

## War and Peace Poem By Dilawer Qeredaghi

(Translated) - By Dr Kemal Mirawdeli | 12/10/2002

By Dilawer Qeredaghi

Translated from the Kurdish by Dr Kemal Mirawdeli

Dilawer Qaradaghi is a young poet from a new generation of poets in South Kurdistan who experienced first hand the tragedies of Anfal, the excitement of Kurdish Uprising and liberation of South Kurdistan, the hope of democratic self- government and the dream of permanent peace and freedom, and last but not the least, the frustration and despair of fratricide. This poem is one of hundreds of similar poems written by these young poets which internalise, interpret, expose. Idealise, demonise in a very sober, solemn, serene poetical world marked by their ideosyncratic historical wounds, remarkable artistic talent and sublime language. We shall continue translation and publishing examples of the works of these poets in our next issues.

In war the light in my mother's eyes  
disappears,  
the lamps in my homeland go blind  
and the long beautiful hair of the  
songs grow white  
one hair after another

When war with its nasty noisy shrill  
knocks at the door from the outside  
inside, the spring flowers turn pale  
the sparrows start to groan  
and a shiver chillier than ice

penetrates the soul of my pen;  
nightmares and monsters enter the  
dweet colourful dreams of my child

When War walks across our roads  
with its heavy filthy threatening feet  
the stars fall their own  
springwaters are poisoned  
the streets knees break  
and the steps freeze

When War announces its victory  
then no guest will turn up to share  
the late evening simple warm  
hospitality of poverty  
no partner will whisper his secrets  
to fire- flies  
and shake head of satisfaction  
after hearing a poem  
no one will listen to songs.

In war at midnights  
an ugly alien storm  
finds its way to my room  
and burns all the words of Nali and  
Mawlewi poems one by one

tears into shreds the first primary  
school book of my child  
spreads poison over the garden of my  
morning expectations  
strangles the sonnets of Bethoven  
the First Dawn Mame Sewa  
the flute of Dervish Abdulla  
and the poems of Shamlo, Aragon  
and Goran.

In War a goblin intrudes my home  
at midday  
kidnaps my baby with his cot  
steals the cute schoolbag of my child  
chops off the hair of my sweetheart  
deforms the face of my mother  
bites deep into the black and white  
photos of my childhood

When War breaks out  
there will be to say " Good  
morning", " Good evening " and  
" Good night" to  
you lose the hope to have a date  
with a poem in a calm evening  
under a hairy willoww tree.

When War starts, the hands

go numb

the pens break

the pianos go on strike

the flutes go dumb

Only in peace the dreams

grow wings to fly

and turn up as guests in the warm

nights of homeland.

In peace the poor in

my homeland

sit tight in the colourful cottage

of future hopes

and the dreams of their children

overwhelm with toys, mirrors

and doves.

Only in the presence of the deep

melodies of torrents of peace

the fish can understand each other

the sea understands the sorroww of

the coast

and whisper sleeps in the warm lap

of intimate thoughts

Only in peace one across the  
breadth of the sky  
look at the future of homeland  
hold arms with mountains  
and listen to the simple concerns of  
a village

In peace the roads overwhelm with  
the sweet noise of childhood and the  
cries of babyhood walking up the  
simple stairs of early life

In peace the electric posts restore  
life  
breeze scratches itself against the  
fresh spirit apple trees

In peace the midnight love without  
any feeling of fear listens  
in the darkness of the other end of  
the street  
to the pink intimacies of  
a stranger star

Only in peace homeland can fly  
To embrace the green forest of future

War means to strangle shade  
to abort water  
to demolish beauty and neighbourhood

War is exercise losing  
losing everything  
the self- esteem, dignity  
and freedom of man  
the laughter, the mumbling  
and first steps of children

War is the practice of death,  
destruction and murder  
the murder of lamps, paintings  
and colours  
the murder of pains, wishes and  
desires

War means waiting in ambush  
to hunt freedom  
to hunt people  
to hunt God

War means to open the door for the  
flood of suspicion  
means giving permission to monsters  
to devour everything: history  
language, culture and literature  
blood of martyres  
anthems, uprisings and maternal  
passion

War means letting every thing go  
with the wind  
Going with the wind of words  
manners and sacrifices

War means a bitter practice of vanity  
vanity of politice, of mottos and  
colourful slogans

To defend peace means to protect that  
beautiful and kind worryless world  
which is lying in a corner of the eyes  
of the children of homeland

To defend peace means not to disturb  
the summer modday snooze of  
childhood under the dense shade of

a mulbertytree

It means to seal the mouth of

The guns with songs

It means to humilate and expose

Hatred and learn

“ Dara du dari di” again.

### Notes

The Kurdish text of this poem published in Hetaw issue 7 & 8, October 1996.

Nali and Mawlewi are two great Kurdish classic poets.

The First Dawn is the name of a song - melody by the famous Kurdish folk singer Sewe.

Dervesh Abdulla was a legendary Kurdish flutist eternalised in a beautiful poem by the Kurdish modernist poet Goran.

“Dara du dari di” meaning Dara saw two trees is the first line in the first lesson in the first book of reading for 1st primary school children.