشای. "بۆچى مروف ژبەر ھزین خو دەھتە
 گونەھبار کرن؟ بۆچى کلېلا نازادىي ددەست مروقین نەئازاد
 دایە؟" "ھوون ھەر دوو راست دېژن لئ..." "مامۇستا،
 مامۇستا،" ئەوئ شووشکا بچوک گوت، "ھەگەر ئەو کەسەك
 ب ئاقل با دا شوفیرەكى گريت و ب ترومبىلئ چیت." ھەمى
 دەما بەرسقین وئ دوورى راستەقینەيى بوون لئ ئەقى جارى
 ھەمى شىياننن خو ئىخست بوون کارى. لەوما ب کەنيا وان
 شەرم ژ خو کر.

لئى بېكەس ھەردەم يى سەرخو بوو. لەوما گووتى، "تو راست
 دېژى." پېچەك باوەريا وئ ب وئ زفرى قە.

But the teacher Bekas was insistent on continuousness and said, "Think well, don't let them shut down the life light against you, which is glow."

Therefore, the second one believably replied and said, "There must be scolds against these types of people because the person who is clever does not bring himself under a burden and then cannot hold. It means the decision for the scandal and prosperity was in his hand before participation."

Bekas didn't think in replying to them as he hurts by the second one's hard-heartedness. "Why is the man accused because of his desires? Why is the freedom key in the hands of the un-free humans?" "Both of you say truthfully but..." "Teacher, teacher," the little Bar said, "If he was an intelligent person, he would take a driver and go by car." Her answers always were far from the reality, but she worked on all her abilities this time. So, she felt shy with their laughter.

But Bekas was always careful. Therefore, he said to her, "You say the truth." A little self-confidence turned back to her again.

"دگهل هافیتنا ئیکهم پینگاف ژبو ب دهستخستنا چارمنفیسهک
 گهش همر تشت هاریکار دبیت بتنی مروف تی نهبیت. ههگمر
 ئهفی کهسی خو ژ ترانه و کهنينا خهلکی ترساندبا، نها ئهو دا
 دفی گهنگهشی دا یی مری بیت. بهایی مروقان نه بتنی دمروف
 بوونی دا یه، نه ژی دچاوانیا مرنا وان دا یه، بهایی وان دئیراده
 و هزکرنه وان دایه. ئهري ئهوی شیان و هیزا هز ژیکرنی
 نهبیت، گازنده ژ وی تین کرن؟"

ههر دوی دهمی دا و پستی دهستویری چوچکی پینشیار کر
 لایهنی قوربانی دانی بهرچاف وهرگریته--- ناف چاقین
 بیکهسی تیکچوون--- "ئهر دزانم تو ب قان پهیقان ئیشای! ل
 بیرا منه دهما ته ل وانین پیشیی دگوت کارهسات ئهوه دهمی
 ههرتشت ب ئهرکی خو رادبیت بهرامهر یی دی و ل سهر
 بکهته منهت، لی گهلهک جاران جوانیا ستیرا ل ئهسمانی هزا
 فرینی ل دهف مه دئازراند و ژبلی بریسی و توفانان مه چ نه
 ددیت!"

"Together with having the first step for earning a glowing destiny, everything is helpful except for human. If this person frightened himself about people's (ironical) joke and laughter, now he was dead in this argument. The value of humans is not only in being human nor in the modality of their death; their value is in their will and desire. Is there complain against the one who has not ability to will?"

Indeed at that time and after permission, the Bird suggested to have an eye on the sacrifice side--- Bekas's face (expressions) deteriorated (i.e. frowned)--- "I know that you hurt by these words! I remember when you were saying in the previous lessons, 'The disaster is that when every being performs his duty in front of the other and make Mana on him.' But many times the beauty of the stars in the sky arouses the will of the flight to us; and except the thunders and floods, we see nothing!"

عادل عبدولمہ جید

Adil Abdulmajeed

بیردانکه کاسپی

ملیٰ خوه یی دایه دهرگه هی و رک و رک بهری وی یی
ل باخچی گولان. ومکی همر رۆژ یا بوویه زیرقان. همر
گولهک رهنگهکه؛ همر رهنگهک کهسهکه. دهررا خوه دا ئهو
کهسه ههمی یین کوم کرین و هیژ نه دیتیه، زهر، سور، شین
بنهفشی، پیقازی... لی رهنگی سپی نه دیتیه! ئهو گهنگهشا
دسهری وی دا، ئهو هوسهیا دجیهانا وی دا دیکومینتهکی
رۆژانه بوو. ددلی خوه دا دگوت، "تابلویی من ب داوی
ناهیت، لی بلا دی هینگی ب داوی ئینم گاغا کو رهنگی سپی
دینم." دگهل وان هزران دا، ژ نیشکهکی قه دایکا وی گازی
کری :

- گولی... گولی؟

- ها دادی!

- ته خیره رهنگی ته زهر بووی؟ نه ترسه دی شوو بکهی،
هیش زوویه.

- (ب گرنژین قه) دادی من تابلویی خوه ب داوی نه ئینایه، ئهر
یا هزرین وی دکهم.

A White Memory

She has propped her shoulder against the door and is gazing at the garden of flowers. She has been watchful as usual. Each flower is a colour; each colour is a person. In her thought, she has brought all of those people together and hasn't seen yet, yellow, red, blue, violet, pink... However, she hasn't seen the white colour! That argument which is in her head (or) that uproar which is in her world was a daily document, saying *⁴²in her heart, "My painting will not end, but 'yes,' I will finish it at a time when I see the white colour." Together with her thoughts, her mother called her,

"O Gule... Gule?"

"Yes! Mum"

"What is wrong with you? Your *⁴³face is pale. Don't fear, it is soon, you will get married."

With smiling, "I haven't terminated my painting, I am thinking about it."

⁴² To herself

⁴³ Literally 'color'

دایکا وئ ژئ بووری و چوو ناڤا باخچهی. ئهو کسه ههمی ژ جیهانا کچا خوه دهرئځستن. دهست دا ئاف رهشینکی و باخچه ئاف دا.

گولی ما و بهری خوه دایی و ددلی خوه دا گووت، "دادی، ته و بابی من بی هزر ههف دوو ههلیژارت. ته دقیت تابلویی ژيانا من ژی و مکی یی ههوه یی بی رامن بیت." چوو د ژوورا خوه ڤه و دهست دا رهنگان و جارمکا دی تابلو رمنگ کر. همر جارمکا فرچهیی خوه ل رهنگهکی ددا: رمش، کسک، پرتهقالی، شین، مور، سور... لی هیژ رهنگی سپی بکار نه ئینایه. ب لیدانن فرچهی تابلو کره جیهانهکا پری رمنگ. دوو سی پینگافهکان پشت و پشت چوو، چاقین خوه هوور کرن و ب هووری بهری خوه دایی. ب دهنگهکی نزم گووت، "تو تابلویهکی بی رامانی!" هاته ژ دهرڤه، ئافهک ب وی ئاف رهشینکی ل سهر و چاقین خوه کر و روونشت. جارمکا دی بهری خوه دا گولان و ددلی خوه دا گووت، "هون نه دجوانن چونکی سپی ل ئاف ههوه نینه." بهر ب لایی سهری یی باخچهی ڤه چوو، دهستی خو دانا سهر سهری گولان و ژووردا پندا هاته خار، ل پشت خوه زڤری هیژ گول ژ شوون تبلین وئ دلڤین،

Her mother passed by her and went to the garden. She took all those people out of her daughter's world. She held the watering pot and watered the garden.

Gule stayed (amazed,) looked at her (and) said to herself, "Mum, you and my dad chose each other without thinking. You want my life portrait to be as meaningless as yours." She entered her room, held the colours and coloured the portrait again. Each time she was dipping her brush in a colour: black, green, orange, blue, violet, red... but she hasn't used the white colour yet. She made the painting a world full of colours with brush taping. She got back two or three steps, miniaturized her eyes (as) focusing on it, said with low voice, "You are meaningless *⁴⁴Painting!" She came out, washed her face by that watering pot and sit down. She looked at the flowers again, saying by heart, "You're not beautiful because the white is not among you." She went towards the right side of the garden, put her hand on the top of the flowers and got it down in attachment to them. She turned back, the flowers are still moving from her fingerprints.

⁴⁴ 'painting' is personified as spoken with.

ئهوى ژى مينا وان سهري خوه ههژاند و گووت، "هون وهكى
 باژيري منن. ههه ئيك ژ ههوه رهنگهكه، لئ سبي گهلهكئ
 كيمه!" بهرمف ژوورا خوه چوو. ديت رهنگ يين ب تابلويقه
 ههشك بووين. خوه نيزيك كر، فرچئ خوه راكر و درهنگئ
 سور هه لاند. دهست بچيكرنا بازنيهكي كر ددلي تابلوي دا،
 زفراند و مهزن كر و مهزن كر. پاشي دهستئ خوه دا پاش و
 فرچه ددلي تابلوي را كر. سهري فرچهي ژ پشتا تابلوي
 دهركهفت و رهنگئ سور دلوپ دلوپ ژ فرچهي كهفته ناخي.

She like them shook her head too and said, "You are like my city, each one of you is a colour; but the white is very few!" She went towards her room; saw that the colours have been dry on the painting. She got near, took her brush and dipped it in the red. She started making a circle in the heart of the Tableau, rotated and enlarged it again and again... Then she took her hand back and penetrated the brush into the Painting's heart. The head of the brush got out of the back of the Painting, and the red colour got down from the brush (to) the ground in drops.

رۆندکەکا تەقنێ

ئەو گەلیە ببوو خلۆمتگەها وی. ئەقێ جاری دەستی وی سەتەلەکا ئاقێ یا تێدا و دەستی دی یێ ب مەریبێلێ قە و یا ل سەر ملی وی. ئەو ساکوویی درێژ و ئەو لەحافا بوویە گیرێ ل ستوویی وی شیا بوون لەشێ وی پیچەکی گەرم بکەن، لێ هەلما دەقێ وی مژەکا دی دابوو وی گەلی. نیزیکی جەئێ خوە بوو. دیت جۆیهکا ژووردا دەیتە خوار. سەتەلا خوە دانا و مەریبێل ژ سەر ملی وی کەفت! کرە غار و بەر ب سەروکانیا جۆیێ قە چوو. ئەو ئاخا جار جار ب تەلا خێچک و میچک لێ چێ دکرە، ئاقەکا مینا کانیا خوە ژ جەرگی ئاخێ دەلاقیت و ئەو شینوارە یێ دبن خوەقە نەخافتین. دەستین خوە ئێخستن تەنشتین خوە و سەری خوە سەر ئەقراز کر، ل وی چیا یێ هەمبەر خوە دنیریت و ب قیری قە گووتی، "هەی روو قایم ما تو پیر نابێ؟" خوە چەماند و کەفتە سەر چۆکی خوە یێ راستی و دەستی خوە کرە د وئ جۆکی دا و بلند کر. دلۆپ دلۆپ ئاق ژ ناق تەلین وی کەفت، "کۆفانین ئاخێ بەس نەبوون، ییت تە ژێ هاتنە سەر."

A Mud Tear

That valley had been his loneliness (i.e. meditative place). This time; a bucket of water is in one of his hands, the other hand is in attachment of the spade, and it is on his shoulder. That robe and that scarf which became loop around his neck had been able to warm his body slightly, but his mouth steam had given another fog to that valley. He got near to his place (and) saw a drain streaming down. He put down his bucket, and the spade fell down from the top of his shoulder. He ran towards the fountainhead of the drain. The soil that he was sometimes making scratches on with his fingers a water like springs gushed of its interior and covered those traces under itself. He put his hands on his flanks, raised his head and looked at the Mountain ahead of him saying with shout, "O cheeky, won't you be old?" He bent, knelt down on his right knee, dipped his hand in that water and raised it. The water fell from among his fingers in drops, "The sorrows of the soil are not enough, yours increased too".

د وئ سهرمايئ دا پيلائين خوه ئيخستن و دهستين خوه همتا
 ئنيسكا هلدان و دهلنگين خوه همتا چوځا برنه سهرى. زځرى
 سعتلا خوه يا ئاقئ و مهر بيللا خوه همر دوو دگل خوه ئينان.
 همر چهنده ئهو ئاخا ل دهوړوبهرين ئاقئ يا تام تهر بوو، لئ نه
 بيوو تهقن. مهر بيللا خوه راکر و ئاخ کولا همتاکو گرهکئ ئاخئ
 يئ بچووک چيکرى و سعتلا خوه دئاقئ ههلاند و ل ئاخئ
 رهمشاند. پاشئ ب پييان ههفير کر همتاکو نيسهک بووى.
 ساکوبئ خوه دانا و بهرمکئ مينا فهرشان ئينا و تهقن کره سهر
 و دهست ب چيکرنا پهيکهړهکئ کر. همر چهنده نه پهيکهړ ساز
 بوو، لئ شارمزايبهکا باش ههيوو دوارئ هونهرى دا. گههسته
 ئاف تهنگئ، "ئمز زکئ ته مهزن ناکهم." و دهست ب چيکرنا
 پيئ وئ څى کر، همتا ب داوى ئيناي. پهيکهړ راکره څه، يئ
 خاف بوو. لهوما مهر بيل دپشت وئ قوتا و سهرئ وئ ب پاتکا
 وئ څهنا. زځرى ههمبهر وئ و کهته سهر چوځين خوه. دهستين
 خوه ئيخستن ملين وئ و گفاشتن، "ئمز هاقبيهم يئ ل هندهک
 راستيان دگهرهم، ئمز يئ ل هندهک بهرسقن نهئى دگهرهم.
 فهقيئ تهيران ژبو ئاقئ خوه کره ئاف و چ بهرسف نه بهيستن.
 من څى لاپهرين گهلهک پهرتوکان ب روڼدکان تهر کرن، لئ
 نهشيام چ راستيان ژ ههيوونا ئاخئ بزائم.

He took his shoes off in that coldness and rolled his sleeves up to his elbows and his leg openings up to the knees. Turning back, he brought both his bucket and spade with him. Though the soil around the water was wettish, but it hadn't been mud. He carried his spade and dug the soil till he made a small hill of the soil. Then he made it (as) dough with feet till it became adhesive. He put his robe, brought a stone like *⁴⁵ farshes, discharged the mud onto it, and started to make a statue. Although he was not sculptor, he had a good experience in art field. He reached the waist, "I will not enlarge your abdomen." He started making his legs too, till he terminated it. He carried the *⁴⁶ Statue, he was flexible. So, he drove the spade into (the ground) behind him and fixed the spade head to his neck. He turned to ahead of him and knelt. He put his hand on his shoulders and squeezed, "I am a being searching for some facts; I am seeking some inexistent answers. Faqi Tayran made himself water, too, for the water and didn't hear any answers. I, too, wet the pages of many books with tears, but I couldn't find any facts about the soil's existence.

⁴⁵ A rock with wide surface

⁴⁶ 'Statue' is now treated like a person.

ئەز دزانم ئاخ و ئاف پېكەينەرېن ھەر مروڤهكى نه، ئەز دزانم
 ھېن ژيانن، ئەز دزانم نه ئاخ بېي ئاف دژيت و نه ئاف بېي ئاخ
 دژيت، "ملين وى پتر گڭاشتن، "بەس بېژە من نەرى ھېن ژى
 دېيسن وەكى ئەم مروڤ دېيس؟ بەرسقا من بە... دى بېژە من.
 تو ژى ھەر يى ژ ئاخى و ئافى ھاتىە ئافراندىن. "بابەليسكەكا
 تىژى تو زو خول ديوانا وان زفراند و چوو. چاقين وى تىژى تو زو
 كرن. ئەم پيش و گلىشى دگەل خول ئيناي ب پەيكەرى ڤە
 نسيان. چاقين خول ھىدى ھىدى ڤەكرن گووتە پەيكەرى، "تو
 پيس بووى، ئەز ب باومرم ئەڤە ژى بېھنشىكىن مروڤان بوون."
 چەند ئاخىنكەك رايھىلان، ئەم تو زو دچاقان دا مەھى و
 رۆندكەكا تەڤنى باراند. "ئەز نه...، "گريا وى نه ھىلا باخڤيت.
 "تو ئەمى ئاخ و ئاف، تو چەندا پېروژى دسروشتى خودا! ئاخ
 و ئاف پاڤژترين كەرەستەنە ھىدى من گوھ لى بووى، ھېن
 ھەبوونن. ئاخ تو چەندا پاڤژى! ئەڤە چ نقشى پيسە ب دويڤ تە
 كەڤتى؟ جەرگى تە يى بوويە مرارەك و كرما يا بەردايى. ھەر
 تشتى بڤين يى ژ جەرگى تە دھەلكيشن و دميژن بېي كو ئيك
 ب دروستى مافى تە بدەتە تە.

I know that the soil and water are the constituents of each human being. I know that you are lives. I know that neither Soil lives without Water nor does Water without Soil." He squeezed his shoulder more, "Only tell me. Are you dirty too as we humans are? Come on, reply to me... Tell me. In fact, you are created from soil and water too." A whirl full of dust whirled itself in their presence and went. It filled up his eyes with dust. The chaff and rubbish that it brought with itself fixed to the Statue. He opened his eyes and said to the Statue, "You became dirty. I believe that those were human's sneezes." He bewailed. That dust fermented in his eyes, and he made a muddy tear. "I am not..." his weeping didn't let him speak, "You, o Soil-and-water, how sacred you are in your nature! Soil and water are the cleanest as much as I heard. You are existence. (O) Soil, how clean you are! What is this filthy race that is descended from you? Your interior has been a corpse, and worms spread on. Each thing they want, they are licking and extracting from your interior without that any one gives you your rights correctly.

دټهڅر وکه دا تو یا بوویه دایکه کا بی زار وک، مزنترین تاوان
یئ لسر سینگئ ته دهینه کرن. زار وکئ هیشتا شیر څه
نه خواری یئ تام دکه ته خوینی. من هزر دکر پیروترین
ر هگیز دهه بوونئ دا مییاتی یه و بیی وئ ژیان نابیت، لی
ټهڅر وکه ټه ژئ نهما. دارا ژیانئ کرما یا بهر دایه قورمئ وئ
ژئ. که زاختن و پیک کرن ژئ فایده ناکمن، ره و قورم
رژین، دئ چ ب چهقان څه هیئت! ئاف هر که سهک پیتقی ب
تیه. تو بی دهسکاریا مروغان پاقرترین شلهی، زه لالتیرین
که رهستهی، جوانترین بی گونه هی چونکی نه ته رمنگه نه ته
بیهنه نه ته تامه؛ لی ژبو هر تشتئ هسک و تیهنی خوشترین و
ب تامترین تشتئ! بهس تو ژئ یا دټهڅر و دا پیس بووی،
پیستیرین تشت یئ ژ ته دهینه چیکرن. هر چنده تو پاقر که را
پیساتینی، لی ټهڅر و مروغان تو ژئ نه هیلای پاقر. جار دبی
مهی، جار ژئ دبیه کارمب، جار ان ژئ دبیه گاز و گهلک
تشتین دی... پیساتی دهسکاریه که لسر ته. ټهز هنده جار ان
هزر دکه کو شق بوون و بیقه لمرژین ناخی نه ژ څالا هیئ نه.

Today, you have become a mother without children. The greatest crimes are being done on your chest. The baby, who hasn't drunk the milk yet, is tasting the blood. I believed that femininity is the holiest gender in the existence. There is no life without it, but it doesn't exist today either. Worms have spreaded in the trunk of the life tree too. Pruning and grafting are useless too. The stem and trunk decayed. What will grow on the branches? O Water, each one needs you. You are the cleanest liquid, the most transparent element; the most beautiful sinless without human's manipulation because you have no colour, smell and taste... but you are the tastiest and most delicious thing for any dry and thirsty being! However, you have been dirty today too. The dirtiest thing is being made from you. Though you are cleaner for the dirt, but today humans didn't leave you clean either. You sometimes become alcohol, sometimes do become electricity, frequently become gas, and a lot of other things... Contamination is manipulation against you. Sometimes I think that the split and earthquake are not caused by emptiness.

ديسان لهه و توفانين ئافى ژى ژ خومرايى نين. ژبلى
 ژينگهه و کارتیکرنين سهقاي، ئمز دهندهک تشتين دى و
 ئهگهريى وان دا هزر دکهم و بگومان دکهم. گهلهک جارن
 ئمز پساريى ژ خوه دکهم دهما ل هندهک جهان توفان يان
 بيهلهرز چى دين، ئمز ديژرم، 'ما کى ناييت ئهقه پيساتيا
 مروقانه ديار دبیت؟ ما کى ناييت ئاخ و ئاف توره بوون؟ ما
 کى ناييت غهزمه؟ ما کى ناييت ئافى دقیت پيسا بشوت يان
 ئاخى دقیت پيسا داعيريت؟" چهق چهقا ددانين وى دگهل بى
 دهنگيا پهيکهرى يا بى فايده بوو. "تو ژى نا ئاخى، تو ژى يى
 مري، تو ژى هست ب فان نازاران ناکهه. "قيريهکا دژوار
 بهردا و رابوو سهر خوه و ساکويى خوه دپهیکهرى ئالاند. مينا
 کفنهکى رهش لدور پيچا. دهستين خوه دبن پهیکهرى را برن،
 کره دوى قورى دا ئهوا ئاخ ژى کولای. مهريل راکر و ئاخ
 بهردا سهر و پشتي بهرزه کرى، سهرى مهريلی ژى قهکر مينا
 کتليهکى دپشت سهرى وى قوتا. پاشى سهتلهکا ئافى پيدا کر،
 دهستکى مهريلی راکر و ب سهر وى تهحتى كهفت.

Also, the flood of water is not free either. Except environment and climate influence, I think in other things and their reasons, and I become doubtful. I often ask myself. When flood or earthquake happens, I say, 'Who does not say that this is human's pollution that appears? Who does not say that the Soil and Water got angry? Who does not say that this is condemnation? Who does not say that Water wants to wash the filthy or Soil wants to swallow the dirty?'" His teeth's chattering was not profitable with the Statue's silence. "You do not speak either, you have died too, and you do not feel these pains" he shouted sharply, stood up and wrapped his robe around the Statue. He covered around him like a black shroud. He stretched out his arms to under the Statue ('s shoulders and) put it in the pit that he dug. He held the spade and threw soil onto him. After burying, he detached the spade top from (its handle and) drove it like a tombstone behind its head. Then he poured a bucket of water over it, he carried the spade handle and climbed that rock.

چاڤين وي ب وان پنيين بهفري كهفتن، سهر و روويين چيای
فهگرتن. ب كهنيهكا دژوار فه گووتي، "ما من نه دگووته ته دي
پير بي؟" جلكين خواه ئيخستن و خواه پريس كر، تني ئهولهحافه
ب پيسيرا خواه فه كر. سهرى دهستكي مهرى ب بهران تيژ كر
و هلبازى وي چيائى پير بوو. همهما وي دناڤ پنيين بهفري دا
چك بوو.

He saw those snow spots that covered the Mountain's head and face. He said with a sharp laughter, "Wasn't I telling you 'you will get old?'" He took off his clothes and bared himself. He only tied scarf around his crutch and sharpened the tip of the spade handle with stones. Climbing that old Mountain, his humming became mute among the snow spots.