



**NOWRUZ GEDICHTEN
NOWRUZ POEMS**

**KAWA NEMIR – BABAN KIRKUKI – OFRAN BADAKHSHANI –
SHAHZADEH NAZAROVA**



KAWA NEMIR

Originality



The thunder of horses; from the mountain
reduced to ashes, we have seen, their riders
forgotten, their clamour is left in the open
country. There are also women, waiting over
in the mountain pastures, a poor little child, too,
We who are left know him, don't we? He has
been reduced to a flag with thirteen bullets.

Then we drove the horses to the haunted barns.
The next day we filled the empty saddles and rode,
gambling with the horses' lives. This time we
headed towards the snowline.

So we gave the names of the rocks to our children.

In the Void of a Glance

The twitter of a childhood with no dogs.
A breeze interlocked among the heavenly poplars.
The rotten dunghill, infecting the yard's summer.
But the mother is echoing. The queen of the nimble
Kardoukhian warriors. She is making the dead
pigeons fly in the void of a glance. In front
of her window, a red-hot earthenware water jug,
the ivies awaiting, a fountain with a broken tap,
behind the house sinking into the earth.

This grey age is not able to fill up this glance.



Comparison

That waxen bird spreads its rainbow wings on that disgusted wall. Thin and tallowy sticks are beating the country's ribs, no one is giving thanks to the weeping willows of the evening leaking through, making the dead bodies yellowish green, those hoping for the ivies' compassion.

But two silhouettes are naming this trick of nature babbling eternally, in front of a blue window, reciting that only love is as beautiful as death, two boughs of a forsaken geranium, they see that black form veiling the great universe of the courtyard with its broad wings.



Transition



Through the blue railings passes
The sky reciting the geranium
About to be gone;

The guarding of shadowy borders,
The down that is rolling,
The children having been the street
That can't fit into itself,

The doves having gone with flu
Being carried to the court of city's barracks,
None of them is resisting, but one,

With a noisy and blue bleeding,
Flying downwards, in creation,
From up towards down.

The daily way of living, through the blue railings...

Nothing happens to the steely birds.

Plains and mountains are entirely quiet,
If the fire coming in gyres is not regarded.

Poet

Someone not outstanding,
saving the songs
not for folk dances.



Happiness

He is taking tall horses away one by one,
sunset is wrecking the herd of the celestial
mares' sea. The corpse of a ship in the blue-dark
valleys, is it gnawing the currents or the currents
gnaw it? Though he doesn't see that this tender
scramble is the picture of his sorrow, the man,
having lost his Eurydice, is happy with grasping
the mane of a novice and bad-tempered filly.



Oppression

Your glances breeding the past are hollowing the marble
of wind, the meadows putting the thunder of horses
out to pasture, absent you are, it is me happy inside your
bright circle, I am misreading the divan of the bound moments.

I am much more smitten by the dawns of wild almonds,
like a vivacious sculpture that gazes and is gazed.



Solitude

“Don’t go,” said his voice encumbered with
the sorrow of universe. “Like the dead geraniums
will be thrown away your summer nights.”

Second winter, the blue snow, dogs’ night;
that prolific silence is filling in the blanks of his
trembling hands’ worry under the ceiling in delirium.

But her infinite body is ecstatic and sweaty between
two steely arms, which are interfering the solitude
of the voice’s vision causing the universe tremble.



The Constant Suicide

The violet night. The men of the chatty waste plain
are walking down the bank of the Euphrates.
Somewhere down the piers of the Black Bridge, the fight
of cut throats. While waves are whipping the hollow rocks.

Thirty birds with no nest. Beaks bent upon themselves.
Popped eyes sparkling. On the way to the Nile.

With their extinction they take the death to the distant lands.



The House of The Dead

There is even no waiting for flood. The ice
knife is stuck in armchair's womb. The big
mirror is drying in the unmown sitting room.
– But the lamps are on, the small town supposes
that for these two inhabitants things go well. –
Two grins overlooking the sea through
the Judas trees in front of the window.
Wind is raising dust right beside their heels.



The Old Mansion

Sea is attacking the frozen window – the mother
of the white to which the blue womb gives birth –
the bough of the falcon Judas tree, hearing two
breathes, galloping from the bed of sorrow, in
the mansion of two dead people kissing each other.

The wild almond is struggling in its own rattle.



Whisper

The silhouette worn mourning is raising
mourning candles. May that hollow over there
be a woman? Maybe. Once she had drawn
near to the good luck, is that so? Who can know this
except for her wrecked house over there?
For instance, we guess from the waving
of her velvet curtains; from the bodies of her
dead flowers sailing with the wind. Having leant,
she is asleep together with her memory's daisies.

Nevertheless, the piano is still playing.
The Red Sea of the mourning candles is swaying.
The waxen fingers delayed in a Wagner.



After the Rain



Time has its corners, at the end of the street, dark,
pain is also like a knotted string,
waiting is indifferent, women bide their time in their doorways.

Only these doors are theirs,
their husbands are either martyrs or imprisoned.

Wild parsley – you don't know – has left its hue on the language;
on the outskirts of the city the bogs bellow gently as water
the radiant, alluring, wide-eyed reeds recite.
The world is a handmill, through whose hollow the shadowed words pour,
it is poetry which wanders the universe
it wanders and falls upon me
this drop which bears the rainbow, on the iron bars,
under which slip past the children of the mountains
that poor woman, below the window, bewildered and blind to the others.

They would tell each other from door to door, house to house;
they will release her husband, they say, he agreed *to give names*.

Yes, I foresaw it, within me the city grew calmer still,
after the rains, after the wings of the seagulls shone.

a linden tree sways like a blue silken shawl,
 “good morning, good morning, O city which rises seven times!”

a linden tree sways like a blue silken shawl,
 “good morning, good morning, O city which rises seven times!”

The Small Black Fish in the Bottle

The poor companion of the seahorse, warrior of blue boulders and crags,
against the hard kindness of the ruthless riders.

It's simple to shelter among the pastures of the sharks,
the whales who are the great masters, the bulls and the bears
who have wrapped the days and nights of this glass globe in their embrace
from raging speculation to untamed trading.
But it's simple to shelter among the pastures of the sharks.

Life is a field of sharp stone and the transparent pebbles beneath you,
descend, ascend, roll back down, recognize beyond the all cares,
feel for the hooks in the mouths of your friends and fellows, see
the rays which pierce your salty breath, see.

Reject, resist, say, no, to the weight of the water.



The Man Who Recalls The Mountains

"I have brought my life to this point..."

Anniversary, Odiseas Elitis



I

Meaning is bound to the Age of ruins
Before all else remember that endless blossoming
And tie yourself to the sound of water

Behind which a bloody voice remains
Rape and pillage as the *dengbêj* beats his flowering staff
And after all this, nothing

When I recall the down which weighs on my heavy wings
Whose feathers are strewn over the tops of boulders
In this way, I was begotten from the voice of the universe

My father, crumpled and discarded, died in his own darkness

II

Before the trenches of a dawn which is caught in the gully
– The source of the blue, early twilight's birdsong, not before, but now black –
I transformed voices into the knowledge of shadows

So that I could make for myself a home out of forgotten asphodels
That might free me from being bound by these roots
And bring me from that spring the sound of water and that bloody voice

Those which touch the pages of the faded almanac
And wield a knife at the beautiful wound of loyalty
In this way, I learned how the tree stretches out for water

And how the eagle cracks the fabric of the sky

III

And in this homeland of mine, beyond distance
I have grown accustomed to patient waiting
As I tease out the sutures from this torpid tongue



The soul of the jealous courtyard breaks into a hot sweat
The window cracks closed, impassioned by the basil on its sill
The scorpion stings itself before this awesome beauty

When my trancelike awakes turns a deeper blue
Suspended from its calico pouch
In this way, I stood like a stone in waiting

And I saw the oak tree, and beneath it a puddle of blood

IV

The mountain stirred, the melting snow stayed in my memory
The overripe word seeded the stony, still fields
The Bull and Fish motioned and caused me to remember everything

I got hold of something, through which everything has passed
From the dungheaps to the apple which is about to fall
From its dying branch

Then, the hidden temple scattered the radiant light
The happy children of the rocks sat before a porridge cooked for new mothers
I have carved the rushing torrent of this joy into my heart

And I found my tongue the moment I saw the mountains.

Songs of Awaiting

XXVII



The wailing of a cradle in Merwedeplein,
Which is piercing all black broad wings of wind,
Is heartbreakingly lamenting blue, and sneaking into the hall,
Coming to fumble for Anne Frank, her lullaby,
Annexing that golden drop to the echo in the backyard,
In that narrow realm where the sister Margot is on guard,
Beholding the canopy of Amsterdam's heaven,
The mother pricking up her ears on the loyalty of Death;
O, my stiffness of the ecstasy of the days of yore!
Alack, the bloom of the spreaded heavy-winged lament!
No one, but you, can disentangle what the tyrants,
For me, have been picking, with a supreme sacrifice:
Lo, the figures in a black train riding towards Germany,
Across the lands soaked in water, are riding eternally.

Kawa Nemir

All translated by Kawa Nemir & Patrick Lewis



BABAN KIRKUKI

De ziel
langs de brug
groeiden braamstruiken
en onder de brug
de rivier stroomde langzaam
ik was op de brug
toen ik besepte
dat ik zonder stad,
zonder groot park, zonder bioscoop, zonder lawaai,
zonder mensenbeweging niet kan leven
mijn perspectieven kunnen niet groeien
zonder de botsing van het leven,
zonder moeilijkheden, zonder verdriet,
zonder ontmoeting, afscheid en dan vertrekken
mijn gedachten zouden een klein jongetje gebleven zijn
een verdoofde mens zou ik gebleven zijn
als ik trouw aan het geloof
gebleven was
mijn ziel zou nooit vergroten, ontwikkelen
als ik hem in het idealisme ingelijst had
mijn ziel moet een zigeuner zijn
die veel vertrekpunten herkent
mijn ziel herkent geen land, geen huis, geen bepaalde zone
hij is overal
mijn ziel herkent geen bestemming
maar hij is iets van mij
een eigendom van mijn lichaam
en niet van U



WIL JE TERUG GAAN?

ze vragen mij:
ga je terug naar Irak
als het land veilig is

ik antwoord:
als ik ooit terug
naar de baarmoeder zou gaan
zal ik geen asiel aanvragen
en geen vlucht voor mijn ziel kiezen
ik zal mijn lichaam
niet laten trillen in de kou

ik schommel in twee werelden
de ene waar ik nu in leef
de andere in mijn dromen
een land voor mijn paspoort
geschreven in de lade
van een gemeentekantoor

mijn andere land
ligt in het noorden

het noorden van mijn hart



Nowroz
je kleedt de aarde
met de narcis
en de geboorteschreeuw
van de bronnen in de omhelzing van de
bergen
is een oproep
die duizenden jaren bestaat
op deze dag
keert de lente nowroz terug
een warme Koerdische nowroz
met alle plezier weer teruggekomen
duizenden jaren
Koerden
door jouw vurige lente
worden ze bevrijd
het vuur is geweld, vernieling, angst
maar jouw vuur
is anders
jouw vuur
vuur voor de liefde
jouw vuur dooft mijn
vreemdelingenbloeding uit
nowroz bakens van verlichting
naar elkaar
naar vrijheid





OFRAN BADA KHSHANI

Eeuwig lente lied, Nowruz
Dichter: Ofran Badakhshani
Vertaald uit Perzisch door Shervin Nekuee



Nowruz,
Eeuwig lente lied
Onsterfelijk
Zelfs onder de vernietigende hoeven van voorbijtrekkende barbaren
zingend,
altijd,
luid,
Zelfs in donkerste dagen van tirannie
Zelfs in klauwen van machtigen
In gevang van kortzichtige gelovigen
Eeuwig lente lied
zingend
altijd
luid

Nowruz,
Welkom
Kom bij mij zitten
Laat we onze harten luchten
En een plan smeden
om het volk te bevrijden
uit het moeras van ignorantie
verleiden

Of nee,
Blijf staan
Zittende praatjesmakers zijn er al veeltallig
Blijf staan
Wellicht ontwaken de slapende
Wellicht gaan de naar achter leunende ook staan
Uit schaamte
Of uit schuldgevoel,
Gaan zij wellicht,
Tenminste
Een toontje lager zingen

Nowruz,
Keer terug naar Zarathustra
naar de profeet van het goede denken
het goede spreken
en het goede doen,

Vertel hem
Dat de vuurtempels van onze harten zijn verzegeld
Dat onze vlammen zijn gedoofd
Dat deze dagen de nachten oneindig zijn

Ga langs bij de Perzisch Homerus,
Fardowsi,
Breng hem mijn gegroet
Zeg hem dat zijn epische zienswijze in vergetelheid is geraakt
Dat de mensen van onze tijde klein denken
en dat ze zich nog kleiner gedragen
Onze vrouwen,
geboren om goddelijke hoogtes te bereiken
zijn wezenloze akkers geworden,
uit onwetendheid
Onze mannen,
geboren om heldendaden te verrichten
zijn wezenloze kuddes
uit lafhartigheid
Zeg Ferdowsie
Dat zijn Perzisch pathos wordt
verdacht van godslastering
door dit bange volk

Vertel de eeuwen oude vrijheid strijders van Khorasan,
Abu Moslem, Babak en Maziar
Dat heldendom vertrokken is uit deze contreien
Dat buigen voor blote zwaarden van onrecht nu onze cultus is
Vertel de wijze mooie godinnen van vroeger,
Nahid, Mehr en Frouhar
Dat in onze tijd alle goden en godspredikers mannen zijn,
Streng,
genadeloze,
domme mannen
En de vrouwen hun stille volgzame aanbidders

Breng mijn groet aan alle helden van jouw epische historie
Zeg hen dat hun majestueuze Khorasan is ondergelopen
door onwetende niets ontzinde mensenkuddes
Zeg hen dat hun Khorasan
Verwond is
En verloren

Vaarwel eeuwig lied
Al ben je voor goed genesteld in mijn vezels
Al stroom je voor goed door mijn bloedvaten
Rustzacht in de epische bed van het verdriet
Mijn tijdperk heeft jouw zinnen verleerd





SHAHZADEH NAZAROVA

1

Here I am, limited and wrapped
by my own hair.
Skillfully trained to be invisible
and necessary as air.



Here I am, master of painfully losing art.
Willingly posing my chest to your daily dart.

Here I am, forty years young,
A woman, seven steps beyond.
Too shy to shine and burning brine
I have learned to wear only in my eye the diamond.

Mines, under my fit.
Rockets, on top of my roof... Ooofff ...
I am sorry, am I talking too much
The staff you don't want to hear as such?

Dicta, dictation, dictatorship
is a still high iron wall between our friendship
Should I wait till it also collapses
Or we should keep massaging overlaps...

...But I promise, one day
If North wind will not delay
I hope to dare to say,
That only word I was hiding
Behind my tongue
Since I was utterly young.

and I will end growing in,
and I will start growing wild.

Here I am, too tamed,
And times are up to shout
That only word
I was hiding behind my tongue
Since I was simply strong.

Here I am, storm in a cattle
Coffee in a cup each morning for you.

Not so hot, not so cold
As golden green tea
Each evening for you.

Here I am, in the frame
Of broken tranquility
of yours eternally guilty.

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2

Did you know,
I was born and banned
In Samarkand.
In that ironically
divine land.



Did you know,
My mother tongue
And suffocating Asian song
For so many decadents shame
Sounds the same.

Did you know ...
Or rather, I should ask
Do you really care to know ...

3

Central Asia
Pregnant mountain,
Stillbirths,
dried rivers, drained Lake.

Deep scratches of cotton fields
has wounded your skin
at ease.
Ultimate Sun goes down
I sink into
illusion of Peace in Town

A nation is suffering
from autoimmune
disease.

4

My silk road of no return
has no camel
except on my fake
sigaret box.

my silk road ends in europe
no suffron I have to trade
no rubines of Badakhshan.

I migrated light as bird
My burden was only some
mp4, pdf and a few docs.

5

From a dessert
to three seasons of rain
I stretched my wings
leaving you in shade
My ultimate baby.



I have a new name now:
“Pathetic dissident”
Who was always lacking
in her bones
Tremendous calcium
and there would be always room
for multiple Vitamine-D.

Last Crane

I love to look to the Sun
Hiding behind the old tree skirts.
And listen to the dialect of last
Crane of Bukhara
On top of beheaded Big Manara*
joyfully sings:
Hura Bukhara!
Overwhelmed
Aroused and bruised
Only that last single crane calls
for delayed
Spring of Bukhara.

9

Our time
Our delicately tragic ecocline
Within or without the law
Our triangle restricted line
Even writing on the cave walls
are banned.
I have nowhere to draw my dream.

Till mountain tops wired
Divided in boarders
to permission holders.
I have nowhere to safely scream. .