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For Flexible instruments, with or without live electronic | 2013

Hardi Kurda

Program note

This piece inspired from a Kurdish Poem *A letter to God!* by Sherko Bekas.

After the suffocation of Halabja
I sent a long plead to god
before anyone, I read it for a tree
the tree cried.

A carrier pigeon there asked me; "how are you going to send it"?
"don't expect me, to Gods kingdom, I can not fly that high".

At the nightfall, the black suited angle of my poem came to me
and said;
"Don't worry, I will carry your letter up, to the seven skies,
but no promise to deliver it in person to god".

I said; "thank you, you fly your way!"
the angle flew and took my plead with herself.

The next day she came back.
The 4th under secretary of god's office
An "Ubaid" named guy, had written a reply in Arabic on the bottom of
the same letter:
"you fool! Write your letter in Arabic, nobody speaks Kurdish here
and we would not pass it to God ...".

له دواى خنکانى هه له بچه
سکالایىکى درێژم نووسى بۆ خوا
بهر له خهڵکى
بۆ درهختىکم خۆتانهوه
درهخت گریا
له پهناوه،
باڵندههێکى پۆستهچى
وتى: «باشه کى بۆت نهيا؟»
گهر به تهمای منى بيبهم،
من ناگهه عهرشى خودا»
بۆ شهو درهنگ
فریشتەى رهشپۆشەى شتەرم
وتى: «تو هیچ خەمت نەبێ!»
من بۆت ئەبەم هەتا سەرئى،
تا کەشکەلان
بەلام بەئینت نایەمى خۆى نامەکم لى وەرگرێ!
خۆ دەیزانى، خودای گهره کى نهیبینى؟»
وتم: «سوپاس، تو ههلهفره»
فریشتەى ئیلهام،
ههلهفریو
له گهل خۆیا سکالای برد
پۆزى دواى که هاتوه،
سکریتیری په چواری نووسینگهى خوا
«عوێد» ناوی
هەر له سەر ههسان سکالای له دامینا
به عهرههه بۆى نووسیبوووم
«گهرچه!»
بیکه به عهرههه
کەس لێره کوردی نازانى و
نایههین بۆ خوا!!

