

Saa Waxay Tiri

Maansadii iyo Waayihii Xaawa Jibriil

And Then She Said

The Poetry and Times of Hawa Jibril



Translation and Introduction by Faduma Ahmed Alim

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Faduma Ahmed Alim

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This book is dedicated to Hawa Jibril's great-grandchildren, Abdijabbar, Abdinasir, Shahraxaad (Shasha), Ayub, Zakariya, Yusuf, Loyan, Sumaya, Siman, and Leyla, all of whom were born in the Diaspora: in Canada, the United States, France, and the United Kingdom - so that they and their progeny may remember from whence they sprang, and the extraordinary circumstances that made some of their parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents cross many seas and oceans to rest their caravans in their present-day countries.

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Faaduma Axmed Caalim, 2008

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Faduma Ahmed Alim, 2008

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QADDIMAAD

Sanooyin badan ayaan hooyaday, Xaawa Jibriil iyo aniguba waxaan ku taamaynay fikradda buug isugu geynta maansadeeda. Waxaa jira dhawr sababood oo taa nagu qanciyey. Xaawa oo ka dhalatay dal maansoyahan, waxaa maansadeeda gooni ka dhigaya wejiyada isbeddelaya ee nuxurkeeda iyo qaabkeeda, muddada ka badan toddobaatan sano oo ay soo taxnayd, iyo meelaha ay sawirayso oo isu maraya carriga miyiga, Muqdishow, ilaa Torontoda maanta. Soomaaliya, maansadu waa qaab laysku cabbiro oo aad loo qaddariyo taabanaysa dhammaan dhinacyada nolosha caam ahaan iyo khaas ahaan. Xaawa Jibriil waxay curisay maanso ay ayada oo labo- iyo-toban jir ah kaga cabanayso walaalkeed ka yaraa; ku diideyso talo guur ayada oo ah haweeney da'deedu ay meeldhxaad tahay; ku hammigelineyso haweenka Soomaaliyeed inay xuquuqdooda u istaagaan una hawlgalaan sidii ay u gaari lahaayeen himiladooda bulshadeed; ku siinayso weero fudud oo waano ah gabar ay ayeeyo u tahay; iyo mid ay ku tebineyso ka cabashadeeda isbitaal uu maamulkiisu dayacnaa.

Tan iyo 1972^{kii}, Soomaaliya ma ayan lahay af qoran. Ilaa waqtigaas kahor, maansada waa lagu luuqayn jirey, ama afkaa laga tiring jirey, xusuus ahaan ayaana dalka daafihiisa iyo fac ka fac loogu gudbin jirey, ayada oo aad loo dhawrayo sugnaanta ereyadeeda iyo curiyeheda. Marka, ilaa dhowaantaan dhammaan Xaawa hawsheedu xusuus bay ku kaydsanayd: teeda iyo tan haween badan oo Soomaali ah oo da' weyn kuna soo barbaaray dhaqanka suugaanta aan qornayn. Hadda, waxaa muhiim ah in majmuucada hawsheedaas qoraal ahaan loo kaydiyo, taas oo meel kaga jirta dhaqammada aan afalkoodu qornayn ee adduun weynaha oo idil, kuwaas oo maanta aad loo danaynayo. Waxaa kale oo jira, dad badan oo Soomaaliya iyo dalalka Qurbaha jooga oo danaynaya akhriska waxyaabaha ku saabsan dhaqankooda iyo taariikh-dooda, si xiiso lehna u sugaya buug maansada Xaawa Jibriil. Taariikh nololeedka Xaawa iyo maansadeeda oo tarjumani waxay si gaar ah u ilhaaminayaan gabdhaha Soomaaliyeed iyo dumarka da'da yar ee ku nool Kanada iyo dalalka kale ee af Ingiriiska looga hadlo, oo aan qaarkood af Soomaaliga si fiican ugu hadlin, iyo dadka aan Soomaalida ahayn ee ku hadla af Ingiriiska, oo ayana hawsheeda danaynaya.

Bilowgii 1990^{kii}, waxay hooyo ii yeerisey maansadeeda oo aan waraaqo ku qoray. Isla waqtigaa waxaan cajalado codkeeda kaga qabtay iyada oo maansada ku luuqaynaysa. Ayaandarro, qoraalkii iyo cajaladihii waxay naga lumeen dabayaaqdii sannadkii 1991^{kii}, markii uu socdey dagaalkii sokeeye ee dhiiggu ku qabtay, gurigayagiina la bililiqaystay. Kadib markii aan Kanada soo kala gallay 1993^{dii}, iyo 1994^{kii}, waxay nagu qaadatay toban sano iyo dheeraad si aan uga soo kabsanno dhammaan wixii lahaa belo laga cabsado iyo dhibaatooyin, si aan u degno ulana qabsanno cimilada iyo qaabnololeedka Kanada. Aakhiritaankii, waxaan dib ugu dhaqaaqnay mashruucayagii hore, oo sanooyin noo ahaa riyadayada joogtada ah. Mintid aan yarayn oo xaggayga ah iyo samir badan ee xagga hooyo, iyo ayada oo ay na caawisay xusuusteeda cajiibka ah, waxaa noo suurogashay inaan qoraal ku soo ururinno 41 ka mid ah maansadeeda oo ilaa xad si marxaladaysan u taxan.

Si aan akhristeyaasha ugu caawimo sidii ay si wanaagsan ugu fahmi lahaayeen munaasabadaha maansooyinkaas laga curiyey, waxaan gogoldhigga ugu soo gudbiyey taariikh nololeedkeeda oo kooban, oo ay ku jiraan maansooyin iyo heeso dhaqameed aan ka soo qaadannay suugaanta aan qornayn ee Soomaalida: maanso uu curiyey aabbeheedii reer miyiga ahaa, heesaha ariga iyo geela; iyo heesaha haasaawaha ee qaarkood hore loo qorin.

Maansada hooyaday, ama Xaawa, sida aan ugu yeeri doono marar badan waxay na soo marisiinaysaa nolosheeda markii ay ahayd gabar yar oo reer-guura ah: dhibta iyo habdhaqanka bulshada reer-guuraaga, xilalka faraha badan ee laga sugayo gabdhaha iyo haweenka reer-guuraaga; iyo xiriirka hadba isbeddelayey ee ay la lahayd aabbeheedii geela jecelaa. Waxaa kale oo ay sheegeysaa ka-soo-baxsadkeedii guur khasab ah, iyo sida ay ula dhaqantay mid saygeedii ahaa oo ku xadgudbey. Kadib imaatinkeedii Muqdishow, magaaladii riyooynkeeda, maansadeedu waxay sawir ka bixinaysaa sida ay ugu xirantay halgankii gobonnimadoonka iyo u-dabbaaldegistii xornimada Soomaaliya, oo ahaa markii ugu horreysey ee ay haweenka Soomaaliyeed ka-qaybqaatan nolosha siyaasadeed ee dalka.

Laga bilaabo 1960^{kii}, ilaa 1969^{kii}, maansadeedu waxay ka warbixinaysaa hankii weynaa ee ay u qabtey dawladihii nidaamka barlamaaniga ee ka dambeeyey xornimadii, iyo sida

ay uga quusatay ugana carootay ka-qadintooda haweenka xilalka rasmiga ah ee go'aanqaadashada. Waxay, isla sidaas oo kale, ku cabbiraysaa xiiseheedii hore ee ay u qabtey nidaamkii ciidammada ee Maxamed Siyaad Barre iyo sida, ay ayaguna, u gabeen. Kadib burburkii qaranka Soomaaliyeed ee 1990^{kii}, maansadeedu waxay taariikhaynaysaa waxshinnimada dagalka sokeeye ee ay wadaan qabqableyaasha dagaalka ee naxariista la' iyo siyaasiyiinta xukun doonka ah; abaartii lagu le'day iyo silica qaxootiga Soomaaliyeed. Ugu dambayntii, inkasta oo ay ka buuxdo, tiiraanyo iyo hilow, maansada ay curisay tan iyo intii ay Kanada soo gashay, waxay cabbiraysaa rejo iyo Soomaaliya oo nabad ah, midowdey, oo horumartay, waana intaas waxa mar walba qalbigeeda iyo maankeeda ku beeran.

Xaawa waxay ka mid tahay malaayiinta haweenka Soomaaliyeed ee aan nasiib u yeelan helidda waxbarshada rasmiga ah. Ma aha oo keliya inayan jaamacad ka soo bixin ee, tacliinteedu ma dhaafsiisna fasalka saddexaad ee nidaamka waxbarashada dadka waaweyn. Waxaase Eebbe siiyey caqli ay garaadkeeda ku kobciso, iyo garasho sare oo ay kula socoto waxyabaha dalkeeda iyo adduunweynaha ka dhacayahaya, iyo inay afkaarteeda iyo aragtideeda ku cabbirto maansadeeda quwadda weyn. Hubaal weeye inayan Xaawa weligeed buugaagta xuquuqda haweenka ka hadlaysa akhrin, misana, waxay si kama-daalis leh ugu doodday sinnaanta haweenka, waxayna curisay maanso soo shaacbixinaysa kaalinta wax ku oolka ah ee ay haweenku ka qaataan nolosha dadkooda dhinicii laga eegaba, iyo xaqdarrada fac ka fac la marsiiyo ee xagga qoyska iyo bulshada dhexdeeda.

Maansada Soomaaliyeed waxay ku qotontaa xeerar aan la dhaafi karin ee xagga ku luuqaynteeda iyo jinaaska miisaanka higgaaddeeda, ayada oo maanso kasta nooc kasta oo ay tahay ay ku dhisan tahay hal xaraf oo mar, labo, ama saddex goor soogelaya beydkii ama tixdii walba. Waxaa jira noocyo kala duwan oo maanso; Labada ugu caansani waa gabay, oo ah nooc ragga loo nisbeeyo lana tiriyo ayada oo aan wax kale loo adeegsan, iyo buraambur, oo ah nooc haweenka u gaar ah, oo lagu luuqayn karo ayada oo la adeegsanayo durbaan, sacab iyo jaan. Xaawa waa ay gabaydaa wanaa buraamburtaa, inkasta oo ay badiba u xagliso dhanka buraamburka. Nooc kasta oo ay doorato, iyo haddii ay dadka caam-ahaan ama khaas ahaan ugu jeedineyso, maansada quruxda leh ee

Xaawa waxay xambaarsantahay shucuur qotodheer; waxayna ka hadlaysaa arrimo culus oo dadkeeda iyo dalkeeda saameeya, iyo yididiilo higasho maamul dawladeed oo wanaagsan, cadaalad, iyo sinnaan bulshadeed.

Soomaaliya, waxay Xaawa marar badan maansadeeda ka tirisay goobo fagaaro ah, goleyaashii hanuunta dadweynaha, iyo Masraxa Qaranka Soomaaliyeed. Qaar buraamburradeeda ka mid ah waxaa laga siiddaayey Raadiyo Muqdishow, waxaana lagu qoray wergeyskii *Xiddigta Oktoobar*. Qaar maansadeeda ka mid ah waxaa laga siiddaayey BBC Laanta af Soomaaliga, VOA Laanta Af Soomaaliga, iyo idaacadaha Toronto ka baxa ee kala ah CBC, OMNI Television, City TV, iyo Codka Beesha. Buraamburradeeda *Qaxootiga Kanada* iyo tarjumadiisa af Ingiriiska ee Faaduma Axmed Caalim, waxaa lagu soo saaray *Canadian Women's Studies*, Buugga 19/3 (Fall 1999).

Ayada oo ka mid ahayd maansoyahannadii Soomaaliyeed ee lagu casumay Shirkaa Nabadaynta Soomaalida ee Carta, ee lagu qabtay Jabuuti sanadkii 2000^{dii}, waxay Xaawa curisay halkaasna ka tirisay labadeeda geeraar ee *Jabuuti khayrkay odorroseyso* iyo *Farriin ergada shirka Carta*. Labadaas geeraar iyo buraamburradeed kala ah *Soomaaliyeey is daa!*, *Riyay ila tahay*, *Calanka Soomaaliyeedow*, *Dagaalka sokeeye*, iyo *Xaawaleeyey!* (oo af Soomaali iyo af Faransiis ku qoran) waxaa lagu soo saaray wargeyska Jabuuti ee *La Nation* ee 6^{dii} Luulyo, 2000^{dii}. Abriil, 2007^{dii} waxaa taariikh nololeedkeeda iyo maansadeeda loo adeegsaday asaaska sheeko masraxeedka *Bridge of One Hair* [*Xiriir Hal Tin*] oo ay masraxa Jumblies Theatre iyo duddada xaafadda Mabelle ku soo bandhigeen masraxa Toronto ee Harbourfront Centre.

Waxaa la ogyahay inayan jirin tarjamad maanso oo u hagarbixi karta quruxda middii asalka ahayd, ama leh nowciyadda siiqada iyo jinaaska tixaha maansada Soomaaliyeed; ha ahaatee waxaan akhristeyaasha u soo gudbinayaa tarjamad fudud oo wax badan u dhow macnihii asliga ahaa ee erayada, oo aan rejeynayo inay gudbiso codka maansada, taswiirkeeda iyo ulajeddadeedaba. Aniga oo raacaya dhawr tusaale oo ah maanso Soomaaliyeed oo ku tarjuman af Ingiriis, waxaan aad u yareeyey dhibcaynta maansada, aan ka ahayn marka la doonayo in macnaha la sii caddeeyo.

Caado ahaan maansoyahanka Soomaaliyeed magac uma

ay baxshaan maansada ay curiyaan ayaga oo dhegeysteyaashooda u daaya inay nuxurkeeda ku xusuustaan ama xarafka ay ku higgsaadsan tahay ku tilmaamsadaan sida *deelley, jiimley, ama siinley*. Hooyo iyo aniguse waxaan go'aansannay inaan midkasta oo maansadeeldo ka mid ah u bixinno magac aan u doorannay oo aan ka soo xigannay mid ka mid ah tuducyadeeda ama nuxurkeeda.

Ugudambayntii waxaan rejeeyneynaa inuu dadaalkayagaani akhristeyaasha raalligeliyo ayna ku istareexaan maansadaan ay hooyaday jeclaysatay inay idinla qaybsato.

PREFACE

For many years my mother, Hawa Jibril, and I have cherished the idea of collecting her poetry in book form. There are several compelling reasons to do so. Among *a nation of poets*, Hawa's work distinguishes itself by its versatility of content and form, its span of over seventy years, and its landscapes that shift from nomadic plains, to Mogadishu, to contemporary Toronto. In Somalia, poetry is a highly esteemed form of expression, woven into all spheres of public and private life. Hawa Jibril composed poems to complain about her younger brother, when she was twelve; to refuse a marriage proposal, as a middle-aged woman; to inspire Somali women to stand up for their rights and work toward their social goals; to give simple words of advice to her granddaughter; to register a complaint about a poorly run hospital; and to challenge corrupt politicians.

Somalia did not have a written language until 1972. Prior to that, poems were sung, or recited in spoken form, and were passed on by memory across the country, and across generations, with a strong respect for precision of wording and authorship. Thus, until recently, Hawa's entire life's work has been preserved solely in memory: her own and that of many Somali women who grew up in the oral poetic tradition. Now, it is important to preserve this body of work in written form, so that it may hold a place within the worldwide literature of oral traditions, in which there is nowadays growing interest. Furthermore, there are many people in Somalia and in the

Somali Diaspora who are keen to read books about their own culture and history, and who eagerly await a book of poems by Hawa Jibril. Hawa's translated life story and poems will be particularly inspirational to Somali girls and young women who are living in Canada and other English-speaking countries where they are not necessarily fluent in Somali, as well as to English speaking people who would be interested in the work.

Early in 1990, my mother dictated her poems to me and I transcribed them into a manuscript. Around the same time, I recorded her as she recited the poems. Unfortunately, both the manuscript and audio cassettes were lost in late 1991 when, in the midst of the bloody Somali civil war, our house was looted. After we came to Canada, Hawa in 1993, and myself in 1994, it took more than a decade to put behind us all the horrors and hardships we had experienced, and to start adjusting to the Canadian climate and way of life. Finally, we were ready to resume our old book project, which had continued, over the years, to be our constant dream. With much perseverance on my side and a lot of patience on Mother's, and aided by her superb memory, we were able, once again, to document forty-one selected poems, in more or less chronological order. To help readers better understand the context of the poetry, I have provided, in the Introduction, a narrative account of my mother's life, and I have included additional poems and songs from Somali oral literature: poems composed by her own nomadic father; goat-, sheep-, and camel-herding rhymes; and courting verses from her nomadic years, of which there are, in some cases, no other written records.

The poetry of my mother, or Hawa as I will often call her, begins in her nomadic girlhood and evokes social mores and hardships of nomadic life; the multiple tasks that were expected from girls and women; and her volatile relations with her camel-loving father. Her poems go on to tell of her escape from a forced marriage, and her dealings with an abusive husband. After her arrival in Mogadishu, the city of her dreams, her poems describe her involvement in the struggle for and celebration of Somali independence, which, for the first time, allowed Somali women to take part in political life.

The Somali state in 1991, her poetry chronicles the brutality

of a civil war sustained by heartless warlords and power-seeking politicians; the devastating famine; and the plight of Somali refugees. Finally, although filled with sorrow and nostalgia, the poems she composed since coming to Canada express the dream of a peaceful, united, and prosperous Somalia, which is constantly in her heart and mind.

Hawa is one of the millions of Somali women who had no access to formal education. Not only did she not graduate from university, her schooling never went beyond grade three of the Somali adult education system. God had, however, endowed her with an innate intelligence, which helped her to acquire knowledge about her own country and the world, and to express her thoughts and views through her powerful poems. Hawa certainly never read any books about women's rights, but even so, she was a tireless advocate for women's equality, and she composed poems that highlight Somali women's valuable contributions in all spheres of life, and the injustices they have suffered, generation after generation, within the family and society.

Somali poetry adheres to strict rhythmic and alliterative conventions, whereby each poem is built according to a balance between the short and long vowels contained in each of its verses, and where one alliterative letter is repeated, depending on the type of poem, once, twice, or thrice in each line. There are different forms of poems: Two of the best known are the *gabay*, typically a male form recited without accompaniment, and the *buraambur*, a women's form, which can be accompanied by drumming, clapping, and dancing. Hawa is equally accomplished in both these forms, although she most often prefers the *buraambur*. Whatever her choice of form, and whether addressing a public or domestic audience, Hawa's direct and elegant poems are charged with intense feelings; they deal with crucial issues that affect her people and her country, and with a passionate quest for good governance, justice, and social equality.

In Somalia, Hawa Jibril frequently recited her poems in public forums, at the orientation centres, and at the Somali National Theatre. Several of her poems were broadcast on Radio Mogadishu, and published in *Xiddigta Oktoobar*. She has recited her poems on the BBC Somali Service, VOA Somalia, and the Torontobased CBC, OMNI Television, City TV, and

Codka Beesha. The Somali version of her poem "Refugees in Canada," and its English translation (by Faduma Ahmed Alim), were published in *Canadian Women's Studies* 19/3 (Fall 1999).

As one of the Somali poets invited to the Arta Somali Peace Conference, held in Djibouti in 2000, Hawa composed and recited two poems: "Djibouti's good efforts," and "A message to the delegates." These two poems (in Somali, and their French translations) were published in the Djibouti newspaper *La Nation*, July 6, 2000, along with her poems "O Somalis stop fighting," "It is like a dream," "O flag of Somalia," "The civil war," "O daughters of Eve!" and "My dream."

Hawa's life history and poetry formed the central narrative for *Bridge of One Hair*, a theatre production created by Jumblies Theatre and the community of Mabelle in Etobicoke and premiered at Toronto's Harbourfront Centre in April 2007.

No translation of poetry can ever match the beauty of the original language, nor the rhythmic and alliterative qualities of Somali poetry. Therefore, the reader will find in this book simple and fairly literal translations, which I hope will convey the voice, imagery, and subject matter of Hawa's poems. Following other examples of Somali poetry in English translation, I have kept the punctuation to a minimum, using it only when it seemed essential for clarity of meaning. Furthermore, although Somali poets do not traditionally assign a title to their poetic compositions – allowing their listeners to remember a poem for its content, or to identify it with its alliterative letter, for example *deelleey*, *jiimley*, or *siinley* – Mother and I have decided to give each poem, in both languages, a title derived from one of its lines or content.

Finally, I hope that our efforts will please the readers and that they will enjoy these poems that my mother wishes to share.

GOGOLDHIG

Xaawa Jibriil Maxamed waxay ku dhalatay Wisil, oo ah tuulo yar oo ku taal Gobolka Mudug ee Soomaaliya. Waagii ay Xaawa dhalatay dalka Soomaaliyeed kama ayan jiri xafiisyo dhalashada dadka lagu sajilo. Run ahaantii, sida la wada ogyahay, xataa kahor burburkii dalka ee sanadihii 1990 naadkii, magaalooyinka waaweyn oo keliya ayaa xafiisyo caynkaas ah lahaa. Sida caadada u ah Soomaalidu, siiba reer-guuraagu, si ay u xusuustaan waqtiga dhalashada ilmo-hooda, waxay ku tilmaansan jireen dhacdooyin waaweyn, ama musiibooyin waagaas dhacay sida: roobab lexaad leh, abaar lagu le'day, duufaanno xoog leh, dagaal lagu hoobtay iwm. Marka Xaawa waxay dhalatay gu'gii roobabka badnaa ee la oran jirey Jacjacleeye, oo qiyaastii ku aaddanaa 1920^{kii}. Inta ay ka xusuusato waqtiyadii dhalashada saddex walaaleheeda ka mid ah: walaalkeeda ugu weynaa, Axmed-Nuur, wuxuu dhashay abaartii Harga-cuna, walaasheed, Xamiida, waxay dhalatay dayrtii Tiix-yare; walaalkeed Cismaan, oo ahaa da'dii ay dhalasho isugu xigeenna, wuxuu dhashay gu'gii dagaalkii qaraaraa ee Boqno-gooye.

Kahor inta ayan Xaawa Kanada iman, marna lama ayan kulmin cid ku qabsata habkaas ay taariikhda dhalashadeeda ku xusuusato. Laakiin, sannadkii 1993^{kii}, markii ay Toronto qaxooti ahaan ku soo gashay, ayada oo aan baasaboora, ama wax kale oo aqoonsi ah sedan, ayaa sarkaalad Xafiiska Sodcaalka ka tirsanayd weydiisey sannadkii iyo bishii iyo maalintii ay dhalatay. Waxay ayada oo adeegsanaysa turjubaan u sheegtay inay qiyaastii dhalatay 1920^{kii}, ayse ogta-hay oo keliy inay dhalatay gu'gii Jacjacleeye. Sarkaaladdii oo yaabban ayaa ku tiri, "Waa aan ka xumahay inaan weligaa 'birth day cake' lagu sameyn! Waase lagama maarmaan inaad i siiso bil iyo maalin dhalasho oo aan kombiyuutarkayga geliyo." Si ay u raalligeliso, Xaawa waxay isla goobtii ku sameysatay bil iyo maalin dhalasho. Dabadeed waxaan ogaaney in Soomaali badan, oo taas oo kale ay qabsatay, ay ayana sideeda oo kale samaysteen taariikho dhalasho, oo weliba ah kuwo dhib yaraan loo xusuusan karo loona yaqaan sida: 26^{kii} Juun (Maalintii Xornimada Somaliland), 1^{da} Julaay (Maalintii xornimada Soomaaliya iyo midnimada Soomaaliya iyo

Somaliland), 1^{da} January, ama taariikhaha dhalashada dhasha dhashooda, iwm.

Maalintii ay Xaawa dhalatay, waxaa aabbeheed ugu walqalay wan shilis ah oo ay reerkeeda iyo deriskooduba hilibkiisa ka wada dhergeen. Kadib markii uu u furay bogag-gaga Quraanka Kariimka ah, wuxuu aabbeheed u bixiyey Xaawa, asaga oo ugu magacdaray Abooto Xaawo. Waxaa dadka reer guuraaga ah u caado ah, in ilmaha markaas reerka u dhasha neef xoolo ah lagu xuddumiyo, kas oo noqon kara qaalin geel ah, ceesaan, ama sabeen, hadhow ilmaha wiil iyo gabarba u noqon doona hanti ay ayagu gaar u leeyihiin, kuna beeraya dareenka xoolo tabcashada iyo dhaqaalayntooda. Haddaba, markii ay dhalatay, waxaa aabbeheed Xaawa ku xuddumay ceesaan la oran jirey Mareedo. Waagii Xaawo ugu dambeysey akhbaarta firkii Mareedo, oo ay hore walaaleheed u hibeysey, si ay u kala qaybsadaan, wuxuu gaarayey 76 neef oo uu reerkeedu sanooyin badan caano laga hirqaday iyo hilib laga haagey ka helay.

Xaawa waxay ka dhalatay jibsinta Reer Maxamed Ciise oo ah qoys eheluddin ah oo aad looga yaqaan loogana ciseeyo deegaanka ay ku noolayd. Aabbeheed, Jibriil Maxamed Ciise, wuxuu ahaa sheekh caalim ah oo diinta in badan ka bartay dadkana Quraanka iyo culuunta Islaamka baray; nin nabadda jecel oo afkiisa iyo addimadiisaba dadku ka nabad galo, weligiisna wanaagga iyo maslaxada dadka ka taliya; wuxuu ahaa deeqsi gacmo furan oo aan agtiisa qof u soo baahday ku qadin; iyo gabayaa afku-leeble ah. Tolkiisa iyo dadka ay isku deegaanka ahaayeen, waxay had iyo jeer ka codsan jireen inuu u duceeyo oo waxay dhab u aaminsanaayeen inuu yahay nin baraka leh oo ay ducadiisu kacdo. Marka uu Eebbe uga baryayo inuu dadkiisa ka badbaadiyo aafu colaadeed, duumo faafta, ama abaar ku soo foolleh, wuxuu markasta awoowe Jibriil ducadiisa ku bilaabi jiray tixahakan:

*Haddii aanan illoobayn, salaaddii Ilaahay
Ayaan maalin Soonqaad haddii, aanan irsaaq cunin
Arigayga dagadiisa haddii, aanan anfacu moodin
Iblays iyo walaalkii haddii, aanan adeecayn
Asii aanan abaahiyin, naagaha ajnabigaa
Ka ab iyo ka awoowe, Allow baan ku noolaa*

*Afka waxaan ka sheegana, Rabbi waa aqbali jiray
Albaqra iyo Idaajaa, iyo Suuratul Ikhlaaskow¹
Allow ururka maantaya, afkuleeble iga yeel!²*

Waxaa kale oo uu awoowe Jibriil ahaa nin Ilaaheen duunyo badan ku mannaystay: inta badan geel iyo ari. Aad buu xooli-hiisa u dhaqaaleyn jirey, uguna lexjeclo badnaa oo sina neef ugama bixi jirin, aan ka ahayn markii uu marti ku sooryey-nayo, ama reerkiisa cunto ahaan ugu qalayo xilli ay baahi weyn jirto, amase uu sako iyo sadaqo ku bixinayo. Wuxuu-sida dadka Soomaaliyeed, oo geel jeclidooda lala simi karo oo keliya tan ay Tutsidu lo'dooda u qabto- ictiqaadsanaa inuu geelu yahay hanti tan ugu qiimaha badan ee uu qof yeelan karo, nolosha baadiyuhuna ay tahay tan dunida ugu wanaagsan. Sidaa darteed, wuxuu intii uu dhalay, wiilal iyo gabdhaba si joogto ah kula talin jirey kuna adkeyn jirey in aysan marna magaalo u shaqo tegin. Dardaarankiisaas inta badan waa la xurmeeyey oo Xaawa ma ahee dhashiisii midna abidkii magaalo kuma laasumin. Sheekooyinka badan ee Jibriil lexejeclidiisa xoolaha, siiba geela, laga hayo, waxaa ka mid ah, labada soo socota oo ay Xaawa aad u xusuusato.

Iyada oo la joogo labo xilli oo isdabajooga oo jiilaal caddaaday ah, reerkuna uu orgidii iyo wixii badar ah oo u yiil idlaystay, ayaa carruurtii awoowe Jibriil oo hilib u boholyoobey, waxay ka codsatay, inuu waxaraha badan ee reerka wax uga qalo. Awoowe aad buu u dhal jeclaa oo marna habeenkii ma uusan seexan jirin, asaga oo aan mid mid carruurta caloosha uga taaban, si uu u hubiyo inay u buuxdo. Hase yeeshee, codsigoodii sina uguma uu jixiin-jixin, wuxuuna ugu jawaabay tixahakan gaaban:

*Diraacdii³ hore yaa waran, la tegey waxareheenniye
Nin billaawe ceesaan ku waray, weel ma buuxsado e
Wax badan baan daraaddiin, waddiyo waab u jiifsadaye
Wesin baa jira oo waa dhow bay, xeradu weynaane
Weydiinna qaba oo Ilaahay Waaxid, bal aan dhawrno.*

Markii Xaawa hooyadeed, ayeeyo Caasho Cabdille Shiil, oo aan ilaa waqtigaa lala guursan ay dhalmo deysey, ayaa awoowe Jibriil reer ay waagaas isku deegaan ahaayeen ka

doonay gabar yar oo aad u bilicsan. Reerkii waxay yarad ahaan u weydisteen shan-iyo-toban halaad oo ay ku jirtey hal madi ah oo laysla wada yiqiin lana oran jiray Qaawo Solay. Inkasta oo uu awoowe gabadha ishiisu qabatay aad u doon-ayay, misana arrintaasii sina waa ugu cuntami weyday oo waxaa ku adkaatay inuu hashiisa Qaawad geela ka dhexbaxsho. Markaas buu tiriyeey gabaygan tixahakan gaaban laga xusuusto:

*Xabbaad qubatay maarraha qalka cad, qamaca baaruudda
Babanka oo wixii lagu qabtiyo, qaafu laynahaya
Waa lagu qalboobtamahayaa, tan iyo Qaabiile
Qolo looma ridin doqonse waa, laga qabtaa geel e
Waase qurux adduunkaa ninkay, Qadow ka fooftaaye
Caanaha Qiyaas baa ka roon, neef la soo qalaye
Waa Qaawa Halalleey hashaad, quur i leedahaye⁴
Anna qumay ayana hay qaadshaan, qoonka Samayeeshe.⁵*

Isla markii ay intaasi dhacday, ayaa niman tolka ahi awoowe u yimaadeen, ayaga oo ku xifaalaynaya, inuu gabad-hii quruxda badnayd qaalin geela u quuri waayay, haatan oo ay weliba afadiisii dhalmo deysey, una baahan yahay gabar yar oo himmadiisa kor u qaadda, ilmo kalena u dhasha. Wuxuu ugu jawaabay gabay tixahaan yar laga hayo:

*Geel ina-adeerna ugu tegey, xididna eedeeyey
Afar nin oo adoogay dhalana, waa awaajiyaye
Hadduu aayar yahay, niman dhan baa ii eryi lahaaye
Maxaan aamusaa waa, wadnaha irammadiisiiye.*

Nolosha Soomaalida reer-guuraaga ah, ee geela iyo ariga dhaqda aad bay u adag tahay. Xooluhu kaalin weyn ayay ka qaataan jiritaankooda, hawl weyn baana xannanadooda iyo xafidaaddooda ka gasha. Waxay ka helaan caano, hilib iyo subag, waana ay rartaan. Lacagta kaga soo gasha iibka xoolaha iyo waxyaabaha kuwaas laga helo, waxay ku gataan dhar, haruur, digir, bariis, sokor, timir, caleen shaah, iyo wixii kale oo ay u baahdaan. Waxaa kale oo ay xooluhu u taraan in yarad lagu baxsho iyo in diyo lagu dhiibo. Nolosha caynkaas ah, hawlaha dumarka laga rabo aad bay u badan yihiin, una

culus yihiin: waxaa laga rabaa korsiiimada carruurta; quudinta qoyska iyo sokeeyaha; soo gurista qoryaha iyo xaabada cuntada lagu karsho; sameynta dhammaan qalabka aqalka laga sameeyo, dhisiddiisa iyo kala furkiisa; iyo gebi ahaan dhaqidda ariga. Mararka qaarkoodna, waxaa loo xilsaaraa raacidda halaha irmaan ee ka-reebka ah ee aan la raacin geela horweynta ah ee meelaha foog loo daaq geeyo.

Gabadha yarta ah marka ay afar-jir tahay ayaa mas'u- uliyadda xoolo dhaqidda lagu billaabaa. Lix-jir marka ay gaadho waxaa la raacshaa maqasha oo ah waxaraha iyo naylaha yaryar oo ay ku soo daajinayso agagaarka aqalka reerka, qiyaastii marka ay toddoba jirsatona waxaa la raacshaa ariga, oo ay meelo sii shisheysa ku soo daajineyso. Gabadha xilkaska ah, oo ay lexejeclada xooluhu ku beerantahay, waxay arigeeda ku foofisaa meel naq fiican leh, oo ka durugsan meelaha ay ari-jirka kale xoolahooda ku soo daajiyaan. Haddii uu arigu daaqayo carri fog ama uu fiidkii guriga agagaarkiisa ku mayracanayo, mar kasta aad bay u feejigoon tahay, si uusan jiqda ugu lumin ama aan dawoco, guduudane, dhurwaa ama bahal kale u cunin; marka uu aasku dumo, ayayna arigeedii oo si wanaagsan u soo daaqay, tiradiisiina ay u dhantahay xeradi- isa ku soo afuufaa. Gaajo kasta oo qabata, marna mid kama xigxigato, si aan caano reerka iyo ilmaha xoolaha ku wada filan looga waayin. Gabadha reer-guuraaga ah ee mas'uulka ahi had walba qalbiga ayay kaga taal heestan ariga ee soo socota:

*Tii xigxigatana waa ka xaad go'ay
Tii xammilatana waysu xuli jirey.*

Xaawa marka ay maqasha raaci jirtey waxay waxaraha ugu heesi jirtey sida soo socota:

*Waxarow wax la sheeg
Waxwaxyaalo la sheeg
Balli buuxa la sheeg
Barrin daaq leh la sheeg*

*Wakaas Bankii Galayax
Wakaas bidhaamaaya
Wakaas baraarow leh.*

Idaha oo marka ay daaq u dareerayaan dhinac-dhinac min madax, macal, ilaa bari iswada ruuxa, waxay ugu heesi jirtey heestaan:

*Sidii inan weyn
Oo walaala leh
Oo wadaad qabo
Oo wallacay tiri
Oo wan loo qalay
Iswaraariyaay.*

*Sabeen ugubeey
Sagaagaxanyooy
Caana saxarlaay
Sanuunta udgoon yaa na saaqdaye
Maadigaa sida?*

Yaraanteedii Xaawa waxay ahayd gabar si wanaagsan loo korshey aadna u firfircoon: caqlil miiran aadna u dhiifoon. Waxay dhibla' aan durbadiiba u qabsan jirtey kana soo dhalaali jirtey xil kasta oo loo dhiibo. Sida gabar kasta oo reer miyi ah, waxay hooyadeed ku carbisay dhammaan hawlaha iyo xirfadaha laga rabo naagta gaarida ah. Waxay aad u tiqiin dabeecadda deegaankeeda iyo waxyaabaha laga helo: nooca geedaha laamahooda laga samayn karo dhigaha iyo udbaha aqalka reer-guuraaga; mayraxda iyo nooca cawsak ugu wanaagsan ee laga sameyn karo rarada kala duwan iyo kebdaha, dhiilaha iyo haamaha biyaha, caanaaha iyo subagga. Waxay caan ku ahayd qaymigeeda iyo farshaxannimadeeda oo ay gabdho badan oo deegaankeeda ku nooli aad ugu cawrin jireen.

Aabbeheed aad buu ugu bogi jirey una jeclaa. Mararka uu reerku xoolo qasho waxaa caadadu ahayd in wiilasha la siiyo garbaha, sararaha, bowdyaha iyo cududaha oo ah xubnaha la qiimeeyo, gabdhahana hilibka intiisa kale ee aan saa loo qiimayn. Taas oo jirta, si aan gabadhiisa yarta ah ee uu jeclaa ayan waxba u taban, wuxuu aabbeheed Xaawa isku xeero kaga dhigi jirey wiilasha ay la dhalatay oo ay cuntada hal weel oo weyn wax kula boobi jirtey. Taa waxaa laga garan karaa gabaygeeda *Waa ii gunuunucahayaa* oo ay ayada oo labo-iyo-

toban- jir ah u tirisay walaalkeed Xasan oo ahaa da'dii ka yarayd mar ay cad hilib ah isku qabsadeen.

Xaawa aabbeheed aad bay ayana u jeclayd una ciseyn jirtey. Had iyo jeer waxay raadin jirtey ralligelintiisa iyo ducadiisa, ayada oo walaaleheeda kale uga dheereyn jirtey xaarista meesha ardaaga ah ee uu fariisto, mar kastana salligiisa iyo ubbada weysadiisa oo buuxda ayay u dhigi jirtey. Saas oo ay tahay, marar badan iyada iyo aabbeheed way iska hor- iman jireen, siiba xagga arrinta xoolo raacidda. Haweenka reerku waxay had walba ku dhaleecayn jireen, inay tahay xoolomubadar had iyo goor xoolaha la raacsho ka seexata, ama dayacda inta ay riyo-maalmeed ku maahsantahay, ama geedo ka laalacshow iyo dudumo ka bootimaalaysi ku jirto. In dhaleecadaas laga sheegay ay wax ka jirtey, waxaa laga dheehi karaa sheekooyinka soo socda. Waxaa jirtey maalin ayada oo lagu jiro xilli roobaad barwaaqo leh, inay Xaawa ari daaq geyseey. Markaas bay intay daashey qurac har weyn hoos fariisatay, oo salkiisa isku tiirisay. Ha ugu wacnaato saxansaxa roobaadka; rayska habataca ah ee raaxadana leh oo ay kor jiiiftey; ama shiriqshiriqda shinbiraha geedka duljoogey e, durbadiiba hurday dhag la tiri. Kolkii ay soo baraarugtay, waxay aragtay inaan arigii faro ugu jirin. Markaas baa inta is-ciilkaambi iyo cabsi qaadday, bay ayada oo gorodda laalaadinaysa gurigii ciidan u soo doonatay. Hooyadeed baa markaas odegii u sheegtay ba'a ay maantana Xaawa dhigtay. Awoowe Jibriil oo caro uu u qabay ayaan hore oo ay sidaas oo kale ariga uga seextay ayan weli ka bi'in, ayaa arigii raadraacay. Dhib badan kadib, buu markaas ammin dambe arigii goostay soo xerogeliyey. Fiidnimadii habeenkii xigey, buu ayada oo reerka oo dhammi dab kulaalayo, Xaawa u mariyey tixahakan gaaban, oo canaanta iyo haaraanka isugu jira:

*Jeexdeer Hilmoode ari ku tegey, waa Allow jira e
Uubatiyo waxaa jari wixii, bahal ah oo jooga
Shalay bayna jid dheer ila mareen, jalanqadoodiiy
Jawaabtii aad i tiri maandho waa, jaahil hadalkiiye
Jilbis cunyeey Xaawooy, adoon jiifin saw ma arko!*

Misana reerkeedu sidaa ugama quusane, markii ay saddex-iyo-toban gaadhey, ayaa waxaa loo xilsaaray inay

aroor kasta la kallahdo halo ka-reeb ah, oo carri fog ku soo daajiso. Waxaa dhacday in maalin, goor ay harkii tahay, ay inta geelii toon geedo ah hoos dhoobtay, markaas biyo ay harraad isag bi'iso reerkii u doonatay. Aqalkii aayadeed oo ugu sokeeyey aqallada reerka, ayay inta ku soo leexatay istiri bal haan biyo ka shubo. Aayadeed oo aan wax gacalo ah dhasha xarriifaddeeda u hayn, ayaa markaas si xun u huruuf-tay una xaarxaarisay. Xaawa oo ciil ka buuxda, oonkeediina qabta ayaa dib geelii ugu soo laabatay. Ayaandarrideed, intii ay soo maqnayd, Sigad oo ahayd hal caanaheeda, sida reerka caadada u ahayd, martida loogu talagalay yaa nirgi-teedii inta maraqqii ay naasaha uga xirtay ka furtay, markaa qumaati u nuugtey. Habeenkii xilligii geela la maali jirey, markuu awoowe Jibriil arkay Sigad oo aan bar caano ah lagu ogeyn, gartayna cidda sababtay, ayaa sidaan Xaawa u haaraamay, "Caku iyo Xaawa! Jinni la-teg! Bal maxay haysey geelu intuu isnuugayey!"

Xaawa oo hore uga xumayd xaarxaaradii aayadeed, ayaa habeenkii ciil iyo gaajo ku seexatay. Fiidkii dambe, markii uu reerku isu yimid, ayay abbeheed u marisay gabayga *Dhadadii anoo qaba*, kaas oo ay kaga cabanayso dhibaataada geela raacid-disa ka qabsatay, sida xun ee ay aayadeed ula dhaqantay, iyo garawsho la'aanta aabbeheed. Dhacdadaas kadib, xiriirkii gabadha iyo aabbeheed wuu wanaagasanaadey. Kolkii ay xilkeeda si fiican u garatay, ayna garwaaqsatay ahamiyadda ay xooluhu u leeyihiin ladnaashaha qoyskeeda, xil weyn ayey iska saartay dhaqaalayntooda.

Bulshada reer-guuraaga ragga iyo dumarku waysku dhexji- raa oo lama kala qoqobo: gabdhaha iyo wiilashu munaasabad kasta iyo meel kasta ayay ku kulmaan; haasaawaha iyo xodxo- dada guurka kahor way bannaan yihiin, waana la oggol yahay mar haddii ay dhallintu sida habboon u dhaqmayaan. Caweysinkii, gabdhaha iyo wiilsha waxaa ka dhexdhaca tartanno xiiso leh sida kuwa gabayada, maahmaahyada, googaaleysiga, iyo caraatanka, oo ay kooxiba tan kale si kaftan ah ceebihiisa jinsi ahaaneed wax uga sheegeyso. Sida gabdhaha faceeda ah, Xaawa waxay ka-qaybqaadan jirtey dheesha haan tumashada oo ay dhallinyaradu caweysinkii ku qabsadaan meel aan aqalladooda saa uga durugsanayn. Iyada oo aan waayahaas weli carriga baadiyaha durbaanka laga aqoon,

waxaa la isticmaal jirey haanta biyaha iyo caanaha ama mooye korka looga daboolay maqaar riyaad. Sida caadiga ah, labo gabdhood ayaa darfaha haragga xoog hoos ugu xajinaya mid kalena gacmaha ayay si xallad leh haanta ugu garaacaysaa, ayada oo isla mar ahaantaas heesta haanta qaadaysa, gabdhaha kalena way u jii binayaan ayaga oo hadba leh, "Hee!" Wiilashu marka ay heesta haanta ka qaybqaadanayaan midba mar buu hees qaadayaa, ayada oo ay gabdhuhuna haanta u tumayaan una jii binayaan heesta, ayaga oo leh, "Hee!" Caweysinkii markii ay gabdhuhu cayaarta haanta isugu yimaaddaan, waxay ku heesi jireen heesaha soo socda oo goortii ay dhallinyaradu diryaanka haanta maqasho meel dheer duurka uga soo jibaaxi jirtey.

*Haantooy diryaan
Dooxada ka yeer
Duul jiifa kici.*

*Heleedow, heleedow
Heleedow iyo heleedow
Heleedow, Shaydaan hurdow
Heleedow, nacabkiyow
Heleedow, hooyadi dilow
Heleedow sidii haad lalow
Heleedow, heellada tumow.*

Wiil haan tumashada lagu yiqiin, ayaa asaga oo taa ku faanaya sidan ku heesay:

*Maqaar iyo mooye xiran
Iyo gabdhaha madaxooda siman
Ma waayaa lay dhahaa.*

Wiil kale oo jacayl uu gabar u qabay ka hadlayana wuxuu ku heesay:

*Miin baa loox lagu dhigaa
Sidii mayrada halaad
Oo maqaar loo qaadi jirey
Aniga madiix-olol baa i diley.*

*Sidii maylow ratiga
Oo u malanda'ay mayra geel
Madiix olol baa i diley.*

*Jiin baa loox lagu dhigaa
Sidii jaawada halaad
Oo nirgaha jabad looga xiray
Jibaad-olol baa i diley.*

Heesaha soo socda waxay ka mid yihiin heesaha haanta ee gabdhaha, oo ay Xaawa jeclayd inay ku heesto marka ay markeeda dheesha soo geleyso:

*Wilwiliqey ina wadaad
Walaalo adaa lahaa
Warkaagu aduu jiraa
Adigaa sheekh kuu walqaly.*

*Xiddigo Xaawa afmadow
Xariirtii Bari ka timid
Xareed aan murug lahayn
Xaliimooy ka xarragee.*

*Walaalkay wuxuu i yiri
Walaaley gacalisoy
Walaaley gabar ahow
Walaaley guriga joog
Walaaley gocoyo tolo
Walaaley goroy samee
Walaaley geesi dayo
Walaaley geela badi.*

Gabarnimadeedii Xaawa wax kasta waxay ugu jaceleyd dhegeysiga wararka magaalooyinka iyo reer magaalka ee ay dadka waaweyni isdhaafsan jireen. Reer-magaalka waxaa caado u ahayd, inay xilli roobaadka gu'ga xaasaskooda baadiyaha carrogeddis ugu diraan. Taasi waxaa kale oo ay ahayd fursad ay carruurtoodu ku bartaan nolosha baadiyaha iyo barashada Af Soomaaliga iyo dhaqanka Soomaaliyeed. Markasta oo haween reer-magaal ah oo la qaraaba ahi ay

booqasho reerka ugu yimaaddaan, Xaawa tab ay uga agdhowaato ma waayi jirin, ayada oo ay soo jiidan jireen haweenka lebiskooda tirada badan ee leh midabyda dhaldha-laalaya, gaar ahaan kurdadohoda iyo googaradohoda; jijimaha gacmohooda ka jalalam lahaa; hilqadaha dhegohooda ka laalaadey, laadooyinka iyo murriyadaha qaar dahab qaarna qalin; intaas oo dhanse waxaa uga sii darraa, udugga cadar-rada iyo uunsiga oogadooda oo idil ka soo kamkamayey. Habka lebiskoodaasi waxuu ahaa mid ka duwan kan haweenka reer-miyiga ee waayahaas; waxay ayagu xiran jireen marsiino cad oo saddex-qayd ama shan-qayd ah, boqor iyo dhacle bulush leh iyo kuul cunnaabi ah. Waxaa kale oo ayana Xaawa soo jiidan jirey tilmaanta ay haweenku ka bixin jireen waxyaabaha wacdaradaha iyo xiisaha leh ee laga helo Muqdishow ama Xamar, sida ay dadkeennu ugu yeeraan caasimadda dalka. Muddo dheer booqashooyinkaas kadib, waxay soojeed ku riyoon jirtey goorta ay isaga tegi doonto nolosha dhibta leh ee baadiyaha oo ay si raaxo leh ugu noolaan doonto magaaladaas la-yaabka leh, indheheedana ugu soo arki doonto waxyaabaha laga helo.

Ayaandarro! Riyooyinkeeda iyo qorshaha waalikeed ugu talagalay aad bay u kala fogaayeen. Lix-iyo-toban jirkeedii Xaawa waxay lahayd badiba astaamaha Soomaalidu ku tilmaanto quruxda qofka haweenka ah: joog iyo jalaqsanaan, kub qaab wanaagsan, dhex madag ah iyo bari buuxda; timo geydho ah oo la tidci karo ama la kawiri karo; weji iyo dhabanno shushuban oo ay weheshaan indho madow, dibno qardhaas la moodo, iyo ilko luul lagu masliyo. Markii intaas loo geeyo qaymigeeda iyo kartideeda, la-yaab ma lahayn inay reerkeedu ka fishaan yarad aan ka yarayn kontoon halaad oo xul ah iyo banaatiikh aad u fiican, marka ay noqoto in la baxsho. Heerka uu gaari karo filashada iyo ka welwelka geel-jecelta miyiga ee qiimaha gabdhohooda inamaha ah, waxaa laga garan karaa heestaan naxdinta leh ee geela:

*Allow gabadhaan
Geela noo badin
Ilmo baas geli
Oo wax ku gaangaan
Oo god loo qodo!*

Marka maalin baa waxaa dhacday arrin aan la filanayn, oo keentay inay nolosha Xaawa ee baadiye si kama dambays ah u dhammaato. Waxaa aabbeheed qasab ku noqotay, inuu xiski-isan⁶ ugu guuriyo nin oday ah oo ay walaasheed ka dhimatay. Inkasta oo uu ninku walaasheed sanooyin qabay, una ay dhashay lix carruur ah, misana wuxuu ku qanacsanaa inuusan si buuxda guurkaas ugu faa'iideysan. Haddaba, wuxuu isla soo taagay inay reer Jibriil laba kala doortaan: inay gabar kale oo inan ah siiyaan, ama geelii yarad ahaan afadii ka dhimatay looga qaatay wax looga soo cesho. Intii ay geelii neef ka celin lahaayeen, reerkeedii waxay dorteen in Xaawa la baxsho. Habeen baa waxaa si cad loogu sheegay in guur loo qalqaalidayo, ayada oo aan xataa lagu deyin inay duco iyo habaar kala doorato, sida uu dhaqanku ahaa welina yahay. Waxaa lagu amray inay ninka la siiyey caano ugu geyso waabka martida loogu talagalay. Markii ay waabkii madaxa gelisey oo ay aragtay odayga la doonayo in loo guuriyo, ayay caro darteed, weelkii oo caanihiisa wata ninkii dhabta kaga korgeysey.



Ayada oo ciil iyo caro u bakhtiyaysa, kuna dhici la' inay go'aanka aabbeheed ka soo horjeesato, ayay fakatay, oo ordo ku martay jiq qodax leh iyo carri soolane ah, oo aan biyo iyo baad toona lahayn. Ku dhowaan laba maalmood oo qorrax holac leh iyo habeenno bishu gudcur madow tahay, oo ay u soo adkaysatay dhib iyo khatar aan la sheegi karin, ayaa waxay la kulantay dad safar ah oo Gaalkacyo ku sii jeeda. Dadkaas qalaad ayaa gacan qabtay kuna caawiyey inay ka baxsato, ninkii oo intaas raadkeeda ku joogey; taasi waxay waayo dambe ku dhalin doontaa inay ku mintiddo caaw-imaadda gabar kasta oo sideeda oo kale guur ayan raalli ka ahayn lagu qasbay. Muddo yar dabadeed waxay guursatay Axmed Caalim oo ahaa askari dhallinyar oo ka tirsanaa ciidammada gumeysiga ee Talyaaniga. Shan sannadood markii ay isqabeen, ayna isu dhaleen saddex carruur: Faaduma-Cureeji, Maxamed-Ikhyaar, iyo Muxubbo -Siraad, (oo saqiirnimo ku dhimatay) ayay Axmed kala tageen sababo la xiriira dhibaatooyin gaar ahaaneed iyo kuwo dhaqaale oo

ay xalli u waayeen awgood, ilmihiina waa ay kala qaybsadeen. Axmed wuxuu qaatay labadii waaweynaa Xaawana Siraad oo ahayd tii ugu yarayd.

Sannadkii 1943^{kii}, waxay Xaawa oo sidata gabadheedii yarayd timid Beled Weyne, halkaas oo ay durbadiiba markii ay cuddo baxday, mar labaad ku guursatay nin asna Axmed la oran jirey. Ninkani wuxuu ahaa mid ay caradu ka soo horreyso, oo had iyo jeer ku xadgudba, marka hore af-ahaan dabadeedna gacanta markasta oo ay wax yar isku qabtaan.

Diinta Islaamku jirdilka iyo ku-xadgudubka haweenka waa ay xarrimaysaa; xeerka aan qornayn ee Soomaaliduna wuxuu qabaa in ayan ragannimo ahayn in ninka ragga ahi uu sina u dilo qof haween ah, ayada oo sayga lagu leeyahay, "Dhaqankeeda ayaad leedahay, ee dhiiggeeda ma lihid." Misana kuxadgudubka haweenku aad buu Soomaalida ugu badan yahay, bulshaduna isaga indhatirtaa. Waxaa haweenka had walba lagula taliyaa inay si walba saygooda u raal-ligeliyaan, dhibaata doodana qarsadaan, si kasta oo ay ragga ay u dhaxaan u xumeeyaanna ay dulqaataan. Taa waxaa sii xoojiya sugaanta qaarkeed oo ay rag gabayaa ahi tiriyeen oo haweenka maskaxda looga gelinayo inay weligood saygooda raalligeliyaan si walbana uga dambeeyaan, ayada oo aan marna la soo qaadin sida habboon ee ay tahay inay raggu xaasaskooda ula dhaqmaan. Waxaan tusaale u soo qaadannay tixaha soo socda oo aan ka soo xigannay gabay dheer oo uu tiriyeey gabayaaga caanka ah, Saahid Qamaan, mar uu sidii arday cashar siinayay gabar uu markaas soo guursaday.

*Ayaan noolba tii qaylisaa, waa ibliis darane
Irdho qaado aashaana soco, aayar hadalkaaga
Is-ogow afkaagana yasiro, edebtu waa doore
Usha aniga oo kugu dhufaad, meelo ka ilduuftay
Inaad oydid, inaad aamustaad, ku arrin dhaantaaye
Ayaan iyo ayaan naag xun baan, umalka dayneyne
Adoo uubatayn reero kale, yayan ku ogaanin.*

Gabayaaga Cali Aadan (Cali Dhuux) oo fikradda inay haweenku dulliga u adkaystaan ka dhigaya mid laysku raacasan yahay wuxuu asna yiri:

Sidii dumar dagaal iyo afxumo uma dulqaataane.

Waxaa kale oo jira maamaahyo ayana dilista iyo kasabjebinta dumarka jideynaya sida midda oranaysa:

*Waa la caayaa oo camalkeedaa la arkaa
Waa la qaawiyaa oo quruxdeedaa la dayaa
Waa la dilaa oo dusheedaa la eegaa.*

Waxaase jirey haween badan oo Soomaali ah, oo geesiyaal ah, oo ka horreeyey ama ka dambeeyey ficii Xaawa, oo ayada oo ay dhaqaajineyso shucuur ku beeran ee qabka banii aadannimada, iska xoreeyey xarig guur ku dhisan cabsi, hanjabaad, cay iyo xoogsheegasho. Haddiibase ay tahay in suugaanta Soomaaliyeed laga cashar qaato, haddaba, waxaa malaha haweenkaas dhiirrigeliyey tallaabooyin ay hore u qaadeen haween kale oo furriin ka doortay nolol darxumo leh, sida ay mahmaahdaan caanka ahi qirayso:

Silic ku-nool, soddon guursataa dhaanta.

Muhiya Cali, afadii Cali Dhuux oo ay dalabaadkiisa xad-dhaafka ah iyo qallafsanaantiisu soo kareen, waxay tirisay tixaha gabay ee soo socda oo ay si bareer aha ugu sheegeyso inayan mar dambe xadgudubkiisa u dulqaadan doonin:

*Bilaash baan kuu soo galee, layma baayicine
Sidaad galab yar ii baadsatay, baan baadi kuu ahay e
Barisaan ku tegi dooxaday, bah Abaskuul⁷ tiile
Ban baa la ii tumi sidii, baashi⁸ soo degaye
Bursayn baa la ii ridahayaa, iyo banaatiikh e
Kulaan ba'o, kulaan baydi helo, kulan barwaaqoobo
Badbaada Alle, Cali Aadanow, weys beddelayaaye.*

Haddii aan dib ugu soo laabanno sheekadii ninkii labaad ee ay Xaawa guursatay: wuxuu axadkaasi ahaa mid wax kasta muran aan idlaaneyn ka dhaliya, marka, kolkii ay Xaawa door bidday inay inta badan iska aamusto, wuxuu aamuskeeda u qaatay inay isla-weyni iyo xurmo-darri ka tahay. Sidaa darteed, wuxuu goostay bal inuu si fiican u edbiyo. Bacdamaa

uu ahaa mid aan sidaa u tabar badnayn, ma uusan hubin inuu ka itaal roonaan karo haddii uu toos u abbaaro. Haddaba, si uu xooggeeda u tijaabiyo, ayada oo habeen iska hurudda ayuu dhawr jeer ul weyn la dhacay. Xaawa dhibtaas waa ay qaadan weydey, waxaana uga sii darraa jawaabtiisii markii ay weydiisey sababta uu u dilay ee uu yiri, "Anaa og waxaan kuu diley. Odaygii reerkaan ahay, naagina waa tii wax kasta oo uu saygeedu ku sameeyo qaadata - jid ama jidarro." Isla habeenkaas bay aqalkii ninka isaga tagtay, subaxdii xigteyna waxay u soo dirtay farriin ah gabaygeeda *li dhig madaxayga* oo ay furriin ku weydiisanayso, uguna ay sheegeyso sababta ay guurkiisa uga calool go'day. Wuxuu isku dayey inuu ku cari-iqsado oo furriinka u diido, asaga oo weliba, si uu u kasab jebiyo, ugu hanjabey, inuu afo kale oo uga jajaban guursanayo, ayadana uu naakiro ama nashuusho⁹ u qorayo. Laakiin aakhir-itaankii, wadaxaajood dheer kadib iyo ayada oo lacagtii meherkeeda¹⁰ u cafisay, ninkii waa laga furay, Balad Weynena waa ay isaga tagtay oo Xamar bay u kacday.



Barqadii 1945^{kii}, waxay Xaawa markii ugu horreysey aradgtay Muqdishow. Waxay la ashqaraartay ballaar-keeda iyo quruxda muuqaalka samayskeeda. Goortii ay taagga Mawluca Sheekh Muxiddiin ka qooraansatay, hirarka xumbada cadcad leh ee biyaha buluug-cagaarka ah ee Badweynta Hindiya, waxay la noqdeen ari barrin doog leh daaqahaya. Hoos, xagga dekeddii hore waxaa dulundulcay-naayey safaf doonyo ay badeecado badan ku raran yihiin, oo u tabaabushaysanahaya safarradooda Gacanka Carabta iyo Hindiya, ama hoos ilaa Bariga Afrika, ayaga oo raacaya dabay-laha mansuunka.

Magaaladani, oo ay ganacsatada Carbeed ee Jasiiradda Carabta iyo Gacanka Fursigu asaaseen qarnigii sagaalaad iyo kii tobnaad waxay ka mid ahayd Boqortooyadii Zanjiga. Daareheeda qadiimka ah, oo inta badan ah laba dabaq oo cadcad kuna yaal xaafadaha Xamar Weyne iyo Shangaanni, waxay la mid yihiin kuwa ku yaal Baraawe, Marka, Gaarisa, Malindi, Laamo, Sinjibaar, iyo magaalooyin kale oo xeebaha

Badweynta Hindiya ku taxan. Masaajidyada Muqdishow ee qadiimka ah, waxaa ka mid ah Cabdilcasiis, Arbaca Rukun, Fakhrud-Diin, Murwaas iyo Masjid al-Jaamic. Muxammad Cabdalla Ibn Battuuta, dalmareenka Carbeed ee Magribiga ahaa oo Muqdishow booqasho ku yimid sannadkii Miilaadiyada 1331^{kii}, wuxuu buuggii safarradiisa ku qoray, inay Muqdishow waagaas ahayd magaalo weyn oo ay ganacsatadeedu geel badan leedahay, maalin kastana boqollaal ka qashaan; inay xoolo iyo badeecado kale dibedda u dhoofiyaan, kuwaas oo ay ka mid yihiin idaha oo ay geyaan ilaa ka shishe Jasiiradaha Maldiiifka. Waxaa kale oo uu sheegay in suldaan-keeda lagu magacaabo Abuu Bakar uuna ku hadlo afka reer Muqdishow in kasta oo uu Afka Carabiga yaqaan. Ku dhowaad hal qarni kadib booqashadii Ibn Battuuta, Yong Li, oo ahaa boqorka dalka Shiinaha ee xukunkii Qoyska Ming, wuxuu diray raxan maraakiib ah oo uu hoggaaminayay Amiirka Badaha, Zheng He oo toddoba safar oo daawasho ah dunida ku soo maray. Safarkiisii shanaad oo uu 1417^{kii}, ku soo maray Gacanka Fursiga, Jasiirada Carabta iyo Barig Afrika, Zhen He wuxuu soo booqday Muqdishow, halkaas oo uu ganacsateeda maalqabeenka ah xiriir ganacsi la sameeyey.

Afartamaadkii Muqdishow waxay weli ahayd magaalo cammيران oo qurux badan ayna dad kala jinsiyaad iyo kala dhaqan ah ku nool yihiin; Soomaalida oo qaybaha kale ee dalka ka timid, waxaa u dheeraa Carab, Hindi (Muslim iyo Hindu), Talyaani, Masawici, Ingiriis iyo dad u dhashay Bariga Afrika. Waxay magaaladu lahayd dariiqyo laami ah oo waaweyn oo geed qumbe iyo timir ku xairirsan yihiin, iyo barxado naqshad wanaagsan oo dalluug cagaaran ku meersan tahay. Waxaa dadka soo jiidan jirey suuqyada Xamar Weyne, siiba megegga uumiyaha isku jirayay meelaha ay yaalliin badeecadaha kala duwan, iyo alaabta waddada dhinacya deeda waran; kuwa dukaannada ay badiba ganacsata Carabta iyo Hindigu leeyihiin dhexdooda yaal; waxaa kale oo dadka saaqi jirtey carafta ka imanaysa isku milanka huurka hawada kulul iyo udugga macaan ee jaawaha iyo cuudka Java, qoron-fulka, haylka iyo qorfaha Singibaar, iyo luubaanta iyo maydiga Bariga Soomaaliya oo ay Masaaridii Hore u tiqiin Punt Land. Agagaarka suuqaas waxaa ku yaal dukaannada qalinshube iyo meemanka oo sida ay isugu xigaan dahabka

iyo qalinka lagu kala sanceeyo, iyo saanicyada suufka, kuwaas oo ay haweenku si xeelsan cudbiga u jiidayaan si ay dunta uga soo saaraan, ragguna ay ku hawllanyihiin sameynta maryaha dhaqanka ee banaadiriga ee ay haweenka Soomaaliyeed xirtaan, qarniyona loo dhoofin jirey suuqyada Bariga Afrika ilaa Moosambiik.

Meel kale oo ayana muhiim ah waxay ahayd barxadda caanka ah ee Afar-Irdood oo afar waddo isku xirta, halkaas oo fariisin u ahayd baabuurta waaweyn iyo kuwa yaryar ee magaalada uga kala goosha qaybaha kale ee dalka iyo ka shishe; waxaa kale oo ay ahayd goob dadka magaalada ku cusubi ay ka heli karaan tilmaanta iyo xogta ay u baahan yihiin, si ay ula xiriiraan sokeeyaha ay martigelin iyo caawimaadba uga baahan yihiin.

Waa farxaddeede, imaatinka Xaawa ee Muqdishow wuxuu ku soo beegmay xilliga Dabshidka,¹¹ kaas oo dhici jirey sannad walba bisha Juun, ayna u dabbaaldegi jireen reer Muqdishow iyo beelaha beerreyda ah ee u dhow. Damaashaadkaan farxadda iyo maaweelada sare lehi, wuxuu u dhici jirey siyaabo kala duwan iyo gobo kala duwan. Qorraxdhicii, si ay sanada cusub u soo dhoweeyaan, waxay carruurta goryohooda hortooda ku shidi jireen dab weyn oo midba mooggiisa dhowr bootin oo la eg tirada da'diisa ka dull boodayo, taasoo ku caawimi doonta xusuusta da'dooda. Muqdishow dhexdeeda dad ka imanaya dhammaan xaafadaha magaalada ayaa waxay soo bandhigi jireen cayaaro dhaqameed keeni jirey inay dadku waddooyinka waaweyn ku soo ururaan. Dadka ka-qaybqaadanaya tamaashaadka waxaa ka mid ahaa rag labadii go' dhaqameed ee cadcaddaa tarashkana leh xiran, waranno iyo gaashaammo ay si iska-yeelyeel ah isugu guulayaanna sita, ayaga oo islama ahaantaas si isla socta jaanta dheel ka cayaaraya, heeso shirib ah oo uu dadku u riyaaqaanna qaadaya, kuwaas oo hadba durbaan iyo buun la yeerinayo ay dhexsocdaan. Kuwaan waxaa daba socda safaf haween ah oo la dhacsan waxa dhacaya, oo wada xiran guntiinooyinkoodii ugu quruxda badnaa, garbasaaro iyo shaash-xariirro (kuwaan waxaa xirta haweenka la guursaday oo keliya), ayaga oo hadba mashxarad iyo or dhiirrigelin ah ka wareegaya, sidaas oo ay farxaddooda iyo u-bogitaankooda cayaarta ku muujinayaan.

Tamaashaad kale oo isla waqtiga dhaca wuxuu ahaa istunka, oo lagu qaban jirey Afgooye oo ah magaalo beeraley ah oo Muqdishow u dhow, waxaana halkaas ulo ku dagaallami jirey niman ka kala socda labada daafadood ee Webiga Shabeelle, halkaas oo mararka qaarkood dhiig aan yarayn layska daadin jirey. Waxaa kale oo Muqdishow iyo degaannada u dhow bisha Disembar ka dhici jirey xaflado Alle bari ah oo lagu magacaabo Istaaqfuro, kuwaas oo lagu khatimi jirey maanyo-gal oo ah badda oo hiraabtii lagu soo dabaasho si arwaaxda xun ee la aaminsanaa inay dabaylaha moon-suunka ee waqtigaa dhacaya la socdaan la isaga xijaabo; iyo neef fiddo ah oo sida caadada ah noqon kara tulud geel am lo' oo lagu soo qalayo Mawluca Aw Awees oo ku yaal xaafadda kalluumaysatada ee ku taal jebellada xeebta Xamar Weyne hoostooda.

Laga bilaabo maalintii ay Muqdishow soo gashay, Xawa waxay martigelin iyo taageero nolosheeda oo idil ka heshay ilma-adeerradeedii ku magac dheeraa Ilmo Aw Maxamuud oo uu edeerkeed Aw Maxamuud Maxamed Ciise dhalay, kana midka ahaa dadka jaaha leh ee ku noolaa Iskuran, taas oo ahayd xaafad Muqdishow ku tiil iyo ubucdii dhaqdhaqaaqa xornimodoonka Soomaaliyeed. Ina-adeerkeed, Yuusuf Aw Maxamuud oo loo yiqiin Camme Yuusuf (Adeerka Leegada), wuxuu ahaa aabbihii horseedka u noqday waxbarashada haweenka Soomaaliyeed. 1946^{ku}, wuxuu Yuusuf, Maamulkii Ciidammada Ingiriiska ee dalka ka talinayey (Soomaaliyadii Talyaanigu gumeysan jirey iyo Muxamiyaddii Ingiriiska ee Somaliland kadib markii 1941^{ku} Talyaaniga laga adkaaday) u qaddimay codsi aad u dhiirran, oo uu ku doonayey in labadiisa gabdhood ee yaryaraa, Maryan iyo Siraad lagu daro Dugsigii Waxbarashada Hoose ee Xamar Jab-Jab. Waqti aan saa u fageyn ayaa Maamulka Ingiriisku dugsigaas u furay aradada Soomaaliyeed. Saraakiisha ciidammada gumeysiga Ingiriiska oo ka baqayey duqowda Soomaalida oo ayan weli u muuqan baahida loo qabo waxbarashada haweenka, waxay isku dayeen inay ku qanciyaan inuu arrintaas isaga haro, illowse markii uu la yimid warqad taageero ah oo ka timid SYL, waxaa qasab noqotay in hal fasal labadiisa gabdhood loo furo. Toddobaad gudihiis, waxaa gabdhihii walaalaha ahaa ku soo biirtay toban gabdhood oo ay aabbayaashood raaceen

raadkii Yuusufkii xikmadda iyo geesinnimada lahaa. Sannad kadib Xaawa oo heshay xannaanada labadeedi carruur ee ka maqnaayd, waxay ayagana ku dari doontaa dugsigaas oo uu maamulayey macallinkii kartida iyo xushmada lahaa Jaamac Bilaal oo tababaray macallimiintii ugu horreysey ee dugsiyada hoose ee Koonfurta dalka.

Muqdishow waxaa Xaawa durbadiiba soo jitey halgankii siyaasadeed ee xornimadoonka, kaas oo uu hoggaanka u sidey xisbigii Somali Youth League (SYL), oo caam ahaan loo yiqiin Leegada ama Liigga, kaas oo uu baaqiisu geyiga Soomaaliyeed oo idil ku faafay, dhaafayna soohdimaha uu gumeysigu sameeyey xilligii kala boobka Afrika ee dabayaaqadii qarnigii 19aad. Dareenka dadku aad buu u kacsanaa; waxaa jirey rabitaan la doonayo in dalka laga xoreeyo reeryada gumeysiga, midab kasta oo uu leeyahay; in la helo dawlad Soomaaliyeed oo ay Soomaali ka taliso; in waxbaarshada la hormariyo; iyo in la gaaro horumarka ay qarammada asaaggeenna ahi haystaan. Gaar ahaan waxaa jirey caro weyn oo loo qabay dawladda Talyaaniga iyo deggeneyaasha Talyaaniga: dawladda Talyaaniga maxaa yeelay waxay ku-dhowaad nus qarni daldalaneysey khayraadka dalka, ayada oo aan dhaqaalihiiisa waxba ka qaban, Soomaalidana aan innaba wax waxbarasho ah u fidin; deggeneyaasha Talyaaniga maxaa wacay waxay dhiigmiirteen beeraleyda Soomaaliyeed ayaga oo qaatay inta ugu badan dhul beereedka ku yaal labada daan ee Webi Shabeelle iyo Webi Jubba, iyo siiba ku sii dhaqankooda nidaamkii fashiistada ee midabtakoorka ahaa. Sida dhabta ah, Soomaalida iyo dadka aan u dhalan reer Yurub waxaa laga bannidi jirey gelista makhaayadaha cabitaanka iyo cuntada, iyo shaneemooyinka ay Talyaanigu lahaayeen, iyo inay ku fariistaan kuraasta safafka hore ee gaadiidka dadweynaha.

Waagaas, xisbiga SYL wuxuu ahaa xisbiga keliya oo u dagaallamayey qadiyadda xornimada dalka Soomaalida. Madaxdiisu waxay dadka, rag iyo dumarba, ku dhiirrigelin jireen inay qarannimo u qalabqaataan; wadajir ugu istaagaan xoraynta dalkooda; ayna xoojiyaan midnimadooda, ayaga oo shucuurta qabyaaladda iska fogeynaya. Si loo soo celiyo qabka dadka, dhallinyarada horseedka Leegada (Horseed), oo ayagu shucladda halganka gobonnimadoonka sidey, waxay si bareer

ah u horkaceen dhoollotusyo lagu diidayo shuruucda midabtakoorka, ayaga oo kuraasta safafka hore ee basaska ku farfariisanaya, gelayana dhammaan meelihii la diiddanaa, dabadeen sida hannaankii karaahiyadda lahaa ku baabi'iyeen.

Isla waqtigaa, waxaa bilaabatay suugaan ka dhalatay xornimadoonka oo si ballaaraan loogu faafiyey carriga Soomaaliyeed. Suugaantaas waxaa ka mid ahaa heesaha waddaniga ah sida *Kani waa Ugaas, Kani waa addoon/Waa inaan illownaa, Carrada Soomaaliya raggii u ciishooday/Cali Nuur¹² weeye iyo Cabdullaahi Ciise¹³, iyo Soomaaliyey toosoo! Heesta Soomaaliyeey toosoo!*, oo gobonninmadii dalka kadib noqotay Heesta Qaranka Soomaaliyeed, waxaa markii u herreysey af Ingiriis u beddeshey qoraaga caanka ah ee u dhalatay Kanada, Margaret Laurence, oo ogalkayga, ah qoraagii ugu horreeyey oo af Ingiriis ku tarjumay suugaanta aan qornayn ee Soomaaliyeed dunidana baray.

Haweenka Soomaaliyeed waxay ahaayeen lafdhabarta Leegada, waxayna si firfircoon uga qaybqaadan jireen halganka siyaasadeed. Ayaga oo qiiraysan una jilbaysan inay ka mid noqdaan arrin dalka muhiim u ah, waxay ku deeqeen dahabkooda, wax badanna waa ay u hureen; waxay abaabuli jireen waxqabdyo dakhli dhaliya, sida samaynta funaanado midabyo badan oo waagaas raggu ku wada dhacay iyo koofiyadaha; tolidada dermooyinka, dambilaha iyo babisyada; iyo diyaarinta muufada tinaarka dhuxusha lagu dubo, oo in badan gacmahooda haaro ku reebtay. Waxaa kale oo ay si weyn uga qaybqaadan jireen abaabuli jireenna bannaanbaxyada iyo dhoollotusyada taageereyaasha gobonnimadoonka, ayaga oo heesahooda iyo buraanburradooda qiirada leh dadweynaha ku soo jiidan jirey. Haweenka Leegada ee u go'ay hawlaha halganka lana oran jirey "Sisters" oo ay, Xaliima Godane iyo Raaxa Ayaanle hoggaamin jireen, waxay xiran jireen lebis iskujog ah oo wada cad, kana kooban kurdad shanan ah, googarad shulshul badan leh, iyo garbasaar milmil ah oo sannaafad leh; waxayna illan jireen kabo hore ka furan oo ay sameeyeen farshaxaniinta hargaha ee Baraawe.

Haweenkaas geesiyaasha ah oo noloshooda u huray qadiyadda gobonnimada Soomaaliyeed, waxay curiyeen buraanburro badan oo aad u qurxoon, kuwaas oo ahaa xayeesiin siyaasadeed, oo inta badan ragga Talyaaniga raacsanaa lagu

dhaleecaynayo SYLna lagu ammaanayo. Waxaan hoos ku soo qaadaynaa dhawr buraambur oo ay Xaliima Godana tirisay ayna u dirtay saaxiibteed, Baaarliin Warsame:

*Sidii girow irmaan baan godlanahayaa
Sidii gurligaanka gaalkaan wax gubahayaa
Sidii garamafoonkaan gurxamahayaa
Ninkii aan Soomaali rabin baan u reemayaa.*

*Fuluuskii¹⁴ faranji faa' iidey ka dhiganayaan
Fadexada dunida foolkay ku xiranayaan
Talyaanaa falaye ma dhulbay ka fakerayaan.*

*Halkiyo Washington warqaddeennu waa jirtaa
Wadciga Soomaali Leeg waa wanaagsan yahay
Weyne noo tuuga in wareerku naga haraa.*

*Nimanka Weerowga¹⁵ waddankooda weyn la raba
Wareerku galoo walaalkoodan waanin karin
Ilaahow Waaxid wacadkaaga nooga qabo.*

Isla waayahaas waxaa jirey nin gabayaa ah, oo sida rag badan oo muxaafidiin ah oo ka tirsanaa SYL, ay si uun u dhibeysey isku kalsoonida ay haweenku dhowaanahaan muujinayeen; imaatinkooda joogtada ah ee shirarka; iyo siiba habka cusub oo ay u labisanayeen, oo ay si cad uga muuqatay inay hoos kesheli ka xiranyihiin. Ninkaasi wuxuu 1952^{kii}, asaga oo aan sheegan, tiriyeey tixaha gabay ee *Haweenka kesheliga xiran*, asaga oo uga dan lahaa inuu haweenka cabsigeliyo ayna ku ekaadaan inay halganka safafka dambe ka taageeraan.

*Waa xagal ka daac naasahaad, kor u xiraysaane
Intuu xabadka laabtaa jiruu, xiiso leeyahaye
Xumaayoo kasoo durug halkuu, ku xarragaysnaaye
Hadduu xooran yahay gacanta, waa kala xishoonnaaye
Xoog kuma dhinnee yaan la xadin, xubinta naafoowdey.*

Sida la filayey haween badan baa tixahaas ka carooday, illowse Xaawa keliya ayaa la timid geesinnimo ay ninka ugu jawaabto, oo curisay gabayga *Waa noo xarrago* ayada oo weliba

–sida uu xeerka maansadu qabo - adeegsatay isla xarafka ay kuwiisu ku higgaadsanaayeen.

Xaawa oo u muraaqoota xusuustii jawigii waayahaas jirey, waxay ku tilmaantay inuu ahaa mid ay ka buuxday yididiilo aan hore loo arag, rejo, iyo isbeddel bulshadeed. Carruurta dugsiyada ayaa lagu dari jirey, dadka waaweynna waxay galbihii baran jireen af Ingiriis iyo af Carabi, ayada oo la isticmaalayo buugaag iyo wargeysyo laga keenay Masar, Cadan iyo Kenya. Waxaa kale oo markii ugu horryesey, dugsiyada Leegada dadka loogu dhigi jirey af Soomaaliga, ayada oo la adeegsanayo far cusub oo lagu magacaabay Cismaaniya, uuna allifey, Cismaan Yuusuf Keenediid oo ahaa nin gabayaa ah Leegadana ka tirsanaa. Xisbiyada doonayey in xukunka Talyaaniga dalka lagu soo celiyo, oo ay intaas oo idil ka hinaasin jirtey, waxay marka ay doonayaan inay Leegada cambaareeyaan oran jireen, “Waa gaalo-iska-yeel.”

Xaawa waxay kamadaalis-la'aan uga qaybqaadatay halganka xornimodoonka, ayada oo wax badan ugu deeqday, tirisay maanso dadka qiira gelineysa, gurigeedana ku soo dhoweysey martida Leegada, ee uu ka mid ahaa Cali-Nuur oo ka tirsanaa Soomaalida qurbaha ku nool ee taageerta Leegada oo Muqdisho booqasho ku yimid 1952^{kii}. Soomaali badan oo rag iyo dumarba leh ayaa aad u xusuusta, una qushuuca buraanburradeeda waddaninniga ah oo ay ka mid yihiin *Odeyaasha Talyaaniga raacsan*, oo ay ku cambaarayneysey odeyaashii xornimada Soomaaliya ka soo horjeedey ee Talyaaniga la safnaa, iyo *Soomaaliyeey isdaa!* oo ah mid ay ku dheehan tahay shucuur sare oo dadka dhaqaajisa ayna tirisay 1953^{kii}, goor ay dadka Soomaaliyeed dareen ka qabeen maamulka Talyaaniga oo damacasanaa inuu Qarammada Midoobay ku qanciyo in muddadiidi tobanka sano ahayd, ee la go'aamiyey inuu dalku xornimadiisa qaato dib loo dhigo, taas oo marmarsiinyo looga dhigayo inaan Soomaalidu weli diyaar u ahayn inay isxukunto. Shakigaas waxaa sii xoojinayey, ayada oo uu maamulka Talyaanigu durba markii uu xukunka dalka dib ula wareegey, cadaadis ku bilaabay taageerayaasha SYL. Waxaa kale oo jirey in, sida madaxda SYL iyo waddaniyiin badan oo kale, ay Xaawa walaac weyn ku dhalisay caaqibada xun ee uu dagaalka sokeeye u keeni karo aayaha dalkeeda.

Sannadkii 1958^{kii}, haweenka Soomaaliyeed waxay heleen xaqa doorshada ama intikhaabka, kaas oo ka mid ahaa go'aankii Qarammada Midoobey ee dadka Soomaaliyeed u oggolaanayey kaqaygalka hawlaha siyaasadeed. Saas oo ay tahay, inkasta oo ay madaxda SYL aqoonsanayd kaalinta wax ku oolka ah ee ay haweenku kaga jireen halganka, weli waa ay ka leexleexanayeen inay haweenka wax ka siiyaan amuuraha go'aan qaadashada. Taasi waxay caddatay markii bareer looga reebay ergadii kaqaybgaleysey Kongreeskii SYL ee la qabtay bilowgii sannadkaas. Ayaga oo aad uga carooday habka lagula dhaqmay oo ayan mudnayn, ayaa qaar haween ah oo u heellan halganka, dacwadooda u gudbiyeen Kongreeska, weydiis-teenaa in haweenka laga qaybgeliyo. Taasi waxay dhalisay, inay laba dumar ah oo ay ayagu soo magacwdeen ergo ahaan uga qaygalaan Kongreeska: Ardo Dirir iyo Xaawa Jibriil. Misana, markii la doortay xubnaha Golaha Dhexe ee SYL liiskiina haween lagaa waayey ayna Xaawa go'aankaas ka soo horjeesatay, ayaa mid ka mid ahaa madaxda Leegada ku andacoodey, inaan haweenku weli diyaar u ahayn xil sidaas muhiim u ah una culus. Hadalkaas Xaawa waxay kaga jawaabtay si dhiirran, oo aan laga fileyn haweeney Soomaali ah rag badan hortood, ayada oo tiri, "Soo dooddiinnaani uma eka tii Talyaaniga? Soo run-ahaantii ma aad qiraysaan aragti-doodii ahayd inaan Soomaalidu diyaar u ahayn xornimo, maxaa yeelay -sida aya qabeen- waxaa naga maqan bisayl siyaasadeed? Markaas kadib waxaa golihii oggolaadey in haweenka la dooran karo waxna ay dooran karaan, loona dooran karo dhammaan guddiyada xisbiga. Taa waxa xigtey in la oggolaado inay haweenku xubin ku yeeshaan Golaha Dhexe ee Xisbiga SYL, waxaana la magacaabay, Raaxo Ayaanle oo waqtigaaas gabdhaha Leegada madax u ahayd. Markaas kadib wuxuu xisbigii Greater Somali League, oo ay xubnihiiso ka go'een Leegada, u soo magacaabay, Xalima Godane murashaxooda kowaad ee jagooyinkii dawladda hoose ee Xamar ee doorashooyinkii sannadkaas dhacay.

12^{kii} Oktobar, 1954^{kii}, oo ahayd markii ugu horreysey ee calanka Soomaaliyeed dalka laga taagey, waxay Xaawa tirisay buraamburka *Calanka Soomaaliyeedow*, kas oo ah buraambur-rada ay calanka u tirisay kan ugu caansan. Kadib markii uu dalku xornimadiisa helayna waxay calanka u tirisay saddex

buraambur oo kale, oo wada qurux badan, *Riyay ila tahay, "Dushaad fuushaa, iyo Wataa quruxdii!* Heestan dambe, waxay Xaawa ula jeeddaa caadada gaamurtey ee Soomaalida reer-guuraaga ah ee dagaallada ka aloosma geela la kala dhaco, oo waxay madaxda mustaqbalka ku adkaynaysaa inayan hantida dalka u maamulin sidii geel la kala boobayo.

Aakhiritaankii, 1^{dii} Julaay, 1960^{kii}, Soomaaliya waxay noqotay qaran madax bannaan, kadib markii ay ayada iyo Somalilanda midoobeenna waxaa asaasantay Jamhooriyadda Soomaaliyeed. Ayaandarro, waqtigii rayrayntu wax badan ma raagin, maxaa wacay waxaa dawladihii nidaamka barlamaaniga ee ka dambeeyey xornimadii, laga waayey xaqiijinta himilooyinkii ay dadku waayo dheer hiigsanahayeen. Siyaasiyiinta dalka hoggaaminayey waxaa ka maqnayd himiladii iyo rabitaankii ay si dhab ah dalka ugu dhisi lahaayeen, oo waxay ka dhammaan waayeen boobista hantida qaranka iyo deeqihii dibadeed ee lagu taageerayey dhaqaalaha dalka. Wax weyn lagama qaban dhaqaalaha ama dhismaha hay'adaha bulshadeed. Fursadaha shaqohelistuna aad bay u yaraayeen, taas oo keentay inay jaamiciyiinta ka soo qalainjebisey jaamacadaha dibaddu u tartamaan jagooyinka yar ee ka bannaanaa maamulka guud; in yar oo meelo sare ku tiirsan keliya ayaana kuwaas heli jirtey.

Tan iyo waayihii xornimada la helay, maansada Soomaaliyeed waxay marar badan qaranka Soomaaliyeed ku maslin jirtey Maandeeq: hal madi ah oo aad loogu han weynaa. Hees can ah oo waayahaas jirtey ayaa waxay leedahay, "Aan maalno hasheenna Maandeeq." Haddaba, markii raggii xukunka dalka hayey laga waayey barwaaqadii laga malaynayey, dadkii oo ciil ka buuxsamey, quusna gaarey waxay ka badin waayeen inay is-yiraahdaan Maandeeq baaqimo ayay noqotay, taas oo loola jeedo hal aan caano badan laga helin; sidaa awgeedna aan lahayn wax waxtar ah aan ka ahayn in la bireeyo.

Haweenka Soomaaliyeed waxay ka mid ahaayeen waddaniyiintii badnayd ee ku niyadjabay waxqabadka iyo damaca siyaasiyiinta dalka hoggaaminaysey. Khadiija Muuse Mataan, oo ay hooyo saaxiib cayshow-milix ahaayeen, ahayd maansoyahan la aqoonsan yahay, kana qaybqaadatay halganka siyaasadeed ee xornimodoonka, waxay tirisay

buraamburka, *Barlamaanka*¹⁶ iyo odayaasha barida weyn," oo aan ka soo qaadannay tixaha soo socda:

*Aniga Bernaandelli weligeey wax igama bi'in
Waxaan u barooran jirey baawar inaan hellaa
Ninkii u birmadana buun baan ku yeerin jirey
Bur iyo seef baan bannaankaas la joogi jirey
Barlamaanka iyo odayaasha barida weyn
U bogi kari waayey baabuurta ay wataan.*

*Bilaanjada*¹⁷ lacagta weligeed bar baa ka maqan
Wax lagu bixiyana bannaan sooma dhigi karaan
Balaasa loo dhisaayaa raggii barkiis
Beero muusaa bilaash loogu falahayaa
Barlamaanka iyo odayaasha barida weyn
U bogi kari waayey baabuurta ay wataan.

Tixaha soo socda waxaan ka soo qaadannay buraambur duluc weyn leh, oo ay tirisay Xaliima Soofe kaas oo ay kaga faalloonayso xaaladda dadka iyo dalku ay ku sugnaayeen sannadihii xornimada ka dambeeyey. Waxay toos ula hadlaysaa dadka Soomaaliyeed ayada oo ku leh:

*Wataa calan guudka laga taagay, oo gimgiman
Gumeysigii cadowga summaddiisii, kaama go'in
Garashadii jaahilnimo geesna, kaama bixin
Gisleydii iyo geelii oon bay la, go'ahayaan
Gaajo iyo cudur dadkeennii bar baa, u go'ay oo
Garowsho laga waayey raggii geedka, noo fadhiyey ee
Haddaadan garanaynin noloshaada, gaasirkaa
Dadkooda kala geysyadii, haydin kala gateen oo
Guhaad iyo ciil calooshaada, yay ka go'in.*

Labadeeda buraambur *Odayaasha ina akhiray* iyo *Allaha Daa'imow*, waxay Xaawa ku dhaleecaynaysaa siyaasiyiinta Soomaaliyeed ee naxariista daran, oo si ay dadka gacanta ugu hayaan, adeegsanaya shucuurta gaamurtey ee qabyaaladda, cod iibsashada, iyo doorasho xadista. Sidaas oo kale, gabygeeda *Gabdhii isku duubnaa*, waxay ku muujineysaa sida loola dhaqmay haweenka oo gacanta weyn ka geystey halgankii xornimodoonka. Xaaladda uu dalku ku sugnaa aad

ayay u xumayd niyad-jabka iyo silica dadkuna wuxuu gaarey heer in badani ay qalbigooda Eebbe uga duceystaan inuu dhaafiyo dawladda barlamaaniga.

21^{kii} Oktoobar, 1969^{kii}, lix beri kadib dilistii Madaxweyne Cabdirashiid Cali Sharmaarke, madaxweynihii labaad ee Jamhuuriyadda Soomaaliya, ayada oo aan la filayn ayaa ciidammada xoogga dalka oo uu hoggaaminayey Sarreye Guuto Maxamed Siyaad Barre afgambi aan dhiig ku daadan dawladdii ku afgambiyey. Waxaa isl mar ahaantaas la dhisay Golaha Sare ee Kacaanka, dalkiina waxaa lagu magacaabay Jamhuuriyadda Dimuqaraadiga ee Soomaaliya. Jamaahiirta Soomaaliyeed, rag iyo dumarba waxay si xiiso leh u soo dhoweeyeen nidaamka cusub oo ballanqaaday horumarinta dhismaha dalka iyo ciribtirka maamulxumida. Waxaa la abaabuley mashaariic ku salaysan iskaa-wax-u-qabso oo lagu dhisayo dugsiyo, xarummo caafimaad, suuqyo, goleyaal hanuunin dadweyne, iyo meelo kale oo aad loogu baahnaa. Ayada oo haweenka ku dhiirrigelineysa kaqaybgalka ololeyaashaas si iskufillaansho loo gaaro, waxay Xaawa tirisay buraanburka *Gaajo see ku hari?*

Isla waagaas, nin maamuus leh oo madaxbannaan, ayaa Xaawa u soo jeediyey talo guur, goortii ay arrintaas ka diiddey, ayada oo cudurdaarkeeda ugu sheegeysa tixaha gabay ee *Jawaab talo guur*, wuxuu u soo diray tixaha gabay ee soo socda, asaga oo ka baryahaya inay arrinta dib uga fiirsato. Illowse diidmadeedii bay ku adkaysatay. Wuxuu yiri:

*Ayeeyo iyo awoowe inaan nahay, waa ogsoonahaye
Ikhyaartuna ma kala maarantee, waa is-aragtaaye
Uuradatan Koofureed, Baraa laga irsaaqaaye
Itaal quruxsanleeyeeey nin xumi, kuma ilaalayne
Xaalka qaab u eegoo hadduu, kula ahaan waayo
Ilmo-adeer isjecel inaannu nahay, oon eedi kala gaarin
Oo aan uurfayoobaan ku tegey, taa ha la ogaado.*

Sanooyiin badan aragtida dadweynaha Soomaaliyeed waxay si xoog leh ugu kala qaybsanayd arrinta xasaasiga ah ee go'aaminta saddex far oo la soo jeediyey (Laatiin, Carabi, ama Cismaaniya) middii lagu qori lahaa af Soomaaliga. 12^{kii} Oktoobar, 1972^{kii}, Golahii Sare ee Kacaanka iyo Golihii Xoghayeyaasha

(Wasiirrada) waxay soo saareen go'aan in af Soomaaliga oo xuruufta Laatiinka ku qoran uu noqonayo afka rasmiga ah ee dalka. Waxaa la dejiyey manaahij cusub oo waxbarasho, oo muujinaysa dhaqanka, taariikhda iyo juqraafiga Soomaaliyeed. Ololeyaal qarameed oo baaxad weyn ee cirbitirka aqoondarrida (1973), iyo horumarinta miyiga (1974) oo ay ku jiraan wax-akhriska iyo wax-qorista, caafimaadka iyo barnaamijyada caafimaadka xoolaha, ayaa lagu dhaqaaqay. Dalka oo idil ayaa abaabul weyn la geliyey, ayada oo kumanyaal dad oo rag iyo dumarba leh oo ay shucuur isla hanweyni ka muuqato kaqaybqaateen ololaha barashada afkooda, ha ahaadeen kuwo wax la bararyo, kuwo dadka waxbaraya, ama kuwo adeegyo kale fidinaya. Masawirka Xaawa oo konton-iyo-saddex jir ah oo gambar ku fadhida, qun yarna weero Soomaaliyeed sabuurad uga naqilanaysa, ayaa waxaa lagu soo dhejiyey muraayadda masawiirada ee xarunta dawladda ee Moqdishow. Wasaaradda Warfaafinta iyo Hanuuninta Dadweynaha ayaa masawirkeedaas u dooratay masal ku-dayosho leh oo laga arki karo inuu qofku wax baran karo heer kasta oo ay da'diisu gaarto.

11^{kii} Jannaayo, 1975^{kii}, ayada oo la raacayo go'aankii Qarammada Midoobey, ee sannadka 1975^{kii} ka dhigay Sannadka Haweenka Dunida, wuxuu Madaxweyne Maxamed Siyaad Barre ku dhawaaqay, in laga bilaabo taariikhdaas, haweenka Soomaaliyeed la siiyey sinnaan buuxda ee xagga arrimaha sharciga, waxbarashada, shaqo-siinta iyo kaqaybgalka siyaasadeed. Taasi waxay haweenweynaha Soomaaliyeed ku dhirrigelisey inay dawladda cusub la qabsadaan, ayaga oo sanooyin badan noqon doona taageerayaasheeda ugu muhimsanaa. Saas oo ay tahay, waxay haween badani ka xumaadeen inaan siyaasaddasi la iman ficil cad. Dhawr haween ah ayaa loo dallacsiiyey jagooyinka sare ee maamulka hay'adaha rayidka ah, ciidammada xoogga dalka, ama booliiska. Markii, 1976^{kii}, la dhisay Xisbiga Hantiwadaagga Kacaanka Soomaliyeedna, Faaduma Cumar Xaashi oo ahayd Guddoomiyaha Ururka Dimuqaraadiga Haweenka Soomaaliyeed oo keliya ayaa loo magacaabay Golaha Dhexe ee Xisbiga oo ka koobnaa 73 xubnood, tobankii gole ee Goleyaasha Gobollada ee Xisbigana hal keliya ayaa dumar ka ahayd, inkasta oo ay haweenku ahaayeen ku dhowaad boqlkiiba lixdan iyo saddex ee xubnaha asaaseyaasha Xisbiga ee ila waqtigaa la sajiley.

Xaawa oo ka faalloonaysa sida ay ayada iyo guud ahaan haweenku uga xumaadeen, xaqdarrada iyo tixgelin la'aanta uga timid siiba madaxweyne iyo dawlad ay si weyn taageer-adooda u siiyeen, waxay tirisay buraamburrada *Haweenku waa garab iyo Rabbiyow ha ii caroon*.

Kadib dagaalkii Soomaaliya iyo Itoobiya ee 1977^{kii}, waxaa Soomaaliya soo gaarey dhibaatooyin dhaqaale oo dhaliyey xiisado siyaasadeed oo qariyey dhammaan horumarkii siddeedii sano oo la soo dhaafay laga gaarey dhinacyada waxbarashada, caafimaadka, beeraha, gaadiidka iyo hay'ado kale oo loo baahnaa. Waxaa badatay maamul xumo, ninje-claysi iyo caadaadis siyaasadeed. Dad badan ayaa layska soo qabqabtay oo la geliyey xabsi aan waqtigiisu xaddidnayn. Laakiin markii, 1982^{kii}, xubno sare oo dawladda ka mid ahaa, daacadna u ahaa la xiray, sidaas oo kalena loola dhaqmay, ayada oo aan dembi cad lagu hayn, waxaa dadkii ka luntay dhammaan kalsoonidii ay nidaamka u hayeen. Habeen iyo maalin haweenka Soomaaliyeed waxay cammiri jireen goleyaasha hanuuninta dadweynaha; waxay dhoobnaan jireen waddooyinka waaweyn ee caasimadda, magaaloooyinka, iyo tuulooyinka, roob, dabayl, iyo qorrax kulul oo ay la kulmaan si ay ama u taageeraan go'aan ay dawladdu soo saartay; ama u soo dhoweeyaan xubno ka tirsan dawladda ama marti dibadeed, ayaga oo sacbinaya, heesaya, durbaanno tumaya, intaas oo dhanna ku dhawaaqayaa "Jaalleyaalow! Soo dhowaada!" Saas oo ay tahay xataa ayagiina aayarkood bay soo bixiddoodii u joojiyeen. Xaawa oo ayana aad uga xumaatay xaqdarrada taagneyd iyo cadaadiska lagu hayey qaar ka mid ah xubnaha qoyskeeda, waxay tirisay labada buraambur *Daldalool* iyo *Ciiddaan jeclahay*. Midkaan dambe, waxay Madaxweyne Siyaad ka codsanaysaa inuu wax ka qabto sidii loo joojin lahaa dabagelidda iyo cagojugleynta nimanka u shaqeeya ay wiilkeeda ku hayeen.

Laga bilaabo dabayaaqadii siddeetamaadkii, xaaladda siyaasadeed ee dalku aad ayay u sii xumaaneysey, caadiskii dadkuna u sii badanayey, ilaa la gaarey heer ay dawladdu sugi weydo amniga iyo shuruucda dalka, lagana kabsan waayo dagaal sookeye. Dhimbilihii dagaalka oo markii hore siddeetanaadkii ka qarxaday Gobollada Woqooyi, waxay sidii duur dab qabsaday ugu faafeen dalka dhammaantiis. Bartamihii

1990^{kii}, waxaa dadka Muqdishow maalin cad lagu dilayey guryohooda iyo waddooyinka. Dadku waxay ku noolaayeen cabsi weyn, safaaradaha dibadeedna waxay aad u dhimeen shaqaalohoodii, dhammaan hay'adihii kaalmada iyo kuwii Qarammada Midoobeyna dalka ayay isaga baxeen.



Dunidii Xaawa iyo qoyskeedu waxay roghmatay 30^{kii} Disembar, 1990^{kii}, maalintii uu dagaal qaraari ka dhex oogmey ciidammada dawladda iyo kuwii United Somali Congress (USC) kaas oo hoog iyo burbur aan hore loo arag u geystey muwaadiniin aan waxba galabsan oo ay xabbaddu ku haleeshay labadooda dab dhexdooda. Dilka waxaa daba socdey boobista waxii yiil bankiyada, hay'adaha dawladda, gaadiidka iyo hantida safaaradaha dibadeed, hay'adaha Qarammada Midoobey, hay'adaha kaalmada dibadeed iyo hantida gaar ahaaneed. Boobka waxaa hortii bilaabay oo dharaar cad ku dhaqaaqayey ciidammada dawladda. Ciidammada USC, oo aan ayagu ahaayeen ciidan habaysan oo mushaar qaata, balse ahaa rag caraysan, oo aan kala dambayn lahayn, loona abaabulay hab qabiil ku salaysan, waxay waqtigooda u qaybsadeen dirir, biliiliqo iyo burburin. Tan ku saabsan kufsashada hablaha, waxaan u soo joogney labda ciidan oo falkaas foosha xun ku kacaya. Ma jiraan hadallo kol ay ku tahay maansada Xaawa Jibriil oo tilmaan buuxda ka bixin kara dilkii iyo silicdiyadii la geystey intii uu socdey dagaalkan qabiil ee aan arxanka lahayn.

Ardaaga kore ee guriga aan deggeneyn, waxaan ka arkeyney dad megeg badan oo si ay meel ay u ciirsadaan u helaan, hor iyo dabo hadba qayb magaalada ka mid ah ugu kala yaacaya, ayaga oo dhabarka qaar dhallaankooda ku sita qaarna guntimo calculus oo ay cunto iyo wax kasta oo ay guryohoodii ka soo haabhaaban kareen ugu jiraan. Annagu gurigayaga kama aannan tegin laba sababood dartood: waa midoo waxaan weli hawo ka qabnay, rajada inay colaaddani wax yar dabadeed iska dhammaan doonto, lana gaari doono heshiis nooc xukun-qaybsi dhex mara dawladda iyo jabhadaha ka soo horjeeda; teeda kale, mar haddii aannan ogeyn meel ay nabadi ka jirtey, waxaan qabney in nabadgalya-

dayadu ay ku jirtey, annaga oo gurigayaga iska joogna, halkaas oo aan ku haysannay gabood aan kaga badbaadno bombooyinka, xabbadaha iyo finiinka qaraxa oo jiha walba ka imanayey, kuna soo dhacayey daaraha iyo waddooyinka.

Maalinba maalinta ka dambaysa waxaa naga sii yaraanayey siina qaaliyoobayey cuntada, biyaha, iyo shidaalka, si loo helona waxay ahayd in loo bareero halis badan oo aan la sheegi karin. Ayada oo aysan raggu dibedda u bixi karin, cabsi laga qabey inay cidammada dawladda ama kuwa jabhaddu dilaan awgeed, Xaawa iyo haweenka kale ee guriga joogey ayay noqotay inay isbiimeeyaan oo reerka uga soo adeegaan suuqyada waratada ee ku yiil xaafddayada iyo ka shisheba. Wax kastase waxaa nooga darnaa, oo aan ka welweli jirney, waxay ahayd sidii aan isaga ilaalin lahayn nimanka dableyda ah ee meereysanayey maalinnimadii, habeenkiina tuugadii caadiga ahayd iyo mujrimiinta hubaysan, ee ka soo fakatay xabsiyadii iyo xeryihii dadka lagu hayn jirey oo aan hadda cidi ilaalineyn. Waxaannu haysannay dhawr buntukh iyo bastoolado, ragga guriga joogeyna ilaal-adiisa ayay u kaltami jireen oo, ilaa intii waqti ah wax khatar ah lama aannan kulmin.

Ayaandarro, gurigayagu wuxu ku yiil dhexbartanka goobta dagaalk ee ciidammada dawladda iyo kuwa jabhadda USC, kadibna kuwa labada dhinac ee USC. Iyada oo gunta colaaddu ay ka dhalatay cabashooyiin iyo dulmi xagga habka qaybsashada xukunka dalka, dawladda iyo jabhadaha ka soo horjeedaa waxay ku dhisnaayeen hiillo haybeed. Sidaa awgeed, si aan nafteenna u badbaadinno, waxaan go'aansannay inaan kaarka qabiilka cayaarno. Markii ay na soo weeraraan koox rag hubaysan, haddii ay yihiin kuwa dawladda, waxaannu u sheegi jirney in odayga reerku uu yahay xubin sare oo ka tirsan dawladda, haddise ay yihiin USCna, waxaannu u sheegi jirney inay haweenyda reeku qabiilkooda ka tirsan tahay, odayga reerkuna uu ka tirsan yahay mid ka mid ah qabiillada SNM oo ahayd jabhad ay USCda iska garabsanayeen dagaalka lagula jirey dawladda. Xeeshaan xirashada labada koofiyadood, oo ay nagu saaciddey xaqiiqada in xubnaha qoyskayagu ay sida dhabta ah ka tirsanaayeen saddex qolo oo ka mid ahaa qabiillada dagaallamayey, ma aha oo keliya inay badbaadisey noloshayada iyo nolosha dad

badan oo nasoo magansaday, ee waxay na siisay fursad aan nafta saddex qof oo kale ku samatabixinno.

Galab baa Xaawa, wiil yar oo aan eddo u ahay, iyo aniga oo suuqa ka nimid, waxaan aragnay laba nin oo qoryo sita, oo gabar yar oo argagaxsan surun ciriiri ah hore ugu sii riixaya. Durbadiiba markii ay hooyo nimanka indhaha ku dhufatay dareentayna waxa xun ee ay muuqatay inay damcsanaayeen, waxay dirtay wiilkii yaraa, si uu caawimaad nooga doono ragga gurigayaga joogey. Aakhiritaankii, gabadhii oo ilmo iyo gariir kala joojin la', ayaa la sii daayey, habeen markii ay nala bariday, ayada oo ay hooyona intaas oo dhan dejineyso, ayaa nabadqab loogu diray reerkeedii oo ku noolaa degmada Cabdilcasiis ee Muqdishow.

Habeen kale nin dhallinyar oo lebiska askarta xiran, oo wada qoyan jarcaynayana, ayaa irridka gurigayaga soo garaacay, asaga oo magangelyo doonaya. Wuxuu noo sheegay inuu ka mid ahaa niman dhowaantaan lagu soo xoojiyey cutub galabtaas ka qaybqaatay dagaal ba'an oo ay la galeen ciidanka USCda, iyo in, kadib markii raggiisa badidood la laayey, asaga iyo askari kale ay badda isku tureen; halkas oo uu saacado jebellada dhexdoodu ku qarsoonaa, warna uusan u hayn halka uu saaxiibkii ku dambeeyey kadib markii ay badda isku tureen. Dabadeed markii aan cunto iyo dhar qallalan siinnay, ayaa hooyo oo dooneysey inay ka badbaadiso qaar ka mid ah ragga guriga joogey, oo ay askartu laayeen dad la qaraabo ah, waxay ku adkaysatay in ninka qolkeeda la seexiyo, halkaas oo uu ciyoon hurdo dheer la dhacay ilaa subaxdii dambe, markii ay labo nin oo dhallinyaro ah gaarsiiyeen meel uu ciidaam-madii dawladda kaga darsami karay. Kahor inta uusan bixin, salaaddii fajriga ayuu tukaday, wuxuuna ku dhaartay inuusan abidkii dagaal qabiil ka qaybgelin.

Habeen kale, nin sarqaan ah, oo garab dhiig ka da'ayo, kan kalena qori AK ah ku sita ayaa irridkayaga soo garaacay, asaga oo asna magangelyo doon ah. Hooyo oo tan iyo dagaalladaan u dillaacday gargaarto caafimaad, ayaa dhaawiciisii dhayday cunto iyo shaahna siisay. Intii uu cantuugo cambuulo ah hadba dem ka siinayey, ayuu noo sheegay sida asaga iyo mid saaxiibkiis ah ay u damceen inay dukaanka Caputo (oo uu lahaa nin Talyaani ah, oo wax badan dalka deggenaa) soo dhacaan, lakiinse ay askar, sida muuqata halkaas uga soo

hormartay, saaxiibkiis toogatey, asagana dhaawacday intii uu saaxiibkiis buntukha ka soo dhufsanayey. Subaxdii xigtey, kadib markii ciidammada dawladda ee aaggayaga ka dagaalamasey laga adkaaday, isla markiiba waxaan irriddayada iyo gawaaridayada ku qornay calaamada USC iyo midda SNM. Waa yaabe, dableydii USCda ayaa irridkayagii soo jebisey, oo inta banaadiiq nagu qabtay, nagu amartay inaan askeriga dhaawaca ah, ee aan guriga ku qarainayno ee dhiiggiisu irridka hortiisa ku yaal soo saarno. Waxay iska kaaya daayeen oo keliya kadib markii aan u sheegnay magaca iyo haybta ninka aan badbaadinay. Sida muuqatay, degdegtooda, raggii aan cawadii la soo dhaafay u xilsaarray nadiifinta dhiigga ninka ee ku yiil gudaha iyo debedda guriga, ayaan hawshoodii si wanaagsan u qaban, sidaasna halis weyn noo geliyey.

Inkasta oo aan kula talinnay inayan guriga dhaafin, oo istusin, lana hadlin nimanka dableyda ah, haybta ay ka dhalatay awgeed, hooyo ma deyn soo booqashada iyo taakulaynta saaxiibbo buka iyo jaar taakulayn u baahan; marka, ayada oo degmada aad looga yiqiin awgeed, waxaa marar badan afxumo iyo bukobukeyn u geystey qaar ka mid ah dableyda agtayda joogtey oo, iska degtey guryihii ay banneeyeen ama dadkii lahaa oo magaalooyin kale u cararay, ama ajnabigi ay u kireysnaayeen oo dalka isaga tegey.

Intii ay dagaalladu socdeen, waxaan jorney, oo ku ekayn gurigayayga iyo meelaha agteenna ah, marka, war iyo wacaalli uma aannan hayn waxa dhab ahaantii ka dhacayey qaybaha kale ee magaalada. Markii ay ciidammada dawladdu uga baxeen Muqdishow kuwa USC, ayaa mar uun waxay hooyo ogaatey in hal qoys oo keliya ee reerkii ay ka dhalatay uu magaalada ku soo haray, iyo in afar wiil oo ay eeddo u ahayd, korintooda iyo waxbarashadoodana gacan ka geysatey, la diley ayaga oo magaalada ka sii cararaya. Wararkaas dhiil-lada lehi waxay u keeneen murugo iyo xanuun ay dhiig la hunqaacdo. Waxaa cudurka alserka ka daweeeyey takhtar-keedii, Saalax Caydaruus oo aan deris ahayn, ahaana nin raxmad iyo deeqsinnomo aan dhammaad lahayn leh. Wuxuu ahaa madaxa Qaybta Qalliinka ee Isbitaalka Weyn ee Muqdishow (Digfer). Markii warkiisa Xaawa ugu dambeeysey, Dr Caydaruus wuxuu daweynayey qaxootiga Soomaaliyeed ee ku sugan Mukalla, Yemen. Run ahaantiina waxaa tiiraanyo

leh inay Soomaaliya weydo mid ka mid ah takhtarradeedii ugu aqoonta, kartida iyo xannaanada badnaa.

Durbadiiba goortii ay hooyo soo ladnaatay, si kasta oo aan uga digney, waxay ku adkaysatay inay Jibriil Yare oo lix bilood jirey, oo ahaa agoonkii mid ka mid ah wiilashii ay eeddada u ahayd ee la diley, gurigayagana ku dhashay, iyo hooyadii u raacdo safar halis badan oo, ay ku geyneysey Caabud Waaq oo ah magaalomaxda Gobolka Galgaduud. Inkasta oo halkas ay nabadi ka jirtey, hooyo oo nolosha dabacsan ee maga-alaweynta u baratay, waxay meeshu la noqotay meelaan innaba la joogi karin sida ay buraamburkeed qosolka leh ee *Caabud Waaq* ku sheegtay, dhakhsadiina Muqdishow ayay dib ugu soo noqotay.

21^{kii} Nofembar, 1991^{kii}, goor aan islahayn balaayo oo idil waa ay idin dhaaftay, ayaa dagaal kii ugu qaraaraa uguna burbur badnaa ka dhex aloosmay ciidammo daacad u kala ahayd Madaxweyne-ku-meelgaar Cali Mahdi Maxamed iyo Guddoomiyaha USCda, Sarreeye Gaas Maxamed Faarax Caydiid. Burburka iyo dilka sii kordhay ee dagaalkaas dad aan tiradooda la koobi karin ayaa ku le' day, ku naafoobey, ama ku cayrtoobey. Toddobaadyo waxaa waddooyinka agtayada ah warnaa meydad aan la xabaalin. Ragga guriga joogey waxay meydka qaarkii ku aaseen dhinacyada waddooyinka, hase ahaatee, tirada meydadka oo sii kordheysay intii uu daagaalku socdey oo ku badatay, iyo ayaga oo naftooda u baqay, aakhiritaankii xilkaas waa ay isaga hareen.

In badan oo ka mid ah dadkii nabadda jecelaa ee deggenaa degmada Shangaanni, oo aan qaarkood sanooyin badan ahayn deris wanaagsan, ayaa dagaalku si xun u saameeyey: gury-ohoodii ayaa la mooro duugey, haweenkoodii qaarkood ayaa la kufsaday, noloshoodiina waa la gaasiray. Halkaas waxaa noogu caddaatey inay annagana noo dhammaatay, oo aannan sina carar isugu deyi karin, maxaa yeelay qaar dableyda ka mid ah, oo nagu meersanaa, horena hubkii nooga qaatay, ayaa waxay sugayeen fursad ay nagu soo weeraraan. Subaxnimadii 21^{kii} Nofembar, 1991^{kii}, kadib markii aan soo marnay laba cawo oo hurdo-beel iyo baqdin leh, ayaa koox niman dabley ah, oo horror ah, oo qaarkood saqraan yihiin, qaarna ay indhu bir guduudan yihiin, saacado badan oo ay qaad ku soo jeedeen awgeed, waxay irridka weyn ee gurigayag ku soo jebiyeen

basuuko, halkaas oo ay isla markiiba nafta kaga jareen mid ka mid ahaa ilaaldayadii labana ku dhaawaceen. Mid ka mid ah hoggaamiyeyaashooda ayaa asaga oo qoriga caaraddiisa nagu haya, inta barxadda beerta guriga na soo tubay, xabbad ku dhuftay si xunna u dhaawacay saygaygii Axmed Maxamuud Faarax, oo inkasta oo uu ka mid ahaa xubnihii sarsare ee dawladdii Maxamed Siyaad Barre, si kamadaalis ah, asaga oo ay weheliyeen odeyaal ka tirsan beelaha Woqooyi ee ku sugnaa Muqdishow, isugu xilqaamay sidii labada dhinac ee USCda loo heshiisiin lahaa. Isla goortaas, intayan iga dhammaan qayladayda naxinta lahayd ee "Alla!" ayaa mid kale dhabarka iga harraatiyey, asaga oo mindhaa jilibkiisa adeegsanaya, oo dhulka madax-madax iigu tuuray, dhowr xabbadoodna iga dul ridey. Intii dhawr ilbiriqsi ah inaan dhintay ayaan ismoodey, illowse waxaan gartay inaan noolahay markii aan maqlay saygaygii oo leh, "War ha igu aakhiro seegina. Allaa igu ogo, cadaw idiin ma ahi, ee wanaaggiinna ayaan ka shaqaynayey."

Inkasta oo uu dhiig foolkayga iyo afkayga ka socdey dhicistii awgeed, waxaan u gurguurtey xagga mid dableyda ka mid ah oo saygagayga ku leh, "Waryaa, na sii dahabka iyo doollarka, ama haddaan kuu dhammays tiraa!" Waxaan ninka ka baryey inuu xabbadda naga joojiyo aanna aan tusayo halka aan ku qariyey wixii dahab ama dollar ahaa ee aan haysannay. Hooyo, oo ilaa waqtigaas qolkeeda ku sugnayd, ayaa markii ay xabbadda hugunkeeda iyo sawaxanka maqashay soo baxday ayada oo gacmaha kor u taageysa, markaas baan wadajir uga barinnay inay xabbadda naga daayaan, dahabkii iyo dollar-radiina siinnay. Markaas kadib, ayaga oo weli xabbaddii nagu haya, waxay noo oggolaadeen inaan Axmed ka soo jiidno dhabbaha ay gawaaridu marto, halkaa oo asaga oo dhiiggu ka qulqulayo yiil, aanna ku tiirinno garaashka yaga derbigiisa. Intii aan garbasaarta hooyo uga xireyney garabka dhiniciisa uu dhaawucu ka gaarey, waxaan u jeedney annaga oo naxdin iyo argagax u go'ayna, dableydii iyo mawjado dad biliiliqo doon ah, oo da' iyo jinsi walba leh oo gurigii qariyey, kuna dhaqaaqaya boob iyo wax kharbudin qeexan. Intaas oo dhan, aniga oo weli naxdin iyo sas la qarqaraya, suuxdinna iska ilaalinaya, waxaan sii watey baryadaydii aan Alleheen kaga codsanayey inuu musiibadaan naga samatabixiyo.

Hooyo, oo aan gegsiimadeeda iyo gesinnimadeeda weli la yaabanahay, ayaa i canaanatay, ayada oo iga sii fajeciseyna, igu tiri, "Wax kasta oo ay nimankaani nala maaggan yihiin Rabbigeen ku kalsoonow, oo mar dambe ruux aadami ah lugihiisa ha u gurguuran, waabase dooxatadaane!" Laakiin, geesinnimo iyo geesinnimo la'aan, si aan qoyskeyga u badbaadiyo waxaan sii watay baryadaydii aan dableyda ku barooranayey inay iska kaaya daayaan. Ayaamihii dambe iyo sanooyin kadib, waxaa habeenkii hadba igu soo noqnoqanyey seel dhacdadaas la xiriira, oo markasta oo ay xabbadi meel ka yeerto ama gaari shaaggiis qarxado, kor ayaan u boodi jirey, oo wada gariiri jirey, sidii in kelyaha nabar la iiga dhuftay.

Nasiibkeen, taliyohooda degmada, oo ahaa nin aannu naqiin Muqdishowna laga yiqiin, ayaa noo naxariistay, oo intuu raggiisa u daayey inay gurigayaga gurtaan, Axmed iyo aniga nagu soo xooray guri markaas ciidankiisa isbitaal u ahaa. Isla subaxnimadaas saaxiibtay, Maryan Macallin Cabdullaahi, oo ka mid ah haweenka Soomaaliyeed ee guul sare ka gaarey xagga ganacsiga, ayaa markii ay maqshay ayaandarrada na soo gaartey, magangelyo nagu siisay gurigeeda ku yaal Koofurta Muqdishow. Waxaa kale oo na daryeelay takhtarrada kala ah Cabdullaahi Sheekh Xasan iyo Cismaan Dufle, (Cismaan Beat), kuwaas oo si naxariis leh dhaawaca saygaygii u dhayey, ayaga oo weliba ku shaqaynayey xilli xun oo la la'aa dawooyinkii, goobihii caafimaad, iyo qalabkii loo baahnaa; iyo goor baaxadda hawshooda badbaadinta nafta dadka dhaawaca ah -badi haween iyo carrura- ay aad u weyneyd.

Sannadkii 1994^{kii}, markaan qareenkayga, Lorn Goldman u sheegay, sababaha aan Kanada u weydiisanayo in qaxooti ahaan la ii aqoonsado aniga oo u sheegaya in dadka na badbaadiyey iyo kuwa na waxyeelleyey qaarkood ay isku hayb ahaayeen-, wuxuu igu adkeeyey in asaga, iyo qaalliyada dacwaddayada dhegeysanaya, ay ku adkaan doonto inay sheekadaydaas rumaystaan. Waxaan u qiray inuu xaalku sidaas ahaa, haddii loo baahdona aan keeni karno markhaati lagu kalsoon yahay oo sheekadayada nooga maragkaca. Haa, waa jirtaa inay Soomaali isu geysatey dembiyo foolxun iyo bahalnimo aan la sheegi karin, oo ay ugu wacnayd shucuur han iyo qab qabiileed oo xad-dhaaf ah, aarsi doon aan xakama

lahayn, iyo raadin libin kala dhalin, kuwaas oo badiba ay dabkooda hurinayaan shakhsiyaad siyaasadeed oo aan damiir lahayn. Hase ahaatee, isla Soomaalidaasi mar walba waa dad walaalo ah, oo siyaabo badan isagu xiriirsan, oo isku himilo iyo isku cabsiba wadaaga meel kasta oo ay ku dhaqanyihiin. Waxaa ayaandarro ah, inay Soomaali badan oo arami weli ka buuxda, iyo saxaafadda dibadeed oo culayska saaraya silicdi-lyooyinkii dhacay, ay ka aamusaan dhacdooyinka badan ee dad samatabixiyey nafaf iyo mulkiyado ay qofaf ama qoysas ka tirsan qolo kale lahaayeen, ha u geeyaan waajibaad dersnimo, xiriirro xididnimo iyo qaraabonnimo, amaba qiyam iyo tacliimaad diineed e.

Maahmaah Soomaaliyeed baa waxay oranaysaa, "Cayri caymo ma diiddo." Dharaartii gurigayaga nalaka saaray, saaxiibtay Maryan oo damacsanayd inay waxuun noo soo badbaadiso, ayaa waxay gurigii u dirtay qaar ilaaladeeda ka mid ahaa. Nasiibdarridayada iyo la yaabkooda, waxay u tageen gurigii dhammaantii oo la faaruqiyey, aan ka ahayn gabalgabal alaabo jabjabtay, oo tan iyo waddooyinka agtiisa ah ku firirsan. Waxaa kale oo lala tegey masawirradii qoyskayaga, shahaadooyinkayagii waxbarasho, qoraallo kale oo muhiim ah, iyo wixii lahaa buugaag qiimo leh ee aan sanooyin soo ururineyney, oo ay ku jireen kuwo Soomaaliya ku saabsan kuna qorraa afafka Carabiga, Ingiriiska iyo Talyaaniga iyo mujalladaad Qur'aanka Kariimka ah iyo Tafsiir. Wixii ay biliiliqo doonkii isdaba joogey naceen, ama qaadi kari waayeen waa ay burburiyeen, shidaal ahaan bay u isticmaaleen, ama waxay ka dhigteen xaashiyaha musqulaha.

Febraayo 1993^{kii}, Muqdishow ayaan ku soo noqday, halkaas oo aan dhowr bilood la-taliye ahaan ula shaqaynayey ururka haweenka ee Ida Women's Organization, oo ahaa markaas ururka bulshadeed ee Soomaalida ah, oo keligii ka hawlgeli jirey Koofurta iyo Bariga Muqdishow, asaga oo ka gudbey khadkii cagaarnaa ee kala qaybinayey labad dhinac ee USCda ee loollamayey, sidaasna uga qaybqaatay qaboojinta xiisadda colaadda, iyo kor u qaadista yididiilada waxwadaqabsiga haweenka. Ida waxaa wada maamulayey hablaha geesiyaasha ah ee ilmo Cabdi Caruush, Xaliima iyo Starliin, oo ayaga oo kaashanaya hay'adaha mucaawanada bixiya iyo ururrada madaxbannaan ee dunida, u fidiyey

barnaamijyo kaalmo degdeg ah, oo loo baahnaa looguna tala-galay dadyowgii ay dagaallada iyo abaartu sabaaleeyeen. Haddaba, aniga oo ay ila socdaan koox ciidanka Talyaaniga oo ka tirsanaa UNITAF¹⁸, taxaddar dartiisna xiran muraayadaha waaweyn ee qorraxda, ayaan waxaan soo booqday gurigayagii hore. Hadda asaga oo aan daaqado iyo irdo toona lahayn, sida dhismooyin badan oo Muqdishow ku yiil, ayaa waxaa laga dhigay xarun dadka soo barakacay lagu quudiyo, taas oo waa la-yaabe, uu nin dabley ah maamulayey.

Bil kadib markii guragayagii la boliliqaystay, ayaa hay'adda Medicine San Frontier oo fulinaysa codsiga walaalkay, Danjire Mahamed Axmed Caalim, nagu caawisay in saygayga iyo aniguba aan u soo wareegno meel nabad ah oo Woqooyiga Muqdishow ku tiil. Halkaas waxaan joogney ilaa markii aan horraantii 1992^{kii} ka baxnay dalka una soo kacnay Nairobi, ayada oo ay si deeqsinnimo leh noo taakuleeyeen qoyska saaxiibkayga wanaagsan, Cumar Carte Qaalib, oo ahaan jirey macallin, wasiir arrimaha dibedda ee dawladdii Maxamed Siyaad Barre, iyo wasiirka kowaad ee dawladdii ku-meelgaarka ahayd ee Cali Mahdi, kaas oo Boqortooyada Carbeed ee Sucuudiga ka soo faray qoyskiisa Xamar ku sugnaa inay noo fidiyaan wixii kaalmo ah ee aan u baahnayn.

Hooyo, sida muuqatey, waa ay nagaga xeel roonayd sida laysu badbaadiyo. Subaxdii naloo soo dhacay, waxaa u suurowdey ayada oo ay la jiraan dad kale oo guriga ku noolaa, inay baxsato, kadib markii ay xoogaa dollar ah oo nabasteeda ugu qarsoonayd siisay nin dabley ah. Ninku wuxuu qaabil-sanaa ilaalinta derbigii guriga ee ay uga boodeen kan u-doodaagii xuquuqda madaniga, Ismaaciil Jumcaale Cosoble. Afadiisii naxariista iyo geessinnimada leh, Maryan Xuseen Awreeye, oo hadda ah Guddoomiyaha Mu'asasada Ismaaciil Jimcaale (Ismail Jumale Foundation), ayaa hooyo laba bilood hoy iyo magangelyo siisay ilaa ay ayana Kenya u soo cararto.

Buraamburradeeda *Dagaalka sokeeye*, iyo *Xaawleeyey*, oo ay tirisay waqtigii ugu xumaa ee dagaalka sokeeye, waxay Xaawa suurad ka bixinaysaa hooggii dagaalka iyo anaaniyadda dagaal-oogeyaasha xukun-jecelta ah. Kulankii Labaad ee Qarammada Midoobey ee Kaalmada Aadminimo ee Soomaaliya, laguna qabtay Addis Ababa, 11^{kii} ilaa 13^{kii} Maarso,

1993^{kii}, goortii aan buraamburka hooyo ee *Dagaalka sokeeye*, oo af Ingiriis ku tarjuman u akhriyey ergooyinka kulanka, kuwaas oo ay ku jireen 15 ka mid ahaa dagaal-oogeyaashii isdiriraye, guddoomiyaha kulanka oo ay tixihiisu shucuurtiisa dhaqaajisay, wuxuu dagaal-oogeyasha darrenlaaweyaasha ah ka baryey inay dadkooda u turaan, oo ay dhaqso heshiis rasmi ah u gaaraan. Intii ay qaxooti ahaan ku joogtey Nairobi, waxay hooyo curisay buraanburka qalbiga taabanaya ee *Silica Soomaali* oo ay kaga hadlayso dhibta dadka Soomaaliyeed soo gaartey xilligii abaartii 1992^{kii}, taas oo ay TVga Nairobi ka daawatay, iyo sida ay unidu Soomaaliya u illowdey ugana gaabisay gaarsiinta kaalmo degdeg ah carruurta, haweenka, iyo waayeelka dhimanayey, ee uu dagaalka sokeeye asiibay ugana ay sii dartay abaartii sanadkaas gobollada Koofureed ee Soomaaliya ku faaftay.

Ibtalooyinkii ugu weyn ee uu dagaalka sokeeye keenay waxaa ka mid ah dagaagga dadka iyo kala go'a xubnaha qoyska. Tan iyo bilowgii 1986^{ku} dad badan ayaa Soomaaliya ka cararay, oo markii hore magangelyo u doontay dalalka deriska la ah ee Ethiopia iyo Kenya, halkaas oo ay u soo adkaysteen nolosha adag ee xeryaha qaxootiga lagu hayo kahor intayan inta nasiibka lehi helin fursad ay ku galaan dalalka reer Galbeedka, sida Kanada, USA, Boqortooyada Ingiriiska, Holland, Sweden, Norway, iyo Finland, haddii aan in ka magacwno.

Hooyo Soomaaliyeed oo wiilkeeda u baqaysey waqtigii bombooyinka wax gumaada Hargeysa lala dhacayey, ayaa waxay tirisay tixaha soo socda:

Intaan boobuhu¹⁹ bowdo ka jebin
Amaan shilkuhu²⁰ sheedda kaa heli
Hooyo Nuurow! Noolka hooyoo
Orod Norway nafta kula roor.



Sannadkii 1993^{kii}, waxay hooyo Kanada ku soo gashay qaxooti ahaan. Si wanaagsan ayaa loo dhaqaaleeyey durbadiina waxaa loo aqoonsaday xaaladda sheegashada qaxootinnimada. Waxaa kale oo soo dhoweeyey saddex

carruur waaweyn oo ay ayeeyo u tahay iyo in badan oo ay eeddo u tahay, saaxiibbo iyo macaariif. 1994^{kii}, waxaa aanna ii suurto gashay inaan Kanada soo galo. Inkasta oo aad loo wada dhaqaaleeyey, gaar-ahaan gabadha ay ayeeyada u tahay, Muna, iyo aniguba, waxaa ku dhacay sida dhowaan sooga-leyaal cusub oo sideeda oo kale ah-laxawga naxdinta dhaqameed, cimilada adag, caqabadaha afka, kuwaas oo u suurto gelin waayey, siiba da'deeda awgeed, inay la qabsato oo dhexgasho mujtamaca Kanada. Bacdamaa ay nolosheeda oo dhan ahayd haweeney aad u madaxbannaan- ku dhawaad bilcaan keligeed reer u talisa dhan kasta- waxaa dhibaya inay mar walba qof kale ka sugto inuu wax kala qabto waxkasta oo ay u baahan tahay. Markasta oo qof saaxiib ama qaraabo ah uu soo waco, asaga oo weydiinaya inay Kanada si fiican u degtey ulan qabsatay, waxay ugu jawaabtaa ayada oo dhibta ay qabto oo idil ku hurgufeysa, "Waa Ilaah mahaddii oo waa ladanahay, cunto iyo hoy baan haystaa, habeenki nabad iyo cabsi la'aan baan ku seexdaa, intaas ma ahee maxaa kale oo aan sheegi karaa? Dalka ma aqaan, oo dadka afkooda ma aqaan, cimilada halkaanna waa mid aan loo adkaysan karin: qaboobeeheedu waa mid aad u qabow, kulayleheedua waa dab iyo naar, mid kalena waa roob, kay "spring" yiraahdaanna maba ogi wuxuu yahay."

Waxaa haya daltabyo, oo badiba waxay tebeysaa qaraabadeedii, saaxiibbadeedi iyo deriskeedii; iyo aadaanka mu'addinka mu'miniinta shanta salaadood ugu yeera. Si kasta oo uu takhtarkeedu kula taliyey inay socodka badiso, marmar dhif ah ayay bannaanka ku soo socsocotaa, dukaan ka soo adeegsashona warkeedaba daa. Sidaas darteed, waxaa aayar aayar ugu dhacay cudur xun oo la xiriira socoshada dhiigga, taas oo sababtay in saddex farood oo cagteeda midig ku yaal la gooyo, iyo xanuun tawsi ah, oo aan loo adkaysan karin uguna sii darsamay dhibihii ay hore uga sheeganeysey: daltabyo, dareen go'doon iyo murugo sida ay uga sawirayso buraanburradeeda *Qaxootiga Kanada, Noloshu Qurbaha* iyo *Daltabyo*.

Waxaa kale oo jira, bacdamaa ay tahay waddaniyad dhiidhi badan, qalbigeeda iyo maankeedaba waxaa mar walba ka buuxa welwelka ay Soomaaliya ku hayso iyo waxa halkaa ka dhacaya, ayada oo ku fekereysa goorta ay dagaallada soke-

eye joogsan doonaan nabad iyo heshiisna la gaari doono. Sannadkii 2000, waxay ka mid aha maansoyahannadii lagu casumay Shirkii Nabadaynta iyo Heshiisiinta Soomaalida ee Carta, oo uu martgeliyey Madaxweynaha Jabuutii, Mudane Ismaaciil Cumar Geelle. Waxay halkaas ka tirisay labadeeda geeraar *Jabuuti khayrka ay odorroseyso* iyo *Farriin Ergada Shirka Carta*.

Sanooyinkii ay colaaddu socotey, ha u geysa tiiraanyo iyo caro qoto dheer, ama sababo kale oo kasta ee, dad badan oo Soomaali ah, oo cid kastaba leh ayaa si cad ama si maldahan dib ugu noqday shucuurtii gabowdey ee tacasubka qabyaaladda. Waxaa ayada oo la adeegsanayo cajaaladaha wax lagu duubo la faafiyey suugaan wax shidaysa, oo boogihii hore damqaysa, dadkana ku dhalinaysa nacayb iyo kala-go'. Middaasi waxay soo jiidatay xataa haween maansoyahan ah, oo hore caan ugu ahaa xamaasaddooda waddannimo. Hooyo waxay ka mid tahay haweenka yar ee maansoyahanka ah, oo doortay inayan ka mid noqon inta dhabbahaas foosha xun qaadday. Xaflad lagu soo dhowenayey markii ay Kanada soo gashay, ayaa qaar haween ah oo meesha joogey waxay isyiraahdeen malaha ayaduna buraambur wax shida waa ay tirisay. Markii ay ka codsadeen inay wax uga mariso, waxay curisay - run-ahantii si kedis ah- buraamburka *Qaabiil iyo Haabiil*. Buraamburkaas gaaban - oo ahaa jawaabteedii oo kooban oo cad- sacab dheer ayaa lagu aqbalay. Taasi waxay ahayd wax laga fisho, maxaa yeelay waa waddanniyad can ah oo dalkeedu, dadkeedu iyo calankeedu ay qalbiga kaga yaalliin. Waxaa kale oo ay ku hammineysaa inay Soomaali heshiiso, iyo in, wixii dhacay lama- mana la illaabi karo ee, aan qaladaadkeenna ku cibuqaadanno qarankeennana ka soo saarno hoobaaqda uu ku dhacay.



Ma sahlana si ay bulsho u beddesho aragtideeda ku aaddan caado qarniyo soo jirtey sida gudniinka gabdhaha, amase naafaynta xubinta jinsiga hablaha. Waayo-aragnimada Xaawa iyo saddex fac oo firkeeda ah ayaa waxay noqon kartaa tusaale sida tartiibta ah ee uu isbeddel ku yimid. Markii ay Xaawa ahayd gabar yar, sida dhammaan

gabdhaha ku nool dalalka caadadaas looga dhaqmo, waxaa laga dhaadhiciyey quruxda iyo wanaagga uu gudniinku leeyahay, kaas oo ayada oo lagu qaldan yahay, lagu andacoonayo inay diinta Islaamku ina farayso. Haddaba, qiyaastii markii ay siddeed-jirsatey, ayay ayada oo aan cidi ku qasbin, codsatay, runtii ku dagaallantay, in lagu sameeyo sancadaan aan loo baahnayn naxariistana lahayn. Subaxbaa, waxay aragtay gabdho qaraabadeeda ah oo la gudo, markaas bay mindiyihii midkood daf la tiri, oo inta oohin iyo qaylo isku dartay haweenkii meesha joozey ku tiri, "Anna maanta ha la i gudo, amase Wallaahi anaa isgudahaya!" Sidaa darteed, waxaa haweenkii qasab ku noqotay in ayadana halkaas lagu gudo, ayada oo aan wax dhawaaq xanuun ah uusan afkeeda innaba ka soo bixin, sida ay, ayada oo falkeedaas dhiirran ku faanaysa, marar badan noo sheegtay.

Aniga iyo hooyo waxaa nalaku sameeyey nooca ugu xun ee gudniinka gabdhaha: gudniinka fircooniga oo looga dhaqmo Soomaaliya, Ethiopia, Kenya, Suudaan, Maali, Kameruun, iyo dalal kale oo badan. Balse hooyo iyo anigu waxaan ku kala duwannayn, anigu ma aanan dooneyn in lay gudo. Waxaan naxdin iyo sas ka qaaday kolkii aan arkay saxariirta uu camalkaasi baday gabar ina-abtiday ah, oo qalad ay digtoonaanla'aan umulisadii guddey gashay dartiis, mar labaad la gudo; taa keliya maahee, dhawr bilood kadib waxaa laga fursan waayey in isbitaal la dhigo, oo lagu sameeyo qalliin lagu saxayo dhibtii loo geysatey. Subaxdii cadaabtayda la soo gaarey, saddex dumara iyo umulasidii ayay noqotay inay dhulka xoog iigu celiyaan si ay camaliyadda u sameeyaan: labo lugahayga kala waran xoog u xajineysey, mid gacmaha i haysey, iyo umulisadii, Budhuko, oo ayadu shaqadii dhabta ahayd iga qabaneysey. Mar alla markii ay mindidii ugu jartay, ayaan qalaadey oo suuxay. Dabadeed, markii labadii lugaha i haysey ay xoogaa ii debciyeen, baan kor u boodey, taas oo keentay inay umulisadii taxadarla'aanteed mindidii gumaarka iiga sarto, oo dhiig meeshii baw ka soo yiraahdo. Saas oo ay tahay, ayada oo aan dheg loo dhigin cabaadkii iga baxayey iyo yaa iga-qabtooydaydii, ayaa umulisadii loo fasaxay inay camaliyadda sii waddo. Saacado kadib markii ay iga dhammaysteen, waxay igu dhaafeen saddex dhaawac oo wada laxaw leh: labo jirka

ah iyo mid nafsaani ah.

Naxdiintii aan ka qaaday dhibtii uu gudniinku ii geystey, iyo aniga oo rumaystay inaan sina diinteenu waxaas na farin oggolaynna, waxaan goostay inaan gabar aan dhalay la marsiin falkaas saxariirta iyo iinta leh. Ha yeeshee, markii ay saddexdayda gabdhood ku dhowaadeen da'dii la filayey in la gudo, waa ay ii suurtoobi weysey inaan ballanqaadkaygii si buuxda u oofiyo, ayada oo uu hur'imaad xoog leh iiga yimid xagga laba xubnood oo muhiim ah, oo qoyskayaga ka tirsan go'aan-ka-gaarista arrimaha saameeya maslaxada gabdhahayagana cod ku lahaa: hooyaday, Xaawa, iyo soddohday, Faaduma Axmed Xujaale. Kadib markii aan arrinta dib-udhiggeeda sanaba sano ugu amaahanahayey, si aan labadaa dumar ee talada adag u raalligeliyo, waxaa aakhiritaankii talo iiga dhammaatay, in gabdhaha loo gudo sida qaabka ugu khafiifsan ee qalad ahaan lagu sheego Sunna: qaabka ugu xanuun yar uguna waxyeello yar ee gudniinka. Waxaa taa ku sameeyey gargaare caafimaad, oo si buuxda tacliimaadkayga u raacay. Saas oo ay tahay, labadii islaan midna waxa loo soo qaddimay ma ay raalligelin: dhowr saacadood kadib markii ay shaqadaasi dhammaatay, markii ay arkeen aniga oo xaarxaarinnaya labo gabdhihii ka mid ah, oo geed beerta guriga ku yiil dhakadiisa ka dhookaysan, ayaa hooyo waxay igu tiri, "Naa naga jooji riwaayadda oo iska daa gabdhaha! Ma wax baa kuu guudan baad isleedahay!"

Shahrazaad ama Shaasha, gabadha ay Xaawa abootada ama mocooyada u tahay, waxay hadda jirtaa 14 sano, tobanjirkeedii keliya ayaanna uga sheekaynay caadada gudniinku waxay tahay. Shaasha nasiib bay leedahay, maxaa yeelay waxay ku dhalatay Kanada, hooyadeed Muna, waa hawl-wadeen bulsho oo firfircoon, oo ka hawlagasha beesha Soomaaliyeed ee Toronto; aniga oo ayeeyo u ah sanooyin baan ku soo jirey hawlgalka bulshada; abootadeed, Xaawana waxay aakhiritaankii aqoonsatay waxyeellada uu gudniinku leeyahay. Dhammaanteen si buuxda ayaan caadadaas uga soo wada horjeedaan sidii loo ciribtiri lahaana uga shaqaynaa. Markii 1999^{kii}, Ururka Somali Canadian Women's Association, oo ay guddoomiye ka ahayd Safiya Shire, iyo hay'adda CultureLink ay abaabuleen 6 aqoon-isweydaarsi oo ku magacwnaa "Saddex Fac oo Gudniinka Gabdhaha Diiddan" [Three

Generations of NO Female Genital Mutilation], oo loo qabtay 150 xubnood oo ka tirsan beesha Soomaaliyeed ee Toronto, oo isugu jirey rag, dumar, iyo dhallinyaro (wiilal iyo gabdho), waxay Xaawa tirisay geeraarka *Aafada gudniinka hablaha* oo ay ugu talogashay aqoon-isweydaarsiyadaas.

Waxaan ka hadalka mawduucaan culus ugu bareernay, si aan codkayaga ugu biirinno kuwa ururrada haweenka Soomaaliyeed ee Soomaaliya jooga iyo kuwa dalalka qurbaha ka jira, iyo hay'adaha caalaamka, oo ay gaashaanka u sidaan UNICEF iyo WHO, ee si kamadaalis leh ugu heellan ciribtirka gudniinka gabdhaha- caado xag jireed iyo xag nafsadeedba u gaasiraya nolosha malaayiin gabdho yaryar iyo haween ku nool Afrika iyo meelo kale. Marse haddii la ogyahay inaan intaa badan dalalka Islaamka, oo ay ku jirto Boqortooyada Carbeed ee Sucuudiga -xudduntii diinta Islaamka- lagaga dhaqmin caadada gudniinka gabdhaha ee nooc kasta, waxaan la yaabannahay waxa ay culummadeenna iyo aqoonyahan-nadeenu ku-sii-dhaqanka caadadaas Islaamka ka horreysey uga aamusan yihiin, ayada oo hubaashii uu ta'yiidkooda ciribtirka caadadaasi dhalin lahaa isbeddel weyn.

Waxaa jira maahmaah Soomaaliyeed oo oranaysa:

*Saddex baa ragga ku wanaagsan, dumarkana ku xun:
geesinnimo, deeqsnimo, aftahannimo.*

Haddaba, hooyaday Xaawa saddexdaba waa ay leedahay, waxaa kale oo intaba leh haween badan oo Soomaali ah, iyo kuwo kale oo dunida guudkeeda ku nool. Inay tahay geesiyad aftahan ah, oo aan si sahlan loo cabsigelin karin, waxaa laga garan karaa maansadeeda qaarkeed iyo jawaabeheeda dhiir-ran mar kasta oo cidi maagto, siiba ragga daraja kasta ama maqaam kasta oo ay leeyihiin. Kulan 1972^{kii} loo qabtay haweenka degmooyinka Xamar ka hawlgala waxay Xaawa ka tirisay buraamburka dhirrigelinta leh ee *Dhib badan baa ina sugaya* oo ay ugu talogashay haween macallimiin iyo maamuleyaal ka ahaa Wasaaradda Waxbarashada iyo Barbaarinta, oo ka qaybgalayey Tababarka Militari iyo Hanuuninta Siyaasadeed ee Xalane. Markaas baa nin ka mid ahaa madaxdii sare ee dawladda oo halkaas khudbad ka jeedinayey ku yiri, "Oo Xaawa, xaggebaad ka heshay waxaas oo aqoon

ah?" Ayada oo ka xumaatay ninka kajankiisa maldahan, waxay ugu jawaabtey, "Oo maxaan u lahaan waayey? Isku da' baan nahay, ogaanteyna adba Oxford kama aadan soo qalinjebine." Waa bayuurtiisa ee, jawaabteedii waxay dhalisay qosol dheer iyo sacab aan kala-go' lahayn.

Waa qof naxariis badan oo dadka u arxanta, waana deeqsiyad waxay haysato intii u baahan la wadaagta. Weligeed waxay u horreysaa inta deeq bixisa ama bilowda ururin qaaraan lagu kaalmaynayo qof qaraabo ama saaxiib ah oo soo qayliyey; taas oo marar badan dhacda, siiba sanooyinkaan ay qalalaasuhu dalkii ka dhaceen, ayna haweenka Soomaaliyeed ee dhabarka adag ee gudaha Soomaaliya iyo dibeddaba noqdeen barroosin qoysaskooda samatabixiya. Waxaa kale oo jira, bacdamaa ay tahay qofka kaliya, oo intii ay la dhalatay reer magaal ka noqday, markii ay dalkeedii joogtey iyo haatan oo ay Kanada degtey, waxay weligeed iska xilsaartaa dhaqaalaynta walaaleheed iyo dhas-hooda faraha badan. Mar, 1958^{kii}, khabar been ah oo geerideeda sheegaya la soo gaarsiiyey, walaalkkeedii ka weynaa ayna aad u jeclayd, Cismaan, oo ay u tirisay gabayga, wuxuu tiriyey tixaha soo socda oo baroordiiqda ah:

*Xasanow²¹ xog baas baan maqlay oo, waan xanuunsaday e
Warka xalay Xamar iiga yimid, xaaddi bay socotay
Xubbi iyo jacayl walleen, xaajadood ma hayo
Wallee Xaawa waa dhimatayeey, iguma xeel gaabna
Walleen toban xigaalkaya iyo, iiga daran Xaashi²²
Xundhurta iyo xayaadka iyo wallee, xabadka lay taabay
Wallee gogoshi bay xagatay oo, xanan yar baan mooday
Wallee caanihii Xiis-Bogood²³, ila xaraaraade
Xashaashnimo wallee lama dhexmaro, xaafadda iyo suuqa
Wallee lacag xakaar aanan u marin, xaabis uma qaato
Xag Ilaahay mooyee wallee, Xamar ka soo oodmay.*

Waxaa kale oo ay Xaawa tahay qof bulsho ah, oo cid kasta si fudud ula qabsata, fac kastana la saaxiib ah. Dadka si fiican u yaqaan, Soomaali iyo shisheeyaba, waxay marar badan la yaabaan bashaashnimadeeda, haybadda saansaankeeda, iyo maskaxfurnaanteeda. Curinta maansada waxay bilowday ayada oo ah gabar yar oo gibina, taas oo ay ku saacidday ka

dhalashadeeda qoys ay maansadu qayb muhiim ah ka qaadaneysey nolol maalmoodkooda. Aabbeheed iyo saddex la dhalatay waxay ahaayeen gabayaa, tan iyo yaraannimadeedi-ina waxaa si wanaagsan ugu ubuurantay dhug u-yeelashada maansada, ayada oo kor ka qaybtay gabayo iyo heeso kala duwan, oo ka mid ah suugaanta Soomaaliyeed. Waxay si xiiso leh u dhegeysan jirtey sheekooyinka hiddaha, kuwaas oo ay ku jiraan sheeko- xariirrada oo ay ka baratay ayeeyadeed Baahila, iyo eeddooyinkeedii iyo habaryareheedii badnaa. Waxay si fudud kor uga qaban jirtey heeso carruureed, iyo hees hawleedyo tiro badan. Markii ay hanaqaadday, iyo sanooyinkii ka dambeeyey, waxay qaybtay gabayo badan oo ay tireeyeen maansoyahannada waaweyn ee Soomaaliyeed.

Dabcan, Sayyid Maxamed Cabdille Xasan, gumeysi diidkii iyo hoggaamiye diineedkii weynaa, ayaa ah kay ugu wada jeceshahay. Buugga Diiwaankii Gabayadii Sayyid Maxamed Cabdille Xasan, oo uu soo ururiyey Sh. Jaamac Cumar Ciise, wuxuu ka mid ahaa buugaagtii nalaka biliiqaysatay. Waa cawadeen e, waxay kal dambe heshay hal nuqul oo lagu soo dhaqmay, oo ay qaraabo uga soo heshay suuq Muqdishow ku yaal. Waxay aad ugu bogtaa maansada asliga ah quruxdana leh ee Ismaaciil Mire, gabayaagii hibada lahaa iyo abbaandu- ulihii ciidammadii Daraawiishta ee Sayyid Maxamed. Nuqul googo' ah ee buugga Ismaaciil Mire, oo uu dejiyey Axmed Faarax "Idaajaa" iyo Diiwaankii, ayaa manta waxay ka mid yihiin waxyaabaha ugu qiimaha badan ee ay ku haysato abar- tameentada yar ee ay ku nooshahay. Laba kale oo ka mid ah maansoyahannada Soomaaliyeed, oo ay aad u jeceshahay lana seben ahaa waa Ajax Maxamed Dhawre iyo Cabdullaahi Suldaan Tima-Cadde. Ajax Dhawre waxaa lagu xusuustaa xikmadda ku jirta gabaygiisa "Quursidiid," Timacaddena gabaygiisa caanka ah, ee uu 26^{kii} Juun, 1960^{kii} u tiriyey calanka Soomaaliyeed ee shanta xiddigood leh ee uu lahaa:

*Sarreeyow ma nuqsaamow
Aan siduu yahay eegnee
Kaana siib, kannaa saar.*

Intaas oo idil waxay ahaayeen dugsigii ay Xaawa ka baratay suugaanteenna hodanka ah.

Sida haweenka Soomaaliyeed ee maansoyahanka ah, Xaawa waxay sida qaalibka ah maansadeeda ku curisaa buraambur: mid ka mid ah qaybaha ugu waaweyn ee maansada Soomaaliyeed oo dumarka u gaar ah. Sida uu qabo Sh. Jaamac Cumar Ciise, dejiyaha Diiwaankii, buraanburku wuxuu darajada hoose kaga jiraa soo tixiddiisa toddobada qaybood (gabay, geeraar, masafu, jiipto, weglo, guuro, buraambur), oo ay u kala baxdo maansada Soomaaliyeed. Illowse, sida ay latahay Ustaad Cabdullaahi Diiriye Guuleed, qoraaga Miisaanka Maansada Soomaaliyeed, ahna aqoonyahankii ugu horreeyey ee tan iyo toddobaatanaadkii daaha ka rogey xeerarka loo raaco tixaha maansada Soomaaliyeed, qiimaha suugaaneed ee buraanburku kama dhaco tan gabayga, haddiiba uusan ka sarrayn. Inkasta oo ay jireen welina jiraan haween, sida Xaawa gabay wanaagsan curin kara, misana, haweenku waxay jecelyihiin inay buraambur ku maansoodaan, siiba kuwa reer magaalka ah, oo ay u badan- tahy inuu buraanburku hortii magaalo ka bilowmay. Guud ahaan, haweenku gabayga way qiimeeyaan, illowse waxay tahayba, waxay aad ugu jaranjeeraan dhanka buraanburka, oo leh siyaabo badan oo loo qaado, soojiidasho, iyo asaga oo ku habboon samayskooda dumarnimo. Waxaa kale oo buraanburka ka dhigaya wax la jeclaado waa asaga oo laxankiisa lagu cayaari karo markii durbaan, sacab iyo jaan ay la wada socdaan. Buraanburka wanaagsani waa inuu ahaado mid ay xarfihiisa iyo miisaanka tuducyadiisu isu dheelli tiran yihiin deelqaafna lahayn.

Miisaanka gabaygu wuxuu ku jaango'anyahay, sida laga soo weriyey odayga maansada Soomaaliyeed Raage Ugaas, habka uu ugu luuqeeyey oo sidatan u dhacaya:

*Hooyaalayey, hooyaalayey, hooyaalayey, hooye
Hooyaalayey, hooyaalayey, hooyaalayey, hooye.*

Buraanburkana waxaa loogu luuqeeyaa oo uu miisaankiisu ku dhisan yahay sidatan:

*Hoobaley, hoobaley, hoobaley, haddaba
Oo hoobaley, hoobaley, hoobaley, haddaba.*

Ayada oo inta badan aroosyada loo adeegsado, buraamburka waxaa loo tirin karaa si caadi ah, ama waxaa loogu luuqayn karaa si siiqo qurxoon oo la macaansado leh. Ugu yaraan waxaa jira ilaa afar, laxan oo la xiiseeyo, oo buraamburka loogu luuqayn karo, ayna ugu horreeyaan kan Mudug/Bari, Gobollada Woqooyi, Banaadir, iyo kan Kismaanyo. Badiba waxaa buraamburka loo adeegsadaa arrimaha khaas ahaaneed, markii ay haweenku u baahdaan inay tebiyaan gocoshadooda arrimo gaar ah oo qoysaskooda ku lug leh, iyo inay xogtooda saaxiibbo iyo qaraabo isdhaaf-sadaan. Tan iyo sanadihii halganka qarannimodoonka, buraanburka, sida gabyga, waxaa loo adeegsadaa xayeesiinta iyo dicaayadda siyaasadeed. Haweenkase, waxaa kale oo uu buraamburku u noqday aalad awoodsiin, oo ay hawlgalkooda bulshadeed u adeegsadaan, taas oo siinaysa fursad ay uga mid nooqdaan hannaanka siyaasadeed iyo in codkooda la maqlo, joogitaankoodana loo dareemo.

Maanta, haweenka Soomaaliyeed ee Qurbaha ku nool buraanburka aroosyada keliya uma adeegsadan ee waxaa kale oo ay ugu isticmaalaan soodhoweynta ama sagootinta haweeney saaxiib ama qaraabo ah oo booqasho ku timid, ama munaasabado kale oo bulshadeed. Cayaarta buraamburku waxay siinaysaa fursad ay saacado farxad leh ku wada qaataan, ugana ay nastaan wewelka hawlaha guriga iyo daryeelka carruurta – kuwaas oo dhammantood laga rabo, ayaga oo aan weliba haysan taageerada qaraabada ee ka mid ah nolosha caadiga ah ee Soomaaliya. Buraamburrada, heesaha, iyo cayaaraha dhaqameed ee ay iskala qaybqaataan waa wax ka fag waqtilumis aan macno lahayn, ee waxay haweenka soo dagaagay ka caawimaan sidii ay caafimaadka dhimirkooda u dhawran lahaayeen ugana see kabsan lahaayeen dhibtii iyo gacal-waagii soo gaarey. Habeennada Sabtida ah qaarkood, marka Faaduma Cali Jaamac (Nakruma), oo ah hoobal iyo fannaanad can ah oo ka tirsanayd Kooxdii Waaberi, lagana soo dalbado aroosyada Soomaalida ku nool dalalka Qurbaha, ay xaflad u qabato haweenka Toronto, waxay munaasabaddaas ugu yeertaa “Waa habeenkii Sabtida ee wewelow lagu waa!”

Marka ay haweenka gobollada Mudug iyo Bari ka yimid aroosyada buraanburka ka tirinayaan, waxay aalaaba heestooda ku bilaabaan taxakan buraanbur ee hore loo tiriyey:

Bisinka ka bilaaba, Shaydaan ha baydadee, malaa'igta daakireysaa ha soo degtee.

Kuwa Gobollada Banaadir ka yimidna sidan ayay ku bilaabaan:

Bisin waxaan lagu bilaabeynin barako ma leh, waa u barannaye Allow baaska naga xijaab.

Dhowaantaan, nolosha Xaawa ee Kanada waxay yeelatay weji cusub oo uu waxlaqabsigeeda Kooxda Masraxa Jumblies sabab u yahay. Jumblies wuxuu ku takhasusay fanka degaannada iyo doddooyinka, kaas oo lagu fulinayo mashaariic sanooyin soconaya oo lagu soo qaddimayo waxsoosaaryo baaxad weyn. Laga bilaabo 2004th, Masraxa Jamblies wuxuu ka hawlagalayey deegaanka Toronto ee Bartamaha Etobicoke, asaga oo saldhig ka dhigtay qolal ku yaal meesha ay Xaawo ku nooshahay. Kooxdu waxay dadka degaanka ku dhiirrigelisa kaqaybgalka waxqabadyo faneed oo kala duwan – ayada oo laga gudbayo caqabadaha da'eed iyo kuwa dhaqameed, si loo soo saaro masraxiyadda *Bridge of One Hair* [“Xiriir Hal Tin”], oo ah riwaayad ku salaysan noloshada iyo maansada Xaawa. Si loo dhaqangeliyo mashruucaan, Jamblies wuxuu la shirkoobey dhawr hay'adood, gaar-ahaan Montgomery's Inn, oo ah matxaf degaanka ku yaal oo raacsan Magaalada Toronto, iyo hay'adda guriyeynta ee Toronto Community Housing Corporation. Fannaaniinta Jumblies waxay dugsiya iyo daaraha deegaanka ku yaal ku qabteen aqoon-isweydaarsiyo badan, ayaga oo maansada Xaawa oo tarjuman ka dhigtay asaaska sawirrada gacanta, sheeko-ka-sheekaynta, dheesha, alma-almeyda, iyo curinta maansooyin cusub.

Riwaayadda *Bridge of One Hair* (Xiriir Hal Tin) waxaa ka qaybqaatay dhawr darsin oo fannaaniin waayo-arag ah, iyo boqollaal dad oo isugu jira Soomaali iyo cid kale. Maansada Xaawa Jibriil oo keliya maahee waxaa riwaayaddaan lagu muujiyey maanso uu tiriyey Duke Redbird iyo laxan muusiko cusub oo ay curisay Alice Ping Yee Ho. Jeleyaasha Soomaaliyeed waxaa ka mid ahaa Faaduma Cali Jaamac (Nakruma), Seynab Cumar (Labadhagax), iyo Bashiir Aadan Warsame (Jookhle). Riwaayadda *Bridge of One Hair* waxaa

Abriil 2007^{dii}, lagu soo bandhigay masraxa Toronto ee Harbourfront Centre ayada oo ka mid ahayd barnaamijkiisa *Fresh Ground Program* iyo mahrajaanka *New World Stage Festival*.

Mashruucaani wuxuu Xaawa u soo jidey aqoonsi iyo xushmo magalada oo dhan gaarey, taas oo si dhab ah u dareensiisey inay Toronto hoygeeda tahay. Hadda, dadka ay dariska la tahay waa ay wada bariidiyaan marka ay dibedda marayso; waxayna si firfircoon uga qaybqaadataa aqoon-iswedaarsiyada, kulammada, iyo xafladaha dhaqan isweydaarsiga, munaasabadahaas oo ay inta badan maansadeeda ka tiriso. Weli waxay dadkeeda u tahay il laga ilhaam qaato, waxayna gaar ahaan kuwa ku nool Qurbaha ku hanuunisaa inay midnimadooda xoojiyaan kuna dadadaalaan waxbarashada ubadkooda, ayaga oo ka faa'iidaysanaya fursadaha waxbarasho ee laga heli karo dalalka magangelyada siiyey: sidaa keliya, ayay ku adkaynaysaa, ayaan nolol wanaagsan qoysaskeenna ugu sugi karnaa dabadeedna aan Soomaaliya u caawim karnaa.

1^{dii} Julaay, 2006^{dii}, munasabadii maalinta Kanada iyo Soomaaliya waxay Ururrada Beesha Soomaaliyeed ee Toronto Xaawa guddoonsiiyeen shahaado ah "Aqoonsi kaalinta iyo taageerada aan kala go'a lahayn ee ay guusha beesheenna ka geysatay."

INTRODUCTION

Hawa Jibril Mohamed was born in Wisil, a small town situated in the hinterland of the Mudug Region of Somalia. At the time of Hawa's birth, there were no registry offices in Somalia; indeed, even before the destruction of the country in the 1990s, only a few big towns had such offices. Traditionally, in order to remember when their children were born, Somalis, especially the nomadic people, would refer to major events or calamities such as abundant rains, a devastating drought, huge hurricanes, or a decimating war. Thus, Hawa was born in the year of *Jacjacleey* [Sparkling Rains], circa 1920. As far as she remembers the birthdates of three of her siblings, her oldest brother, Ahmed Nuur, was born in the year of the great famine of *Harga-Cuna* [Eating of Hides]; her sister Hamida was born in a scanty rainy season: the year of *Tiix-Yare* [Dribbling Rains]; and her brother Osman, who was closest to her in age, was born in the year of the ugly clan war called *Boqno-Gooye* [Hamstrings Cutting].

Before Hawa came to Canada she had never encountered an objection to this way of remembering a birthdate. But in 1993, when she arrived in Toronto with no passport or other identifying documents, an immigration officer asked her for the year, month, and date of her birth. Hawa responded, through an interpreter, that she was born in 1920, but that she remembered neither the month nor the day, only that it was "the year of the of the Sparkling Rains." The bewildered officer said, "I am sorry that you never had a birthday cake! But you must give me your month and date of birth to put in my computer." Hawa obligingly made up a month and date of birth on the spot. Some time later we learned that many other Somalis, finding themselves in similar situations, invented birthdates, and to remember them easily they often chose familiar dates such as June 26 (Somaliland Independence Day), July 1 (the date of Somalia's independence and union with Somaliland), January 1 (New Year's Day), or the birthdates of their own grandchildren, who were born in cities, under more modern customs.

To celebrate her birth, Hawa's father slaughtered a fat ram whose meat satiated the whole family, as well as their

neighbours. Upon opening the pages of the Holy Qur'aan, her father named her Hawa, after Our Lady Eve. It is a nomadic custom to offer a newborn baby a "she-camel," goat, or sheep, which is considered the baby's own property, and is intended to inculcate a sense of animal care and ownership. And so, at her birth, Hawa's father gave her a young she-goat named Mareedo. When last Hawa heard news of Mareedo's progeny, which she eventually donated to her brothers to divide amongst themselves, it exceeded seventy-six heads and had provided her extended family with abundant milk and good meat for many years.

Hawa descended from the sub-clan of Rer Mohamed Essa, a well-respected religious family in the environs where she lived. Her father, Jibril Mohamed Issa, was himself a venerated and learned religious man who taught people the Holy Qur'aan and other important Islamic lore; a peace lover whose words and hands never harmed anyone, and who always nurtured goodness and harmony amongst people; and a generous and "open-fisted" man, who never left a supplicant empty-handed. He was also an "arrow-mouthed"²⁴ poet. His clan, and the people who lived in his neighbourhood, would ask him to pray on their behalf, as they firmly believed he was endowed with *baraka* [God's blessing], and that his prayers would be accepted by God. When asking God to protect his people from war, calamities, endemic diseases, or impending drought, Jibril would often start his prayers with the following verses:

*Haddii aanan illoobayn, salaaddii Ilaahay
Ayaan maalin Soonqaad haddii, aanan irsaaq cunin
Arigayga dagadiisa haddii, aanan anfacoo moodin
Iblays iyo walaalkii haddii, aanan adeecayn
Asii aanan abaahiyin, naagaha ajnabigaa
Ka ab iyo ka awoowe, Allow baan ku noolaa
Afka waxaan ka sheegana, Rabbi waa aqbali jiray
Albaqra iyo Idaajaa, iyo Suuratul Ikhlaskow
Allow ururka maantaya, afkuleeble iga yeel.*



If I am never forgetful of God's prayers
In a day of fasting, if I do not eat any food

If I am not stingy in the *zakat* I owe in goats
If I never heed Satan and his brothers
And I do not fornicate with the women of others
If we worshipped Allah throughout the generations
Then when I ask, God will often respond
By the chapters of the Cow, the Help, and the Devotion²⁵
In this gathering, O Allah, make me an arrow-mouthed one.

Grandfather Jibril was also a man whom God had endowed with immense fortune in the form of livestock: mainly camels, goats, and sheep. He took great care of his animals and loved them so much that he would not part with a single one, except when slaughtering them to feed guests; when providing food for his family in times of great need; or when giving them in accordance with God's will as the obligatory *zakaat* due to the poor, or as *sadaqa* [alms]. He, like all Somalis – whose love for their camels can only be compared to that of the Tutsi for their cattle – firmly believed that camels constituted the most valuable property a person could possess and that nomadism was the best of all possible ways of life. He persistently advised and urged his children – boys and girls alike – to never go to the cities to seek jobs. His will in this matter was largely respected, and as long as he lived, none of his children, except Hawa, ever settled in a city. Of the many proverbial tales about Jibril's love for animals, and especially camels, the following three are ones that Hawa remembers well.

During two consecutive and prolonged dry seasons, when the family had consumed all the male goats, along with their reserves of maize and other staple foods, Grandfather Jibril's hungry children asked him to slaughter some of the family's baby she-goats. Grandfather loved his children very much and would never sleep at night unless he touched each child's stomach to ensure that they were well-filled. He was, nevertheless, not at all pleased with their request, and in answer to them he recited the following short verses:

*Diraacdii hore yaa waran, la tegey waxareheenniye
Nin billaawe ceesaan ku waray, weel ma buuxsado eWax badan baan
daraaddiin, waddiyo waab u jiifsadaye*

Wesin baa jiroo waa dhaw bay, xeradu weynaane
Weydiinna qaba oo Ilaahay Waaxid, bal aan dhawrno.



Only last dry season we slaughtered all our baby she-goats
He who unwisely kills his baby goats will have his kraal empty
For you, I have long been on the road, sleeping in a shack
Soon there will be good tidings and our kraal will be filled
So stay emaciated, and let us put our trust in Allah the One.

When Hawa's mother – my Grandmother, Asha Abdille Shil – stopped having children, Grandfather Jibril asked a neighbouring family to give him a young girl as a wife (until this time, my grandmother had been his one and only wife). As a bride price, the family asked for twenty camels, including Qaawo Solay, a well-known she-camel from a breed that yields abundant milk. Even though Grandfather greatly desired the girl, he could not bring himself to part with his precious Qaawa. He recited to the girl's family the following verses from a long *gabay* that he composed for the occasion:

Xabbaad qubatay maarraha qalka cad, qamaca baaruudda
Babanka oo wixii lagu qabtiyo, qaafa laynahaya
Waa lagu qalboobtamahayaa, tan iyo Qaabiile
Qolo looma ridin doqonse waa, laga qabtaa geel e
Waase qurux adduunka ah ninkay, Qadow ka foofaaye
Caanaha Qiyaas baa ka roon, neef la soo qalaye
Waa Qaawa Halalleey hashaad, quur i leedahaye
Anna qumay ayana hay qaadshaan, qoonka Samayeeshe.



Chattering bullets, glowing gun barrel, and shell powder
The crackling rifle that strikes and exterminates
Because of camels, people have contended since Abel's time
No clan can claim them, but a fool should not possess them
It is all the beauty of the world for he who possesses Qadow
And it is splendid Qaawa Solay,²⁶ you want me to give away
Indeed, the milk of Qiyaas is far better
Than the meat of a slaughtered animal
So I am leaving; let the Samayeeshe²⁷ clan dismiss me unsatisfied.

Soon after that, some of his male relatives joked about the fact that he would not give one she-camel in exchange for the beautiful girl, even now that his wife had stopped having babies and he would need a young girl to satisfy his desire and give him more children. He replied, once again in verse:

Geel ina-adeerna ugu tegey, xididna eedeeyay
Afar nin oo adoogay dhalana, waa awaajiyaye
Hadduu aayar yahay, niman dhan baa ii eryi lahaaye
Maxaan aamusaa waa, wadnaha iramadiisiye.



For the sake of camels I pestered my cousins, reproached my in-laws
And sent away four of my siblings disappointed
If dispensing with them was an easy matter
Many would let me have them
How could I keep silent? They are the veins of my heart.

The life of Somali nomads, who raise mainly camels, goats, and sheep, is very harsh. Livestock plays a major role in their sustenance, and nomads put great effort into the care and protection of their herds. From them comes milk, meat, gee, and a means of transportation. With the money raised from selling animals and their by-products, nomads buy clothes, sorghum, beans, rice, sugar, dates, tea, and all the other things they need. Also, the animals serve to buy a bride and to pay *diya* [blood price]. In this lifestyle, women's chores are many and heavy: they bring up children; feed an extended family; collect fuel for cooking; make all the items needed for the *aqal* [mobile hut], as well as build and dismantle it; and they exclusively care for the goats and sheep. Sometimes they are also entrusted with grazing the *kareeb* [milking she-camels], which stay closer to home, while the other camels are taken to faraway pastures.

When a nomadic girl is about four years old her training in animal care begins. At six, she is entrusted to take baby goats and sheep to grazing grounds near the family dwelling; and around the age of seven, she starts herding goats farther away. The responsible girl, whose heart is filled with love for the animals, takes them to fresh grounds with good grass, away from where other herders are grazing their animals. Whether

the herds are in their pastures or browsing around the kraal early in the evening, she is very attentive, lest they go astray and get lost in the bush, or get killed by jackals, lynxes, hyenas, or other predators; and at dusk, she gathers them into their pens, well fed and intact. However hungry she is, by no means does she milk any of them, as this would not leave enough milk for the family, or for the baby goats. Every sensible nomadic girl takes to heart this following work song:

Tii xigxigatana waa ka xaadgo'ay
Tii xammiltana waysu xuli jirey.



She who avariciously milks goats will loose them all
She who nurtures them will have them aplenty.

When urging the baby goats and lambs out to pasture, Hawa would sing for them the following songs:

Waxarow wax la sheeg
Waxwaxyaalo la sheeg
Barrin daaq leh la sheeg
Balli buuxa la sheeg.



O baby goats, we are told something
We are told of many things
We are told of a field with good pastures
We are told of a filled-up pool.

Wakaa Bankii Galayax
Wakaa bidhaamaaya
Wakaa baraarow leh.



There is Galayah Grassland
There it is, gleaming from far away
There it is, calling for baby goats.

Sidii inan weyn
Oo walaalo leh
Oo wadaad dhalay
Oo wallacay tiri

Oo wan loo qalay
Is waraariyaay.



Like a grown-up maiden
Who has many brothers
Who is a daughter of a shaikh
Who is expecting a baby
And for whom a ram was slaughtered
You sway and sway.

Sabeen ugubeey
Salaalaxnyooy
Caano saxarlaay
Sanuunta udgoon yaa na saaqdaye
Madigaa sida?



O young ewe
O silky smooth
You with the best milk
The pleasant smell of grease scenting the air
Does it come from you?

In her early childhood, Hawa was a very active and well-brought-up girl: intelligent and all ears. She learned quickly and effortlessly and excelled at any task given to her. Like any nomadic girl, her mother trained her in all the skills that a woman was expected to possess. She was knowledgeable about her environment and what it offered: the kind of trees from which to choose the perfect branches for the construction of the nomadic mobile hut; the bark of trees and types of grass that make the best fibre to weave the various mats and rugs for the hut; as well as those used for the milk, water, and gee vessels. She was known for her fine handicrafts, which were the envy of many other girls living nearby.

Her father was proud of her and loved her dearly. On occasions when the family slaughtered an animal for food, the tradition was that the boys got the ribs, the thighs, and the shoulders, which were considered the noble parts, while the girls were given the remaining, and less noble, cuts of meat. This custom notwithstanding, to make sure that his beloved

youngest daughter, Hawa, was fully satisfied, her father made her eat with her brothers, sharing a big common wooden bowl. Provoked by her youngest brother, Hassan, her short gabay, *Waa ii gunuunucahayaa* ["Why is he grouchy?"], was composed at the age of twelve and evokes the ensuing squabbles over a piece of meat.

Hawa dearly loved and respected her father. She would always seek his approval and blessing, outrunning her brothers to clean off the place where he rested, readying his prayer mat, and filling his container with the ablution water. Nevertheless, she often had confrontations with him, mainly in relation to animal herding. The womenfolk in her family often blamed her for neglecting the animals entrusted to her, as she had a tendency to sleep, or leave them unattended while daydreaming, or while swinging from the tress and climbing and jumping from anthills. That these criticisms were justified can be gleaned from the following tales.

One day during a prosperous rainy season, Hawa took her goats out to graze. Feeling tired, she rested under a shady *qurac* [umbrella shaped acacia tree], leaning against its trunk. Whether because of the refreshing breeze; the soothing, smooth, and wet sand below; or the sound of the birds chirping above, she soon dozed off. When she awoke, she discovered that the goats were nowhere to be found. Overcome with guilt and fear, she ran to her home for help. When her mother told her father the damage that Hawa had once again caused, Grandfather Jibril went on the trail of the missing animals; he had not yet entirely buried his anger and disappointment over previous occasions when she had neglected the goats. After much hardship he rescued them, and late that night brought the disobedient goats back to their encampment. The next evening around the firepit, in the presence of the entire family, he recited the following verses to Hawa, partly in admonishment and partly in condemnation:

*Jeexdeer Hilmod ari ku tegey, waa Allow jira e
Uubatiyo waxaa jari wixii, bahal ah oo jooga
Shalay bayna jid dheer ila mareen, jalanqadoodiiye
Jawaabtii aad i tiri maandho waa, jaahil hadalkiiye
Jilbis cunyeey Xaawooy, adoon jiifin saw ma arko!*



Goats lost in the Hilmod thickets, only Allah protects
They will be prey to wild dogs and other predators
It was just yesterday that after much hardship
I recovered the most restive ones
My child, your excuses are but the words of a simpleton
O Hawa, may you be devoured by a serpent
When will I ever see you not sleeping?

Nonetheless, Hawa's family did not despair of her, and when she was about thirteen years old she was enjoined every morning to take some she-camels to graze in faraway pastures. One day, in the heat of noon, she collected the herd under shady trees and ran home to quench her thirst. She entered the closest hut, that of her stepmother, and started pouring water from a container. Her stepmother, who had little love to spare for the daughter of her co-wife, spied her and chastised her harshly. Hawa resentfully returned to the camels without quenching her thirst. To add to her chagrin, while she was away a string that she had twisted around the teats of Sigad, a she-camel whose milk was usually reserved for guests, fell off, and Sigad's baby suckled her dry. At milking time that night, when Grandfather Jibril discovered Sigad was dry and realized whose fault it was, he berated Hawa, saying, "Curse Hawa! May a jinni take her!"

Hawa, who was already upset about her stepmother reproof, spent the night consumed with anger and hunger. The next evening, in the presence of all the family, she recited to her father her gabay *Dhadadii anoo qaba* ["On a dewy morning"], in which she complains about the hardships she encountered while herding, her stepmother's mistreatment, and her father's unfairness. After this incident, relations between daughter and father improved, and Hawa paid better attention to caring for the livestock, as she became more conscious of how important the animals were to the family's well-being.

In nomadic society, men and women intermix and are not segregated. Boys and girls mingle on every occasion and in every place, and dating before marriage is permitted, as long as the young people conduct themselves properly. In the evenings,

young men and women engage in enjoyable contests involving poetry, proverbs, riddles, and *caraatan* [humorous satiric verses in which each group mocks the presumed sexual defects of the other sex]. Like other girls her age, Hawa participated in the girls' *haan*-beat [a kind of drumming session] that occurred at night far removed from their dwellings. As the use of drums was not then known in nomadic society, they used a big water and milk vessel - a *haan* - or a wooden mortar, with a piece of hide stretched on top. Normally, two girls would hold the ends of the hide down tightly, while another beat rhythmically on it with her hands and sang, and the rest of the girls chanted: *Hee!* [O Yes!]. The boys that participated in the *haan*-beat would only sing, while the girls beat the *haan*, all the while saying "Hee!" At night, when the girls gathered for the *haan*-beat, they sang the following songs to call the young boys and girls who, upon hearing the sound, would come from faraway, braving the thick bushes:

Haantoy diryaan!
Dooxada ka yeer
Duul jiifa kici!



Thunder O *haan*!
 Let your sound resound far in the plain
 Awake those who are sleeping!

Heleedow, heleedow
Heleedow iyo heleedow
Heleedow, Shaydaan hurdow
Heleedow, nacabkiyow
Heleedow, hooyadi dilow
Heleedow sidii haad lalow
Heleedow, heellada tumow.



Heleedow, heleedow
 Heleedow and heleedow.
 Heleedow, O sleeping devil
 Heleedow, you who are the enemy
 Heleedow, you that killed his mother
 Heleedow, you that fly like a vulture
 Heleedow, you that play the *heello*.

A young man who is known for his love of the *haan*-beat sang the following song:

Maqaar iyo mooye xiran
Iyo gabdhaha madaxooda siman
Ma waayaa lay dhahaa.



A hide covering a mortar
 And girls' aligned heads
 I am the one that never misses.

Another young man, describing his love for a girl, sang the following song:

Miin baa loox lagu dhigaa
Sidii mayrada halaad
Oo maqaar loo qaadi jirey
Aniga madiix-olol baa i diley
Sidii maylow ratiga
U malanda'ay mayra geel
Madiix-olol baa i diley.

"Jiin" baa loox lagu dhigaa
 Sidii jaawada halaad
 Oo nirgaha jabad looga xiray
 Jibaad-olol baa i diley.



"M" is a letter written on a tablet
 Like a bereft she-camel pacified with a stuffed skin
 I am dying of your blazing love
 Like a camel in heat
 Crazed by the want of a she-camel
 I am dying of your blazing love.

"J" is a letter written on a tablet
 Like nursing she-camels
 Separated from their babies
 I am dying of your blazing love.

The following are some of the girls' songs that Hawa liked to sing when she took her turn in the haan-beat:

*Wilwiliqey ina wadaad
Walaalo adaa lahaa
Warkaagu aduu jiraa
Adigaa shaikh kuu walqalay.*



O slender daughter of a shaikh
You, with many brothers
You, whose word is a command
You, at whose birth a shaikh
Has slaughtered an animal.

*Xiddigo Xaawo afmadow
Xariirtii Bari ka timid
Xareed aan murug lahayn
Xaliimooy ka xarragee!*



O Hawa, the black-lipped star
The silk that came from the East
The clean pure rainwater
O Halima, beat the tune beautifully!

*Walaalkay wuxuu i yiri
Walaaley gacalisoy
Walaaley gabar ahow
Walaaley guriga joog
Walaaley gocoyo tolo
Walaaley goroy samee
Walaaley geesi dayo
Walaaley geela badi.*



My brother said to me
O dear sister
O sister, conduct yourself properly
O sister, stay at home
O sister, make for yourself a milk vessel
O sister, produce an ostrich-patterned mat
O sister, choose a brave man
O sister, increase our camels.

One of young Hawa's favourite things was listening to news from the towns, which the grownups exchanged amongst themselves. It was customary among the Somali city dwellers to send their families to the fresh air of the nomadic areas during the *gu'* [rainy] season. This provided an opportunity for their children to become acquainted with the nomadic lifestyle and to learn the traditional Somali language and culture. Whenever female relatives from town paid a visit, Hawa would find a way to be close by, drawn in fascination by the city women's many brightly coloured outfits, especially their dresses and skirts; the bracelets jingling from their wrists and arms; their dangling earrings, *laaddo* [chokers], and necklaces of gold, and silver; and most of all, by the pleasant perfumes and *uunsi* [insense] that emanated from their bodies. This attire was a contrast to what nomadic women wore at that time: the *marsiino* [three- or five-fold white cloth] with *boqor darayamuus* [a brightly coloured sash] adorned with *dhacle bulush le* [tassels], and amber necklace. Hawa was also captivated by the city women's descriptions of the splendours of Mogadishu – which, in Somali, is called Muqdisho; or sometimes, simply, *Xamar*, as Somalis prefer to call the capital. For a long time after such visits, she would daydream of a time when she might abandon the toil of the nomadic life and live in ease and comfort in that marvelous city, discovering for herself all the good things that it offered.

Alas! Her dreams and her family's plans for her were worlds apart. At sixteen, Hawa possessed all the qualities by which Somalis define female beauty: height and slenderness, well-shaped calves, a small waist, and round buttocks. Her thick, curly hair could either be braided or fashioned into two bundles set behind the ears; and black eyes, ink-black lips, and pearly teeth complemented her oval face. Adding these attributes to her craftsmanship and cleverness, it was understandable that, when the time came to give her away, her family should expect her to fetch at least fifty top-grade she-camels, plus some good quality guns. The extent of the camel-loving nomads' expectations and trepidations about the value of their maiden girls is expressed in the following disturbing song:

*Allow gabadhaan geela noo badin
Ilmo hoos geli
Oo wax ku gaangaan
Oo god loo qodo!*



O God, the girl that would not increase our camels
Impregnate her with a child
That is stuck in her womb
And let a grave be dug for her!

Unexpectedly, one day an event occurred that permanently ended Hawa's nomadic way of life. Her father found himself pressured to give her away in marriage to an old man who was left widowed by one of Hawa's elder sisters.²⁸ Though the man had been married to Hawa's sister for over eight years, and she had borne him four children, he still believed he had not fully benefited from the marriage. Consequently, he presented Jibril's family with two choices: either give him a maiden girl as a new wife, or return half the camels he had given them as the bride price for their deceased daughter. Not wanting to give back a single camel, the family chose, instead, to give Hawa away. One night, she was summarily informed of her imminent marriage, without being offered a choice between her father's curse and his benediction, as the tradition – both then and now – requires in such situations. She was told to serve a bowl of milk to her future husband, who was lodged in a hut made especially for guests. When she entered the hut and saw the older man she was expected to marry, she flung the bowl and all of its contents onto the man's lap in a fit of outrage.



Bitterly enraged, and unable to challenge her father's decision, she ran away, through thorn bushes and across dry grasslands, with no water or anything edible. For nearly two days of scorching sun and moonless nights, she endured untold hardships and peril until she finally encountered a caravan headed to Galkayo. The nomadic strangers

took her in and helped her evade the man who was pursuing her – an experience that, in later years, would lead her painstakingly to assist girls who were forced to marry against their wishes.

Shortly after this, she married Ahmed Alim, a young soldier serving in the Italian colonial army. After five years of marriage and three children – Faduma Ureji, Mohamed Ikhyar, and Muhubo Sirad (who died in early infancy) – the two divorced due to insurmountable personal and economic problems, and they divided the children between them. Ahmed took the two elder ones and Hawa took little Sirad.

Hawa came to Beled Weyne in 1943, carrying her little daughter; and soon after she passed the obligatory *cidda* [waiting period] – during which time a divorced or widowed woman may not remarry – she was married for the second time, to another man named Ahmed. This man had a volatile temper and would often abuse her, first verbally then physically, at the smallest disagreement.

Islam clearly forbids corporal harm, or any violence against women; and unwritten Somali custom, too, holds it unmanly to lay hands on a woman for any reason, instructing husbands with the expression, *Dhaqankeedaad leedahay, ee dhiiggeeda ma lihid* [You can enjoy her body, but cannot shed her blood]. Nonetheless, wife-beating is very common, and is condoned in Somali society. Wives are constantly advised to please their husbands in every way, to hide their own problems, and to patiently endure, however much they get hurt. This practice is abundantly enforced by Somali literature (which is composed mainly by male poets), indoctrinating women to be ever obedient and submissive to their husbands – though never mentioning the proper way that men should treat their wives. The following verses were selected from a long gabay that was composed by the well-known poet Saa'id Qamaam, lecturing his newly wedded wife like a schoolgirl:

*Ayaan noolba tii qaylisaa, waa ibliis darane
Irdho qaado aashaana soco, aayar hadalkaaga
Is-ogow afkaagana yasiro, edebtu waa doore
Usha aniga oo kugu dhuftaad, meelo ka ilduuftay
Inaad oydid, inaad aamustaad, ku arrin dhaantaaye*

*Ayaaniyo ayaan naag xun baan, umalka dayneyne
Adoo uubatayn reero kale, yayan ku ogaanin.*

☼
The ever-nagging wife is like a crazy devil
Make wise decisions and walk slowly
Stay alert and watch your mouth, for politeness is best
When I strike you with a stick, for some minor dereliction
It is better that you be silent than to cry
Day after day, a bad women never stops being sulky
So let not other people find you wailing.

Another poet, Ali Adan (Ali-Dhuh), confirms the general perception that women should endure humiliation. He writes:

Sidii dumar dagaal iyo afxumo uma dulqaataane.

☼
Unlike women, they do not endure assault and verbal abuse.

Similarly, there are many proverbs that seem to advocate, or make apologies for, women's humiliation:

*Waa la caayaa oo camalkeedaa la arkaa
Waa la qaawiyaa oo quruxdeedaa la dayaa
Waa la dilaa oo dusheedaa la eegaa.*

☼
Insult her, to see her temper
Strip her naked, to observe her beauty
Beat her, to detect her patience.

But there have been many courageous Somali women before and after Hawa's generation who, inspired by their innate sense of human dignity, freed themselves from marriage bonds based on fear, threats, insults, and violence. And, if Somali literature is to be a source to draw lessons from, these women were perhaps encouraged by the actions of other women who preferred divorce to a wretched life, as the following proverb confirms:

Silic ku-nool, soddon guursataa dhaanta.

☼
Better marry thirty husbands than live miserably with one.

Fed up with the impossible demands and rudeness of her husband – the great poet Ali Adan (Ali-Dhuh) – Muhiya Ali composed the following verses telling him in clear terms that she could take no more abuse:

*Bilaash baan kuu soo galee, layma baayicine
Sidaad galab yar ii baadsatay, baan baadi kuu ahaye
Barisaan ku tegi dooxaday, bah Abaskuul tiile
Ban baa la ii tumi sidii, baashi soo degaye
Bursayn ba la ii ridahayaa, iyo banaatiikhe
Kulaan ba'o, kulaan baydi helo, kulan barwaaqoobo
Badbaada Alle, Cali Aadanow, weys beddelayaaye.*

☼
You got me cheaply – bargained away unappraised
Since the afternoon you inveigled me, I've been at your mercy
Tomorrow, I will set out to the valley of the Abaskuul clan²⁹
Drums will beat for me, like a visiting pasha
Saluted with thundering guns
For though I may live in misery, become better off, or prosper
May God protect you, O Ali Adan, I shall change myself.

Hawa's second husband was a person who would engage in endless arguments at the slightest provocation, and since Hawa often preferred not to respond, he assumed that, through her silence, she was being arrogant and disrespectful. So he decided to discipline her. Not being physically very strong, however, he was not sure that he would be a match for her. So to test her strength, one night while she was sleeping he struck her several times with a big stick. Hawa could not tolerate this brutal act, and even less his answer when she asked the reason for his assault: "I know why I beat you. I am the man of the family, and a woman should accept whatever her husband does to her, right or wrong." The very same night Hawa left the house, and the next morning she sent a message – by way of the gabay *li dhig madaxayga* ["Set me free"] – asking for a divorce and also telling him her reason. He tried to frustrate her efforts to get divorced by threatening to get himself another more malleable wife, thus humiliating her and declaring her a rebellious *naakiro* or *nashuz* [a legal state by which a woman who leaves her husband is neither divorced,

nor free to marry another man for the rest of her life]. But ultimately, after long negotiations, and on the condition of forfeiting her *meher* [bridal money that is exclusively for the wife], she got her divorce. She then left Beled Weyne and headed to Mogadishu.



One morning in 1945, Hawa saw Mogadishu for the first time. She was surprised by its size and spectacular landscape. Looking from the top hillside of Shaikh Mohuddin's shrine, the gentle white-capped waves of the blue-green sea of the Indian Ocean seemed to her like herds of goats calmly browsing on lush green grass. Below, drifting at the docks of the old harbour, were long lines of dhows being loaded with goods and readied to resume sailing up to the Arab Peninsula and India, or down to East Africa, following the seasonal monsoons.

The city had been founded between the 9th and the 10th century by traders from Arabia and the Persian Gulf and was part of the Zenj empire. Its ancient, mainly whitewashed, two-storey buildings in the old quarters of Hamar Weyne and Shangaani are quite similar to those found in Barava, Merca, Garisa, Mombasa, Malindi, Lamu, Zanzibar, and other coastal cities along the Indian Ocean. Among the ancient mosques of Mogadishu are Abdil-asis, Araba Rukun, Fakhruddin, Murwas, and Masjid al-Jama. Muhammad Abdalla Ibn Battuta – the Arab traveller from Al Magrib who visited Mogadishu in 1330 – described Mogadishu, in the book of his travels, as an enormous city of rich merchants who own many camels of which they slaughter hundreds every day for food; and from where they export livestock and other goods, especially sheep, which are shipped up to the Maldives Islands and beyond. Nearly a century later, the Chinese emperor Yong Li, of the Ming Dynasty, sent a fleet under the command of Admiral Zheng He on seven exploratory voyages around the world. In 1417, on his fifth voyage to the Persian Gulf, Arabia, and East Africa, Zheng He visited Mogadishu and established trading relations with its wealthy merchants.

In the 1940s Mogadishu was still a thriving and handsome city inhabited by people of different races and cultures. In addition to Somalis coming from all the Somali territories, there were Arabs, Indians – both Muslim and Hindu – Italians, Eritreans, British, and East Africans. The city had wide paved streets lined with palm, date, and coconut trees, and beautifully landscaped piazzas surrounded by evergreen shrubbery. In the narrow streets of Hamar Weyne, with its many alluring bazaars, one was attracted by the multitude of people crowding around a variety of goods and merchandise displayed on the sidewalks and inside the shops that were run mostly by Arab and Indian traders; and was overwhelmed by the intensity of the humid and salty air mixed with pleasant scents of aloe and benzoic from Java; cloves, cardamom and cinnamon from Zanzibar; and frankincense and myrrh from the Eastern Regions of Somalia, known to the ancient Egyptians as Punt Land. Also nearby were the *Qalin-shube* [silversmith] and *Meemanka* [goldsmith] workshops, as well as the cotton mills of Hamar Weyn – where women dexterously spun thread, and men worked intently at their looms to produce the traditional *banadiri* [fine cloth] worn by Somali women, and exported for centuries to the markets of East Africa and as far away as Mozambique. Occasionally one would also hear the repeated shouting of vendors from Arabia, announcing some of their common merchandise, such as *maleexaan* [dried and salted shark], or dates and *sabiib* [sultana raisins].

Another popular spot was *Afar-Irdood* [Four Gates]: an intersection of four streets where the trucks and cars, departing and arriving from major towns in Somalia and beyond, used to park, and where newcomers to the city would get an orientation, or information to help them locate their relatives, who would provide them with hospitality and help.

To her delight, Hawa's arrival in Mogadishu coincided with the *Dabshid* [literally, bonfire-making], or *Nairuze* [New Year], festival, which is held in June each year and is celebrated by the inhabitants of Mogadishu and those from the nearby agricultural communities. This joyful festival has different manifestations and takes place in several locations. Near dusk, children gather around bonfires to greet the New Year and jump over the fire the number of times that corre-

sponds to their age, thus helping to keep a record of their ages. In Mogadishu, groups of people coming from all parts of the city perform folk dances, drawing crowds into the main streets. Men – dressed in the traditional twopiece white *banaadiri* cloth, adorned with fine fringes – lead the procession. They brandish spears and shields in mock fighting while performing rhythmic and synchronized dances and *shirib* [songs] in perfect unison, occasionally interrupted by the beat of the drums and the blowing of the *buun* [horn]. Behind them, scores of enchanting women – wearing their best *guntiinos* [a sarilike garment], *garbasaar* [a shawllike cloth that covers the head and the upper part of the body], and *shaash xariirr* [a silken headscarf worn only by married women] – follow the procession, releasing highpitched trills and cheering to express their joy and appreciation of the dance.

Other equally important festivals include *Istun* [stick-fighting], which takes place annually at Afgoye, a nearby agricultural town, and entails groups of men, from the two opposing banks of the Shabelle River, engaging in a fight that sometimes results in bloodshed. In December, the inhabitants of Mogadishu also celebrate a thanksgiving festival called *Istaqfurow* [Asking for God's Forgiveness], which culminates early in the morning with the *maanyogal* [swimming in the sea], to chase away evil spirits believed to be associated with the blowing of the monsoon winds and with the slaughtering of sacrificial animals (usually a cow or a camel) at the shrine of Aw Awes, located in the small fishing enclave lying beneath the rocky Hamar Weyne littoral.

From the first day that Hawa arrived in Mogadishu (and throughout her life), she received hospitality and support from the renowned *Ilmo Aw Mohamoud*: sons of her uncle Aw Mohamoud Mohamed Esse, who were among the distinguished residents of Iskuran, an area of Mogadishu, and the epicenter of the movement for Somali independence. Her cousin, Yusuf Aw Mohamoud, known as Amme Yusuf (the League's uncle) was the key person who spearheaded education for girls in Somalia. In 1946 Yusuf made a bold request to the British Military Administration (that oversaw both the former Italian Somaliland and the Somaliland Protectorate

after the defeat of Italy in 1941) to enroll his two young daughters, Maryan and Sirad, in the Hamar Jab-Jab Elementary School. The British administration had only recently made the school available to Somali children. Fearful of the disapproval of the Somali elders who, at the time, did not see the necessity of educating women, the colonial military officers tried to dissuade him. But, because he was able to submit a letter of support from the Somali Youth League, they set up a class, exclusively, for his two daughters. Within one week, the two sisters were joined by ten other girls whose parents followed in the footsteps of the wise and courageous Yusuf. Upon securing the guardianship of her two older children (myself and my brother, Mohamed), Hawa would also enroll them in the school, which was then run by the late Moallim Jama Bilal, an able and respected teacher, who had also trained the first elementary school teachers in the South of Somalia.

In Mogadishu, Hawa was immediately attracted to the political struggle for national independence, led by the Somali Youth League (SYL) party commonly known as *Leegada*, or the League. Its echo spread over all the Somali territories, surpassing the boundaries drawn by the colonialists during the scramble for Africa. The people's spirit was roused: There was a will to liberate all the Somali territories from the colonial yoke – whatever colour it sported – and to bring about a Somali government, run by Somalis; to foster education; and to achieve the progress and development enjoyed by other nations. There was particularly strong resentment against Italy and the Italian settlers: Italy, for having exploited the country's resources for nearly half a century without developing the economy or providing any form of education for the people; the Italian settlers, for their exploitation of the Somali farmers and their expropriation of most of the cultivable lands around the banks of the Juba and Shabelle rivers, as well as for their perpetuation of the fascist colour-bar regulations. It was, in fact, forbidden for Somalis and non-Europeans to enter the Italian-owned bars, restaurants, or movie theatres, or for them to sit in the front-row seats of public transportation vehicles.

At that time the SYL was the only party that was committed to the cause of Somalia's independence. Its leaders encouraged the people – men and women – to aim for nationhood; to

stand united for the liberation of their country; and to strengthen national cohesion by repudiating tribal sentiments. To restore the people's dignity, members of *Horseed* (The League's vanguard youth), who were carrying the torch for the liberation struggle, defiantly led a protest against the colour-bar regulations by sitting in the front rows of buses and congregating in all the prohibited places; thus they brought an end to the hateful system.

At the same time, a liberation-inspired literature had been developed and it spread widely throughout the Somali territories. This literature included the patriotic songs *Kani waa ugaas*, *kani waa addoon* ["This is a noble ugas,³⁰ This a base man"], *Carrada Soomaaliya raggii u ciishooday Cali Nuur weeye Iyo Cabdullaahi Ciise* ["Ali Noor³¹ and Abdullaahi Esse³² are men who fervently defend Somalia"] and *Soomaaliyey toosoo!* ["O Somalia awake!"]. This last song, which after independence became Somalia's national anthem, was partly translated into English, for the first time, by the renowned Canadian writer Margaret Laurence who, to my knowledge, is the first writer to translate Somali oral literature into English and make it known to the outside world.³³

Somali women formed the backbone of the League and they took active part in the political struggle. Eager, for the first time in their lives, to be part of something so crucial to their country, they generously donated their jewels, made great sacrifices, and organized fund-raising activities, such as making sweaters and traditional Somali hats, knitting colourful cardigans that were fashionable for men at the time, and weaving straw mats, baskets, and fans. They also prepared the traditional *muufo* [freshly baked, round, soft loaves] by slapping them onto the hot walls of charcoal-fuelled *tinaar* [stoves], leaving many a woman with permanent scars on her arms. They organized and participated in the pro-independence rallies and demonstrations, attracting the masses with their inspiring poems and songs. The League's activist-women, known by the English name "Sisters," and led by the late Halima Godane and Raho Ayanle, wore a kind of uniform composed of a knee-length, white gown worn over a white, richly pleated, long skirt, and complemented by a soft, white cotton shawl with an embroidered hem. They also wore flat

sandals made by the skillful leather artisans of Brava.

These brave women, who dedicated themselves entirely to the cause of Somali independence, have composed many beautiful buraambur – to be used for political purposes – mostly exposing the pro-Italian men and glorifying the SYL. The following are poems that Halima Godane sent to her friend Baarliin Warsame:

Sidii girow irmaan baan godlanahayaa
Sidii girligaanka gaalkaan wax gubahayaa
Sidii garamoofankaan gurxamahayaa
Ninkii aan Soomaali rabin baan u reemayaa.



Like a milking cow, I release abundant lyrics
 Like the white man's machine gun, I set fire
 Like the gramophone, I scream
 Against those who are betraying Somalia I rave.

Fuluuskii Faranji faa'iidey ka dhiganayaan
Fadexada dunida foolkay ku xiranayaan
Talyaanaa falaye ma dhul bay ka fakerayaan.



They get profit from European money
 They bear on their faces all the shame of this world
 For the Italians made them crazy and they think not of their country.

Halkiyo Washington warqaddeennu waa jirtaa
Wadciga Soomaali Leeg waa wanaagsan yahay
Weyne noo tuuga in wareerku naga haraa.



Our message reached as far away as Washington
 Good is the situation of the Somali League
 Pray the to Almighty that the confusion ends.

Nimanka Weerowga waddankooda weyn la raba
Wareerku galoo walaalkoodna waanin karin
Ilaahow Waaxid wacadkaaga nooga qabo.



The men who want their great country for *Weerow*³⁴
 Who are confused and take no advice from their brothers
 O God the One, deliver us from them.

At that time, there was a poet who, like many other very conservative men within the SYL, felt uneasy about the self-confidence that women were showing, their omnipresence at all the meetings, and, above all, their new fashionable dresses, which clearly showed that they were wearing bras underneath. In 1952, he composed in anonymity *Haweenka kesheliga xiran* ["Women wearing the bra"], as a way to intimidate and confine them to a more distant and passive role in supporting the struggle:

*Waa xagal ka daac naasahaad, kor u xiraysaane
Intuu xabadka laabtaa jiruu, xiiso leeyahaye
Xumaayoo ka soo durug halkuu, ku xarragaysnaaye
Hadduu xooran yahay gacanta, waa kala xishoonnaaye
Xoog kuma dhinnee yaan la xadin, xubinta naafoowdey.*



Saggy are the breasts you are lifting up
Only when up on the chest are we eager for them
No longer in their place of grace, they become ugly and limp
And our hands are squeamish to touch them
Since their vigour is gone, stop tormenting the crippled organs.

Many women were naturally offended by the verses, but only Hawa had the courage to challenge the man by composing the gabay *Waa noo xarrago* ["For the sake of elegance"], in which she uses the same alliteration that he employs, as the poetic rule demands.

Reminiscing about the prevailing atmosphere in those days, Hawa describes it as one full of unprecedented enthusiasm, hope, and social change. Children were sent to school, and adults attended afternoon education classes where they learned English or Arabic, using books and magazines from Egypt, Sudan, Aden, and Kenya. For the first time, the Somali language was taught using a new alphabet called *Osmania*, which had been invented by Osman Yusuf Kenedid, a Somali poet and member of the League. The pro-Italian parties, campaigning for the return of Italian rule in Somalia, and jealous of the League's popularity and success, used to say, *Waa gaalo iska yeel* ["They are only European imitators!"].

Hawa tirelessly participated in the struggle for independ-

ence by making donations, inspiring people with her poems, and offering hospitality in her home to the guests of the League – among them Cali Nuur, the expatriate Somali supporter who visited Somalia in 1952. Many Somali men and women remember with high regard her patriotic buraamburs, among them *Odeyaasha Talyaaniga raacsanaa* ["The old pro-Italian men"], in which she criticizes the old men who supported the Italians and opposed Somali independence; and *Soomaaliyey isda!* ["O Somalis stop fighting!"], an emotionally charged poem composed in 1953 when there was general apprehension about the Italian administration's intention to persuade the UN to postpone independence beyond the stipulated ten-year period, by claiming that Somalis were not yet ready to govern themselves. These suspicions were confirmed by the persecution of SYL sympathizers, soon after the Italian administrators resumed control of the country. Hawa, like the leaders of the SYL, and many other patriots, also had deep-rooted misgivings about the fratricidal clan conflicts and their detrimental consequences for the future of her country.

In 1958, franchise was extended to Somali women as part of the UN decision to allow Somalis to engage in political activities. However, although the SYL leaders recognized the important role that women were playing in the struggle, they were still very reluctant to share the decision-making process. This became clear when women were deliberately excluded as delegates to the SYL Congress that was held early that year. Outraged by this undeserved treatment, some determined women activists presented their grievances to the Congress, demanding female representation. As a result, two female delegates were allowed to attend: Ardo Dirir and Hawa Jibril. Again, when members of the Central Committee of the SYL Party were elected, no women appeared on the list; and Hawa justly objected to this decision. A leading member of the League replied that women were not yet prepared for such an important and difficult task. Hawa responded to this statement with a vehemence that was unexpected from a Somali woman in the presence of so many men: "Are you not really arguing as the Italians do? Are you not, in fact, supporting their contention that the Somalis are not ready for independence, because they allege that we have not sufficient education

or political maturity?" After that, the congress agreed that women would be elected to all party committees.

Consequently, Raha Ayanle, the head of the League's Women's Branch, was elected to the Central Committee. In 1958, the Greater Somali League, whose members had split from the SYL, nominated Halima Godane as their first candidate for the Mogadishu municipal elections.

On October 12, 1954, when the Somali flag was unfurled for the first time in Somalia's history, Hawa composed her famous buraambur *Calanka Soomaaliyeedow* ["O flag of Somalia"], which is considered the best of her poems dedicated to the Somali flag. Soon after the country's independence, she composed three other beautiful poems for the flag, namely, *Riyay ila tahay* ["It is like a dream"], *Dushaad fuushaa* ["You are flying high above us"], and *Wataa quruxdii* ["Behold the beauty!"]. In this last song, alluding to the centuries-old habit of Somali nomads to engage in internecine camel raiding, the poet urges the future leaders not to scramble over the people's property as if it were a looted she-camel.

Finally, in 1960, Somalia became a sovereign state and together with former British Somaliland formed the Somali Republic. Unfortunately, the period of jubilation was short-lived, as a succession of post-independence parliamentary governments failed to fulfill people's long-cherished hopes. The Somali political leaders, lacking any vision or will to effectively build a nation, chose, instead, to misappropriate the national resources and the foreign aid that was supposed to support the country's economy. No significant economic or social infrastructure was put into place. Job opportunities were so scarce that graduates from overseas' institutions had to compete for the limited positions available in the public administration, and only a privileged few could secure them.

Throughout the years following independence, Somali poems and songs would often refer metaphorically to the Somali State as *Maandeeq*: the much desired, bountiful she-camel that produces an abundance of milk. A well-known and beautiful song of the time says, *Aan maalno hasheenma Mandeeq* ["Let us milk Maandeeq, our she-camel"]. And so, when the men governing the country could not deliver the expected prosperity, people would say in frustration that *Maandeeq* had become *Baaqimo* -

meaning a camel that does not produce enough milk and is only good enough to be slaughtered for food.

Women were among the many Somalis who were disenchanted with the ineffectual performance and greediness of the political leaders. The late Khadiija Muuse Mataan, a life-long friend of Hawa's, was, herself, an accomplished poet. She was also active in the struggle for independence, and she, too, was disgusted by the parliamentarians' corruption when she composed the buraambur *Barlamaanka iyo odeyaasha barida weyn* ["The parliament and the men with the big buttocks"]:

*Aniga Bernandelli weligey wax igama bi'in
Ninkii u birmadana buun baan ku yeerin jirey
Waxaan u barooran jirey baawar inaan hellaa
Bur iyo seef baan bannaankaas la joogi jirey
Barlamaanka iyo odeyaasha barida weyn
U bogi kari waayey baabuurta ay wataan.*

*Bilaanjada lacagta weligeed bar baa ka maqan
Wax lagu bixiyana bannaan sooma dhigi karaan
Balaasaa loo dhisaayaa raggi barkiis
Beero muusaa bilaash loogu falahayaa ee
Barlamaanka iyo odeyaasha barida weyn
U bogi kari waayey baabuurta ay wataan.*

✻
Bernaldelli,³⁵ you did not harm me
Yet you of my own blood who supported him
It's you I trumpet against
And with my club and sword I shout for freedom
I deeply longed for us to achieve sovereignty
The Parliament and the men with big buttocks
I am fed up with them and with the cars they drive

Half of the budget is always unaccounted for
How it was spent they dare not explain
They built palaces for themselves
Banana plantations are ploughed for them
The Parliament and the men with the big buttocks
I am fed up with them and with the cars they drive.

The following verses are from a powerful buraambur in which Halima Sofe describes the conditions of the country and people, years after independence:

Wataa calan guudka laga taagay oo gimgiman
 Gumeysigii cadowga summaddiisii kaama go'in
 Garashadii jaahilnimo geesna kaama bixin
 Gilseydii iyo geelii oon bay la go'ahayaan
 Gaajo iyo cudur dadkeennii bar baa u go'ay oo
 Garowsho laga waayey raggii geedka noo fadhiyey ee
 Haddaadan garanaynin noloshaada gaasirkaa
 Dadkooda kala geysyaduu haydin kala gaten oo
 Guhaad iyo ciil calooshaada yay ka go'in.



There a fabulous banner is hoisted up
 But still we carry the mark of colonialism
 Illiteracy is prevailing everywhere
 Our cattle and camels are dying of thirst
 Half of our people are suffering hunger and disease
 The men sitting in our parliament are insensitive to our needs
 But if you are not yet conscious of your wretched lives
 Let those who have divided the people buy your loyalty
 And be consumed by anger and frustration forever.

In her two buraamburs *Odeyaasha ina akhiray* ["The old men who are holding us back"] and *Dulan nin wada* ["The wicked men"], Hawa exposes the ruthlessness of politicians who, in order to keep a permanent hold on the Somali people, resort to old tribal passions, vote-buying, and rigged elections. In the gabay *Gabdhii isku duubnaa* ["Sisters"], Hawa describes the unfair treatment accorded to women who contributed to the struggle for independence.

The country's situation was so devastating, and the public's disillusion and despair so deep, that in their hearts many prayed to God for the downfall of the parliamentary government. To everybody's surprise, on October 21, 1969, six days after the assassination of President Abdirashid Ali Sharmarke (the second president of the Somali Republic), the army, headed by General Mohamed Said Barre, staged a bloodless coup d'état and overthrew the government. The Supreme Revolutionary Party was soon established and the country was renamed the Somali Democratic Republic. The Somali masses, men and women alike, enthusiastically embraced the new regime, which promised to promote national construction and end corruption. Self-help schemes

were organized to build schools, medical clinics, markets, community orientation centres, and other much-needed facilities. Encouraging Somali women to take part in these campaigns as a way to achieve self-reliance, Hawa composed the poem *Gaajo see ku hari?* ["How can hunger be defeated?"].

Around this time, a very refined widower made a marriage proposal to Hawa, and when she declined his offer, giving her reasons in her gabay *Jawaab talo guur* ["A marriage proposal"], he sent her the following verses, begging her to reconsider. Hawa, nonetheless, was adamant in her refusal:

Ayeeyo iyo awoowe inaan nahay, waa ogsoonahaye
Ikhyaartuna ma kala maarantee, waa isaragtaaye
Uuradatan Koofureed Baraa, laga irsaaqaaye
Itaal quruxsanleeyey nin xumi, kuma ilaalayne
Xaalka qaab u eegoo hadduu, kula haan waayo
Ilmo adeer isjecel inaannu nahay oon, eedi kala gaarin
Oo aan uurfayoobaan ku tegey, taa ha la ogaado.



I know that we are grandmother and grandfather
 Yet fine people like you and I should meet and connect
 These winds from the south nourish those in the east
 O beautiful one, it is a gentleman who is proposing to you
 So, consider well the matter, and if you don't see it my way
 Let it be known that we shall still be caring cousins
 And that I depart with a heart full of good feeling.

For many years Somali public opinion was severely divided over the sensitive issue of deciding which of the proposed three scripts – Latin, Arabic, or Osmania – should be adopted for writing the Somali language. On October 12, 1972, the Supreme Revolutionary Council, together with the Council of the Secretaries, announced that the Somali language, written in the Latin alphabet, would be the official language of the country. A new school curriculum, written in Somali, was developed to reflect Somali culture, history, and geography. Extensive national campaigns for the eradication of illiteracy (1973), and rural development programs that included literacy, health, and veterinary programs (1974) were launched. The whole country was mobilized, with thousands of men and

women proudly participating in the campaign as learners, instructors, or service providers. A picture of a fifty-three-year-old Hawa sitting on a stool, intently copying Somali sentences from a blackboard, was displayed on a showcase in front of the main government building in Mogadishu. She was chosen by the Ministry of Information as a role model to show that no one is too old to learn.

On January 11, 1975, following the UN resolution that declared 1975 to be International Women's Year, President Said Barre proclaimed that, effective from that date, Somali women would have equal rights in matters related to law, education, employment, and political participation. This provided a great incentive for Somali women at the grassroots level to throw their lot in with the new government; and thus they became its hard-core supporters for many years. To the disappointment of many women, however, this policy did not generally translate into concrete actions. Few women were promoted to higher positions in the civil service, army, or police; and when the Somali Socialist Revolutionary Party was founded in 1976, only Faduma Omar Hashi, the president of the Somali Women's Democratic Association, was nominated to the 73-member Central Party Committee; and of the ten Regional Party Committees, only one woman was nominated, even though women constituted nearly sixty-three per cent of the card-holding party members at that time. Reflecting both her own and other women's dissatisfaction with this lack of fair recognition – especially coming from a president and government to which they had given so much support – Hawa composed the poems *Haweenku waa garab* ["Women are a force"] and *Rabbiyow ha ii caroon* ["Forgive me God"].

Following the 1977 war with Ethiopia, Somalia suffered economic problems that caused political conflicts, and that obscured all the achievements of the previous eight years in the areas of education, health, agriculture, transportation, and other vital infrastructure. Inept administration, nepotism, and political repression became rampant. Many people were summarily arrested and imprisoned indefinitely. But when, in 1982, some loyal and prominent members of the government were arrested and treated in the same manner, without substantiated proof of guilt, people completely lost their faith

in the regime. Somali women had filled the orientation centers day and night; and they had crowded the streets of the capital, towns, and villages, under rain, dust, and burning sun – either to hail some measure adopted by the government; or to welcome members of the government and visiting foreign dignitaries, by clapping, singing, beating drums and shouting *Jaalleyaalow! Soo dhawaaada!* [Welcome comrades!]. Yet even they gradually stopped coming out. Hawa was also deeply disturbed by the prevailing injustice, and the persecution that some of her family members were suffering, when she composed the two poems *Daldalool* ["Blunder"] and *Ciiddaan jeclahay* ["I love my country"]. In the latter poem, she pleads with President Said Barre to intervene in order to stop the harassment and the threats perpetrated by his henchmen against her own son.

From the late 1980s onward, the political situation in Somalia started to deteriorate so drastically, and civil strife became so intense, that the government could no longer maintain law and order, thus making civil war inevitable. The flames of war that first erupted in the Northern Regions in 1986, spread like bushfire all over the country. In Mogadishu, people were killed in their homes and on the streets in broad daylight. People lived in great fear, foreign embassies reduced their staff to minimum levels, and all the aid agencies and UN organizations left the country.



The world of Hawa and her family was shattered on December 15, 1990, the day bitter fighting broke out between the government forces and those of the United Somali Congress (USC), bringing unprecedented havoc and destruction to innocent citizens who were caught in the cross-fire. Killing went hand in hand with looting banks, government buildings, vehicles, and properties belonging to foreign embassies, UN organizations, and international aid agencies. The looting was openly perpetuated by the military. The USC militia, who were not paid or commissioned personnel, but angry and undisciplined groups organized on a clan basis,

dedicated their time to fighting, looting, and destruction. As for raping girls: we witnessed both parties perpetuating the brutal act. No words, not even the poetry of Hawa Jibril, can accurately describe the killing and the atrocities committed in this merciless internecine clan war.

From our balcony, we could see multitudes of people running back and forth for safety from one part of the city to another, some carrying their babies on their backs and others carrying big bundles of food, or whatever they could salvage from their homes. We did not leave our house for two reasons: on the one hand, we were still cherishing the hope that this conflict would soon come to an end and that some sort of power-sharing agreement would be reached between the government and the opposition fronts; on the other hand, not knowing a safe place to go, we felt more secure staying in our house, where we could take shelter from the bombs, bullets, and shrapnel that were coming from every direction, falling on the buildings and streets.

Day after day, food, water, and fuel were becoming more scarce and costly, and to acquire them one had to face untold perils. At the beginning, since the men in our household could not go out for fear of being killed, either by the military or the militia, Hawa and the other women in the house had to risk procuring supplies from market stalls in our area and beyond. Above all, we were concerned about how to protect ourselves from marauding armed men during the day and, at night, from common thieves and armed criminals who escaped from the unguarded prisons and detention centres. We had few guns and pistols, so the men in the house took shifts guarding the house, and for some time we did not encounter any danger.

Unfortunately, our house was located in the middle of the battle zone, between the government forces and the USC militia, and later on between the two USC factions. The conflict stemmed from clan grievances that affected the power-sharing process; and both the government and rebel fronts were fashioned according to clan allegiances. Therefore, we decided to play the card of tribalism for our own safety. When a group of armed men threatened us, if they were government forces, we would tell them that the landlord was a prominent member of

the government; whereas, if they were from the USC militia, we would say that the landlady belonged to their clan, and that the landlord belonged to the major clan of the SNM (a front that the USC considered their ally in the war against the government). This strategy of wearing two hats – which was helped by the fact that members of our household actually did belong to three of the major warring clans – not only saved our own lives, and the lives of relatives, friends, and acquaintances we sheltered, but it also gave us a chance to save the lives of three strangers, as well.

One afternoon while Hawa, a little nephew of mine, and I were coming home from the market, we saw two gunmen pushing a terrorized young girl into a narrow alley. As soon as Hawa noticed the men, and realized their obvious ill intentions, she sent the little boy to call some of the men in our house for help. Eventually, the girl, who couldn't stop crying and shaking, was released and afterwards spent one night in our home, comforted by Hawa, before she was sent back safely to her family in the Abdilasis district of Mogadishu.

One night a young man in military gear, soaking wet and shivering, knocked on our gate asking for protection. He told us that he was one of the recent recruits to a unit that had, that same afternoon, taken part in a fierce battle with the USC militia, and that after most of the men were killed, he and another soldier had jumped into the sea where he had been hiding between the rocks for long hours, not knowing what had happened to his friend after they jumped into the sea. We fed him and gave him dry clothes; then, in order to protect him from some of the men in our house whose relatives had been killed by the soldiers, Mother insisted that he remain in her room where he fell into a deep sleep. The next morning, two young men escorted him to a place where he could join the government forces. Before he left, he performed the morning prayer and swore that he would never again take part in a tribal war.

Another night, a drunken man with a bleeding wound on one shoulder, and an AK gun on the other, knocked at our gate and also asked for protection. Mother, who had become a self-taught nurse since the war, dressed his wound and gave him food and tea. While he was eagerly gulping *cambuulo* (boiled

beans and maize, served with gee and sugar), he related how he and a friend had wanted to ransack Caputo's grocery store (owned by a longtime Italian resident), but that the military men, who evidently had preceded them, shot his friend – and wounded himself – while he was reaching for his fallen friend's gun. The next morning, after the government forces in our area were defeated, we immediately painted the sign of the USC and SNM on our gate and cars. To our surprise, the militia knocked down our gate and, at gunpoint, asked us to hand over the wounded soldier we were hiding, whose blood was still on our front wall. They left us alone only after we told them the full name and clan lineage of the man we had saved. Evidently, in their haste, the men in charge of cleaning the bloodstains inside and outside the house that night had neglected to do their work thoroughly, thus putting us at great risk.

Although we advised her to stay home and not provoke the militia – on account of her belonging to the clan of Said Barre – Mother continued to visit and assist sick friends and neighbours that were still in Mogadishu. But since she was well-known in the neighborhood, she was often harassed, humiliated, and beaten by members of the militia who occupied the houses in our vicinity that had been left vacant, either by owners taking refuge in other towns, or by foreign tenants who had fled the country.

During the conflict, we were totally confined to our house and the nearby area, and so we didn't know exactly what was happening in other parts of the city. When the government forces abandoned Mogadishu to the USC forces, all of a sudden Hawa discovered that only one family member among her relatives was to be found, and that four nephews, whose upbringing and education she had contributed to, had been killed while fleeing the town. This sad news caused her grief to the point that she fell sick and vomited blood. She was cured of a severe ulcer by her doctor, Salah Aidarus, a man of infinite kindness and generosity. He was also our neighbour and the director and head surgeon of Mogadishu General Hospital (Digfer). When Hawa last heard of him, Dr Salah was treating Somali refugees in Mukalla, Yemen. It is truly sad that Somalia should have lost one of her most competent, capable,

and caring doctors.

As soon as mother felt well again, against all our persuasions, she insisted on taking the six-month-old Jibril, who had been born in our house – the son of one of Hawa's murdered nephews – and his widowed mother on a perilous trip to Abud Waq, the capital of Galgadud Region. In spite of the relative peace prevailing there, Hawa, who had been used to the comforts of city life, found the place totally inhospitable, as she describes in her humorous poem *Caabud-Waaq* ["Abud Wag"] She returned promptly to Mogadishu.

In November 1991, just when we thought the worst lay behind us, even more vicious and devastating fighting broke out between the forces loyal to the interim President Ali Mahdi Mohamed, and those of USC leader General Mohamed Farah Aided. This increased rampaging and killing left countless civilians dead, crippled, or destitute. For weeks, dead bodies lay in the nearby streets. The men in our house buried some of them in the dirt along the roadsides, but overwhelmed by the increasing deaths, and out of utter fear, they ultimately abandoned this task.

The majority of the peace-loving and defenseless inhabitants of Shangaanni district, some of them our good and long-time neighbours, were appallingly affected by the war: their houses were completely looted, some of their women raped, and their lives shattered. At this point, we realized that our fate was also sealed and that we could not attempt any escape, surrounded as we were by some of the militia who had already taken our weapons and were clearly looking for an opportunity to attack us. On the morning of November 21, 1991, after we had endured two frightful nights, a group of ferocious gunman, some drunk, some with bulging bloodshot eyes from long hours of chewing qat leaves, smashed our gate with bazookas, instantly killing one of our guards and wounding two others. One of their leaders rounded us up at gunpoint in the garden, shooting and severely wounding my husband, Ahmed Mohamoud Farah, who, even though he was one of the top ministers in the Said Barre Government, had been tirelessly striving, along with prominent northern clan elders in Mogadishu, to conciliate between the two USC factions. In the same instant, before I finished my shocked cry of "Allah!"

another gunman kicked me in the back, probably with his knee, knocking me down and releasing above me another round of bullets. For a few seconds I thought I was dead, but I realized I was still alive upon hearing my husband call out "Don't commit sinful crimes against me. God knows I am not your enemy, but was only looking after your own good."

Although bleeding from wounds on my face and mouth, as a result of the fall, I crawled toward one of them who was telling my husband, "Hand over the gold and dollars or I will finish you off right now!" I implored him to stop shooting, as I would show him the place where I hid our gold and money. Upon hearing the gunfire and all the tumult, my mother, who was in her room at the time, came out with her hands raised and, together, we beseeched the gunmen to stop shooting, as I handed them all the money and family gold. Then, still pointing guns at us, they let us drag Ahmed from the doorway where he lay, oozing blood, to the wall of our garage. As we were tying his wounded shoulder with mother's *garbasaar*, we watched, shocked and terrified, as militiamen and hordes of looters – of all ages and both sexes – filled the house and engaged in an orgy of ransacking and pure destruction. All the time, numb with terror and fighting hard not to faint, I kept praying to Allah to protect us and deliver us from this ordeal.

My mother, at whose strength and courage I still marvel, sternly chastised me, saying, to my utter bewilderment, "Whatever these men are planning to do to us, trust in Allah, and don't ever crawl at the feet of any human being – let alone these cutthroats!" However, courage or no courage, to save my life and the lives of my family, I continued beseeching the gunmen to spare us. From that moment on, and for some years later, I had nightmares, and at the sound of a bullet or a tire explosion, I would jump up, trembling uncontrollably, as if I'd been kicked in my kidneys.

Luckily, their zone commander (a man we knew, and who was well-known in Mogadishu) took pity on us and, leaving his men to plunder the house, dropped Ahmed and me in front of another house that his men were using as a makeshift hospital. On the same morning, a friend of mine, Maryan Moallim Abdullahi (one of the most successful female entrepreneurs in the country) gave us shelter in her villa in South

Mogadishu, after hearing of our misfortune. We were also cared for by the doctors Abdullahi Shaikh Hassan and Osman Dufle (known as Osman Beat), who kindly tended to my husband's wound, in the midst of a critical time when they were operating in the almost total absence of necessary medicines, hospital facilities, and equipment; a time when the magnitude of the task of saving the lives of those who had been wounded – mainly women and children – was immense.

In 1994, when I told my lawyer, Lorne Goldman, my reasons for applying for Canadian refugee status – explaining that the people who saved our lives, as well as the ones who harmed us, belonged to the same sub-clan – he asserted that he, as well as the the judges hearing my case, would have difficulty believing that. I assured him this was the case and that, if necessary, we could provide reliable witnesses to confirm our story. Yes, it is true that Somalis – fuelled mainly by unscrupulous political personalities – have committed untold crimes and atrocities against each other because of an exaggerated sense of tribal pride and an unyielding quest for settling scores. Nevertheless, the same people still remain brothers and sisters who are interconnected in many ways and who share hopes and fears wherever they find themselves. It is unfortunate that many embittered Somalis, as well as the foreign media who emphasize the atrocities, keep silent about the many incidents of people saving the lives and property of those belonging to other clans, either because of neighbourhood obligations, marriage and kinship relationships, or simply in accordance with moral and religious precepts.

A Somali adage states: *Cayri caymo ma diiddo*, meaning, "For people who have lost their possessions, even little things can be of comfort." The day after we were forced out of our house, my friend Maryan, in an effort to salvage something for us, sent her guards to the house. Unfortunately, and to their surprise, they found it completely empty, save for pieces of broken furniture strewn all over the house and into the nearby streets. Gone were our family photos, educational certificates, important documents, and all the books we had been collecting for so many years, including some important collections about Somalia written in Arabic, English, and Italian; and valuable volumes of the Holy Qur'aan and Tafsiiir

[an explanation of the Qur'aan]. What the series of looters did not want, or could not carry, they smashed or used as firewood or toilet paper.

In February 1993, I returned to Mogadishu for a few months as a consultant to the Ida Women's Organization, the only Somali NGO that operated in both South and North Mogadishu – thus, crossing the “green line” that separated the two warring USC's factions, and helping to reduce clan animosity and boost women's spirit of solidarity. Ida was run by the courageous Abdi Arush sisters, Halima and the late Starlin, who, in partnership with aid organizations and international NGOs, provided badly needed relief programs for the populations affected by the war and famine. And so, escorted by a unit from the Italian military contingent under UNITAF,³⁶ and wearing big sunglasses as a precaution, I visited our former house. Now without windows and doors, like most of Mogadishu's buildings, it had been converted into a feeding centre for displaced people, run, incongruously, by a gunman.

One month after the looting of our house, at the request of my brother, Ambassador Mohamed Ahmed Alim, the *Medécins Sans Frontières* helped us move to a safe place in North Mogadishu, where my husband received more medical treatment. There we stayed until we left the country for Nairobi, early in 1992, assisted generously by the family of our good friend Omar Arte Galib – a former teacher, foreign minister under Mohamed Said's government, and prime minister under Ali Mahdi's interim government. He sent instructions from Saudi Arabia to extend us all the help we needed.

Mother, evidently, had better preservation skills than most of us. On the day of the looting, she managed to escape, along with some other people in the house, by giving some dollars she had hidden under her skirt to a gunman. He was guarding a wall over which they climbed to the house of the late civil rights defence lawyer Ismail Jimale Osoble, whose kind and brave wife, Maryan Hussein Awreye, now president of the Ismail Jumale Foundation, gave Mother shelter and protection for two months before she also fled to Kenya.

In *Dagaalka sokeeye* [“The civil war”] and *Xaawleeyey* [“O daughters of Eve!”], composed during the height of the civil war, Hawa describes the horrors of the war and the selfishness

of the powerful and greedy warlords. At the UN Second Meeting On Humanitarian Assistance for Somalia (held in Addis Ababa, March 11–13, 1993), when I recited Hawa's poem “The civil war” to the delegates – including fifteen of the fighting warlords – the chairman, moved by the verse, entreated the insensitive warlords to pity their people and make solemn peace straight away. While a refugee in Nairobi, Kenya, Hawa composed the heartrending poem *Silica Soomaali* [“Somali people's blight”], which details the suffering that occurred during the 1992 famine, which she had witnessed on TV; the poem describes how the world had forsaken Somalia, neglecting to provide urgent relief to the victims of clan wars – the dying children, women, and elderly – whose suffering had been exacerbated by the decimating famine that swept the Southern Regions of Somalia that year.

One of the major tragedies caused by the civil war was the displacement of people and the dislocation of family members. As early as 1986, many fled Somalia and took refuge, first, in the neighbouring countries of Kenya and Ethiopia, where they had to endure the harsh life of the refugee detention centers. Later, the lucky ones gained entry to some compassionate Western countries, including Canada, the United States, the United Kingdom, Holland, Sweden, Norway, and Finland, to name a few.

A typical Somali mother, fretting for the life of her son during the devastating bombardment of Hargeisa, composed the following verses:

Intaan boobuhu bowdo kaa jebin
Amaan shilkuhu sheedda kaa helin
Hooyo Nuuroow! Noolka hooyoo
Orod Norway nafta kula roor!



Before an automatic gun breaks your legs
Or you get blown apart by the shells
O Nuur, my son, here is your fare
Go to Norway and run for your life!



In 1993, Mother arrived in Canada as a refugee. She was treated well and immediately granted refugee claimant status. She was also welcomed by three of her grandchildren and a score of nephews and nieces, as well as by old friends and acquaintances. In 1994, I was able to join her in Canada. Although she has been well cared for, especially by her granddaughter Muna and I, like many newcomers in her situation she has suffered the pains of culture shock, harsh weather, and language barriers, which have made it impossible for her to adjust and integrate, especially at her age, into Canadian society. Having been a very independent woman all her life – almost a matriarch in all senses – she resents being dependant on others for all her needs. Whenever a relative or a friend calls, asking how she likes Canada, she responds, pouring out all her frustration, “Thanks to Allah I am fine, have food and shelter, and sleep well at night without fear, but other than that, what can I say? I don’t know the country and I don’t speak their language, and the weather here is impossible: the winter is too cold, the summer too hot, and the autumn too rainy – spring, I don’t know what it is.”

Mostly she misses her relatives, friends, and neighbours, and the call of the muezzin summoning the faithful to the five daily prayers. In spite of her doctor’s recommendations, she rarely goes out for walks, let alone shopping. As a consequence, she gradually developed serious circulation problems, which led to the amputation of three toes from her right foot and persistent excruciating pains that have accentuated her old ailments: homesickness and the feeling of solitude and despair, described in the poems *Qaxootiga Kanada* [“Refugees in Canada”], *Nolosha qurbaha* [“Life in a new country”], and *Daltabyo* [“Nostalgia”].

Also, being an ardent nationalist, her heart and mind are always preoccupied with Somalia and what is happening there, wondering whether the clan wars will ever stop, and if peace and reconciliation will be achieved. In the year 2000, she was one of the poets invited to the Arta Somali Peace and Reconciliation Conference, sponsored by the president of the Republic of Djibouti, His Excellency Ismail Omar Gelle. She recited, for the delegates, her poems *Jabuuti khayrkay odorosayso* [“Djibouti’s good efforts”] and *Farriin ergada shirka*

[“A message to the Arta delegates”].

During the years of the conflict, out of despair, deep resentment, or for other reasons, a great number of Somalis, from all walks of life, turned to the old tribal passions. A very negative and incendiary literature that rekindles old wounds and promotes hate among the people started to circulate on cassette tapes. Even many female poets, who were known in the past for their ardent patriotism, found themselves drawn into this way of thinking. Mother is one of the few female poets who have chosen not to be part of this shameful trend. At a welcoming party arranged for her soon after she arrived in Canada, some women wrongly assumed that she also must have composed incendiary buraambur. When they asked her to recite some for them, she composed – actually improvised – the buraambur *Qaabiil iyo Haabiil* [“Cain and Abel”]. This short poem – her simple and clear answer – was duly received with long applause. This was only to be expected of her, as she is a well-known nationalist who takes to heart her country, her people, and her flag. She also wishes that the Somali people could achieve reconciliation and that, since what happened in the past cannot and should not be forgotten, we should learn from our errors and raise our state from the abyss into which it has fallen.



It is not easy for a society to change its views on a centuries-old custom such as female circumcision, or rather, female genital mutilation (FGM). The experience of Hawa and three generations of her progeny offers an example of this slow process of change. When Hawa was a little girl, like all girls living in the countries where this custom is practiced, she was made to believe in the beauty and virtues of circumcision, which was wrongly insisted upon as an Islamic obligation. So when Hawa was about eight years old, without anyone forcing her, she demanded – literally fought – to subject herself to this unnecessary and cruel practice. One morning, when she saw some girls of her extended family being circumcised, she grabbed one of the knives and, sobbing loudly, announced to the womenfolk present at the ceremony, “I also must be

circumcised today, or I will do it myself!" Therefore, having no choice, they circumcised her right away, without any sound of pain coming from her mouth, as she, taking pride in her daring act, has told us many times.

Mother and I experienced the worst form of female genital mutilation: the faraonic circumcision, which is widely practiced in Somalia, Ethiopia, Kenya, Sudan, Mali, Cameroon, and many other countries. But, unlike mother, I did not want to be circumcised. I had been shocked to witness the suffering of my cousin who, due to a mistake committed by an inattentive midwife, had to be circumcised again; not only that, months later she had to be hospitalized for a correctional operation. The morning of my affliction, three women and the midwife had to hold me down in order to complete the operation: two holding tightly my spread legs, one my arms, and the midwife, Budhuko, performing the actual deed. As soon as she cut me, I let out a long shriek and fainted. Then, as the two holding my legs momentarily released their grip, I raised myself up, causing the midwife to inadvertently cut the flesh on my pelvis, releasing blood. Even so, and in spite of my desperate cries for help, she was allowed to continue the operation. Hours later, when they were through with me, they left me with three painful wounds: two physical and one psychological.

Because of the shock and trauma the circumcision caused me, and because I did not believe my religion prescribed or condoned it, I decided never to subject any daughter of mine to this painful and crippling practice. However, when my own three girls reached the age at which circumcision was expected, I was not entirely able to fulfill my resolution, due to strong opposition from the two most important family members who had a say in decisions concerning the welfare of our daughters: my mother, Hawa, and my mother-in-law, Faduma Hujale. Having postponed the matter year after year, in an attempt to please these strong-headed women, I finally decided to circumcise the girls by applying the least painful and damaging type of circumcision, which is erroneously called Sunna. The circumcision was performed by a male nurse who followed my strict instructions. Neither of the two matriarchs, however, were content with this offering: A few hours after the procedure, when they saw me scolding two of

the girls for climbing a tree in our garden, Mother said, "Stop the mockery and leave them alone! It is not as if they were really circumcised."

Sheherazad (or Shaasha), Hawa's great granddaughter, is now fourteen years old; and only on her tenth birthday was she even told about the practice of female circumcision. Shaasha is lucky because she was born in Canada, and because her mother (my daughter Muna) is an active social worker operating within the Somali community; she is lucky because I am a longtime social activist, and because her great-grandmother, Hawa, finally understands the harm caused by female genital mutilation. We are all entirely against it and are advocating for its eradication. In 1999, the Somali Canadian Women's Association, headed by Sofia Shire in partnership with Culture Link, organized six workshops entitled "Three Generations of NO Female Genital Mutilation." These workshops were attended by 150 members of the Somali community in Toronto, comprising men, women, and youth of both sexes. Hawa composed the poem *Aafada gudniinka hablaha* ["Female genital mutilation"] for these workshops.

We chose to speak out about this difficult issue in order to add our voices to those of the Somali women's organizations in Somalia and in the Diaspora, and to the international organizations (spearheaded by UNICEF and WHO) that are tirelessly working for the eradication of FGM – a practice which has been and still is physically and psychologically damaging, the lives of millions of girls in Africa and elsewhere. Knowing that the majority of Islamic countries, including the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia – the cradle of Islam – do not practice any type of female circumcision, we wonder why our Somali clergy and scholars keep silent about the perpetuation of this pre-Islamic custom, when certainly their endorsement of its eradication would make an enormous difference.

A Somali proverb says:

Saddex baa ragga ku wanaagsan dumarkana ku xun:
Geessinnimo, deeqsinnimo, aftahannimo.



Three qualities are good when found in men and bad when found in women: courage, generosity, and eloquence.

Well, my mother Hawa has all three, and so have many other women in Somalia and the world over. That she is a courageous and eloquent woman who is not easily intimidated can be seen from her poems and her daring responses whenever she is provoked, especially by men, and regardless of their positions or status. In 1972, in a meeting for women activists in the Mogadishu districts, Hawa recited the inspiring poem *Dhib badan baa ina sugaaya* ["Wake up!"] dedicated to female teachers and administrators in the Ministry of Education who were attending Halane Military and Political Orientation Training. The guest speaker, who was a highranking member of the government, asked, "Hawa, tell us, where do you get all that knowledge from?" Taking offence at the man's sarcastic tone, she responded, "Why shouldn't I have it? We are almost the same age, and I understand that you didn't graduate from Oxford." To his embarrassment, her daring answer was received with much laughter and sustained applause.

A kind and compassionate person, she generously shares what she owns with all those in need. She is always the first one to initiate collections and make donations whenever a needy relative or friend requires assistance; this tends to be very often, especially during these years of national turmoil when the resilient women in Somalia, and in the Diaspora, have become anchors of salvation for their families. Also, being the only city-dweller amongst her own brothers and sisters, she has always taken to heart the well-being of her siblings, as well as their numerous progeny, both when she was back home and now that she is settled in Canada. In 1968, when false news of her death reached her beloved older brother Osman, for whom she composed the gabay *Cismaanow* ["O Osman"], he composed the following gabay as her eulogy:

Xasanow xog baas baan maqlay oo, waan xanuunsadaye
Warka xalay Xamar iiga yimid, xaaddi bay socotay
Xubbi iyo jacayl walleen, xaajadood ma hayo
Wallee Xaawo waa dhimatayeey, iguma xeel gaabna
Walleen toban xigaalkaya iyo, iiga daran Xaashi
Xundhurta iyo xayaadka iyo wallee, xabadka lay taabay
Wallee gogoshi bay xagatay oo, xanan yar baan mooday
Wallee caanihii Xiis-Bogood, ila xaraaraade

Xashaashnimo wallee lama dhexmaro, xaafadda iyo suuqa
Wallee lacag xakaar aanan u marin, xaabis uma qaato
Xag Ilaahay mooyee wallee, Xamar kasoo oodmay.



O Hassan,³⁷ I heard dreadful news and feel sick
 Hearing last night's news from Mogadishu gave me goose bumps
 By God I am done with love and affection
 By God the death of Hawa is not an easy matter for me
 By God she is dearer to me than ten of my clan and Hashi³⁸ my son
 By God I feel the pain in my navel, guts and chest
 By God the mat scratches my body as if it were a thorny shrub
 By God the milk of Hees Bogod³⁹ tastes bitter to me
 By God never again shall I walk in fine attire
 Through the neighbourhood and the market
 By God I never again shall I grasp lots of unearned money
 If not by God's will, Mogadishu's doors will now be shut to me.

Hawa is also a very sociable person who is comfortable with, and befriends, people of every generation. Those who know her well, Somalis and non-Somalis alike, are often amazed at her vivacity, queenly bearing, and open-mindedness. She started composing poems when she was a little girl, encouraged by the atmosphere at home, where poetry was an essential part of daily life. Her father and three of her siblings were poets, and early in her childhood, she developed a good ear for verse and memorized a variety of poems and songs. She eagerly learned the folktales, including children's tales, that she heard from her grandmother, Baahila, and from her numerous aunts, on both her father and mother's side. She easily memorized children's lullabies and numerous work songs. As she grew up, and throughout her life, she learned by heart many poems composed by the great Somali poets.

Sayyid Mohammed Abdille Hassan, the great anti-colonialist and religious leader, of course, remains her favorite. The book *Diiwaankii Gabayadii Sayyid Maxamed Cabdulle Xasan*, edited by Sh. Jaamac Cumar Ciise, was one of the volumes lost in the looting. Fortunately, she subsequently received a used copy that a relative found for her in a Mogadishu market. She appreciates the pure and beautiful poetry of Ismail Mire, the gifted poet and capable military commander of the Darwish

forces of the Sayyid. Worn-out copies of the book *Ismaaciil Mire*, written by Ahmed F. Cali, "Idaajaa," and *Diiwaankii Gabayadii Sayyid Maxamed Cabdille Xasan* are now amongst the most valuable items in her small apartment. Two other great Somali poets whom she reveres are Ayah Mohamed Dhawre and Abdullahi Sultan Timo Adde; the former is known for the wisdom contained in his famous gabay *Quursidiid* ["Refusing Disparagement"]; the latter for his much-celebrated gabay dedicated to the five-star Somali flag:

*Sarreeyow ma nuqsaamow
Aan siduu yahay eegneee
kaana siib kanna saar.*



O ever flying and never diminishing one
So that I may behold you
Bring down that one, and hoist up this one.

All of the people and sources above constitute the school in which Hawa learned to master our rich oral literature.

Like other Somali female poets, Hawa composes mostly in buraambur: the main genre of Somali poetry that is exclusive to women. According to Sh. Jama Omar Esse, the author of *Diiwaanka*, buraambur ranks lowest amongst the seven major genres of Somali poetry (*gabay, geeraar, masafu, jiipto, weglo, guuroow, buraambur*); but according to Professor Abdullahi Diriye Guled Arrale, author of *Miisaanka Maansada Soomaaliyeed*,⁴⁰ and the first scholar to uncover the rules that govern Somali verse (in the early seventies), the poetic quality of the buraambur is equal to that of the gabay, if not superior. Even women like Hawa, who can compose excellent gabay, nonetheless, like to express themselves in the more versatile buraambur, especially if they are city-dwellers, since the buraambur most likely originated as an urban form. What makes the buraambur especially appealing is that, accompanied by a drumbeat and clapping, one can dance to its rhythm. A good buraambur should be well balanced and alliterative through all its lines.

It is believed that the traditional gabay metre was established by the great 19th century Somali poet Raage Ugass, whose style of recitation adhered to the following pattern:

*Hooyaalayey, hooyaalayey, hooyaalayey, hooye
Hooyaalayey, hooyaalayey, hooyaalayey, hooye.*

The burrampur, on the other hand, is based on the following rhythm:

*Hoobaley, hoobaley, hoobaley, haddaba
O hoobaley, hoobaley, hoobaley, haddaba.*

Used mainly in wedding ceremonies, the buraambur is normally recited, or chanted, with a soothing tone and rhythm. There are at least four popular styles of intonation to which buraambur can be sung, for example, the Mudug/Bari, Northwestern Regions, Benadir and Kismayo intonations. The buraambur is often used in the private domain, when women need to express their feelings on family issues and share confidences with friends and relatives. Since the years of the struggle for national independence, the buraambur, like the gabay, has been used for political propaganda. For women, the buraambur is also an empowering tool for social activism, which permits them to be part of a political process and have their voices heard and their presence felt.

Today, Somali women in the Diaspora use the buraambur not only for weddings, but also for welcoming or bidding farewell to a visiting female relative or friend, and for other social events. Reciting buraambur poems provides women with occasions to spend joyful hours together, but also gives them a break from the worries of domestic chores and child-care, which must all be done without the help of the extended family, normal to life in Somalia. This sharing of poems and traditional song and dance, far from a frivolous pastime, helps Somali women in exile maintain their mental health and survive the trauma and bereavement of their recent past. When, on certain Saturday nights, Faduma Ali Jama (Nkruma) – a well-known performer, who was a member of the Waaberi Group of artists, and is now in high demand to sing at weddings throughout the Diaspora – organizes such parties for the women of Toronto, she calls the event "Stress-free Saturday Night," or *Waa habeenkii Sabtida ee wewelow lagu waa!*
When women poets coming from the Mudug and Bari

Regions recite buraambur at weddings, they start their recitations with the following traditional buraambur verses:

Bisinka ka bilaaba, shaydaan ha baygagee, malaa'igta daakireysaa ha soo degtee.



Start with the name of Allah to frighten away the devil,
So that worshiping angels might descend.

Those from the Benadir Region start their buraambur as follows:

*Bisin waxaan lagu bilaabeynin barako ma leh
Waa u barannaye, Allow baaska naga xijaab.*



Things not starting with the *name of Allah* are not blessed
For we maintain it, O Allah, shield us from evil.

Recently, Hawa's life in Canada has taken a new turn through her involvement with Jumblies Theatre. Jumblies creates art with communities, through multi-year projects leading to large-scale productions. Since 2004, Jumblies Theatre has been working in the Toronto neighbourhood of Central Etobicoke, with its offices based in the Toronto Community Housing apartment buildings where Hawa lives. Jumblies Theatre engaged residents across differences of age, culture, and ability to produce *Bridge of One Hair*, a play inspired largely by Hawa's life and poetry. In so doing, Jumblies worked with several partners, especially Montgomery's Inn, a local City of Toronto museum, and the Toronto Community Housing Corporation. Jumblies' team of artists conducted many workshops in the neighbourhood and at a local school, using Hawa's translated poems as a catalyst for drawings, storytelling, dance, puppetry, and the composition of new poems.

Bridge of One Hair involved several hundred people, including several dozen experienced artists: many Somalis and non-Somalis. As well as Hawa Jibril's poems, the play featured a poem by Duke Redbird, and an original musical score by Alice Ping Yee Ho. Somali performers included Faduma Ali Jama (Nkruma), Zeinab Omar (Labadhagax), Bashiir Aadan Warsame

(Jookhle). *Bridge Of One Hair* premiered in April 2007, at Toronto's Harbourfront Centre, as part of their *Fresh Ground Program* and *New World Stage Festival*.

This production has provided Hawa with citywide and local recognition and respect, and has made her feel much more at home in Toronto. Now, neighbours greet her when she goes out, and she participates in community workshops and cross-cultural events that involve recitations of her poems and an appreciation of her achievements. She remains a source of inspiration for her compatriots in the Diaspora and in her home country, urging them, especially the young people, to make good use of the opportunities offered to them in the lands that have given them shelter. Only then, she insists, can they eventually be of help to Somalia.

On July 1, 2006, both Canada and Somalia day, the Somali Community Organizations in Toronto awarded Hawa a certificate of appreciation "in recognition of her relentless contribution and support to the success of our community."



Xaawa iyo labadeeda carruur: Faaduma iyo Maxamed.
Hawa and Her 2 children: Faduma and Mohammed.



Muqdishow, Dekeddi Hore, 1940 maadkii.
Mogadishu, Old Port, 1940s.



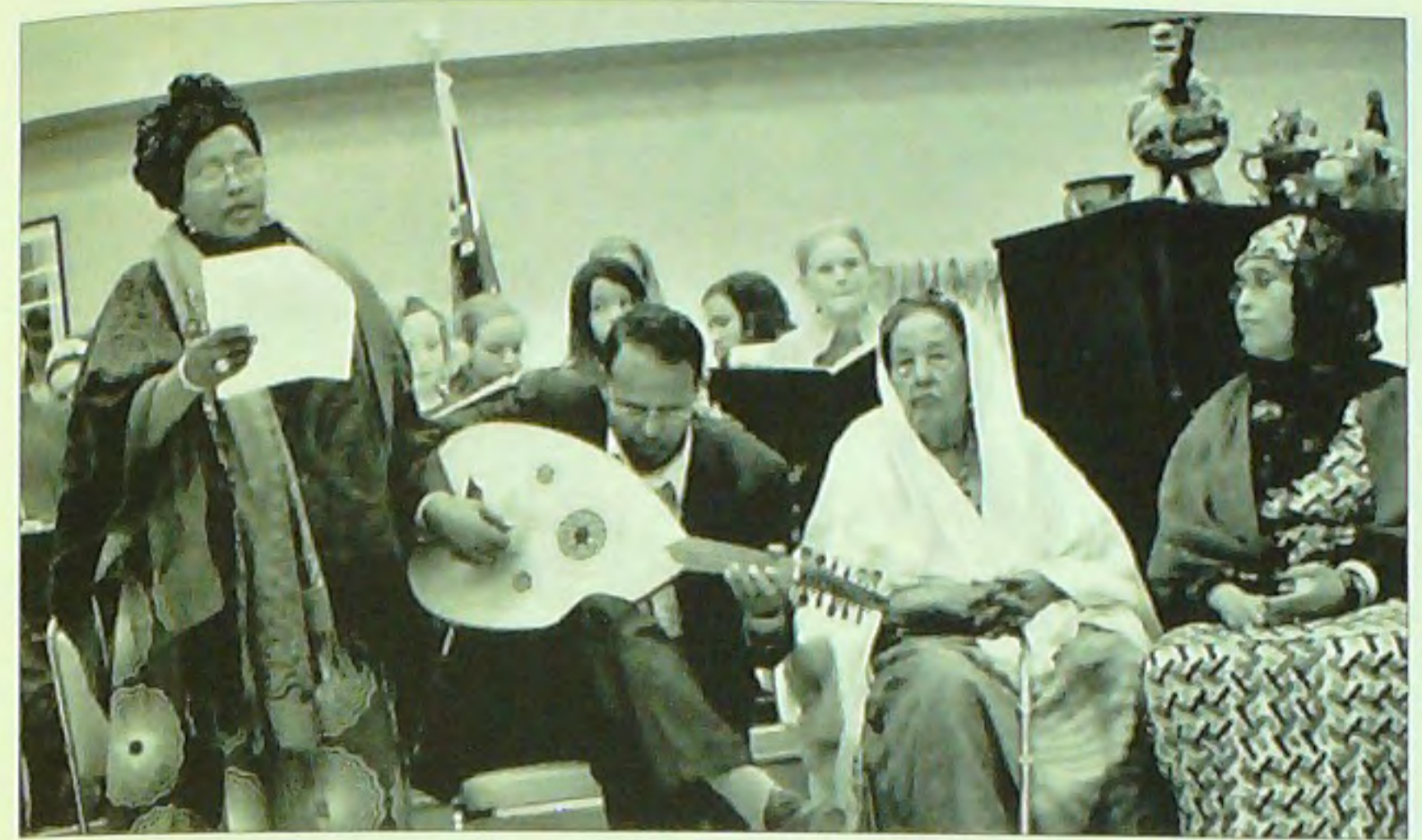
Mugdishow, 1940 maadkii.
Mogadishu, 1940s.



Hawa at the Arta Peace Conference, Djibouti, 2000.
 Xaawa oo joogta Shirkaa Nabadaynta Soomaalida ee Carta, Jabuuti, 2000.



Hawa with Toronto's Mayor, David Miller, 2006.
 Xaawa oo la joogta David Miller, Duqa magaalada Toronto, 2006.



Dress rehearsal for Bridge of One Hair, left to right: Faduma Ali Jama (Nkruma), Bashiir Adan Warsame (Jookhle), Hawa Jibril, Sayruq Farah, 2007.

Tijaabo dharxirasho ee riwaayaddii Xiriir Hal Tin, laga bilaabo dhanka bidix: Faaduma Cali Jaamac (Nakruma), Bashiir Aadan Warsame (Jookhle), Xaawa Jibriil, Sayruukh Faarax, 2007.



Hawa reciting her poetry, Toronto, 2006.
 Xaawa oo maansadeeda tirinaysa, Toronto, 2006.

Bridge of One Hair, Jumblies Theatre,
Harbourfront Centre, Toronto, 2007.



Full-cast finale.
Muuqaalkii xiritaanka ee jileyaasha oo idil.



Somali Independence: Faduma Ali Jama (Nkruma), Bashiir Adan Warsame (Jookhle).
Xornimadii Soomaaliya: Faaduma Cali Jaamac (Nakruma) iyo Bashiir Aadan Warsame (Jookhle).



Nomads: Renwick Herry, Zeinab Omar (Labadhagax), Shadya Yasin.
Reerguuraa: Renwick Herry, Seynab Cumar (Labadhagax), Shaadiya Yaasiin.



Shadow scene of young Hawa escaping her enraged suitor.
Muuqaal hoos ah oo muujinaya Xaawa oo yar oo ka cararaysa nin la siiyey oo caraysan oo dabajooga.



Maansooyinka
The Poems

WAA II GUNUUNUCAHAYAA? (gabay 1932)

Waa guridambayskii waxaas, ii gabyahayaaye
Waa ii gunuunucahayaa, godobna ii qaadye
Sidii niman ganbiya yuu cawada, guure ii yahaye
Oo waa i gawrici lahaa, taydi baan geline
Geestiisa weel uu ku jirey, oo ganfaha haysto
Muxuu iigu goodinahayaa, gurey docdiisiye?



WHY IS HE GROUCHY? (gabay 1932)

He is my youngest sibling, the one who is threatening me
He is grumbling, thinking I have done him wrong
Like men waiting to pounce from the shadows
he wants to get me tonight
He would have killed me if God had not spared my life
He was sitting on his side clutching the edge of the bowl
So why is he grouchy since he already had his share?



DHADADII ANOO QABA (*gabay* 1933)

Dhadadii anoo qaba haddaan, Dhudi la hiiraystay
Waxay sii dhugleysaba cidlay, dhegaha ii saartay
Meel dheer markay joogto yaa, dhuu ku soo didaye
Markaasuu dhabaaboco jinniyo, qooda dheer dhigaye
Dhimcirtii markaan joogo yaan, toon cidla ah dhoobay
Dhuub dheer intaan diirtay yaan, Sigad ku dhuuxyeeyey
Kolkaasaan dhaqaaliyo nafiyo, dhuuniba illoobay
Anigoo dhiggaas jooga yaan, dheelmataan iriye
Kol hameynku labana u dhikamay, dheerina uu joogo
Dhibirkaas anoo qaba haddaan, dhinac ka soo tuuray
Tii dhuuni ka lahayd hadday, nirigti dhaaryaysay
Dheddig iyo labood bay aniga, igu dhaqaaqeene
Qaar baa guduudane dhashoo, laystay dhinacayga
Qaar baa dhurwaayoo habaar, dhuunta igu gooyey
Aabbow dhaqaalaha adduun, saas ka dhigan maayo.



ON A DEWY MORNING (*gabay* 1933)

Early on a dewy morning
I set off with our camels for grazing
Loping along they led me to a deserted place
There they were attacked by swarms of flies
And, crazed by bites, broke into a fiendish gallop
At the heat of noon I herded them into a secluded grove
I rolled a long twine and twisted it around Sigad's⁴¹ teat
So busy was I that I forgot my own food and comfort
In this state I set out on the sunset journey
And more than halfway through the night
I drove the entire herd safely home
Yet, because a hungry calf had suckled Sigad dry
Everyone, female and male, bombarded me with blame
Some, offspring of lynxes, feasted on my flesh
Others, howling hyenas, hurled me with curses
No more, dear father, will I bear this wretched life.

II DHIG MADAXAYGA! (*gabay 1943*)

Inanyohow madluun baan aho, murugtay laabtiye
Maluuggayga uunbaad arkiye, moogid saan ahaye
Iga maqal waxaan caawa marin, mihindiskeygiye
Waxaad maqashay naagaha dilkaa, lagu mahiibaaye
Anse maahi taad moodayoon, muran ka keeneyne
Anigaan mudnayn baad dagaal, igu miraysaaye
Muslimiinta oo idil hadaan, adiga kaa maagay
Marwadaadii haddii aan aho, laygu kaa mehershey
Oo aanan ka meermeerinoo, minanka kuu joogo
Marxabo iyo aahey haddii, lagugu maaweelsho
Mustareex haddaan kaa dhigoo, lugaha kuu mayro
Wax macaan haddaan kuu karshoo, miiska kuu dhigayo
Oo aadan maqsuud weli ahayn, ii dhig madaxayga
Muxubbo iyo jacayl kuuma qabo, mooggan dabadeede
Masruufkayga Eebbaa hayee, ma-hadho hay saarin
Ilkahayga oo maqan waryaan, naago igu maadsan
Haddi kalese magac yeelo oo, ruuxa iga mooti
Oo magtayda bixi waadigaa, dhiig macaansadaye.

SET ME FREE! (*gabay 1943*)

O man, I am sad and my soul is in anguish
You see my shadow but know not how I feel
So pay attention, for tonight I will speak my mind
You have been told that women are conquered by force
But I am not as docile as you assumed
Sneaking in at night, you beat me for no reason
Of all men in the Muslim world
You were the one I fancied and chose
I am your legitimate wedded spouse
I always please you and never leave the home
Entertain you obediently and obsequiously
Make you content and wash your feet
Prepare good food and lay it before you
If, in spite of this, you are still not satisfied, set me free!
As of today I no longer have love or affection for you
Since God is my sole guarantor, do not bring me shame
Nor cause women to ridicule me for my missing teeth
Otherwise take my life and pay the price
as you are eager for blood.



AWR QABBIRAN MAAHI (*gabay* 1943)

Inkastoo albaabada qafilan, laygu soo qariyo
Oo qolalaka gaalshire wax badan, gaalo igu quuddo
Naag kale haddaad qaadato, qaalliga aad geysa
I qabi maysid oo maanta, waa kaa quluub go'ay e
Adigaa isqaafinahayee, waa ku qaadacay e
Awr kuu qabbiran maahiyoo, reeryo qaayibay e
Qushigayga weeyoo wallaan, qabanayaa meelee
Abadkayba uma qaawanaan, maro aan qaataaye
Qalabkaan sameeyaa ka badan, qadiyo dheeraad e
Qalbi gaabanaayey, muxuu aniga ii quuray!



I AM NOT A BRIDLED CAMEL (*gabay* 1943)

Lock me away in fortified cells
Or confine me for years in colonial jails
But if you take another woman and marry her
I will no longer remain your wife
For I have no affection left for you
You can pretend this is not happening
but I am leaving you
I am not a bridled camel that will bear any burden
It is my choice and I will go wherever I please
Never did I feel the need to be clothed by others
For my hand craft provides more than my daily meal
O how pitiful that he should try to humble me.

CAYAARTA MINGISKA (gabay 1945)

Musallafay bay iga dhigeen, maal waxaan lahaa
Intay i maroojisey, saarku magici tiri
Mareer baan sheegtay, maamooryo aan la hubin
Misana waxay igu muddeeyeen, shan macawisood
Reer magaaloo dhan, waa soo muddeysan yahay
Oo mareer iyo maalisa maanka laga geshaa.



MINGIS CULT⁴² (gabay 1945)

They bled me dry taking all my money
She twisted my arm and said, "Name your zar!"⁴³
I said mareer, though I was not sure
Then they set a time for me to bring five rich macawis⁴⁴
All the townspeople are waiting for an appointment
As their minds are filled with mareer and maalisa.⁴⁵

ODEYAASH NIGA RAACSAANAA (*buraambur 1947*)

Boqol nin jiray oo garkiisii, bidhaan cad yahay
"Bii" aan loo dhigan Quraanka, alif ka baran
Hadduu burabagaamo nimankaas, burhaanta badan
Baashiyada Leegga ma waxbuu, ka bulahayaa?

Sagaashan nin jirey oo, Soomaaliyoo dhan nacay
Oo "Sii Sinyoorow" leh naarbaa, sedkiisu yahay.

Siddeetan nin jirey oon, Quraanka saacidayn
Oo soor ku doonaaya yaan, caawa siriq geshaa
Kuwa uu hadalkiisu sabayaa, safiih miyaa?

Ninkii tiddobaatan jirey oon, tiirinayn tolkiis
Toban Rubbado siistay Soomaali, kala taggeed
Talyanka uu raacay, ma waxbuu ku tarahayaa?

Lixdan nin jirey oo laqdabo geeystay, waa lumaa
Sideebuu libin ku helayaa, nin gaalo laray?

Konton nin jirey oo islaamkiiba, wada karhaday
Gaal la koodahaya soo, kow wadnuhu ma dhaho.

THE OLD PRO-ITALIAN MEN (*buraambur 1947*)

A hundred-year-old
Who wears a bleached white beard
Who knows not his ABCs, nor reads the Qur'an
How can his foolish words
Harm the glorious men of our League?

A ninety-year-old
Who has deserted his people
A quisling uttering shamelessly "Si Signore"⁴⁶
In hell's fire will he be roasted.

An eighty-year-old
Who upholds not his religion
What fools are those whom he can deceive?

A seventy-year-old
Who supports not his brothers
Who for few rubias has sold our unity
Nothing will he gain for his Italian masters.

A sixty-year-old
Who commits treachery is doomed
How could he who aids our enemy triumph?

A fifty-year-old
Whom all the Muslims hate
Who, with the colonizers, treacherously consorts
May his heart stop, never to recover.

WAA NOO XARRAGO (*gabay* 1952)

Waa noo xarrago naasahaan, kor u xiraynaaye
Xornimada hablihii haystay baa, xeerkan soo rogay e
Markuu xabadka joogiyo hadduu, nabasta xaabaayo
Xubbi ninkii yaqaan naaska waa, lagu xanteeyaaye
Oday xiisolowaa arkee, lama xusuusteene
Xifaalada aad sheegteen afkaan, kala xishoonnaaye
Idinba xubinta waad leedihiin, xagal ka daacaaye
Xaq miyaad ku hadasheen ragyohow, waad
na xamateene.



FOR THE SAKE OF ELEGANCE (*gabay* 1952)

For the sake of elegance we lift up our breasts
Women who enjoy freedom came up with the style
Whether they are up on the chest or falling on the lap
A man who knows true love will fondle them
If not for one fickle old man, no one would have cared
Our mouths are too squeamish to retort in kind
But you also have an organ that has lost its vigour
You men were not fair, but gossiped about us.

SOOMAALIYEY ISDAA! (*buraambur 1953*)

Dariiqa Hobyood warkay, nooga soo direen
Sidaan u danqaday calooshaydii, weli ma demin
Raggii na daafici lahaa bay, haddeer dileen
Dambi la'aan bay ku laayeen, sagaashan diric
Yaan naloo darine Soomaaliyeey isdaa!

Dooxada iyo howdka iyo, meesha daranta badan
Daaqi kari waayey, geelii dareeri jiray
Nabaddu waa doore, Soomaaliyeey isdaa!

Asay bay dumaarku qaadaan, diraac walbaba
Doorarkii qabyna haadbaa, daleel ku cunay
Yaan naloo darine, Soomaaliyeey isdaa!

Dawladaha UNO⁴⁷ ka yimid, wayna dayahayaan
Waxay damcahayaan xornimadeenna, inayn durin
Sagaashanka dawladdood xaalkuu, kula dacwiyay
Xaqii Cabdullaahi noo doonay, waa diyaar
Yaan naloo darine, Soomaaliyeey isdaa!

Duumo iyo cudurba awal baan, la daadsanayn
Gaalku waa ina dulleeyaa, dan nooma galo
Lagama daaweeyo ruuxeennii, dakhar ku dhaco
Yaan naloo darine, Soomaaliyeey isdaa!

O SOMALIS, STOP FIGHTING! (*buraambur 1953*)

Since I heard the sorrowful news from Hobyoo⁴⁸
My heart is saddled with pain
Alas! Many of our defenders have been killed
Eighty brave men lost for no reason
To avert worse disaster, O Somalis stop fighting!

There in the plains, where green daran⁴⁹ shrubs grow
Our camels can no longer graze in peace
And peace is what we cherish the most
To avert worse disaster, O Somalis stop fighting!

Now in the diraac⁵⁰ season
Our women wear white garments
Mourning their valiant husbands
Whose bodies lie in the barren land
Ripped and devoured by the ravenous vultures
To avert worse disaster, O Somalis stop fighting!

Now that the UN mission is here with us
Let them not find fault and impede our freedom
Brave Abdullahi has pleaded for our cause
And independence is now at our doorstep
To avert worse disaster, O Somalis stop fighting!

We are already maimed with hunger and disease
The foreigners scorn us and treat us with disdain
And when we are wounded, we are left unattended
To avert worse disaster, O Somalis stop fighting!

CALANKA SOOMAALIYEEDOW (*buraambur 1954*)

Calanka Soomaaliyeedow, carshiga ka nuur
Cirkaad u eg tahaye, Rabbiyow lagaa cabsado

Annagu kugu cayshnay, ilmahaago kugu cayile
Cirkaad u eg tahaye, Rabbiyow lagaa cabsado.

Intaadan caddaan, cabiid aadanaan ahayn
Allaha noo kaa calfee, waannu ciillanayn
Cirkaad u eg tahaye, Rabbiyow lagaa cabsado.

Kuwii ku caawimi lahaa, kaama caajisaan
Allow cadawgaaga cagta, meel ka hoose geli
Cirkaad u eg tahaye, Rabbiyow lagaa cabsado.



O FLAG OF SOMALIA (*buraambur 1954*)

O flag of Somalia shine far and near
For you are as blue as the sky
We entreat God that you be feared.

Under you we safely dwell and our children flourish
For you are as blue as the sky
We entreat God that you be feared.

Before you shone forth we were oppressed
O blessed one we were angry and impotent
For you are as blue as the sky
We entreat God that you be feared.

May your defenders never slacken their guard
And your enemies be pinned under our feet
For you are as blue as the sky
We entreat God that you be feared.

RIYAY ILA TAHAY (*buraambur 1960*)

Riyay ila tahay, Ilaahayna noo rumees
Rag iyo naagaba, rakuub aadanaan ahayn
Ammaan rayrayn daraaddeed, la ruux baxaa
Riyay ila tahay, Ilaahayna noo rumees.

Allaha noo raajiyee, raaxadeeda badan
Markay ruxataba, qalbigu wayga raacayaa
Riyay ila tahay, Ilaahayna noo rumees.

Midaannu rakaadannoo, waana nalaka ridin
Rakaab adag saran, Rabbigay ha nooga dhigo
Riyay ila tahay, Ilaahayna noo rumees.

Ninkii aan u roorinow, ruuxa galabta waa
Risiqu kaa duubanyoo, Eebbehey ku reeb
Riyay ila tahay, Ilaahayna noo rumees.

IT IS LIKE A DREAM (*buraambur 1960*)

It is like a dream and God has made it true
Men and women we were all enslaved
I fear I might die of joy
It is like a dream and God has made it true.

May our joy in you last forever
Whenever I see you fluttering in the wind
My heart soars up as well
It is like a dream and God has made it true.

We pray to God that we may enjoy your bounty
And that you will rest on a strong foundation
It is like a dream and God has made it true.

May life be snatched from him
Who would not strive for you
And God limit his means and hinder his endeavors
It is like a dream and God has made it true.

DUSHAAD FUUSHAA (*buraambur 1960*)

Xiddigaha aan dayayiyo, samadaad u diir eg tahay
Allow qoladaad la dirirtaaba, kaa dideen
Dushaad fuushaaye, Rabbiyow marna aadan degin.

Dawladaha joogiyo, uumiyaha dallacay
Waa daraaddaa waxa, laysku dilahayaa
Dushaad fuushaaye, Rabbiyow marna aadan degin.

Dunida oo idil iyo dahab, baad ka fiican tahay
Diiriyaay xalay hurdada, waanigii dug iri
Dushaad fuushaaye, Rabbiyow marna aadan degin.



YOU ARE FLYING ABOVE US (*buraambur 1960*)

Your have the colour of the stars and the sky
We pray that your foes flee in fear at your sight
For you are flying above us, may you stay there forever.

Established governments and advanced nations
Contend and fight because of you
For you are flying above us, may you stay there forever.

You are more valuable than gold and all riches
You give me warmth and make me safely sleep
For you are flying above us, may you stay there forever.



WATAA QURUXDII! (*buraambur 1960*)

Weliba ma ay quusan nimankii, na qaybsan jirey
Qamuuniyo ciil kuwaan, maanta qado dhadhamin
Wataa quruxdiiye, Soomaaliyeey qabsada!

Kurtiin qalab qaata oo, dawladnimo qasdiya
War yaan loo qaadan in, bandiirro qaalin tahay
Wataa quruxdiiye, Soomaalyeey qabsada!

Dadkii aan qaran ahayn, waa la quursadaa
Hadba waxaa loo qisaasaa, dambi ayan qabin
Wataa quruxdiiye, Soomaaliyeey qabsada!

Markaan isqalayno, cadwgeenu waa qoslaa
Qolaa tan u qaasa, qalbigiinna yeyan gelin
Wataa quruxdiiye, Soomaaliyeey qabsada!

Qaayeheda yaa xornimo, dhiiggu ugu qubtaa
Cadaawuhu nooma quuraane, ha qawadeen
Wataa quruxdiiye, Soomaaliyey qabsada!

BEHOLD THE BEAUTY! (*buraambur 1960*)

Those who carved up our country may not have given up
But today they will leave their meals untouched
O Somalis, behold and cherish the beauty!

Stand up and strive to build a nation
Treat not the flag as you would a she-camel
O Somalis, behold and cherish the beauty!

A nation that is not sovereign is scorned
Time and again is wrongly punished
O Somalis, behold and cherish the beauty!

When we kill each other our enemies rejoice
Consider not our state the property of a one clan
O Somalis, behold and cherish the beauty!

It is because freedom is valuable that blood is shed
Our enemies do not wish for us to have it
O Somalis, behold and cherish the beauty!

DUCO SAAXIIBAD (*buraambur 1961*)

Adduunyo adigoo mulkiyay, oon wax kaa maqnayn
Ninkaagii Maxamed, midigtiisa aad fadhidid
Oo magaca Soomaaliyeed, meelwalbaba ku mara
Midiidinna wiilashaadii, u mayrayaan
Iyo waxaad ku maqsuuddo yaa, cawa laygu miray
Marwoy gurugaaga mawliid, ha lagu akhriyo.

Adoo maqribkii tukaday, oo Ilaah mahdiyey
Mayrtoo, uunsatoo, soo marsaday miskiga
Macankii nolosha haysta, oo madiix ku jira
Lagaa minyaraynin naag, oo maysayr ku dilin
Iyo waxaad ku maqsuuddo yaa, cawa laygu miray
Marwoy gurigaaga mawliid, ha lagu akhriyo.



WISHING A FRIEND WELL (*buraambur 1961*)

Possessing all riches, desiring no other belongings
Sitting beside Mohamed, your husband
Travelling around the world carrying the Somali name
Maiden servants bathing your sons
These things that will please you
were revealed to me last night
O worthy lady, celebrate God's praise in your house.

Performing the sunset prayer and giving thanks to Allah
Washed, scented with incense,
and wearing the musky essence
Enjoying blissfully life's pleasures
And sharing no other woman with your husband
Nor afflicted by deadly jealousy
These things that will please you
were revealed to me last night
O worthy lady, celebrate God's praise in your house.



ODEYAASHA INA AKHIRAY (*buraambur 1962*)

Urur ma yeeshaan oo, arrin meelna kuma furaan
Eheladoodana ajnabigay, ka jecel yihiin
Miyaan la arkaynin, odayaasha ina akhiray
Asaaggeen innaga reebe, ee ha laga ilbaxo.

Agoon meel taaganoo, ooyayoo bakhtiyay
Talyaani markuu adkaa, aabbihii la dilay
Intay oorfanaha geeyaan, ma aamushaan
Ma eegaanoo fatuuray, ku agamaraan
Miyaan la arkaynin, odayaasha ina akhiray
Asaaggeen innaga reebe, ee, ha laga ilbaxo.

Midba marbuu aariya⁵¹ qaataa, asbuuc walbaba
Uluuf buu beerdareeyaa⁵², ayaamahaas
Qofkay u eg tahay, iskuulaadka uma diraan
Miyaan la arkaynin, odayaasha ina akhiray
Asaaggeen innaga reebe, ee, ha laga ilbaxo.

Illoobe xornimo dadkii, soo asaasi jirey
Laga ugaarowyey, Leeggan ku urursanayn
Aaway istiqlaalkii, iyo aayuhuu lahaa?
Miyaan la arkaynin, odayaasha ina akhiray
Asaaggeen innaga reebe, ee ha laga ilbaxo.

THE OLD MEN WHO HOLD US BACK (*buraambur 1962*)

United they are not, nor have they a common purpose
To their fellow brothers, they prefer the foreigners.
Don't you see these old men
Who hold us back?
Let them not prevail over us.

A hungry and crying orphan
Whose father the Italian rulers did martyr
They soothe him not, nor place him in an orphanage
Paying him no attention, they pass by in their lavish cars.
Don't you see these old men
Who hold us back?
Let them not prevail over us.

Each one of them takes weeks of vacation
Squanders a fortune in the process
They provide no schooling for those in need.
Don't you see these old men
Who hold us back?
Let them not prevail over us.

Forgotten are those who struggled for our freedom
Deserted are the quarters of our great League
The place where we used to convene and confer
Whatever happened to our lofty aspirations?
Don't you see these old men
Who hold us back?
Let them not prevail over us.

DULAN NIN WADA (*buraambur 1962*)

Inay debutaatayaashaasi⁵³, naga degaan
Malaa'igta daakiraysaay, dacwada ajiib
Malagga docahayga joogow, daqiiqad gee
Allaha daa'imow ha naga dooran, dulan nin wada.

Dokaanley weeye, daarayna wada dhisteen
Inaanan dambaabahayn, waayagaa dibbiray
Allaha daa'imow ha naga dooran, dulan nin wada.

Doqowdii waxaa la siiyaa, dab iyo rasaas
Waxay u danleeyihiin, waa in laysku dilo
Kala dillaacnaayo, aan weligoodba lala dacwoon
Allaha daa'imow ha naga dooran, dulan nin wada.

Dir iyo Daarood bay ummaddii, u kala direen
Qofkii diidana biliis baa, la daba dhigaa
Allaha daa'imow ha naga dooran, dulan nin wada.

Doktooraadkii iyo, diblomaasigii bakhtiye
Dugaanada waxaa la saaraa, kunkiiba dabal
Midkii duda waxaa la siiyaa, dakhliga shacbiga
Orobaa loo dirahayaa, inuu dallaco
Daamanweynaba waasagii, darraad ka yimid
Allaha daa'imow ha naga dooran, dulan nin wada.

THE WICKED MEN (*buraambur 1962*)

To bring about the downfall of these old men
O worshipping angels, heed our prayer
And you, guardian angels,
Straight to God these messages convey.
O Eternal God, forsake us not to these wicked men.

They are just shopkeepers who build themselves houses
Their bulging bellies prove that I am telling but the truth.
O Eternal God, forsake us not to these wicked men.

They distribute arms and ammunitions to our elders
Incite clan wars and bring discord amongst us
So they can thrive and never be challenged.
O Eternal God, forsake us not to these wicked men.

They divide the nation into Dir and Darood⁵⁴
Send the police after anyone that opposes them.
O Eternal God, forsake us not to these wicked men.

Our doctors and diplomats are in distress
At the customs we pay one hundred per cent
Whenever one of them is discontented
He is appeased with the people's money
Is sent to Europe, as a promise of further promotion
Even "Big Jaws"⁵⁵ has just returned
Which proves that I am only telling the truth.
O Eternal God, forsake us not to these wicked men.

GABDHIHII ISKU DUUBNAA (*gabay* 1966)

Calankaa dusheenna markii, loo dagaallamayay
Labadooda daan iyo gabdhahay, dashay gacantoodu
Dirisyoona Leegada gabdhihi, geeyey dahabkooda
Gabdhihii isku duubnaa raggaa, qaar la duufsadaye
Daruur midabki leeyey gabdhihi, Xaawa laga dooxay
Markii dawladnimadii la helay, dibedda loo tuurye
Diretoore kay tahay xornimo, lama dacaamsiine
Digriigii ay qaadanahayeen, dacaska weeyaane.



SISTERS (*gabay* 1966)

At the time we were fighting for our flag
Sisters, we chanted and we clapped
Till our hands and jaws got sore
Sisters, we sold our jewellery
Depriving ourselves
And donated to our League
Enriching the struggle
Sisters, we stayed as one
United even when our brothers
Divided and deceived our nation
Sisters, we joined the fight
Remember the beautiful one
Hawa,⁵⁶ speared through the heart?
But, sisters, we were forgotten
We did not taste the fruits of success
Even the lowest positions were not offered
And our degrees have been cast away like rubbish.

CISMAANOW (*gabay* 1967)

Cismaanow dambow lama raboo, dulanku waa ceeb e
Dad hadduu walaal yahay afxumo, uma dadaalaane
Adigaas dakaamay oo xarrago, waa horeba daayey
Da'di kugu xigtaan ahay haddaan, lays dafirahayne
Anna waan duqoobay oo wajigii, daamur bay maraye
Duniyiyo adoo geel leh iyo, xoolo daydamaya
Inaan heedhe deyn kuu galaa, waa wax ii darane
Carruurtaadu waxay daacsadaan, caano darareede
Diraacdii waxaa loo dhigaa Dabac karuurkeede
Goortii aan doog jirin haddaad, yaraha diifowdo
Kulaad dabato oo laba sagaar, duurka uga keentid
Door kale ha ii iman haddaad, diinta garanayso
Su'aal ha igu dilin ceebta waa, laga dambeeyaaye
Amase soo dabree waadigii, damaca waallaaye.



O OSMAN (*gabay* 1967)

O Osman my brother, unfairness is indeed a shameful sin
And siblings ought not to offend each other
You who have grow old and long ago forsaken elegance
Remember that I was born only shortly after you
I too am very old and my face with wrinkles is charred
You are rich and possess camels and numerous herds
To incur debt for your sake doesn't sit easy with me
Your children are brimming with fresh milk
In the dry season they are sated with Dabac's⁵⁷ yogurt
But even when the pastures are no longer green
And you feel somewhat distressed and in need
You can still hunt two small dik-diks⁵⁸ for them
So be a man of faith and return not
To burden me with your solicitations -
For embarrassment is really a thing to avoid -
Or else come crawling with your usual unbridled greed.

JAWAAB TALO GUUR (*gabay* 1970)

Dhafoorrada cirraa iiga taal, oo dheehme timihiiye
Dhaqan hadday addunyadu lahayd, cunay dhankaygiiye
Dhaqmaaddii haweenkiyo ma helo, dhiigga caadada e
Waxaan dheelliyaa waa, kuwaan dhalay dhashoodiiyee
Dhaqdhaqaaqa ii haray ma rabo, dhib iyo jiidjiide
Dhawaaqaaga iga daa talaan, dhoobtay waa hore e.



A MARRIAGE PROPOSAL (*gabay* 1970)

Grey strands grow from my temples
and my hair is thinning
I have had my share of life's pleasures
I am no longer fecund nor get my menstrual periods
Nothing appeals to me but cuddling my grandchildren
For the little time that is left to me
I have no desire for strife and squabbling
So stop wooing me, for I have already made up my mind.

GAAJO SEE KU HARI? (*buraambur 1971*)

Lama huraankii oo, hooyooyinaannu nahay
Hiddaha iyo dhaqanka lagu soo, hirtaannu nahay
Haddaannan u horseedin ilmaheenna, meel la hubo
War waan idin haybiyee, gaajo see ku hari?

Hurdaa na dishee haddaan, hiiradii la kicin
Dhididku naga hoorin gacmeheenna, haaro korin
War waan idin haybiyee, gaajo see ku hari?

Ciiddu waa hodane hoosteeda, waxa ku jira
Ha laga haagee haddaan, waana la habsanayn
War waa idin haybiyee, gaajo see ku hari?

Hoodaalow calanku hiil buu u baahan yahay
Haddaan cadowga handadaayoo dhan, laga horayn
War waa idin haybiyee, gaajo see ku hari?

Hudhudka beenlowga Shaydaanku, u hargo lulay
War yaa reer habeleheey kii, hunguri ku raba
Ilmo aan soo hayn iyo hoor, indhaha ka tira
Haddaan hadalkiisa raacnoo, aan laga hortegin
War waa idin haybiyee, gaajo see ku hari?

HOW CAN HUNGER BE DEFEATED? (*buraambur 1971*)

We are the women, the indispensable ones
The custodians of culture and heritage
But if we do not lead our children to a better future
Tell me, how can we ever defeat hunger?

We have been sleeping for so long
But if we do not wake up early and toil
If sweat does not drip from our foreheads
Nor calluses mark our hands
Tell me, how can we ever defeat hunger?

Our land is fertile and rich is our soil
But if we do nothing to benefit from what lies within
Tell me, how can we ever defeat hunger?

Our auspicious flag must be protected
But if we do not shield it from the threatening enemy
Tell me, how can we ever defeat hunger?

The telltale liar deceived by the devil
Who invokes clan kinship out of greed
And wipes away false tears
If we heed his words instead of dismissing him
Tell me, how can we ever defeat hunger?

DHIB BADAN BAA INA SUGAAYA! (*buraambur 1972*)

Calanka noo suran kuwii saaray, baannu nahay
Allaa inna siiyee annagaa, u sabab ahayn
Haddi aynaan u sara joogsan, waa signiin
Dhib badan baa ina sugayee, ha seexannina

Gabari inay samada aaddoo, samaan ku timid
Dhulkana inay socoto waatii, la soo sawiray
Sofyeetika boqol nin biyo waw, siin lahayd
Dhib badan baa ina sugaayee, ha seexannina

Siyaasa Hindiya iyo Sayloonba, gabdhaa xukuma
Midbaa Indiriiska u saxiixda, sir iyo saab
Sooshaliismada boqolkiiba, siddeetan baa
Siddiq yiraahdeenoo, amarkooda lagu socdaa
Dhib badan baa ina sugaayee, ha seexannina

Kuwaa saddexdooda lagu yeershaa, sabab la'aan
Sidii gacantaas ahoosuxursaaxud, lagu ogeyn
Ninnana la su'aalin meel ay, ku sugan yihiin
Dhib badan baa ina sugaayee, ha seexannina

Su'aaluhu ma aha saygiinna, inad nacdaan
Aqalkaa nabad laga sameeyaaye, samir ha jiro
U sii saa'idiya noloshay, ku sugan yihiin
Ilaahay haydin solansiyo, saxarlayaal
Dhib badan baa ina sugaayee, ha seexannina

Komaandoos salalayoo, saamaha isla hela
Salaan bixinaayoo qalbigoodu, saafi yahay
Haddaan saansaankiinnu u ekaannin, ina sallima
Namanku waxay nagu sameeyaanna, inaku suge
Dhib badan baa ina sugaayee, ha seexannina.

WAKE UP! (*buraambur 1972*)

We are the ones who raised the flag on high
God gave it to us, and we were the agents
But we will lose it if we do not stand up in its defense.
Awake, Sisters! A long struggle awaits us!

A woman astronaut⁵⁹ was sent into space
We saw the picture of her safe return
The Soviets value her life more than a hundred men.
Awake, Sisters! A long struggle awaits us!

Women govern India and Ceylon⁶⁰
A woman ratifies England's arms and secret affairs⁶¹
Women are the backbone of the socialist states
And what they decide is acted upon.
Awake, Sisters! A long struggle awaits us!

Our sisters are daily divorced for no reason
Thrown out with not a stitch to shield them
And for their fate no one cares.
Awake, Sisters! A long struggle awaits us!

The intent is not to desert your husbands
For peace should start at home
By all means, make their lives more comfortable
For you are unblemished. May God guide you!
Awake, Sisters! A long struggle awaits us!

Like roaring commandos, march with united steps
And give the salute with firm determination
Or else give up and deserve whatever men do to us.
Awake, Sisters! A long struggle awaits us!

DAMAC JAAD (*buraambur 1973*)

Dooqo waa belo e damac jaad, miyaa i galay
Kala dubaab badane mirow, miyaan dalbaday
Majin markaan diirtay ma, sagaal kalaanku daray
Gowskii may daalay carrabkiina, may damqaday
Maysku daba daaray, sakareedka dabacasaa
Shaahii maan deyne biyihii, miyaan daldalay
Sidii diinkii ma dhigay, kaadi diiqalyaa
Hadal ma deeqsiyay darintii, intii fadhiday
Daakiraddii sariirtii, miyaan dultegey
Nalki ma aan damiyay, oo daaqaddii ma xiray
Kulayl may daaray, oo dhidid mayga dililiq yiri
Mar mays duuduubay, marna daaha mayska rogay
Anoon dad ila joogin, keligay miyaan dacwiyay
Halkaan ku dillaamay, duhurkii miyaan ka kacay
Jinnay duufsadaye hawshii, miyaan dayacay
Ma waxaan doorbiday naftaydii, inan ku dilo
Isugu daro da'iyoo daal aan, danteed ku jirin
Daawo uga dhigo, caleentaan daroogadaa.

A WHIM TO CHEW QAT (*buraambur 1973*)

Craving is a sinful affliction
But I had a whim to chew qat⁶²
I ordered mirow,⁶³ the most potent kind
Consumed a little bunch and asked for more
Made my jaws tired and my tongue so sore
Chain-smoked the long filtered cigarettes
Drank aplenty, tea and water
Turtle-like leaked drops of urine
Entertained my companions with enticing chat
At dawn on muezzin's call I went to bed
Closed the windows and turned off the light
I got very hot and soaking wet
Tried to cover myself but tossed away the sheets
All alone I started talking to myself
Exhausted at noon, I finally woke up
The tempting devil made me neglect my duties
Old and weary, it was so reckless of me
To seek relief in these addictive leaves.

HAWEENKU WAA GARAB (*buraambur 1976*)

Halyeeyga Siyaad hadalkiisi, wuxuu ku yiri
"Xaqiinnii hillaabanaa, oo hagooganaa
Haweenka lagu liidi jiray, heer kaluu ahaa
Horay u soo kaca, hoggaankii anaa hayee"
Xoghaye Guudow go'aankaagii, waxa ku jiray
"Haweenku waa garab, aan maangaabku garanahayn"
Misana Goleheenna iyo, Gobolkeenna waxa ku jira
Laba gabdhood weeyee, gar Ilaah miyaa?
Ma hawshii baby gabeenoo, waxbayan garan?
Mase gaaraadkoodaan, heerkaaba gaarin weli?
Mase garaadada iyo, ma gayaan wixii gunnaa?
Mase gefbaa dhacay, oo gadaalbaad ka soo waddaan?
Miyaadan ka gubanaynin, qaybtooda gaasirkaa?

WOMEN ARE A FORCE (*buraambur1976*)

O Brave Siyad, you said in your speech
"The time has long passed
When women were despised and their rights denied
So, march forward now that I hold the reins of power."
O Secretary General, you also declared that
"Women are a force the shortsighted cannot perceive."
Is it fair to have only two women
in our higher political offices?
Did women neglect or fail to understand their duties?
Are they not yet mature enough to comprehend them?
Do they not deserve higher positions and rewards?
Or were you too hasty, and are having second thoughts?
Are you not tormented by the injustice they suffer?



RABBIYOW HA II CAROON (*buraambur 1976*)

Haddi aanan calanka iyo ciidda, cadow ku noqon
Kacaanka cawaysan dadka, caaya aan ku jirin
Asaanan iscabburin, oon badow caadadiis lahayn
Codkarna aan ahay, oo ku hadlaayo hadal cilmiya
Waxaan citiraaf ku waayaaba, ila cajaba
Waxaanse ku cayntay, Rabbigayna igu cawimay
Caqlaan leeyahay, oo maskaxdaan wax ka cabbiraa
Soomaali inta cood leh, inta cayr ahaa ka badan
Anse waxaan cuniyo, nolol caadiyaan qabaa
Carruurtii aan dhalana, caasi iguma noqon
Dhar uma ciil qabo, oo maryahaygu waa cusayb
Cadarna waxa guriga ii, yaalla caynba cayn
Ciriiri ma qabo oo, caaddaasaan marahayaa
Cadkaan iga maqanna, calaf baan la iigu darin
Cudurka igu dhacayna, Eebbe bayga caafin kara ee
Waa cirweynahaye, Rabbiyow ha ii caroon.

FORGIVE ME GOD (*buraambur 1976*)

Never did I betray my flag or my country
Nor pour scorn on our blessed revolution
Certainly I am not a sulking boor
For I am an eloquent and sensible person
And so I wonder why I did not gain recognition
God has, nonetheless, rewarded me in many ways
I have a sound brain and creative mind
The destitute Somalis exceed the rich ones
And yet I am well fed and lead an easy life
My children are devoted and have not failed me
Of clothing I have no shortage, as mine are all new
And in my house I have perfume of all kinds
I suffer no discomfort and feel terrific
As for the denied merits, they were not fated to be mine
For my ailments, God only can give me the cure
And so I am being greedy, God forgive me.

ISBITAAL MADIINA (*buraambur 1981*)

Ubaxa midabkiisa iyo, maabka iyo dhismaha
Miliilica aragga iyo, meesha aad ku taal
Madiinooy maahid tii, aan ku moodi jiray
Lama masaxo oo, musqulahaagu waa uraan
Cuntadu ma macaan oo, wax lagu margado
Babayga iyo muuska, kan matiitixay gataan
Mayristii gogosha saabuuntii, laga masuug
Muraayadihii iyo qaboojiyihiiba, waa mirdheen
Mararka qaarkoodna mugdi, baannu seexannaa
Shaqaalaha maamulka hayaa, micnaha ma garan
Maqane kula jooga mayd, aan wax kugu tarayn
Kuwo habeenkii mirtoo, maahsan baa ku jira
Kuwo miskaha kuu qabtoo, kuu miciinahayn
Markii aad la hadasho, mishmishiiqsadaa ku jira
Waaxaad meel dhigato kuwo, aan ka maarmahayn
Mufsad ahooy mariyayoo, madoobeeyay baa ku jira
Dhibta malaadada Ismaaciil, miyaadan maqal?
Mase mas`uulkii lagaa saaray, kuma mitidin?

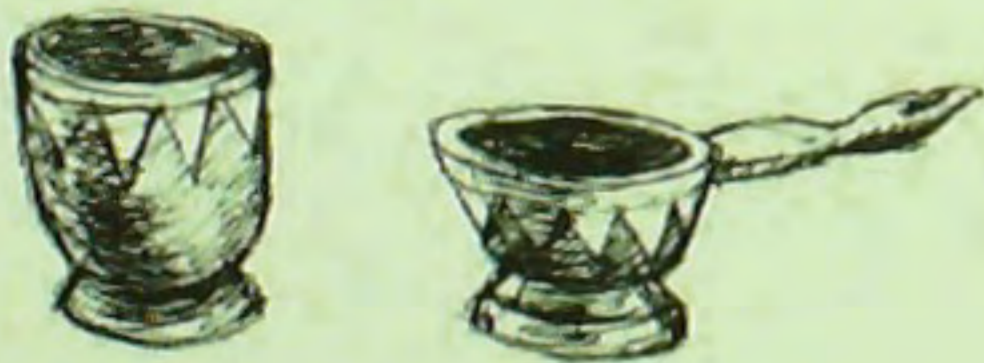
MADINA HOSPITAL⁶⁴ (*buraambur 1981*)

Your colourful flowers, your design and structure
Your spectacular view, and excellent landscape
Ah Madina, You failed my expectation
Your washrooms are not cleaned and they stink
Your food is tasteless, dry and inedible
Of papaya and bananas, you buy the rotten ones
To economize on soap, your laundry is only half cleaned
Corroded are the glassware and the fridge
And at times we are even left to lie in darkness
Your personnel are not attentive to their duties
Some are physically present but useless and incapable
Others are absentminded, roaming in a stupour at night
Some refuse to help, passing by with hands on their hips
Some are ill mannered, sneering when spoken to
And around some we must watch our belongings
For they are very crafty, old-time thieves
O Ismail,⁶⁵ are you not aware of the patients' discomfort?
Or perhaps you did not take seriously your duty?



DALDALOOL (*buraambur 1981*)

Waa ku soo daalay, Soomaali daafeceed
Waxaa u daliila dibnahayga, waxaan ka iri
"Yaan naloo darine, Soomaaliyeey isdaa!"
Misana ma dammani, oo daldaloolka waa arkaa
Waa dareemaa xumaantii, dalkayga taal ee
Waxa aan ka danqado haddaan, layska daynahayn
Kolba da' baan ahaye, aqalkayga maan dugdhaho
Horaan u dayacaye, danahayga maan qabsado.



BLUNDER (*buraambur 1981*)

I am wearied of my advocacy for the Somali people
Remember what my lips did utter,
"To avert disaster, O Somalis, stop fighting!"
I am no fool and I see the prevailing injustice
But, since nothing is done to avert what pains me,
Being now too old, why should I not stay quietly at home
And take care of my interests so long neglected?



CIIDDAAN JECLAHAY (*gabay 1981*)

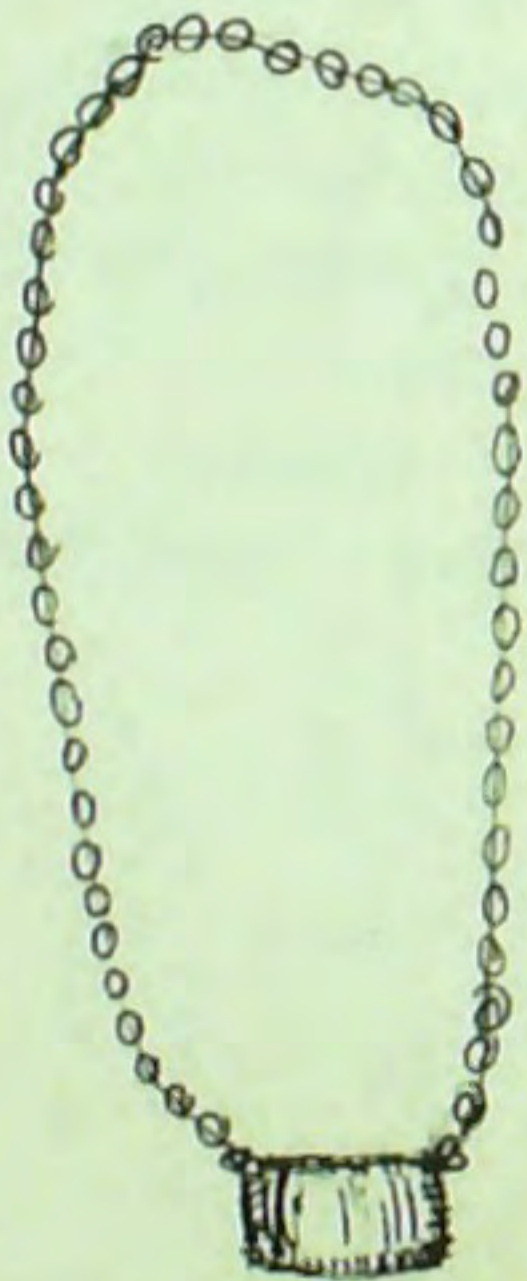
Ciiddaan jeclahay oo waddani, caan ahaan ahaye
Curdankeeda oo idil inaan, cunaan ismoodaaye
Dadka calanka daafacahayaa, way cajabiyaane
Cirka midabkileeyey uma oggoli, cadow shisheeyahe
Tawraddu markay curatay baan, caafimaad helaye
Mana caayi karo ruux maslaxo, caama ii wada e
Carrabkayga kama sheegi karo, ceeb uu leeyahaye
Anigooba caynkaas ah, yaa lay camcamiyaaye
Mukhlis lama cadaadshee, haddaan caro isweydaarto
Oo aan cududda iyo low ka jabo, yaa cuqubadaa leh?
Qofba ninkuu u ciil qabo hadduu, dhab u cambaareeyo
See caddaalad loo helahayaa, waa cajabayaaye
Yaan laykaa cunsiin jaalle, ways camal naqaanaaye
Cadaab haygu gelin oo, nabsigu ku curyaamin
Maanta ciidankaad haysatiyo, cududda hay saarin
Birta caaraddeeda iyo warmaha, laygu caallinayo
Cabsi uma aan baahniye, yaan mar kale lay celinin.

I LOVE MY COUNTRY (*gabay 1981*)

I love my country and am a renowned patriot
I feel as though I reaped the best of its fruits
The defenders of our flag I cannot but admire
And would not allow it by our enemies subdued
With our revolution, I recovered my vigour
I would not defame him who works for the public good
Nor could my tongue utter any of his faults
In spite of that, I am subjected to stressful harassment
For surely, a loyal person should not be victimized
What if, in my distraught state, I trip and break my legs?
Who is going to bear the guilt and take the punishment?
If each one accuses those he bears a grudge against
I wonder how justice can ever prevail
For we two know each other well. So, dear comrade,
Don't let others create disharmony between us
Call not for your own damnation by wronging a friend
Use not your army and power against me
Your knives and spears are jabbing at my sides
I do not need this intimidation; let it not happen again.

GABOW (*buraambur 1982*)

Illeen qof gaboobay dadka, gooni buu ka yahay
Haddii uu gaabiyanam, guri-joog ayuu noqdaa
Jirrada looguma garaabo, oo dan looma galo
Waa galoofaayoo, maskaxdiisu waa gudhaa
Laba isuma geeyo, gabayaa hadduu ahaa
Gaddaasaan ahayoo, uurkaan ka gubanayaa
Hadba waxan gocanayaa, gaadahaygi hore ee
Ilaahii gacanta weynaayow, ii gargaar.



OLD AGE (*buraambur 1982*)

Alas! Age makes you a different person
Once feeble, housebound you become
In sickness, you get no attention or comfort
Barren of wit, your brain decays
And if a poet, you hardly make two verses join.
Such am I and deeply feel the pain
Time after time, I remember my past glorious years
O Most Generous Allah, help me.

MUNA (*buraambur 1984*)

Munaay waa kugu farxaayaaye, noqo fariid
Fayoobi Allaha ku siiyee, waraaqda furo
Intaad fayl gelisid, farahaaga yay ka bixin
Aad faa'iidide, ha fududaysan waxaan ku faro
Fahmo u yeelo oo, cilmiga fiira gaara sii
Dhallinta fasahaadday, ka fogow waxqay falaan
Gabdhaha raggu waa faduushaaye, feejignow
Bulshada aad la fadhidaa, wanaaggaaga haw faqaan
Sariirta fidi oo maryuhu, yayn firirsanaan
Timaha firo oo jirkaagu, yuusan foolxumaan
Aadaan fadhi barannin waataan, ku faanin jirey ee
Fagaaro markii aad ka hadlayso, fulay ha noqon
Faca u horree, sidii hooyadaa Fatuun
Waa farriintii ayeeydaaye, fuli intaas.

To MUNA (*buraambur 1984*)

O Muna⁶⁶ I am proud of you, so be always diligent
May God grant you good health. Open the letter!
Keep it in a file and never let it out of your hands
So that you may succeed, be mindful of my words
Be attentive and follow constantly your studies
Stay away from the deeds of ill-behaved youth
Boys like to charm girls, so be always on your guard
Behave in a way that is approved by your community
Make your bed and let not your clothes be scattered
Comb your hair and be tidy all the time
Remember that I admired you even before you could sit
So have no fear when you address an audience
And be always the first among your peers
Just like your mother, Fatun.
These are your grandmother's instructions.

BAROORDIIQ XUSEEN MAXAMUUD (*buraambur 1995*)

Dallaalnimo hoos leh, dugsi buu Xuseen ahaa
Iftiin aan damaynin, dayaxoo kaloo ahaa
Rabbi nimuu doortoo, duub saaray buu ahaa
Durriyad awliyo, oo naloo soo diruu ahaa
Geesi deeqsiya oo, dad uruuriyuu ahaa
Waddani daacada oo, dhulka daafacuu ahaa
Daljire hawshiisa aan, ka daalin buu ahaa
Doodda iyo hadalka ninka, loo diruu ahaa
Dagaalka sokeeye midka, diidayuu ahaa
Allow adaa dilaye intii, uu daryeeli jirey
Adiga u damiina, ee ka dabbaal wixii u daran
Xuseen daadihiyow, Asaxaabtii deris la noqo
Jidka Siraad faras aan daalaynin, lagu dulsaar
Dariiqii Nabigeenu uu qaaday, doc ha ka marin oo
Dubkaaga Allow ha taabsiin, dab iyo naar.

EULOGY FOR HUSSEIN MOHAMOUD (*buraambur 1985*)

A protective umbrella and a shelter was Hussein⁶⁷
An everlasting light, a moon and a sun was he
A man chosen and honoured by God was he
An offspring of saints sent to us all was he
A brave, generous and charitable person was he
A loyal patriot and a defender of our country was he
An able and untiring ambassador was he
When good speech and eloquence were required
He was the man who was often engaged
O God, now that you have taken him away
Protect those for whom he cared
O gentle Hussein, dwell with the Blessed Companions⁶⁸
Swiftly traverse the Pathway of Sirad⁶⁹
riding a tireless horse
And deviate not from the way of our Prophet
May God preserve your flesh from the blazing fires.

DAGAALKA SOKEEYE (*buraambur 1991*)

Da'daydoo weyn waxaa,iigu soo darsamay oo
Aan la duuduubmayoo, diifta iigu wacan
Dadkaygii iyo dalkaygii, dulliga ku dhacay
Dad iyo duunyaba magaaloooyin, baa dam yiri
Afarta daafood dhulkaygii, dab baa ka kacay
Ciidan isku duuban oo, daafacaa ma jiro
Dawladnimadeenni dirqi weeye, ama daleel
Nalkii lama daarto, oo taarar lama dirsado
Daareheennii ma laha, daaqad iyo albaab
Waxaa dugaafad ah, dariiqii la mari lahaa ee
Allahayow adigu noo soo dir, nabad degdega.

Duul walaala oo isku diina, oo isdila
Dagaalka sokeeye, Soomaali dan uma aha
Dhiigga daadanaya iyo, meydka dibedda yaal
Dhaawacaan daadsan oon, daawo loo heleyn
Waa dadkeennii, oo Soomaali dan uma aha.

Kuwii doonyaha ku cararay, oo badweyn ku degay
Yaxaasku darduurta, ayagaan dambiba lahayn
Waa dadkeennii, oo Soomaali dan uma aha.

Qaxootiga dibedda meeraaya,oo dayacan
Dabaysha iyo dhaxanta, dhogortoodii doorsameen
Cudurka duumada iyo, daacuunku uu ku dhacay
Waa dadkeennii, oo Soomaali dan uma aha.

Nin aargudad doonayoo, dawladnimo aan rabin iyo
Diktator waalan, Soomali dan uma aha
Allahayou adigu noo soo dir, nabad degdega.

THE CIVIL WAR (*buraambur 1991*)

Stronger than the discomforts of old age
That which makes me wrinkled and withered
Is the indignity inflicted on my people and my country
Countless lives and cities entirely wiped out
Flames of war blazing far and wide
No united army to defend us
Little or no semblance of government
No electricity nor telegraph service
Houses with no more windows and doors
Streets befouled with refuse
O God grant us an immediate peace.

We are one people with one religion
And we should not kill each other
War between brothers brings nothing good to us
This blood that is shed and these unburied bodies
These are our people and that brings nothing good to us.

The ones who fled in boats and drowned in the deep seas
The innocent ones who devoured by the sharks
These are our people and that brings nothing good to us.

The wretched refugees that are roaming the world
Whose bodies the winds and cold have charred
Who are sick with malaria and cholera
These are our people and that brings nothing good to us.

A revenge-seeker, uninterested in good governance
A mad dictator, surely our people can do without
O God grant us an immediate peace.

Dadkii kala durugyay, oo maanta deris ma jiro
Duddaba meel bay, dabkeedii ku haysataa
Qoloba qolo inay ku duushay, diyaar u tahay
Qabiil waa dumiye, oo waa dil iyo qasaas
Waa xanuun duuga oon, daawadis la helin
Wax badan baan uga digaye, Soomaali baan danayn
Allahayow adigu noo so dir, nabad degdega.

Allow uu dadkeenu, ahaado ul iyo diir
Allow aan dalkayaga lagu sheegin, lama-degaan
Allow dabeecada ciiddeenu, ay ahaato dahab
Allow wax na deeqa naga sii, degmo iyo gobol
Allow kaan nabadda doonaynin, dabar ku qabo
Intaasaan ku duceeyee, aamiinta iigu dara.



Rampant is the animosity among the people
Even the neighbour today is no longer spared
Each clan is fortified, stashing its arsenal
Ready to attack the other
Tribalism is destruction, killing and retaliation
It is an old disease that is hard to cure
Time and again I have warned against its dangers
But alas, my voice was left unheeded
O God, grant us an immediate peace.

O God restore our unity and harmony
O God let not our country become a waste land
O God make our soil rich and fertile
O God let us draw from our districts and regions
All that will satisfy our needs
O God block the plans of those who hinder peace
These are my prayers, so brothers and sisters say Amen.

CAABUD WAAQ (*gabay* 1991)

Anigu Caabud Waaq uma an qabin, caynkanay tahaye
Cariishkaan kulaylkiisa iyo, ciidda waa nacaye
Suuliga cidlada laga dhisaaan, ka cabsanaayaaye
Biyeehedu waa culus yihiin, ceelashoo idile
Caasimad qofkii joogi jirey, tuulo la collowye
Inkastoo aan cayr ahay ma rabo, meel ciriiriyahe
Carunkaygu meeshuu ku bixi, Caadilkaa garane
Nimankii i cayrsanahayaa, ii cashiira ahe
Allahayow dal lama caasiyee yaa dib ii celiya.



ABUD WAQ (*gabay* 1991)

I never dreamed that Abud Waq⁷⁰ would be like this
I hate its sand and this hot tin-roofed house
I am afraid of a lavatory in the middle of the wilderness
The water of the wells is heavy and undrinkable
Indeed, someone who lives in the capital loathes villages
Destitute though I am, I don't like discomfort
Only the Most Righteous knows my burial place
The men who chased me are also my kin
O Allah, one should not reject one's hometown
And I wish I could go back.

XAAWALEEYEEY! (*buraambur 1991*)

Xabbaddii ma ay joogsan, nabaddina lama xasilin
Xinjir baa qubanaysa, xarbigiina ma uu dhammaan
Meyd aan la xabaalin baa, xaafadaha dhexyaal
Xuquuqul aadamigii iyo, diintiiba lagu xadgudub
Dad baa xalaalaystay, Rabbigay wuxuu xarrimay
Dumarka in la xoogo iyo, tuugo waa xun tahay
Baladu Xamar keliya maahee, xaggii walbaba
Xinka qabiilka iyo, xasuuqiiba waa jiraa
Jiir xanuuna iyo nimankeennu, ma leh xusuus
Xukun jeclaantiis, ayaa xaasidiin ka dhigay
Kuwaannu xambaarnay oo, nuugay xooxdayada
Kuwo xaq nagu leh, kuwo aannu xilo u nahay
Waysku xiranahaye raggu, xiisadday kacsheen
Xaawaleeyeeey sidee, baannu u xallinnaa.



O DAUGHTERS OF EVE! (*buraambur 1991*)

Fighting has not ceased nor is peace achieved
Bloodshed continues and slain bodies lie everywhere
No one respects religion or human rights
All that God has forbidden is widely perpetuated
Rape and robbery are indeed sinful acts
This evil is not only found in Mogadishu
But tribal animosity and atrocities are widespread
Our men are devoid of compassion and conscience
Lust for power made them heartless egoists
Yet, some we carried on our backs
And nourished with the cream of our breasts
Others are our fathers and spouses
So, since they all are parts of us, daughters of Eve,
Let us end this conflict they have raised.

SILICA SOOMAALI (*buraambur 1992*)

Salaadda markaan tukanayaan, sahwiyahayaa
Markii aan seexo, hurdadaan ka salalayaa
Haddaan soo tooso, surraaad ayaa i dila
Markaan soconaayo, baabuurradaa i siga
Wed baan saraataayoo, noloshaan saluugsanahay
Naftaydii samri weyday, anna waa sabaaliyaa
Waxaana u sababa, waddankaygii sida uu yahay
Silica, saxariirta, Soomaalidii ku dhacay
Dagaalka sokeeye, oo ummaddeennii lagu salladay
Sinada iyo tuugada iyo, dhiigga lagu subkaday
Kuwii sidaas yeelay, oo haatan raba saldano
Sacabka loo tumo, intii geed la suri lahaa
Abaaraha ciidda saameeyay, sal iyo baar
Saqiirka dhimaanahaya oo, seedo iyo lafaa
Hooyadii sidatay macaluul, la suuqan tahay
Ilmada sayrtoo, waxay siiso ayan u hayn
Sinjiyaddeennii iyo, magaceennii waa signiin
Dunidii na saluugtay, oo nooma soo socdaan
Samafal lagu waa, Saxnuun simaankuu u diray
Belaa socotee Ilaahow, na samatabixi.

SOMALI PEOPLE'S BLIGHT (*buraambur 1992*)

When praying I am distracted
When sleeping I have fitful nightmares
When awake my whole body trembles
In the streets, cars almost run me down
Having lost interest in life I foresee my death
In vain I soothe my irreconcilable soul
All this for the tribulations of the Somali people:
Clan infighting inflicted on our nation
Unabashed fornication and brutal killings -
Yet those who brought this about are still seeking power
Expecting applause instead of being hanged -
The spread of the devastating famine
The dying all-bones infant
Whose scrawny and hungry mother
Weeps, unable to provide any sustenance.
The world despairs of us and is not coming to our aid
Alas! Sahnoun's telegraphs brought no relief⁷¹
O God, save us from the calamities that engulf us.

QAABIIL IYO HAABIIL (*buraambur 1993*)

Waxaa Qaabiilba Haabiil, qudha uga jaray
Amase qayladiyo ka dhashaan, dagaal qabiil
Isla qabweynaanta kan kaleetoo, aadan qaddarin
Iyo midkii qoonsadoo, quursiga oggolayn
Qaabiil sheeggiisa, qalbigayga waan ka jaray
Qusuusigii Leegga, oo qaadacaan ku jiray
Inaan Soomaali kala qaybsho, wayla qalad
Anigu carrabkayga uma quuro, qadaf dad kale
La ii qori mahayo maantay, Qiyaamo tahay ee
Gabdhaha qiiraysanow, haygu qoonsannina.



CAIN AND ABEL (*buraambur 1993*)

That which made Cain slaughter Abel
And causes conflict and clan warfare
Is when one person believes himself superior
And belittles another, who, sensing
The degradation, refuses to accept it.
I have banished from my heart all talk of tribalism
For I was a devoted member of our League
which strongly repudiated it
I cannot encourage division among the Somalis
Or allow my tongue to offend other people
And let that be written in my book
on the Day of Resurrection.
And so, you girls who are carried away with tribal fervor,
Do not be displeased with me.

QAXOOTIGA KANADA (*buraambur 1993*)

Qaxootiga Kanada, dhaqso waa u qaabishaa
Lamana qadiyo ee, waxbaa loo qorshaynayaa
Qanaacaad ma laha, lacagtaannu qaadannaa
Qawtalyoonka iyo, guryeheeda qaaligaa
Markii loo qaybsho, jeebkaagii baa qallalan
Ummad qalaad weeye oo, qaarba meel ka yimid
Salaan kaa qaadahayn, oodan la qabsan karin
Qofkaad aragtaa albaakiisi, bow qafilan
Waa qaloodoo, cidladu waa wax lagu qandhado
Waana qabbiranahay, oo sharcigii ma qaadan weli ee
Qadiyaddaydii iyo, qarankaan u hees jirey
Afrika quruxdeedii, mar haddaan ka qaawanahay
Waa inaan ku qancaa ,qaddaraadda Eebbahay.



REFUGEES IN CANADA (*buraambur 1993*)

Indeed Canada receives refugees right away
Does not let them starve, but provides for them
Yet the money that we receive is insufficient
After the expensive food and rent
We are left with empty pockets
There are strange people coming from everywhere
They never notice you or greet you
They all keep to themselves
Hastily locking their doors
I feel isolated and sick with loneliness
I am trapped for I am not yet "landed"
I miss my cause and the country of my songs
Deprived of my beautiful Africa
I must be content with the fate God has reserved for me.

NOLOL QURBO (*buraambur 1994*)

Qofaan indho beelinoo, aafu ayan ku dhicin
Addimadiisiiyo lixaadkiisu, idil yihiin
Dibedda aan aadiinoo, soo adeegan karin
Albaabka ka bixinoo, ka baqaaya inuu anbado
Ilbax ismoodaayey,oy beenowdey inuu ahaa
Eheladiisiiyo saaxiibbo, u imanahayn
Ilmaha uu la jirana kula nool, qariib kun edeb
Iska adkaysanaya, noloshiina ku adag tahay
Ilaahay ka baryaysa, ceebteeda inuu asturo
Yamul Aakhiro, albaabkii jannada u furo
Ifka intay joogto, uu siiyo waxaan idlaan
Awood badanow Ilaahow, Arxame Raxiim
Urugo inay hayso, waddankeedii olol ka kacay
Waxa addoontaadu dooneyso, waad og tahay
Adaana arki karaya, uurkeeda waxa ku jira
Arwaaxa iyo faraxa ay doonayso, u ebyi kara
Eheladeedii qaarba meel aaday, uruurin kara ee
Sahal amuurteeda, oo Shaydaanka ka indhosaab.

LIFE IN A NEW COUNTRY (*buraambur 1994*)

A full-sighted person with no impairment
Able-bodied and endowed with good health
Yet dares not go out shopping
Doesn't pass her doorstep for fear of getting lost
Thought herself worldly, but proved wrong
Receives no visits from relatives or friends
Lives with her grandchildren as polite as a guest
Homebound, patiently enduring, in spite of the hardship
She prays to God not to expose her lapses
To open for her Heaven's gate on the Day of Judgment
And while still in this world to grant her endless rewards
O Powerful, Most Gracious and Merciful God
She is saddled with pain and her country is ablaze
You know the longings of this humble slave
Indeed you can read what is in her heart
And bestow the happiness that she desires
So unite her scattered family
and keep Satan from her door.



WAXAAN KU RIYOODAY (*buraambur 1995*)

Waxaan ku riyooday, waddankaygiyoo raja leh
Sidii aan rabay Ilaahay, run iiga dhigay
Dib loo raacdeeyay, sharafkii ragaadku galay
Dabayshu ruxayso, calankii rafaadsanaa
Dadkeennii run u, walaaloobay oo israbo
Qaxootigii dibad u soo rooray, dib u rogmaday
Raaxo loo seexday oon, laysku ridin rasaas
Ardadii raxan raxan u soconayso, rag iyo dumar
Roobkii noo da'ay, xareeddiina, tahay rakaad
Saracii rucubeeyoo, mirihiisii ruxanayaan
Dibedda loo rarayoo, muuskii rasaysan yahay
Badaha ribixooda iyo, raasalmaal la helay
Ramagii noo dhalay, horweyntiina qaarkii rimay
Dawladnimo aan ku rayrayno, oo rasmiya
Oon la oran reer baa leh, laga sheego raadiyaha.

MY DREAM (*buraambur 1995*)

I dreamed that there was hope for my country
Thus God had made my wishes true
I saw our lost dignity restored
Wind fluttering our long-neglected flag
True unity and fraternal harmony achieved
Those who fled for their lives returned from abroad
No more gunfire disturbing peaceful sleep
Students, girls and boys, heading for school
Pools of rainwater everywhere
Seeds sprouting and fruit dangling from the trees
Crates of bananas for shipment stacked
Sea treasures reaped and profit-making learned
Milk-producing camels birthing and more in gestation
And a government for all the people
on the radio announced.



DALTABYO (*buraambur 1996*)

Laguma darajeeyo, mar haddaad dallaawe tahay
Digrii haddaad wadato, mara duuga kama duwan
Daran hadduu waayo, geelaa dareeri jirey
Dadkuna kaba daran oo, qaarbaa caro isdila
Darajo iyo maal hadduu waayo, neceb dayaca
Ilkihiigaa iga daate, lugihiinaa way dabceen
Sidii lay dilay korkii, way danqanahayaa
Ma dadaqamo oo, sariir baan dulsaanahay ee
Dhulkaygii doggiisii, aan la doorinoo dihaa
Dabayshiisii iyo, ciiddiisii dabacsanayd
Gogol dabiiciya oon ku seexo, sida darmada
Badda dabaasheedii, webiyaashii oo durdura
Dibed markaan marayo, qorraxdaan ku diirsan jirey
Deriswanaaggeeda, bulshadaan la daahi jirey
Naftii baa dooneysa, meeshii dadkeedu jirey
Dan baa diiddan oo, dalxiis looma aadi karo
Qarankii baa dumay, dagaallaana weli ka jira ee
Illeen daltabyada, xanuunkeedu daawo maleh.

NOSTALGIA (*buraambur 1995*)

Once you have no country, you have no esteem
Your degree is as worthless as a worn-out dress
Hungry for daran, camels abandon unfamiliar pastures
Much worse is human longing
In utter rage, some even commit suicide
For, having lost prestige and possessions
They cannot endure any discomfort.
My teeth are falling out, and my legs are feeble
As if beaten, my whole body aches
Bedridden most of the time, I go nowhere
I miss my country's unpolluted green grass
Its cool breeze and soft sand
Sleeping on simple handmade mats
Swimming in the sea, the rivers rolling by
Strolling in the warming sun
Good neighbours and delightful times with friends
My soul is yearning for the place where my people dwell
But alas, my country has collapsed and I cannot visit
Indeed there is no cure for nostalgia.

AAFADA GUDNIINKA HABLAHA (geeraar 1999)

Axad Eebbe abuuray
Quruxdii u idleeyey
Alaabtuu u sameeyey
Aadanaa ibtileeyoo
Aqoon mooday middiisa
Islaantii Arraweelo
Ragga iinta u yeeshay
Sidii awrta dhufaantay
Fircoon goortuu ogaadey
Waasagii umashooday
Oo yiri "Naago
Ayadiiyoo kale weeyee
Aan awoodda ka qaadno
Ikhtiyaarka u diidno
Oo gudniin ku igbaarno
Inan aan la asiibin
Oon loo xiraynin albaabka
Ogaadoo yaan la aroosin."

Waa addonsi haweenka
Looga aargudanaayo
Oon marna loo arxamaynin
Qaarbaa dhiiggu idlaaday
Dabadeed aakhiro aaday
Kuwa boogtii ablowdey
Marlabaad la unkaa.

Habeenkii aqalgeynta
Istareex arkimaysoo
Halkii baa ololeysa
Alalaasiyo qaylo
Oohinteed ma idlaato

FEMALE GENITAL MUTILATION (geeraar 1998)

Woman is a creature of God
Endowed with beauty and perfection
Men, pretending knowledge
Damaged her body.
Back in the reign of Arraweelo,⁷²
The queen who maimed and
As they do with camels
Castrated all men under her domain,
A venomous Pharaoh heard the news
And said, "Since all women are like her
They must be rendered powerless
Controlled, and forever
Punished with genital mutilation
A girl not circumcised
Or properly stitched
Men must not marry."

A merciless revenge
A way to subjugate women
Bleeding, many suffer instant death
For others, re-stitching
the gaping wound
Is an unbearable ordeal.

On the night of their weddings
They find no contentment
But only pain down there
They cry and scream
And their tears never end.



Kolka ay umulayso
Meeshii ay awdey islaantu
Yaa mindi aan aflahayniyo
Amley loola tagaa
Waa astaan dumarkeenna
Uumiyuhu ku arkeenoo
Amakaak iyo yaab leh.

Anigaa inantayda
Aafadii aan u geystey
Ilmadii ay qubeysey
"I daayooydii!" ay lahayd
Iyo alalaadkii illoobinoo
Uurkutaallo ka qaaday
Ee waxaan diintu amraynin
Ansaxaynin Quraanku
Ilaaheenna ka yaaboo
Ilmeheenna ka daaya
Ubax soo baxay weeyee
Yaan asaagood laga reebin.



Each birth is accompanied by
Unsharpened knives and tools
That cut and pierce their raw flesh
Restoring the old midwife's work
This is the mark that our women carry
That amazes and shocks the world.

I myself cannot forget
What I did to my daughter
Her tears and cries,
"Oh, let me alone!"
Unending remorse is left in my soul
Indeed our religion does not prescribe
Nor does the Qur'aan sanction this thing
So, in the name of God,
Stop afflicting our girls!
For they are blossoming flowers
Like their equals, let them flourish.

JABUUTI KHAYRKAY ODORROSEYSO (*buraambur 2000*)

Ilaahay baa awood lee, ma aaminnaa?
Madaxda Afrikaanka oo, IGAD u awal tahay
Ururka Carabta, oo magaceennu ku isman yahay
Ifka intii joogto oo, diinteedu tahay Islaam
Jabuuti kharkay odorrosey, ma aqbalnaa?
Waa nin abalguda, oon illoobin waxaan ahayn
Ismaaciil Cumar Gellee, taladiisa ma ayidnaa?

Dadkeenni qaarba meel adayoo, ambaday
Iyo intii ka hartay, oo kala oodan oon is-arag
Ul iyo diirkeed aho, aaminka isku qaba
Aan kala aargudan, oo ka heshiiyey eelkii dhacay
Ilaahow waad awoodaye, noo ansixi
Allow ergadaani ay ahaato, tii abshira
Arwaax noo dhalisa, farax aan idlaanahayn
Hadhow kuwa noo arrimin doona, loo irkado
Ducadaan aamiin, Ilaahay ha iga aqbal.

DJIBOUTI'S GOOD EFFORTS (*buraambur 2000*)

Since God has all the power
Shall we put our trust in him?
The African heads of state, led by IGAD⁷³
The Arab League to which we belong
All the people in the world with whom
we share our Islamic faith
The goodwill endeavour promoted by Djibouti
Shall we accept it all?
Since a grateful man does not forget a debt
The proposition of Ismail Omar Gelle
Shall we acknowledge it?

Many of our people have been displaced and lost
Those who remain are separated and disconnected
Make them unite and trust each other,
Reconciled and seeking no revenge
O God, you can make that come true
We entreat you to make these delegates
the bearers of glad tidings,
Jubilation and everlasting joy
And to make our future leaders our nation's saviours
Say Amen so that God may accept my prayer.

FARRIINI ERGEDA SHIRKA CARTA (geeraar 2000)

Dal dheer baan ka soo imid
Waddani daallan baan ahay
Waana aragtaan da'daan ahay
Debutaati ma aan rabo
Lacagna anigu dooni ma ahayn
Dalxiisna uma iman ee
Waxay ahayd dantaydii
Markay dhalato dawladi
Damashaadka faraxa leh
Wax inaan uga dabbaaldego
Oo calankayga daawado.

Darajo iyo khayr baa
Rabbi noogu deeqoo
Waa taan dhahatay maantaye
Dardarteeda caanaha
Iyo dambarkeeda malabkaa
Geddi waa na deeqdaaye
Doobiyada ha loo culo.

Waxaa iga dardaarana
Waa sharaftii dunidee
Deyr adag ha loo dhigo
Ka ilaasha daayaca
Cadwgana ka daafaca.

Dawadii naftaydaay
Noloshii dadkaygaay
Sharaftii dalkaygaay
Dabayl caafimaadeey



MESSAGE TO THE ARTA DELEGATES (geeraar 2000)

I came from a faraway country
I am a weary patriot
And you see how old I am
I don't want a seat in parliament
Nor am I looking for money
And I am certainly not a tourist
The reason I came was so that
Once a government is formed
I could take part
In the joyous celebrations
And behold our flag.

God has granted us honour
And many gratifications
Here, on this day
Is the government we were seeking
Its overflowing, creamy, sweet milk
Will suffice for us all
So start smoking the milk containers.

My bequest to her is
All the honours of this world
Make for her a solid barricade
Take good care of her
Defend her from her enemies.

O you who alleviates my soul
The life of my people
The nourishing bliss
As long as I am in this world

Intaan dunida saarahay
Duco iyo ammaan baan
Isugu kaa darahayaa
Naftu hadday i deysana
Taariikh iga dambaysaan
Deeqaay kaaga tegayaa.

Intaas waxaan ku darayaa
Madaxweynaha la doortoo
Loo durbaan tumaayow
Dalkeennii waxaa jira
Mooriyaan didaysiyo
Jirri dooxataa iyo
Dagaal oogeyaal iyo
Dayday iyo afmiinshaar
Qaar danaysteyaal aho
Dawladnimo aan dooneyn
Duruuf aad u adag baa
Kula soo derseysee
Cabdi noqo dawweeyaha
Nabad daadeheeyaha
Dibedda iyo gudahaba
Daacadda iyo lillaahigu
Dulmiga waa ka adag yihiin
Qudbadaadii diirranaydiyo
Qalinkaaguu yuu isdabamarin
Samir iyo dulqaadiyo
Dadaal yeelo tiro badan
Rabbi waxaan ka daahnayn
Yaan laguugu dawgelin
Ducu galabso iyo khayr
Sharafkaa ku deeqee.



Blessing and praise
I bestow on you
And when I pass away, O Deeqa⁷⁴
I will leave a history for you.

To that I would like to add,
O Elected President
Who we are celebrating,⁷⁵
There are in our country
Murderous mooriyaan⁷⁶
Butchering jirri
Scourching dayday
And gossipmongers
Some are selfish
With no wish for government
You will face hard times
So Abdi⁷⁷, be the healer
And supporter of peace
Internally and externally
Honesty is stronger than injustice
Let not your pen
Betray your heartfelt speech
Be patient and tolerant
And work hard
Don't let others persuade you to commit
A deed that cannot be hidden from God
Seek your people's blessing and good wishes
For honour is sufficient for you.

XUSUUSRAACYO ❁ FOOTNOTES

- 1 Al-Baqra, Idaajaa, iyo Suurat Ikhlaas sida ay isu xigaan waa suurdaha Albaqara, An-Nasr, iyo Al-Ikhlaas ee Quraanka Kariimka ah.
- 2 Af-ku-leeble waa sifo lagu tilmaamo gabayaa ama wadaad la ciseeyo oo leh hibada barakada, ducadiisa ama inkaartiisuna ay kacdo.
- 3 Diraac ama jiilaal (Disember-Febraayo) waa mid ka mid a labadaxilli abaareed ee cimilada Soomaaliya.
- 4 Qaawo Soley, Qadow, Qiyaas, iyo Qaawa Halalley waa magacyo halaha geela loo baxsho.
- 5 Samayeeshe waa qabiil Soomaaliyed.
- 6 Xiskiisan waa xeer ninka ay afadiisu ka dhimato mid kale oo la dhalatay loogu guurin karo; dumaalna waa xeer afada uu saygeedu ka dhinto loogu guurin karo ninka walaalkii ama nin kale oo xigtadiisa ah.
- 7 Abaskuul waa qabiil Soomaali ah.
- 8 Baashi waa mansab lagu magacaabo saraakiisha sare ee Turkiga.
- 9 Naakiro ama nashuusho waa erayo ka yimid kuwa af Carabiga ee *naashizah* ama *nashuuz*, taas oo ah xaalad sharciyeed oo haweeneyda isaga tagta saygeeda ay noqonayso mid aan la furin weligeedna aan nin kale guursan karin ilaa uu asagu furo maahee.
- 10 Meher waa eray ka yimid kan af Carabiga ee *mehr* ama *suddaaq* oo ah qiimo sharci ahaan uu ninku siinayo haweeneyda uu guursanayo, kaas oo noqon kara lacag ama xoolo horumaris ahaan ama kol dambe, halka uu yaradku yahay qiimo ama xoolo, siiba geel bulshada reer-guuraaga, uu ninku isla markiiba siinayo reerkeeda.
- 11 Dabshidku waa Nowruuska ama Sanada Cusub.
- 12 Cali Nuur wuxuu ka mid ahaa Soomaalida ku nool carriga Ingiriiska; wuxuuna ahaa nin waddani ah oo xamasad leh oo taageeri jirey tabarucadna u ururin jirey SYL.
- 13 Cabdullaahi Ciise Maxamuud (1922-1988) wuxuu ahaa Xoghayaha Guud ee SYL, iyo hoggaamiyihii ergadii ay SYL iyo Hamar Youth Club ee loo diray fadhigii Jimiciyadda Qarammada Midoobey ee 1949^{ku}, si uu u tebiyo rabitaanka ay dadka Soomaaliyeed ku doonayeen xornimo buuxda. Waxaa kale oo uu ahaa Wasiirka Kowaad e Dawladdii Xukunkaa Daakhiiliga ee xilligii Maamulka Wisaayadda Talyaaniga ee Soomaaliya (1956-1960), Wasiirka Arrimaha Dibedda ee Jamhuuriyadda Soomaaliya (1960-1969), iyo Danjiraha Jamhuuriyadda Dimuqaraadiga Soomaaliya ee Sweden (1974-1984).
- 14 Fuluus waa eray laga soo qaatay kan af Carabiga *fuluus* lacag.
- 15 Weerow waa naynaas laga soo qaatay bahalka weerka ama dhidarka la yiraahdo oo dhurwaaga la bahda ah, kaas oo loo baxshey nin Talyaani ah oo aad u foolxumaa, oo xabaaalaha Talyaaniga ee Muqdishow ilaaliye ka ahaa.
- 16 Barlamaanka waa eray ka yimid kan af Talyaaniga *parlamento* golaha shacbiga.
- 17 Bilaanjada waa eray ka yimid kan af Talyaaniga *bilancia* miisaaniyad.
- 18 UNITAF (United Task Force) waxay ahayd hawlgal ciidan oo ballaaran uuna ansixiyey Golaha Amniga ee Qarammada Midoobey 3^{dii} Disembar, 1992^{ku} si loo ilaaliyo gargaarka aadminimo ee dunida ee la gaarsiinayey dadka dagaalka iyo abaartu ay saamaysey ee Koofurta Soomaaliya, iyo sugidda xabbad joojinta. Hawlgalka UNITAF oo ay Ameerika Hoggamineysey siteyna magaca *Rajo* (Operation Restore Hope) wuxuu socdey 9 Disembar, 1992^{ku}, ilaa 4^{thi} Mey, 1993^{ku}.
- 19 Boobe waa magac ay ciidammada Soomaaliyeed u bixiyeen qoriga weyn ee ay xabadihiisu iska daba dhacaan.
- 20 Shilke waa magac ay jabhaduhu u bixiyeen madfaca afar-dhuumoodka ah (Zu) looguna talagalay lidka diyaaradaha asiise ay Soomaalidu kula dagaallanaty ciidammada lugta iyo wax kasta.
- 21 Xasan wuxuu ahaa Xaawa walaalkeed ka yaraa.
- 22 Xaashi waa curadkii Cismaan Jibriil.
- 23 Xiis Bogood waa hal magaceed ama geela guud ahaan.
- 24 Arrow-mouthed, derived from *Af-ku-leeble* [literally "one who has an arrow as a mouth"], is a common epithet for a poet or venerated religious man possessing the reputed gift of *baraka*/blessing, whereby his prayers, wishes, or curses are believed to come true.
- 25 *Albaqra* [*Albaqara*], *Idaajaa* [*An-Nasr*], *Suuratul Ikhlaas* [*Al-Ikhlaas*] are chapters of the Holy Qur'aan: The Cow, The Devotion, and The Purity.
- 26 Qaawa Soley, Qadow, Qiyaas, and Qaawa Halalley are names given to she-camels, but in the poem they refer to camels in general.
- 27 Samayeeshe is a Somali subclan.
- 28 *Xiskiisan* is a customary law whereby, upon the death of a wife, the husband may marry one of her sisters. The reverse is *dumaal* whereby a woman may marry the brother or any of the close relatives of her deceased husband.
- 29 Abaskuul is a Somali subclan.
- 30 *Ugas* is an honourific title given to a tribal chief.
- 31 Ali Nur was a member of the Somali émigré in the UK and an ardent nationalist, and supporter and fundraiser for the SYL.
- 32 Abdullahi Esse Mohamud (1922-1988), the Secretary General of the Somali Youth League (SYL) and leader of the SYL and Hamar Youth Club delegation sent to the UN General Assembly in 1949 to bleed the Somali people's aspirations for full independence. Also, he was Prime Minister of Somalia's Interim Government under the Italian Trusteeship Administration (1956-1960), Foreign Minister of the Somali Republic (1960-1970), and Ambassador of the Somali Democratic Republic to Sweden (1973-1984).

- 33 Margaret Laurence, *A tree for poverty: Somali poetry and prose* (Hamilton: McMaster University Library Press 1970) [first published for the Somaliland Protectorate by Eagle Press, Nairobi 1954].
- 34 *Weerow*, derived from *weer* (a predator belonging to the hyena family), is an appellative for an ugly Italian resident of Mogadishu who was the custodian of the Italian cemetery.
- 35 Bernandelli (or Bernandeli) was an Italian district commissioner in Mogadishu during the period of Italian Trusteeship Administration in Somalia (1950-1960).
- 36 UNITAF (Unified Task Force) was a massive international military operation sanctioned by the UN Security Council on December 3, 1992 to protect international humanitarian relief for the populations affected by the war and famine in southern Somalia and to monitor the cease-fire. UNITAF, which was led by the United States under the code name Operation Restore Hope, lasted from December 9, 1992 to May 4, 1993.
- 37 Hassan is the young brother of the poet.
- 38 Hashi Osman's first born son.
- 39 Xiis Bogood, is the name of a she-camel.
- 40 Published by Abokers Forla, in Sweden.
- 41 Sigad is the name of a particular she-camel in the poem.
- 42 *Mingis* is a traditional ritual whose practitioners claim to cure many ailments, including mental illness, through the invocation of certain spirits. *Mingis* is widely practiced in Somalia and among the Somalis in the Diaspora.
- 43 *Zar* (in Somali *saar*) is a ritual dance that is performed to drive out evil spirits that possess a person. *Zar* is practiced in Somalia, Djibouti, Ethiopia, Eritrea, Sudan, Egypt, and in other East African and Middle Eastern countries.
- 44 *Macawis* is a colourful Indonesian sarong: a skirt-like garment made of fine cotton or silk, generally worn by men.
- 45 *Mareer* and *maalisa* are two of the common spirits of *mingis* ritual dance.
- 46 "*Si Signore*," is Italian; in English, "Yes Sir."
- 47 The Italian Organizzazione delle Nazioni Uniti (UNO) refers to the UN Advisory Council that was based in Mogadishu, during the Italian Trusteeship Administration in Somalia, to ensure that the Administration fulfill the terms of the trusteeship agreement.
- 48 Hobyos is a town in the Mudug Region where two Somali sub-clans engaged in a nasty war.
- 49 *Daran* are salty plants that grazing camels like very much.

- 50 *Diraac* or *jiilaal* (December-February) is the harsher of Somali's two dry seasons.
- 51 *Aariya* from the Italian *aria*, air.
- 52 *Beerdareeyaa* is from the Italian *perdere*, to squander.
- 53 *Debutaatoayaashaas* is from the Italian *deputati*, deputies.
- 54 *Dir* and *Darood* are two major Somali tribes.
- 55 "Big Jaws" is a derogative nickname that the poet gives to a notorious uneducated and incompetent Member of Parliament.
- 56 Hawa Osman (Hawa-Taako) is a well-known heroine of the SYL who was killed by the pro-Italians on January 11, 1948. A bronze statue erected in her honor, in the centre of Mogadishu -- together with those of Sayyid Mohamed and those of the 14th century religious leader Imam Ahmed Gurey, and the Dagah-Tuur Monument -- was lost to vandals in the early days of the civil war.
- 57 *Dabac* is the name of a she-camel
- 58 *Dik-diks*, in Somali *sagaaro*, are the smallest antelopes in East Africa.
- 59 A women astronaut refers to Valentina Tereshkova, a hero of the Soviet Union and the first women launched into space.
- 60 Here, the poet is referring to Indira Gandhi in India, and Sirimavo Bandaranaike in Sri Lanka (formally Ceylon).
- 61 This refers to Queen Elizabeth II.
- 62 *Qat*, *jad*, *tchat*, *khat* are the leaves of a shrub-like plant that contains cathinone and amphetamine. *Qat*, which is grown in Ethiopia, Kenya, and Yeman, is widely consumed in Somalia and many other countries in East Africa and elsewhere. It is banned in Canada and has been classified by the WHO as a dependency-producing drug.
- 63 *Miirow* is a type of *qat* that is grown in Kenya.
- 64 Medina Hospital is a lush and well-designed hospital that was built in the mid 1960s with funds provided by the Federal Republic of Germany, as assistance to the Somali Police.
- 65 Ismail was a police colonel and head of the hospital.
- 66 Muna is the poet's first granddaughter, who was sent to pursue her university studies in the United States.
- 67 Hussein Aw Mohamoud is a cousin of the poet and a known civil servant officer who served under the civilian and military governments as district commissioner, regional governor, ambassador, and president of Somali Airlines.
- 68 Blessed Companions refers to the companions of the Prophet Mohammad, May Peace Be Upon Him.
- 69 *The Pathway of Sirad* is a bridge across hell that is sharper than a sword and thinner than a hair; on the Day of Judgment the true believers will cross it swiftly while the unbelievers will fall into the burning fire beneath it.

- 70 *Abud Waq* the capital city of the *Galgadud* Region.
- 71 The poet is referring to the reputed efforts made by Ambassador Mohamed Sahnoun – the veteran Algerian diplomat and UN Secretary General’s Special Envoy in Somalia, from April to November 1992 – to get urgent relief to the populations affected by the war and famine in Southern Somalia.
- 72 *Arraweelo* is a fearsome mythological queen, often depicted as a cruel despot, who, for fear of being dethroned, castrated all men in her domain except her grandchild. Eventually, with the help of one witty old man who escaped castration, this grandchild would overthrow her.
- 73 The Intergovernmental Authority on Development (IGAD) is a regional organization, founded in 1986, which is composed of seven East African countries: Uganda, Kenya, Somalia, Djibouti, Ethiopia, Eritrea, and Sudan.
- 74 *Deeqa*: an abundant milk-producing camel, representing the Somali flag and state.
- 75 Abdiqasim Salad Hassan was elected president of the Transitional National Government (TNG) at the Arta Conference in 2000.
- 76 *Mooriyaan*, *jirri*, and *dayday* are names that, during the civil war, were given respectively to the undisciplined qad-crazed young gunmen in Mogadishu, Kismayo, and Hargeysa.
- 77 That is, Abdiqasim Salad Hassan.

Xaawa Jibriil waxay ku dhalatay Soomaaliya 1920, waxayna maansadeedii ugu horreysey tirisay ayada oo ah gabar reermiyi ah oo laba-iyo-toban jir ah. Hadda waxay ku nooshahay qolal ku yaal mid ka mid ah daaraha fooqyada dhaadheer ee Toronto, Kanada. Ka badan 70 sano waxay maansadeeda oo aan hore u wada qornayn uga doodday cadaadiska haweenka, gumeysiga, maamulxumida siyaasadeed iyo damaca, dagaalka qabiilka, iyo silica qaxootiga. Halkaan, waxaa markii ugu horreysey, lagu soo saarayaa xul 41 maanso oo ay Xaawa Jibriil tirisay oo ku qoran af Soomaali ayna gabadheeda, Faaduma Axmed Caalim af Ingiriis ku tarjumtey iyo gogoldhig, kuwaas oo nagu hagaajinaya nolosha layaabka leh iyo waayihii hooyadeed.



Hawa Jibril was born in Somalia in 1920, and composed her first poem when she was a 12-year-old nomadic girl. Now she lives in a high-rise apartment in Toronto, Canada. Through over 70 years of oral poetry, she has been challenging women's oppression, colonialism, political maladministration and greed, clan warfare, and the plight of refugees. Here, for the first time in print, is a selection of 41 poems composed by Hawa Jibril, translated into English with an introduction by her daughter, Faduma Ahmed Alim.