And Then She Said
The Poetry and Times of Hawa Jibril

Translation and Introduction by Faduma Ahmed Alim
Saa Waxay Tiri:
Maansadii iyo Waayihii Xaawa Jibriil

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HIBEYN

Waxaa buuggan loo hibeynayaa ilmaha ay Xaawa Jibriil mocooyada u tahay oo dammaan Qurbaha ku dhashay: Cabdijabbaar, Cabdinaasir, Shahrazaad (Shaasha), Ayuub, Zakariya, Yuusuf, Looyaan, Sumaya, Siman, iyo Leyla, oo ku kala dhashay Kanada, Ameerika, Faransa, iyo Boqortooyada Ingiriiska, si ay ayaga iyo warasadoodubaa u xusuustaanka halka uu isirkoodu ka yimid, iyo durufahaa layaabka leh ee keenay in qaar ka mid ah waalidiiintaoda, awooweyashooda, ayeey-ooyinkaada, iyo mocooyooyinkaada ayka soo gudbaan laba badweyn iyo dhawr badood ayna geedigooda ku furan dalalkoodaanka manta, si ay nolol cusub uga samaystaan.

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to Hawa Jibril's great-grandchildren, Abdiyabbar, Abdinasir, Shahrazad (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.
Mahaddaydu ha wada gaarto ee dad badan oo qaraabo iyo saaxiibbo leh ayaa qorista buuggaan igu dhiriirigelley siyaabo kala geeddisanna gaacaan uga geystey soo saaristuysa. Magacyadoodada kuma soo wada qori karo boggan, waxaase lagama maarmaan ah inaan xuso dhowr qof oo si gaara waagtigooda iigu huray aqoon toodanu iigu deeqay.

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Ugu dambayn, ma aanan qoreen buuggan haddii aanaan dhaqaaqin iyo ilhaam ka helin aqoon yahay inxsiiqamaday ayna ugu horreeyaan, Muuse X. Ismaaciill Galaal iyo Shire Jaamac Axmed, oo gacan weyn ka geystey suurageliinta qorista afkheenna hooyo, iyo Sheekh Jaamac Cumar Ciise, Axmed Faarax (Idaajay), Gus Andrezejewski, John W. Johnson, Maxamed Ibraahim Warsame (Hadraawi), iyo Cabdulqaadir Faarax Bootaan, oo noo horseeday baarista iyo wax ka qorista dhinacyo badan oo ka mid ah soojaalka suugaanta Soomaaliyeed ee hodanka ah.

Faaduma Axmed Caalim, 2008

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Faaduma Ahmed Caalim, 2008
Mansooyinka - The Poems

124 Waa ii guumunucabaya - Why is he grouchy?
126 Dhadadii awo qaba - On a dewy morning
128 Il dhig madaxayga - Set me free!
130 Awo qabbiran maahi - I am not a bridled camel
132 Cayaarta mingiska - Mingis cult
134 Odeyaasha Taliyamiga raacsan - The old pro-Italian men
136 Waa noo xarrago - For the sake of elegance
138 Soomaaliyeey isdaa - O Somalis, stop fighting!
140 Calanka Soomaaliyeedowo - O flag of Somalia
142 Riiyala tahay - It is like a dream
144 Duushaafi fuushaa - You are flying above us
146 Wataa quruudii! - Behold the beauty!
148 Duuco saaxiibad - Wishing a friend well
150 Odeyaasha ina akhiray - The old men who hold us back
152 Dulan nin wada - The wicked men
154 Gabdhuhii isku duubnaa - Sisters
156 Cismaanow! - O Osman!
158 Jawaab tulo guur - A marriage proposal

160 Gaajo see ku hari? - How can hunger be defeated?
162 Dhib badan baa ina sugaanay - Wake up!
164 Damaac jaad - A whim to chew qat
166 Haweenku waa garab - Women are a force
168 Rabbiyow haa iyo caroon - Forgive me God
170 Isbitaal Madiina - Madina Hospital
172 Dalaloo - Blunder
174 Ciddaan jeclahay - I love my country
176 Gabow - Old age
178 Muna - To Muna
180 Baroordiiq Xuseen Maxamuud - Eulogy for Hussein Mohamoud
182 Daagaalka sookeeye - The civil war
186 Caabud Waaq - Abud Waq
188 Xasaawleyey! - O daughters of Eve!
190 Silica Soomaali - Somali people's blight
192 Qaarbiil iyo Haabiil - Cain and Abel
194 Qaxootiga Kanada - Refugees in Canada
196 Nolol qurbo - Life in a new country
198 Waxaan ku riyo dhaq - My dream
200 Dallabyo - Nostalgia
202 Aafida gudniiska hablaha - Female genital mutilation
206 Jabuuti khayrkay odorosheyo - Djibouti's good efforts
208 Farrayi muqadda shirka Carta - Message to the Arta delegates
212 Xusuusraacno - Footnotes
Sanooyin badan ayaan hooyaday, Xaawa Jibril iyo aniguba waxaan ku taamaynay fikradda buug isugu geysta maansadeeda. Waxaa jira dhawr sababood oo taa naga qanciuye. Xaawa oo ka dhalatay dal maansooyahan, waxaa maansadeeda gooni ka dhigaya weijiyada isbeddelayaa ee nuxurkeeda iyo qaabkeeda, muddada ka badan toddobaataan sano oo ay soo taxnayd, iyo meelaha ay sawiraysoo oo isu maraya carriga miyiga. Muqdisho, ilaa Toronto maanta. Soomaaliya, maansadu waa qaab laysku cabbiro aad loo qaddariyoo taabanaysa dhammaan dhinacayada nolosha caam ahaan iyo khaas ahaan. Xaawa Jibril waxay curisay maanso ay ayada oo labo- iyo-toban jir ah kaga cabanayso walaalked ka yaraa; ku diideysoo tulo guur ayada oo ah haweeneey da deedey ay meeldhxaad tahay; ku hammigeliyeyso haweenka Soomaaliyeed inay xuquuqdooda u istaagaan una hawlgalaan sidii ay u gaari lahayeen himiladooda bulshadeed; ku siinayso weero fudud oo waano ah gaban ay ayeyoo u tahay; iyo mid ay ku tebineysa ka cabashadeedah isbitaala uu maamulkiisu daynacaan.

Tan iyo 1972\textsuperscript{a}, Soomaaliya ma ayan lahay af qoran. Ilaa waqtigaas kahor, maansada waa lagu luquyin jirey, ama afkaa lagu tiring jirey, xususuu ahaan ayaana dalka daafihisaa iyo fagaaf ka fagga loogu gudbin jirey, ayada oo aad loo dhashayey sooganta ereyadeedaa iyo curiyehaada. Marka, ilaa dhowaantaan dhammaan Xaawa hawsheedu xusuus ba kuy kaysanad: teeda iyo tan haween badan oo Soomaali ah oo da’ weyn kuna soo barbaaray dhaqanka suugaanta aana qornayn. Hadda, waxaa muhiim ah in maamulkaada hawsheedaa qoraal ahaan loo kaysiyo, taas oo meel kaga jirka dhaqammadaha aana afafkoodu qornayn ee addun weynaha oo idii, kuwaas oo maanta aad loo danaynayo. Xaawa kale oo jira, dad badan oo Soomaaliya iyo dalalka Qurbaha jooga oo danaynaya akhriska waxyababha ku saabsan dhaqankooda iyo taariikhooda, si xiso lehna u sugaya buug maansada Xaawa Jibril. Taariikh nololeedka Xaawa iyo maansadeeda oo tarjumani waxyay si gaar ah u ilhaaminayaan gabadhaha Soomaaliyeed iyo durnaga dada’ yar ee ku nool Kanada iyo dalalka kale ee af Ingiriiska looga hadlo, oo aan qaarkood af Soomaaliga si fiican ugu hadlin, iyo dadka aana Soomaalida ahayn ee ku hadal af Ingiriiska, oo ayana hawsheeda danaynaya.

Bilowgii 1990\textsuperscript{ka}, waxay hooiyi yiyeeriseey maansadeeda oo aan waraaqo ku qoray. Isla waqtiga waxaana cadjalado codkeeda kaga qabtay iyada oo maansada ku lujaynaysa. Ayaandarro, qoraalkii iyo cajaaladii waxay naga lumeen dabayaaqdiis sannadkii 1991\textsuperscript{ka}, markii uu socdeey dagaalkii sokeeyey ee dhiiggu ku qubtay, gurigayagiimaa la biliqiyaystaa. Kadib markii aan Kanada soo kale gallay 1993\textsuperscript{ka}, iyo 1994\textsuperscript{ka}, waxay nagu qaadatay toban sano iyo dheeraad ah si aan uga soo kabsanno dhammaan wixii lahaa bela laga cabsado iyo dhibaatooynin, si aan u degno ulana qabsanno cimilada iyo qaabo nololeedka Kanada. Aakhiritaanu, waxaad dib ugu dhaqaagayn masuurcayagii hore, oo sanooyin noo ahaa riyadaday jeogtada aha. Mintid aan yarayn oo xaqgaaga ah iyo samir badan ee xagga hooyo, iyo ayada oo ay na caawisay xusuusteeda caajibka ah, waxaa noo suugagash inaan qoraal ku soo ururinno 41 ka mid ah maansadeedah oo ilaa xad si marxaladaysan u taxaan.

Si aan akhristeeyaasha ugu caawimo sidii ay si wanaagsan ugu faahmi lahaayeen munaasabada maansooyinkaas kala curiyeey, waxaan gogoldhigga ugu soo gudbiyey taariikh nololeedka ee kooban, oo ay ku jiraan maansooyino iyo heeso dhaqameed aan ka soo qaadanuun suuganta aan qornayn ee Soomaalida: maanso uu curiyeey aabbeehaaddii reer miyiga ahaa, heesaha ariga iyo geela; iyo heesaha haasaawaha ee qarkood hore loo qorin.

Maansada hooyaday, ama Xaawa, sida aan ugu yeeri doono marar badan waxay na soo marisiniyaysaa nolosheeda markii ay ahayd gaban yar oo reer-guura ah: dibita iyo habdhaqanka bulshada reer-guuraaga, xilalka faraah badan ee xaraydho gabadhaha iyo haweenka reer-guuraaga; iyo xiriirka hadaba isbeddelayey ee ay la lahayd aabbeehaaddii geela jeelada. Waxaa kale oo ay sheegaysaa ka-soo-baxsadkeedii guur khasab ah, iyo sida ay uula dhaqantay mid saygeeyeed ahaa oo ku xadgudubey. Kadib imaatinkeedii Muqdisho, magaaladdii riiyooyinkeedii, maansadeedu waxay sawir ka bixinaysa sida ay ugu xirintay halgankii goboniimadoonka iyo u-dabbaaldegii xornimada Soomaaliya, oo ahaa markii ugu horeysey ee ay haweenka Soomaaliyeed ka-qaybaatann nolosha siyaasaddeed ee dalka.

Laga bilaabo 1960\textsuperscript{ka}, ilaa 1969\textsuperscript{ka}, maansadeedu waxay ka warbixinaysa hankii weynna ee ay u qabtey dawladii nidaamka barlamaaniga ee ka dambeeyey xornimadii, iyo sida
Xaawa waxay xambaarsantahay shucuur qotodheer; waxayna ka hadlaysaa arrimo culus oo dadkeeda iyo dalkeeda saameeya, iyo yididilo higasho maamul dawladeed oo waanaagsan, cadaalad, iyo sinnaan bulshadeed. 

Soomaaliya, waxay Xaawa marar badan maansadeedka ka tirisay goobo fagaaro ah, goleyaashii hanunta dadweynaha, iyo Masraxa Qaranka Soomaaliyeed. Qaar buraamburdaadda ka mid ah waxaa laga sididaayey Raadiyo Muqdisho, waxaanu lagu qoray weygeskii Xiddiga Oktobaar. Qaar maansadeedka ka mid ah waxaa laga sididaayey BBC Laanta af Soomaaliga, VOA Laanta Af Soomaaliga, iyo idaadada Toronto ka baxa ee kala ah CBC, OMNI Television, City TV, iyo Codka Beesha. Buraamburdaadda Xaqooyiiga Kanaada iyo tarjumadiisaa af Ingiriiska ee Faaduma Axmed Caalim, waxaa lagu soo saaray Canadian Women's Studies, Buugga 19/3 (Fall 1999).


Waxaa la oganay inayn jirin tarjamad maanso oo u hagarbixi kartaa quruxda midii asalka ahayd, ama leh nowciyadda siiqada iyo jinaaska tixaha maansada Soomaaliyeed; ha ahaatee waxaan akhiristeynaasha u soo gudbinayaar tarjamad fudud oo wax badan u dhow macinhii asligaa ahaa ee erayada, oo aan rejeynaay inay gudbiyo codka maansada, taswiirkeeda iyo ulajeddeedaba. Aniga oo raacaya dhawr tusalee oo ah maanso Soomaaliyeed oo ku tarjumahan af Ingiriis, waxaan u dareeyey dhicaynta maansada, aan ka ahayn marka la doonayo in macnaha la sii caddeeyo. 

Caado ahaan maansoyahanka Soomaaliyeed magac uma
ay baxshaana maansada ay curiyaan ayaga oo dheegeysteayaashooda u daaya inay nuxurkeeda ku xusuustaan ama xaraalka ay ku hinggaad san tahay ku tilmaamid u sida deelley, jimnley, ama stinley. Hooyo iyo aniguse waxaan go'aansnayn inaan midkasta oo maansadeedka ka mid ah u biximno magac aan u doornayn oo aan ka soo xigaynayn mid ka mid ah tuucayadeedka ama nuxurkeeda.

Ugudambayntii waxaan jeerneyeyn aan inuu daraalkayagaanii akhristeeyaasha raalligeliyo ayna ku istareexaan maansadaan ay hooaday 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 buraanibur, 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 buraanibur. 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, at the Somali National Theatre. Several of her poems were broadcast on Radio Mogadishu, and published in Xiddiga Oktoobah. She has recited her poems on the BBC Somali Service, VOA Somalia, and the Toronto-based 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 Somali 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 Jumbles 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 rhythm 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 deelley, 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.
**GOGOLHIG**

Waa Xaawaa Jibril Maxamed waxay ku dhalatay Wisil, oo ah tusetDefault oo ku taal Gobolka Mudug ee Soomaaliya. 
Waaqii ay Xaawaa dhalatay dalka Soomaaliiyey kama ayan xiri xafiisyo dhalashada dadka lagu sajilo. Run ahaantiii, sida la wada ogyahay, xataa kahor burburkii dalka ee sanadhii 1990aadka, magaaladooyinka waaweyn oo keliya ayaa xafiisyo caaykaas ah lahaa. Sida caadaada u ah Soomaalidu, siiba xerreer-guuraagii, si ay u iususustoon waaqtiga dhalashada ilmo- 
hooda, waxay ku tilmaansan jireen dhideeyo waaweyn, ama musiibbooyin waagaas dhiacya sida: roobab leexaad leh, abaara lagu le'eyd, duufaan no xooq leh dagaallag hooootay iwm. Marka Xaawaa waxay xahaalad ugu gii roobabka baddnaa ee la oran jirey Jaamaclee, oo qiyaaastii ku aaddanayn 1920bul. 
Inta ay ka xusususto waaqtiyadii dhalashda saddex walaaleheeda ka mid ah: walaalkeeda ugu weynaa, Axiim: Nuur, wuxuu dhashay abaartii Harga-cuna, walaasheed, Xamiida, waxay xahaalad dayrtii Tiix-yare; walaalkeed Cismaan, oo ahaa da'dii ay dhalasho isugu xigeenna, waxuu dhashay gu'gii dagaalkii qaraaraa ee Boqo-noooye.

Kahor inta ayan Xaawaa Kanada iman, morna lamay ayan kulmin cid ku qabsata habkaas ay xarriikhda dhalashadeeda ku xusuusato. Laakiin, sannadkii 1993bul, markii ay Toronto xaquootii ahaan ku soo gashay, ayada oo aan baabsoor, ama wax kale oo aqoonsi ah sedan, ayaax sarkaaliada Xafiiska Sodcaalka ka tirsanayd weydiisey sannadkii iyo biishii iyo maalinitti ay dhalatay. Waxay ayada oo adeegsanaysa turjubaan u sheegtaay inay qiyaaastii dhalatay 1920bul, ayse ogtaha oo keliy inay dhalatay gu'gii Jaamaclee. Sarkaaldii ay oo yaabban ayaa ku tiri, "Waa aan ka xumahay inaan weligaas 'birth day cake' lagu sameeey! Waase lagama maarmaan inaad i siso bil iyo maalin dhalasho oo aan kombiyyuutarkayga gelyiyo." Si ay raraagogoliso, Xaawaa waxay isla goobtii ku sameeyatay bil iyo maalin dhalasho. Dabadeed waxaan ogaan- 
ney in Soomaali badan, oo taas oo kale ay qabsatay, ay ayaana siddeekaa oo kale sameysteen xarriikhoo dhalasho, oo weliba ah kuwo dhib yaraan loo xusuusan kar loona yaqaan sida: 26* 
Juun (Maalintii Xornimada Somaliland), 11* Julaay (Maalintii xornimada Soomaaliya iyo midnimada Soomaaliya iyo Somaliland), 1* January, ama taariikhaha dhalashada dhasha dhashoode, iwm. 
Maalintii ay Xaa waaxa dhalatay, waxaa aabbeehed ugu walqalay war shilis ah oo ay reerkeeda iyo deriskooduba hilibkiiisa ka wada dhergeen. Kadib markii uu u furay bogag- 
gaga Quraanka Karimka ah, wuxuu aabbeehed u bixiyey Xaawa, asaga oo ugu magacdaray Abooto Xaawo. Waxaa dadka reer guuraagaa ah u caado ah, in ilmaha markaas reerka u dhasha neef xoolo ah lagu xuddumiyirtaa, kas oo noqon kara qaalin geel ah, ceesaan, ama sabeen, hadhow ilmaha wiliyaa gabarba u noqon doona hantii ay ayagoo gaar u leeyihii, kuna beeraya dareenka xoolo tabashada iyo dhaqaalayntooda. 
Haddaba, markii ay dhalatay, waxaa aabbeehed Xaawo ku xuddumay caesaaan la oran jirey Mareedoo. Waagii Xaawo ugu dumbseyay akhbaarita falkii Mareedoo, oo ay hore walaaleheey u hibeyso, si ay u kala qaybsadaana, wuxuu garayrey soo neef oo uu reerkeedu sanuunin badan caano lagoo xiriqday iyo hilib laga haagey ka helay.

Xaawaa waxay ku dhalatay jibsinta Reer Maxamed Ciise oo ah qoys heeluu dhiin ah oo aad looga yaqaan loogana ciseeyo deegaanka ay ku noolayaad. Aabbeehed, Jibril Maxamed Ciise, wuxuu ahaa sheekh caaliim ah oo diinta in badan ka bartay 
dakdana Quraanka iyo in culuntu Islaamka baray; nin nabadda jecel oo aakiiisa iyo addimadiisaba dadku ka nabad galo, 
weilhaansana wanaagga iyo maslaxada dadka ka taliya; wuxuu ahaa deeqsi gacmo furaan oo aan agtiisa qof u soo baahaday ku qadin; iyo gabayaa afku-leebte ah. Tolkiisa iyo dadka ay isku deegaanka ahaaeyeen, waxay had iyo jeer ka cobsan jireen inuu 
uduceeyo oo waxay dhab u aaminsanaaeyeen inuu yahay nin 
baraka leh oo ay ducadiisu kacdo. Marka uu Eebbe uga 
baryayo inuu dadkiiisa ku badbadiyo aafiyo colaadeed, duumo 
aafaanta, ama abaar ku soo fooleeh, wuxuu markasta awoowe 
Jibrilu ducadiisa ku bilaabi jiray tixahakaa:

Haddii aanan illooban, salaaddii Ilaalay
Ayyaan maalin Soongqad haddii, aanaan irsaax curixi
Argaaga daqadidaa haddii, aanaan ofan fudqo
Iblays iyo walaalkii haddii, aanaan adeecayn
Asii aanaan abulaahin, naagaha aqnaabann
Ka ab iyo ka awoowee; Allow bana ku noolaa
Waxaa kale oo uu awowe Jibriil ahaa nin Ilaaheen duunyo badan ku manaystay: inta badan geel iyo ari. Aad buu xoolihiisa u dhaqaaleyn jirey, uguna lexjelo badnaa oo sina neef ugama bixi jirin, aan ka ahayn markii u marti ku sooryeynayo, 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 Tuitsid lo'dooda u qabto-ictiqadsanaa inuu geelu yahay hanti tan ugu qiimaha badan ee uu qof yeelan karo, noloshaa baadiyuhuna ay tahay tan dunida ugu wanaagsan. Sidaa darteed, wuxuu intii uu dhalay, wiiila iyo gabadhaba si joogto ah kula talin jirey kuna adkeyn jirey in aysan marna magaalo u shaqo tegi. Dardaaranqisaas inta badan waa la xurmeeyey oo Xaawa ma ahee dhashiisii midna abidkii magaaloo umuusum. Sheekooyinka badan ee Jibriil lexjeclididaa xoolaha, siiba geela, laga hayo, waxaa ka mid ah, labada soo socota oo ay Xaawa ahaan u xusuusato.

Iyada oo la joogo labo xilli oo isdabajooga oo jilaal caddaaday ah, reerkuna uu orgidii iyo wixii badar ah oo u yiil idlaystay, ayaa carruurntii awoowe Jibriil oo hilib u boholooyobeey, waxay ka codsataay, inuu waxaraaha badan ee reerka wax uga qalo. Awoowe aad buu u dhal jeclaa oo marna habeenkii ma uusan seexan jirin, asaga oo aan mid mid carrurta caloosha uga taaban, si uu u hubiyo inay u buuxdo. Hase yeeshes, codsigoobii sina uguma uu jixin-jixin, wuxuuuna ugu jawaabay tixahkan gaaban:

Diraaddii hore yaa waran, la tegey waxareheenmiyey
Nin billaatwe cesaan ku waray, weyel ma buuxsado e
Wax badan baan daraaddin, waddiyo waa u jifsadaaye
Wesin baa jira oo waa dhow bay, xeradu weynnahe
Weydiinna qaba oo Ilaaheey Xaawad, bal aan dhaworno.

Markii Xaawa hooyadeed, ayeeyo Caasho Cabdille Shil, oo aan ila waqtigaa lala guursan ay dhalmo deyseey, ayaay awoowe Jibriil reer ay waagaas isku deegaan ahaayeen ka doonay gabar yar oo aad u bilisan. Reerkii waxay yaray ahaan u weydistine shan-iyoo-toban halaad oo ay ku jirey hal madi ah oo laysla wada yiqin lana oran jiray Qaawo Solay. Inkasta oo uu awoowe gabadha ishiisu qabtay aad u doonayay, misana arrintaasiil sina waa ugu cuntami weyday oo waxaa ku adkaatay inuu hashiisa Qaawad geela ka dheexbaxsho. Markaasa buu tiriyeey gabaygan tixahan ganab laga xusuusto:

Xabbaad qabtay maarrahaa galka cad, qamaca baariuuda
Babanka oo wixii lagu gabiityo, qaqo laynahaay
Waa lagu galbooktahay waa, tan iyo Qaabible
Qolo looma ridin doqonse waa, laga qabtaa geel e
Waase qurux adduunka ninkay, Qadow ka foofaayay
Caamaha Qiyada baan ka roon, neef la soo qalaye
Waa Qaawo Halalleey hashaad, guur i leedahay
Anna qumay ayana hay qaadkaa, qoonka Samayeshe.

Isla markii ay intaasi dhacday, ayaa niman tolka aha awoowe u yimaadeen, ayaga oo ku xifaalaynaya, inuu gabdhii quruxda badnayd qaalin geela u quuri waayay, haatan oo ay weliba afadisii dhalmo deysey, una baahan yahay gabar yar oo himmadiisaa kor u gaadda, ilmo kalena u dhasha. Wuxuu ugu jawaabay gabay tixahaan yar laga hayo:

Geel ina-adeerka ugu tegey, xiddina eedeyey
Afar nin oo aadogay dhaalaa, waa awandiyay
Haddii uaygar yahay, niman dhan baan ee carruurta
Xaawaan amnusa waa, wadnaa nammadiisiiye.

Noloshaa Soomaalidaa reer-guuraaga ah, ee geela iyo ariga dhacqda aad bay u adag tahay. Xooluhu kaalin weyn ayay ka qaataan jiritaankaooda, hawl waa baana xanxanaddooda iyo xafiidaaddooda 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 shaaq, iyo wixii kale oo ay u baadhdaan. Waxaa kale oo ay xooluhu u taraan in yarad lagu baxsho iyo in diyo lagu dhiibo. Noloshaa caynkaas ah, hawlaha dumarka laga rabo aad bay u badan yihiin, una
culus yihii: waxaa laga rabaa korsiimada carruurta; quudinta qoyska iyo sokeeyaha; soo gurista qoryaha iyo xaaabadana cuntada lagu karsho; sameyntha dhammaan qalabka aqalka laga sameeyo, dhisiiddisa iyo kala furkisa; iyo gebi ahaan dhaqidda ariga. Mararka qaarkoodna, waxaa loo xilsaaraa raacidda halaha irmaan ee ka-reebka ah ee aan la raacin geela horweyninta ah ee meelaha fogg loo daaq geeyo.

Gabadha yarta ah marka ay afar-jir tahay ayaa mas'uuluuyadda xoolo dhaqidda lagu billaabaabaa. Lix-jir marka ay gaadho waxaa la raacshaa maqasha oo ah waxarahay iyo naylaha yaryar oo ay ku soo daajinayso agagaarka aqalka reerka, qiyaastii marka ay toddoba jirastona waxaa la raacshaa ariga, oo ay meelo sii shisheysa ku soo daajineysu. Gabadha xilkaasa ah, oo ay lexejejclada xooluhu ku bererantahay, waxay arigeedaa 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 agagaarkiiisa ku mayracanyo, mar kasta aad bay u fayareeyo tahay, si uusan jaqda ugu lumin ama aan dawoco, guduuudane, dhubwaa ama bahaal kale u cumin; marka uu aasku dumo, ayayna arigeedii oo si wanaagsan u soo daqay, tiradiisima ay u dhantahay xeradiisku ku soo afuufaata. Gaaqo kasta oo qabata, marna mid kama xigxigato, si aan caano reerka iyo ilmaha xoolaha ku wada filan looga wayin. Gabadha reer-guuraraaga ah ee mas’uulka ahi had waalba qalbiga ayay kaga taal heestan ariga ee soo socota:

Tii xigxigatan haddii waa ka xaad go’aay
Tii xambmilata haddii wasyu xuji jirey.

Xaaawa marka ay maqasha raaci jirtey waxay waxarahay ugu heesi jirtey sida soo socota:

Waxrow wax la sheeg
Waxwaayayado la sheeg
Balli buuxa la sheeg
Barrin daaq leh la sheeg
Wakaas Bankii Galayax
Wakaas bidhamaanaa
Wakaasbaraarow 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 walaada leh
Oo walaada qaboo
Oo walaacaay tiri
Oo waa loo qalay
Iswararaanaya.

Sabeen ugubeey
Sagaaaqaxanyooy
Caana saxarlaaay
Samunnta udgoon yaa na saaqaaye
Maadigaan sida?

Yaraanteediixi Xaaawa waxay ahayd gabin si wanaagsan loo korshey aadna u firiiricoon: caqil miiran aadna u qiihooyeen. Waxay dhiliba’aan durbadiibab u qabsan jirtey kana soo dhalaal jirtey xil kasta oo loo dhiibo. Sida gabar kasta oo reer miyi ah, waxay hoo yadeedku carbisay dhammaan hawlaha iyo xirfadaha laga rabo naagta gaarida ah. Waxay aan u tiqani dabeecadda deegaankaanka iyo waxyaabaha laga helo; noocoo geedaha laamahooda laga samayn karo dhigaha iyo udbaha aqalka reer-guuraraaga; mayraxda iyo nooca cawsak ugu wanaagsan ee laga sameyn karo raradu kala duwan iyo kebdaha, dhilaha iyo haamaaha biyaha, caanaaha iyo subaggaa. Waxay caaan ku ahayd qaymigeedoo iyo farshaxannimadeed oo ay gabdho badan oo deegaankaanka ku nooli aad ugu cawrinn jireen.

Aabbeheed aad buu ugu bogo jirey una jeclaa. Mararka uu reerku xoolo qasho waxaa caadaado ahayd in wiilasha la siyoo garbaha, saranaha, bowdyaha iyo cududaha oo ah xubnaha la qiimeeyo, gabdhabhaanah hilibka intisoo kale ee aan saa loo qiimayn. Taas oo jiirta, si aan gabdhiisaa yarta ah ee uu jeclaa ayan waxba u taban, wuxuu aabbeheed Xaaawa isku xeeray kaga dhiigii jirey wiilasha ay la dhilatay oo ay cuntada hal weel oo weyn wax kula boobi jirey. Taa waxaa la garan karraa gabaygeeda Waa ii gunuunmucahayaa 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.

Xaaaw aabbeheed aad bay ayana u jeclayd una ciseyn jirtey. Had iyo jeer waxay raadin jirtey ralligelintisaa iyo ducadiisa, ayada oo walaaleheeda kale uga dheereyin jirtey xaarista meesha ardaaga ah ee u fariisto, mar kastana salligisa iyo uubbada weysadisa oo buuxda ayay u dhigo jirtey. Saas oo ay tahay, marar badan iyada iyo aabbeheed way iska hor-iman jireen, siiba xarga arrinta xoolo raacidda. Haweenna reerku waxay had walba ku dhaleecayn jireen, inay tahay xoolomubadar had iyo goor xoolaha la raacsho ka xeeasta, ama dayacda inta ay riyo-maalmeed ku maahsantahay, ama geedo ka laaclashow iyo dudumo ka bootimaalaysi ku jirto. In dhaleecadaas laga sheegay ay wax ka jirtey, waxaa laga dhheeji karaa sheekoo yinka soo socda. Waxaa jirtey maalinn ayada oo lagu jiro xillii roobaad barwaqo leh, inay Xaaaw aari daaq geysay. Markaas bay intay daashey qurac har weyn hoos farisatay, oo salkisa isku turisay. Ha ugu wacnaato saxansa xoo roobaadka; raysaka habataca ah ee raaxadanah la leh oo ay kor jiiftay; ama shiriqshiriqda shinbiraha geedka duljoogey e, durbadiiba hurday dhag la tiri. Kolki ay oo bararugtuqay, waxay aragtay inaan argii faro ugu jirin. Markaas baab inta isciikkaambii iyo cabsi qaadday, bay ayada oo gorodda laaladindaysa gurigii ciddan u soo doonataay. Hooyoodeed ba markaas odegii u sheegta ba’aa ay maantaana Xaaaw dhigtaay. Awoowee jiibrii oo caro uu u qabay ayaan hore oo ay sidaaas oo kale ariga uga seeaytain yaan weli ka bii in, ayaa argii raadraacaay. Dhib badan kadiib, buu markaas amnin dambe argii goostay soo xerogeliyey. Fiidnimadii habeennki xigeey, buu ayada oo roerku oo dhammi dab kulaalayo, Xaaaw u mariiyey tixahakan gaaban, oo canaanta iyo haaraanka isugu jira:

Jeeexdeera Hilmo’d ari ku tegey, waa Alloow jira e
Ulabatigoo waxaa jari wuxuu, bahal ah oo jooga
Shalay baaynajid dheer ilaa mareen, jalaqadoodii
Jawaadbi aad i tiri maandho waa, jaalhi hadalkiiye
Jilbis cuneyey Xaabwooy, adoon jifin saw ma arko!

Misanaa roorkeeddo sidaa uguama quusane, markii ay saddeex-iyoo-toban gaadhey, ayaa waxaa loo xilsaray 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 geellii toon geed oo ah hoos dhoobtay, markaas biyo ay harraad isag bi’iso reerkii u doonataay. Aqalkii aayadeed oo ugu sokeeyey aqallada reerka, ayay inta ku soo leexatay istiri bal haan biyo ka shubo. Aayadeed oo aan wax gaacalo ah dhasha xarriiifaddeeda u hayn, ayaa markaas si xun u hurruf-tay una xaarxarsaay. Xaaaw oo ciil ka buuxda, onkeeedinna qabta ayaa dib geellii ugu soo laabataay. Ayaandirree, intii ay soo maqnaayd, Sigad oo ahayd hal caanahaadeed, sida reerka caadaada u ahayd, martida loogu talagalay yaa nirgit teeji inta maraqaay u naasaha uga xirtay ka furtay, markaa qumaati u nuugtey. Habeencki xilligii geela la maali jiirey, markuu awowe jibiri arkay Sigad oo aan bar caano ah lagu ogeyn, gartayna cidda sababtay, ayaa sidaan Xaaaw u haaraamay, “Caku iyo Xaaaw! Jinni la-teg! Bal maxay hayseey geelu intuu isnuugayey!”

Xaaaw oo hore uga xumayd xaarxaaradii aayadeed, ayaa habeencki ciil iyo gaajo ku seeexatay. Fiidkkii dambe, markii uu reerku isu yimid, ayay abbeheedu u marisay gabayga Dhadadii amnu qaba, kaas oo ay kaga cabanayso dhibaatada geela raaciddisa ka qabsbatay, sida xun ee ay aayadeed ula dhaqantay, iyo garawsho la’aanta aabbeheedu. Dhcaddaadas kadiib, xirriirkii gabadhii iyo aabbeheedu wu waxaagaasanaadeed. Kolki ay xilkeeda si fiican u garatay, ayna garwaaqsatay ahmaayadda ay xooluuhu u leeyihiin ladaanasha qayskeedaa, xill weyn ayey iska saartay dhqalayntooda.

Bulsadaa reer-guraaga ragga iyo dumarkii waysku dhejxirra oo lama kala qoqobo: gabdhaha iyo waiilasho muuqaalad kasta iyo meel kasta ayay ku kulmaan; haasaawaha iyo xodo-dadaa guurka kahor way bannaan yiihiin, wana lagu oggol yahay mar haddii ay dhaalintu sida habboon u dhaqmaanay. Caweyseynkii, gabdhaha iyo waiilsha waxaa ka dhekhdhaa tartanno xiiso leh sida kuwa gabayada, maahmaahyada, googaaleysiga, iyo caraattanka, oo ay kooxiba tan kale si kaftan ah ceebibiisa jinsi ahaan wax uga sheegayo. Sida gabdhaha facedeex ah, Xaaaw waxay ka-qaybbaadan jirtey dhaashe haan tumashada oo ay dhaalinyarada caweyseynkii ku qabsadaan meel aan aqalladooda saa uga durugsanaan. Iyada oo aan waayahaas weli carriga baadiyaha durbanka laga aqoon,
waxaa la isticmaal jirey haanta biyaha iyo caanaha ama mooye korka looga daboolay maqaar riyad. 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 qaadayda, gabdhaha kalena way u jiibinayaan ayaga oo hadba leh, "Hee!" Wiilashu marka ay heesta haanta ka qaybqaadanayaan midba mar buu hees qaadayaa, ayada oo ay gabdhuhuna haanta u tumaynaan una jiibinayaan heesta, ayaga oo leh, "Hee!" Caweysinkii markii ay gabdhuhu cayaarta haanta isugu yimaadaa, waxay ku heesi jireen heesaha soo socda oo goortii ay dhallinayradu diryaanka haanta maqasho meel dheer duurka uga soo jibaaqi jirtey.

Haantooy diryaan
Dookda ka yeer
Duul jiifaa xici.

Heeleedow, heeleedow
Heeleedow iyo heeleedow
Heeleedow, Shyadaan hurdow
Heeleedow, nacakkiyow
Heeleedow, hooqadi dilow
Heeleedow sidii haad la low
Heeleedow, heellada tumoow.

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

Maqaar iyo mooye xiran
Iyo gabdhaha madaxooda siman
Ma waanaya laay dhaaaha.

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 nirxaha jabod looga xiray
Jibaad-olol baa i diley.

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

Wilaabaqey ina wadaad
Walaaloo adee lahaa
Warkaagu aduu jiraa
Adigaah sheekh kuw walqaly.

Xiddigo Xaawa afnadow
Xarioor Bari ka timid
Xareed aan murug lahaayn
Xalimooy ka xaragee.

Walaalkay wuxuu u yiri
Walaaleey gacalisooy
Walaaleey gabar ahow
Walaaleey grigaan joog
Walaaleey gacoyto tolo
Walaaleey goroy samee
Walaaleey geesi dayo
Walaaleey geela badi.

Gabarnimadeedii Xaawa wax kasta waxay ugu jaceleyd dhegeysiga wararka magaaloo yinka iyo reer magaalka ee ay dadka waa xayni ischaaftaan jireen. Reer-magaalka waxaa caado u ahayd, inay xilli roobaadka gu'ga xasaaskooda baadiyaha carrugeeddiis ugu diraan. Taasi waxaa kale oo ay ahayd fursad ay carruurtoodu ku bartaan nolosha baadiyaha iyo barashada Af Soomaaliga iyo dhaqanka Soomaaliyeyd. Markasta oo haweenn reer-magaal ah oo la qaraabaa ahi ay
boqashoo reerka ugu yimaadda, Xaawa tab ay uga agdhowaato ma waayi jirin, ayada oo ay soo jiidan jireen haweencode lebskooda tirada badan ee leh midadbyda dhalla-laalaya, gaar ahaan kurdadohooda iyo googaradhooda; jijimaha gacmoo hoodie ka jalalam lahaa; hilqadaha dhegoo hoodie ka laalaadey, laadooyinka iyo mirriyadda gaar dhaab qaarna qalin; intaas oo dhanse waxaa uga sii darruu, udduuga cadar-rada iyo uuuniga ogoodooda oo idil ka soo kamkamayee.

Habka lebskoodaasi waxuu ahaa mid ka duwan kan haweencode reer-miyiga ee waayahaas; waxay ayagu xiran jireen marsiimo cad oo saddex-qayd ama shang-qayd ah, bokor iyo dhace bulush leh iyo kuul cuunnaabi ah. Waxaa kale oo ayana Xaawa soo jiidan jirey tilmaanta ay haweencode ka bixin jireen waxyaabaha waacdarada iyo xiisaha leh ee laga helo Muqdisho ama Xamar, sida ay dadkeennu ugu yeeran caasimadda dalka. Muddo dheer boqashhoyinkaa kadiib, waxay soojeed ku riyooy jirtey goorta ay isaga tegi doonoto nolosha dhibta leh ee baadiyaha oo ay si saaxo leh ugu noolaan doonto magaaladaas la-yaaabka leh, indheheedana ugu soo arki doonto waxyaabaha laga helo. 

Ayaandarro Riyooyinkeeda iyo qorshaha waaliyey ugu talagalay aad bay u kala fogaayeey. Lix-ixo-toobu jirkeedii Xaawa waxay lahayd badiba astaamaah Soomaalidu ku tilmaanto quruxda qofka haweencode ah; joog iyo jalqsaanu, kub qaab wanaagsan, dhex madag ah iyo bari buuxda; timo geydho ah oo la tidci karo ama la kawiri karo; weji iyo dhiebanno shushaban oo ay weheshaan indho madaw, dibno gerdhaas la moodo, iyo ilko luul lagu masliyo. Markii intaas loo geego qaymigeedaa iyo kartideeda, la-yaaab ma lahayn inay reerkeedku ka fishaan yarad aan ka yarayn kontoon halada oo xul ah iyo banaatiiikh aad u fiican, marka ay noqoto in la baxsho. Heerka uu gaari karo filashada iyo ka welwelka geel-jecella miyiga ee qimaha gabbdhoo hoodie inamahaa 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 aal la filanayn, oo keentay inay nolosha Xaawa ee baadiye si kama dambays ah u dhamaaato. Waxaa aabbeheed qasab ku noqotay, inuu xiskiisan" ugu guuriyiyo nii oday ah oo ay walaasheed ka dhimataay. Inkasta oo uu ninku walaasheed sanooyin qabay, unu ay dhashay lix carruur ah, misana wuxuu ku qanacsanaa inuusan si buuxda guurkaas ugu faa’ideysan. Haddaba, wuxuu isla soo taagay inay reer Jibril laba kala doortaan; inay gabar kale oo inan ah siiyaan, ama geellii yarad ahaan afadii ka dhimataay looga qaataw wax looga soo cesho. Intii ay geellii neef ka celin lahaayeey, reerkeedii waxay dorteeyeen in Xaawa la baxsho.

Habeen baa waxaa si caa loogu sheegay in guur loo qalqaalino, ayada oo aan xataa lagu deeyn inay duco iyo habaar kale doorto, sida uu dhaqanku ahaa welina yahay. Waxaa lagu amray inay ninka la siyey caano ugu geysyo waabka martida loogu talagalay. Markii ay waabkii madaxa gelisey oo ay aragtay odayga la doonayo in loo guuriyo, ayay caro darteed, weelkiis oo caanihilisa wata ninkii dhabta kaga koryeyey.

Yada oo ciil iyo caro u bakhtiiyaayaa, kuna dhici la' inay go’aanka aabbeheed ka soo horjeesato, ayay fakataay, 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 habeebnu bishu gudcur madaw 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 qalada ayaa gacan qabtay kuna caawiiyey inay ka baxsato, ninkii oo intaas raadkeeda ku joogey; taasi waxay waayo dambe ku dhalin doontaan inay ku mintiddo caawimaadda gabar kasta oo sideedaa oo kale guur ugu raalli ka ahaan lagu qasbay. Muddo yar dabadeed waxay guursatay Axmed Caalim oo ahay askari dhaaliniyay oo ka tirsanaa ciidamada gumeysiga ee Talyaanga. Shan sannadood markii ay isqabeen, ayna isu dhaleen saddex carruur: Faaduma-Cureeji, Maxamed-Ikhyar, iyo Muxubbo -Siraad, (oo saqirrino ku dhimataay) ayay Axmed kala tagen sababo la xiriira dhibaatooyin gaar ahaaneeed iyo kuwo dhacaale oo
Sidii dumar dagaal iyo afxumo uma dulqaataane.

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

Waa la caayaa oo camalkeeda la arkaa
Waa la qaaranaya oo quruudeedaa la dayaaxa
Waa la dilaa oo dusheeda la eegaaxa.

Waxaa xiriweeheen waa Soomaali ah, oo geesiyaal ah, oo ka horreeyey ama ka dambeeyey ficii Xaawa, oo ayada oo ay dhaxaadigeynayo shucuur ku beeran ee qabka banni aadannimada, iska xoreeye xarig guur ku dhisan cabsi, hanjabaad, cay iyo xoogsheegasho. Haddiiabase ay tahay in uu saanta Soomaaliyeed laga cashar qaato, haddaba, waxaa malaha haweenkaa dhiirrigeliyeey tallaabooyin ay hore u qaadeen haween kale oo furrin ka doortay nolol darxumo leh, sida ay mahmaahdaan caanka ah kii qarayso:

Silic ku-nool, soddon guursataad dhaanta.

Muhiya Cali, afadii Cali Dhuux oo ay dalabadaadka xaddhaafka ah iyo qallafaasannisuu soo kaareen, waxay tirisay tixaha gabay ee soo socda oo ay si bareer ah ugu sheegayso inayan mar dambe xaqabudubkiisa u dulqaadan doonin:

Bilaash baan kuu soo gale, laajma baaycine
Sidaaq galab yar ii baadisatay, baan baadi kuu ahay e
Barisana ku tegi dooxaday, baah Abaskuu l' title
Ban baan la ii tumi sidii, baashi soo degaye
Bursayn baal la ii ridahaaya, iyo baantaalkh e
Kulawn ba'oo, kulaaq baydi helo, kulaaq baraabagboob
Badbaada Alle, Cali Aadanow, weys beddelayaaye.

Haddii aan dib ugu soo laabanno sheekaddii ninkii labaad ee ay Xaawa guursatay: wuxuu axadkaasi ahayn mid wax kasta muran aad lahaa ka dhaliya, markii ay Xaawa door bidday inay inta badan iska aamustay, wuxuu aaminskeeda u qaato inay isla-weyni iyo xurmo-darri ka tahay. Sidaa darteed, wuxuu goostay bal inuu si fiican u edbiyo. Baadamaa
uu ahaa mid aan sidaa u tabar badnayn, ma uusan hubin inuu ka itaal roonaa karo haddii uu toos u abbaaro. Haddaba, si uu xoggeeda u tijaabiyo, ayada oo habeen iska hurudda ayuu dhawr jeer uul weyn la dhacay. Xaaqa dhiibtaas waa ay qaadan weyney, waxaana uga sii darraa jawaabtisii 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, subdaxii xigteyna waxay u soo dirtay farriin ah gabadgacanta lihiyo madaxayaga oo ay furriin ku weydisinayso, uguna ay sheegayso sababta ay guurkiisa uga calool go’oday. Wuxuu isku dayey inuu ku cari-iqodo oo furriinka u diido, asaga oo weliba, si uu kusub jebiyo, ugu hanjabey, inuu afo kale oo uga jajabna guursanooy, ayadana uu naakiro ama nashuusho u qorayo. Laakiin aakhir-itaanka, wadaxaajood dheer kadiib iyo ayada oo lacagtii meherkkeeda u cafisay, ninkii waa laga furay, Balad Weynena waa ay isaga tagtay oo Xamar bay u kacday.


Magaalaadani, oo ay ganaacsataad Carbeed ee Jasiiradda Carabta iyo Gacanka Fursigal asaaseen qarniigii sagaalaad iyo kii toobnaad waxay ka mid ahayd Boqortooyaddii Zanjiga. Daareheeda qadiimka ah, oo inta badan ah laba dabaq oo cadcad Kuna yaal xaafladaa Xamar Weyne iyo Shangaanni, waxay la mid yiihiin kuwa ku yaal Baraawee, Marka, Gaarisa, Malindi, Laamo, Sinjibaar, iyo magaalooyn kale oo xeebahaa Badweynata Hindiya ku taxan. Masaajidaya Muqdishow ee qadiimka ah, waxaa ka mid ah Cabdilcasii, Arbaca Rukun, Fakhirud-Din, Murwaaq iyo Masjid al-Jaamic. Muxammad Cabdalla Ibn Battutaato, dalmaareenka Carbeed ee Magribiga ahaya oo Muqdishow boqoqsha ku yimid sannadkii Miilaadiyada 1331 kuwa, wuxuu buugig siilaadisada ku qoray, inay Muqdishow waagaas ahayd magalo weyn oo ay ganacsatadeedu geel badan leedahay, maalin kastana boqoolla ka qashaa; inay xoolo iyo badeecado kale dibeeda u dhoofiyaa, kuwaas oo ay ka mid yiihiin idama oo ay geyaam ilaa ka shishe Jasiiradada Malidiinka. Wuxaa kale oo uu sheegay in suldaanka keeda lagu magacaaboo Abuu Bakar uuna ku hadlo afka reer Muqdishow in kasta oo uu Afka Carabiga yaqaan. Ku dhowaad hal qarni kadii boqoshadhii Ibn Battutaato, Yong Li, oo ahaa boqorka dalka Shiiihaba ee xukunka Qoyska Ming. Wuxuu diray raxan maraakiib ah oo uu hoggaaaminay Amiirka Badaha, Zheng He oo toddoba safar oo dawasho ah dunida ku soo maray. Safarkiiisii shanaad oo uu 1417 kuwa, ku soo maray Gacanka Fursiga, Jasiirada Carabta iyo Barig Afrika, Zhen He wuxuu soo boqday Muqdishow, halkaas oo uu ganacsateeda maalqabeenaah ah xiriir ganaaci la sameeyey.

Afaataamadda Muqdishow waxay weli ahayd magalo cimmiran oo qurux badan ayna dad kala jinsiyada iyo kala dhaqan ah ku nool yiihiin; Soomaalida oo gaybaha kale ee dalka ka timid, waxay u dheeray Carab, Hindi (Muslim iyo Hindu), Talyaanii, Masawic, Ingiriisii iyo dad u dhashay Bariga Afrika. Waxay magaalada luhaary dadiyqii laami ah oo waaweyn oo geed qumbe iyo timir ku xirrirsan yiihiin, iyo barxadu naqshad wanaagsan oo dalluug cagaaran ku meeshan tahay. Waxaadda dadka soo jiidannanbar iyo mid badag suuqayda Xamar Weyne, siiba megeega uumayaha isku jiiraad isku melooyay u qaybii badeecadaha kale duwan, iyo alaabta waddada dhinacyadda deedah waran; kuwa dukaannada ay badiba ganacsata Carabta iyo Hindigu leeyihiin dheexoodooyaa yeyl; waxaale kale ee dadka qaasi jirte jirfarta ku imanayso isku melanka hawarka hubarka kulul iyo udugga macaan ee jaawaha iyo cuudka Java, qoroon fulka, haylka iyo dhabaha Singsibaaar, iyo luubanta iyo maydiga Bariga Soomaaliya oo ay Masaariidii Hore u tixiin Punt Land. Agagaarka suuqays waxaa ku yall dukaannada qalinshube iyo meemanka oo sida ay isugu xigaan dahabka.
iiyo qalinka lagu kala sanceeyo, iiyo saanicyada suufka, kuwaas oo ay haweenni si xeebsan cudbiga u jildaaqaan si ay dunta uga soo saaraan, ragguna ay ku hawllanyihiin sameynta maryaha dhacanka ee banaadiriiga ee ay haweenna Soomaaliiyeyd 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 iyoo kuwa yaray ee magaalada uga kala goosha qaybaha kale ee dalka iyo ka shishe, waxaad kale oo ay ahayd goob dadka magaalada ku cusubi ay ka heli karaan tilmaanta iyo xogta ay u baahan yihin, si ay ula xiriiraan sokeeyaha ay martigelin iyo caawimaadba uga baahan yihin.

Waa farxalleedée, imaatinka Xaawa ee Muqdisho wuxuu ku soo beegmay xilliga Dabshidka,²⁹ kaas oo dhici jirey sannad walba bisha Juun, ayna u dabbaldeghi jireen reer Muqdisho iyo beelaha beerreyda ah ee u dhow. Damaashaadkaan farxadda iyo maaweelada sare lehi, wuxuu u dhici jirey siyaabo kale dawaa iyo gobo kala duwan. Qorraxdhicii, si ay sanada cusub u soo dhoweyaaan, waxay carruurto goryoohooda hortooda ku shidi jireen dab weyn oo midba mooggisa dhowr bootin oo la eg tirada da’diisa ka dulf boodayo, taasoo ku caawimi doontaa xusuusta da’dooda.

Muqdisho dhexdeeda dad ka imanaya dhammaan xaaladaha magaalada ayaa waxay soo bandhigi jireen cayaro dhacmeed keeni jirey inay nadak waddooyinka waaweyn ku soo ururaan. Dadka ka-qaybqaadanaya tamaashaadka waxaa ka mid ahayn ugu lagabadda go’i dhaqaameed ee cadcadda tarashkana leh xiran, waranno iyoo gaashamo amu si iska-yeelleye aha isugu guulayaan qofka, ayaga oo islamar ahaantaas si isla socda jaanta dheel ka cayaraanaya, heeso shirib ah oo uu dadku u niyaqqaanada qaadaya, kuwaas oo hadba durban iyo buun la yeerinayo ay dheksiisodaa. Kuwaan waxaa daba socda safaaf haweene ah uu la dhaacsan waxa dhacaya, oo wada xiran guhinooyinkoodii ugu qurtuxda badnaa, garbasbaroo iyo shaash-xariirro (kuwaan waxaa xirta haweennka la guursada oo keliya), ayaga oo hadba meshxarday iyo or dhiirrigelin ah ka wareegaya, sidaas oo ay farxaddooda iyo u-bogitaankooda cayaarinta ku muujinayaan.

Tamaashaad kale oo isla waqtiiga dhaca wuxuu ahayn istunka, oo lagu qaban jirey Afgooye oo ah magaaloo beeraley ah oo Muqdisho u dhow, waxaana halkaas ulo ku dagaal-lami jirey niman ka kala socda labada daafaaddood ee Webiga Shabeelle, halkaas oo mararka qaarkood dhig ah aan yaaray layska daadin jirey. Waxaale kale oo Muqdishow iyo degaan-nada u dhow bisha Disembar ka dhici jirey xaflood Alle bari ah oo lagu magacaabo Istaanfuroow, kuwaas oo lagu khattimo jirey maanyo-gal oo ah badda oo hirabtiis lagu soo dabaasho si arwaaxda xun ee la aaminsanaa inay dabaylaha moon-suunka ee waqtiiga dhacaya la socdaan la isaga xijaabo; iyo neef fiddo ah oo sida caadada ah noqon karu kafaan ilaa loo ugu qalayo Mawluc Aw Awees oo ku yaal xaaladda kalluumsatada ee ku taall jebellada xeebta Xamar Weyne hoostooda.

Laga bilaabo maalintii ay Muqdishow soor gashay, Xawa waxay martigelin iyo taageero nolosheedoo oo idil ka heshay ilma-adeerradeedii ku magac dheeraya Ilmo Aw Maxamuud oo uu edeerkood Aw Maxamuud Maxamed Ciise dhalay, kana midka ahayn dadka jaaha leh ee ku noolaa Iskuran, taas oo ahayd xaalad Muqdisho ku tiil iyo ubucdi dhaqhaqaqaa xornimodoonka Soomaaliiyeyd. Ina-adeerkeed, Yusuf Aw Maxamuud oo loo yiijin Camme Yuusuf (Adeereka Leegada), wuxuu ahayn aabbihiin herseedka u noqday waxbarashada haweanka Soomaaliiyeyd. 1946⁹⁶,⁹⁷ wuxuu Yuusuf, Maamulki Ciidamada Ingiriisiska ee dalka ka talinayey (Soomaaliiyadii Talyaanigu gumeysan jirey iyo Muxamiyaddii Ingiriisiska ee Somaliiland kadiib markii 1941⁹⁸ Talyaanaaga laga adkaadaan) u qaddimay codsi aad u dhibaran, oo uu ku doonayey in labadisa gabdhood ee xayraraa, Maryan iyo Sirad lagu daro Dugsii Waxbarashada Hoose ee Xamar Jab-Jab. Waqii aan saa u fegayn ayaa Maamulka Ingiriisku duugigaas u furay aradada Soomaaliiyeyd. Saraakiishe ciidamadda gemuysiga Ingiriisiska oo ka baqayey duqowda Soomaalida oo ayan weli u muusqaan baahida loo qabo waxbarashada haweanka, waxay isku daweeyn inay ku qanciyyaan inuu arrintaas isaga hareda, illoowse markii uu la yimid warqad taageero ah oo ka timid SYL, waxaa qasab noqtag in hal fasal labadiisaa gabdhood loo fudo. Toddoaad gudhiis, waxaa gabsheeyo walaalaha ahayn ku soo birtay toban gabdhood oo ay aabvaaashaad raaceen
raadkii Yuusufki xikmadda iyo geesimmimada lahaa. Sannad
dadib Xaawa oo heshay xannaanaada labadeed carruur ee ka
maqanayd, waxay ayagana ku dar i doontaa dugsigaas oo uu
maamulayey macallinkii kartida iyo xushmada lahaa Jaamac
Bilaal oo tababaray macallimintii ugu horreysey ee dugsiyada
hoose ee Koofurta dalka.

Muqdishow waxaa Xaawa durbadiib soo jiitey halgankii
siyaasadeed ee xornimadoonka, kaas oo uu hogganka u
sidey xisbigi Somali Youth League (SYL), oo caam ahaan loo
yiqin Leegada ama Liigga, kaas oo uu baajisuu guyiga
Soomaaliiyeed oo idil ku faafay, dhafaynaya soodhimaha uu
gumeseygisu sameeyey xilligii kala boobka Afrika ee
dabayaqaddii qarnigii 19aad. Dareenka dadku aad buu u
kacsanaa; waxaa jirey rabitaan la doonayo in dalka laga
xoreeyo reerada gumesiga, midab kasta oo uu leeyahay; in
la hela dawladda Soomaaliiyeed oo ay Soomaali ka taliso; in
waxbaaashada la horeemayo; iyo in la gaar horumarka ay
qarammada asaaggeenna ah haaystaan. Gaar ahaan waxaa
jirey caro weyn oo loo qabay dawladda Talyaaniga iyo
deggeneyasha Talyaaniga: dawladda Talyaaniga maxaa
yeelay waxay ku dhowaadu nus qarni daldalaneyshey
khayraadka dalka, ayada oo aan hagaalalhisa waxba ka
qaban, Soomaaliddana aan innaba wax waxbarasho ah u fidiin;
deggeneyasha Talyaaniga maxaa waxay dhiimirtiin
beereleyda Soomaaliiyeed ayaga oo qaayto inta ugu badan
dhul beereedka ku yaal labada daan ee Webi Shabeelle iyo
Webi Juba, iyo siiba ku sii dhaxankooda nidaamkii fashiis-
tada ee midabtaalkorka ahaa. Sida dhabta ah, Soomaalida iyo
idadka aan u dhalan reer Yurub waxaa laga bannidi jirey
gelista makhayadaha cabitaanka iyo cuntada, iyo
shaneemooyinka ay Talyaanigu lahaaeyen, iyo inay ku fariis-
taan kuraasta safakafa hore ee gaadiidka dadweynaha.

Waaqoos, xisbiga SYL wuxuu ahaa xisbiga keliya oo u
dagaallamayey qadiyadda xornimadaha dalka Soomaalida.
Madaxdiisu waxay dadka, rag iyo dumarba, ku dhiriigelin
jireen inay qaranimo u qalbaqataan; wadajir ugu istagaan
xoraynta dalkooda; ayna xoojiyaan midnamooda, ayaga oo
shucurta qabyaaladda iska fogeynaya. Si loo soo celiyo qabka
dadka, dhallinayada horseedka Leegada (Horsed), oo ayagu
shucadda halganka gobonnimodoonka sidey, waxay si bareer

ah u horkaceen dhoollotusyo lagu diidayo shuruucda midab-
takoorka, ayaga oo kuraasta safakfa hore ee basaska ku farfari-
sanaya, gelayana dhammaan melihiil la diiddanaa, dabadeen
sidaa hannaanki karaahiyaadda lahaa ku baabi’iyeen.

Isla waqtiigaaw, waxaa bilaabaty suugaan ka dhalatay xorni-
modoonka oo si ballaarada loogu faafiyeey carriga
Soomaaliiyeed. Suugaantaas waxaa ku mid ahaa heesaha
waddaniga ah sida Kani waa Ugnaas, Kani waa addoon/Vaat
inaan illaama, Carrada Soomaaliiya raggii u cishoobad/Cuti Nuu12
weeye iyo Cabdullaahi Ciise13, iyo Soomaaliiyeey toosoo! Heesta
Soomaaliiyeey toosool, oo gobonnimnidad dalka dadib noqotay
Heesta Qaranka Soomaaliiyeed, waxaa markii u horreysey af
Ingiriisii u beddelheyya qoraaga caanka ah ee u dhalatay Kanada,
Margaret Laurence, oo ogalkayga, ah qoraagii ugu horreyeyey
oo af Ingiriisii ku tarjumay suugaantaan aqoonsak ee
Soomaaliiyeed dunidana baray.

Haweenka Soomaaliiyeed waxay ahaayeey lafdhabarta
Leegada, waxayna si firfircoona uga qaybqaadan jireen
halganka siyaasadeed. Ayaga oo qiraysan una jilbaysan inay
ka mid noqdaan arrin dalka muhim u ah, waxay ku dheeqin
dhabkooda, wax badanana waa ay u hureen; waxay ababuli
jireen waxqabdiyo dakhli dhaliiya, sida samaynta funaanado
midabyo badan oo waagaas raggu ku wada dhacay iyo
koofiyaadaha; tolidda dermooyinka, dambiliyada iyo babisyada;
iyo diyaarinta muufada tinaarka dhuuxhaha lagu dhabo, oo in
badan gacmaa haddii uu leedhato. Haweenka waxay kale oo ay si
weyn uga qaybqaadan jireen ababuli jireenoo bannaanbaxaya
iyo dhoollootusyada taageereyeyashaa gobonnimodoonka, ayaga
oo heesahooda iyo buraanburaddooyinka qirada leh dadweyn-
naaha ku soo jiidan jirey. Haweenka Leegada ee u go’ay
hawlaha halganka lana oran jirey “Sisters” oo ay, Xaliima
Godane iyo Raaxa Ayaanle hoggamaan jireen, waxay xiran
jireen lebin iskusijii ah oo wada cad, kana kooban kurdad
shanah ah, googarad shulshul badan leh, iyo garbasaar milmil
ah oo sanadkaad leh; waxyna illan jireen kabo hore ka furan oo
ay sameeeyey farshaxaniinta hargaha ee Barawa.

Haweenkaas geesiyaasha ah oo noloshooda u huray qadiyad-
idaa gobonnimada Soomaaliiyeed, waxay curiyeen buraan-
burro badan oo aad u qurxoon, kuwaas oo ahayn xayeesiin
siyaasadeed, oo inta badan ragga Talyaaniga raacsanaa lagu
dhaleecaynayo SYLna lagu ammaanayo. Waxaan hoos ku soo qaadaynaya dhawr buraambur oo ay Xaliima Godana tirisay ayna u diray saaxiibteed, Baaraalina Warsame:

Sidii girow irmaan baan godanahayaa
Sidii girligaanka  gualkaan wax gubahayaa
Sidii garamfoonkaan gurxanahayaa
Ninkii aan Soomaali rabin baan u reegeyaa.

Fuluusku jirraan jirraa baan dhigiimaynaan
Fadexada dumida fookay ku xiranayaan
Talyaanuuf falaal ma dhiibay ka faharayaan.

Halkyo Washington wareegdeoggii waa jirtaa
Wadciya Soomaali Leeg waa wanaagsan yahay
Weyne noqo turug in wareerku naga harra.

Nimanka Weerowga waddankeeda weyn la raba
Wareerku galee waaalalkoonan waa nin kariin
Ilaahow Waaxid waacdaaga noqo qaba.

Isla waayahaas waxaa jirey nin gabayaa ah, oo sida rag badan oo muxaafidin ah oo ka tirsanay SYL, ay si uu u dhibiisey isku kalsooniida ay haweenku dhowaanahaan muujinayeey; inaatinkooda joogtada ah ee shirarka; iyo siiba habka cusub oo ay u labisanayeey, oo ay si cad uga muuqatay inay hoos kesheli ka xiranjihiin. Ninkaasi wuxuun 1952, asaga oo aan sheegan, tiriyey tixaha gabay ee Haweenka keshe-liga xiran, asaga oo uga dan lahaan inaan haweenka cabsigeliyo ayna ku ekaadaan inay halganka saafka dambe ka taageeran.

Waa xagay ka daac naasaahaad, kor u xiraysaane
Intuu xabadka laabtir jiru, xiso leeyahay
Xumanayo kasoo durug halkuu, ku xarragaysnaa
Haddiu xooran yahay gacanta, waa kala xishoomnaa
Xoog kuma dhinnee yan la xadin, xubinta naafoowdey.

Sida la filayey haweennaha badan baa tixahaas ka caroodyay, illowsde Xaawa keliya ayaa la timid geesinnimo ay ninka ugu jawaabto, oo curisay gabayga Waa noo xarrasso ayada oo weliba —sida uu xeerka maansadu qabo - adeegsatay isla xarafka ay kuwisuu ku higgaadsanaayeen.


Xaawa waxay xamadaalisyad-ladaa uga qaybqaadatay halganka xornimodoonska, ayada oo wax badan ugu deeqday, tirisay maanso dadka qiiro gelinesya, gurigeedana ku soo dhoweysey martida Leegada, ee uu ka mid ahaa Cali-Nuur oo ka tirsanay Soomaalida qurbaha ku nool ee taageerta Leegada oo Muqdishow boqoqasho ku yimid 1952. Soomaali badan oo rag iyo dumarba leh ayaa aad u xusuusta, una qushuucu buraanburradeeda waddaninniga ah oo ay ka mid yiihni Odeyasha Talyaaniga raacsan, oo ay ku camabaarayneys eyodeyashii xornimada Soomaaliya ka soo horjeedey ee Talyaaniga la saanina, iyo Soomaalijeeye isdaal oo ah mid ay ku dheegan tahay shucuur sade oo dadka dhaqaajisaa aynu tirisay 1953, goor ay dadka Soomaalijeed dareen ka qabeen maamulka Talyaaniga oo damacsanaan inuu Qarammadh Midoobay ku qanciyoo in muddadidii tobanka sano ahayd, ee la go'aamiyey inuu dalku xornimadiisa qaato dib loo dhigo, taas oo marmarsiyo looga dhigayo inaan Soomaalidu weli diyaar u ahayn inay isxukunto. Shakigaas waxaa sii xoojiniyey, ayada oo uu maamulka Talyaanigu durbaa markii uu xukunka dalka dib ula wareegay, cadaadis ku bilaabay taageerayaasha SYL. Waxaa kale oo jirey in, sida madaxda SYL iyo waddaniyin badan oo kale, ay Xaawa walaac weyn ku dhalisay caaqjibada xun ee uu dagaalka sokeeye u keeni karo aayaha dalkeeda.
Sannadkii 1958 

haweenka Soomaaliyeed waxay heleen 
xaqa doorsada ama intikhaabka, kaas oo ka mid ahaa 
go’aankii Qarammada Midooday 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 ku siyaan amuuraha 
go’aan qaadashada. Taasi waxay caddatay markii bareer looga 
reebbey ergadii kaqaybqalxeyey Kongressii SYL ee la qabtay 
bilowgii sannadkaas. Ayaga oo aad uga carooday habka lagula 
dhaqmay oo ayan mudnayn, ayaa qaar haween ah oo u heell-
lan halganka, dacwadooda u gudbiyeen Kongresska, weydise-
teenaa in haweenka laga qaybqalxay. Taasi waxay dhalisay, 
inay laba dumar ah oo ay ayagu soo magacwdeen ergo ahaan 
uga qaygalaan Kongreska: Ardo Dirir iyoo Xaawa Jibril. 
Misan, markii la doortay xubnaha Golaha Dhexe ee SYL 
liiskina haween lagaa waayey aynaa Xaawa go’aankaas ka soo 
horjeesatay, ayaa mid ka mid ahaa madaxda Leegada ku and-
coodeey, inaan haweenku weli diyaar u ahayn xil sidaas 
muhiim u ah una culus. Hadalkaas Xaawa waxay kaga 
jawaabtay si dhiriin, oo aan laga fileyin haweney Soomaali 
ah rag badan hortood, ayada oo tiri, “Soodoorinnaa uma 
eka tii Talyaaniga? Soo run-aahanntii ma aad qiraysaan aragidd-
diin ahayd inaan Soomaalidu diyaar u ahayn xornimo, 
muxaay yeeleya –sida aya gabeen- waxaaga naga maqaan bisayl 
siyaasadeed? Markaas kaddib waxaa golihii oggolaadey in 
haweenka la dooran karo waxna ay dooran karaan, loona 
dooran karo dhamaan guddiyada xisbiga. Taawax xigtey 
in la oggolada inay haweenku xubin ku yeeshaan Golaha 
Dhexe ee Xisbiga SYL, waxaanida la magacaabay, Raaxo Ayaanle 
oo waqtigaawas gabdhaaha Leegada madax u ahayd. Markaas 
kaddib wuxuu xisbigi Successor Somali League, oo ay xubniihiis 
ka go’een Leegda, u soo magacaabay, Xalima Godane 
murashxooda kowaad ee jagooyinkii dowladda hoose ee 
Xamar ee dooshooyinkii sannadkaas dhacay. 

12ki Oktobar, 1954, oo ahayd markii ugu horreyey ee 
calanka Soomaaliyeed dalka laga taagey, waxay Xaawa tirisay 
buramburka Calanka Soomaaliyeed, kas oo ah bureambur-
rada ay calanka u tirisay kan ugu caansan. Kaddib markii uu 
dalku xornimadiisa helayna waxay calanka u tirisay saddex 

buraambur oo kale, oo wada qurux badan, Riyay ila tahay, 
"Dushaad fursah, iyo Wataa quruxdaa! Heestan dambe, waxay 
Xaawa ula jeedda caadada gaamurtey ee Soomaalida reer-
gururaaga ah ee dagallada ka aaloosma geela la kala dhaco, oo 
waxay madaxda mustaqbalka ku adkaynaysaa inayan hantida 
dalka u maamulinsidii geel la kala boobayoo.

Akhiriitaankii, 14ki Julaa, 1960, Soomaaliya waxay noqto-
tay qoran madax bannaan, kaddib markii ay ayada iyo 
Somaliilanda midoobeenna waxaa asaasantay Jamhooriyadda 
Soomaaliyeed. Ayaandarro, waqtigii rayrayntu wax badan ma 
raagin, muxaay waxay waxay dawladhii nidaamka barla-
maaniga ee ka dambeyey xornimadii, laga waayey xaqijinta 
himlooyinkii ay kaddu waayo dheer hiiqo sost ahayn. 
Siyaasiyinta dalka hoggaaminayey waxaa ka maqnayd him-
laddii iyo rabitaankii ay si dhab ah dalka ugu dhisi lahaayeen, 
wo waxay ka dhammaan waayeen boobista hantida qaranka 
iyo deeqii diibadeed ee lagu taageeraya dhaqalaha dalka. 
Wax weyn lagama qaban dhaqalaha ama dhisma hay'adaha bulshidhe. Fursadaha shaqoqoostinaa aad bay u 
fiirnaan, taas oo keentay inay jaamiciyinta ka soo qalanie-
bissey jaamacadda dibaddu u tartamaan jagooyinka yar ee ka 
bannaanuna maamulka guud; in yar oo meelo sare ku tiisr 
keliiya ayaana kuwaas heli jirtey. 

Tan iyo waayihii xornimada la helay, maansada 
Soomaaliyeed waxay marar badan qaranka Soomaaliyeed ku 
maslin jirtey Maaneeq; hal madi ah oo aad loogu han 
weynaa. Hees ka caan oo waayayhaas jirtey ayaa waxay leeda-
hay, “Aan maalno hasheenna Maaneeq.” Haddaba, markii 
raggii xukunka dalka hayey laga waaqey barwaqaadida laga 
malaynayey, dadkii oo cii wuxuu kastaa, quusnaa gaarey 
waxay ka badin waayeen inay is-yiraadhdaan Maaneeq 
bqaximo ayay noqtooy, taas oo loola jeedoo hal ahaan 
badan laga helin; sidan awgeedna aan lahayn wax warxar ah 
aan ka ahayn in la bireeyoo. 

Haweenka Soomaaliyeed waxay ka mid ahaayeen 
waddaniyintii badnayd ee ku niaqaddab waxqabadka iyo 
damaca siyaasiyinta dalka hoggagaminayey. Khadiiija Muuse 
Mataan, oo ay hoo oo saaxiibay cayshow-milix xornimaa, ahayd 
maansoyahan la aqoonsan yahay, kana qaybqaadadday 
halaganka siyaasadeed ee xornimo doonoocka, waxay tirisay
buraamburka, Barlamaanka 16 iyo odayasha barida weyn," oo aan ka soo qaadannay tixaha soo socda:

Aniga Bernaadelli welige wax igama bi in Waxaan u barooran jirey baawar maan hellaa Ninkii u birmadana buun baan ku yeerin jirey Bur iyo seef baan bannaankaas la joogi jirey Barlamaanka iyo odayasha barida weyn U bogi kari waayeey baabuurta ay wataan.

Bilaanjada 12 lacagta weligeed bar ba ca maqan Wax lagu bixiyya bannaan sooma dhigi karaan Balaasa loo dhisanaya raggii Barkii Beero muusaa bilaash loogu fahayay Barlamaanka iyo odayasha barida weyn U bogi kari waayeey baabuurta ay wataan.

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

Wataa calan guudka laga taqay, oo gingham Garneysigii cadowga suumaddisii, kaama go in Garashadii jahinnimo geesna, kaama bixin Gisleydii iyo geeli oon bay la, go ahayaan Gaajo iyo cudur dadkeenii bar baar, u go aay oo Garawso lagu waayeey raggii geeldu, noo fadhiyey ee Haddaadan garanaynimo noloshada, gaasirka Dadkooda kala gesyaddii, haydii kala qateen oo Guhaad iyo ciirlcalooshada, yaq ka go in.

Labadeeda buraambur Odayasha ina akhiray iyo Allahaa Dna’mow, waxay Xawa ku dhaleecaynaysaa siyaasiyinta Soomaaliyeed ee naxariista daran, oo si ay dadka gaacanta ugu hayaan, adeegsanaya shucuurtta gaamurtey ee qabyaaladda, cod ibsashada, iyo doorasho xadista. Sidaas oo kale, gabygeeda Gabdhiihi isku duunmaa, waxay ku muujineysaa sida loola dhaqmay haweenka oo gaacanta 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 dhaa.fiyo dawladda barlamaaniga.

21 1969, lix beri kadib dilistii Madaxweyne Cabdirashid ee Cali Sharmarke, madaxweynihii labaad ee Jamhuriyadda Soomaaliya, ayada oo aan la fiilayn ayaa ciidammada xoogga dalka oo uu hogganmaineyay Sarreyee Guuto Maxamed Siyaad Barre afgembi aan dhig kuu dadan dawladdii ku afgambiyey. Waxaa isl mar ahaantaas la dhisay Golaha Sare ee Kacanka, dalkiina waxaa lagu magacaabay Jamhuriyadda Damiqaraadiga ee Soomaaliya. Jamaahira Soomaaliyeed, rag iyo dumarba waxay si xisoo leh oo soo dhowooyeen nidaamka cusub oo ballanqaaday horumarinta dhismaha dalka iyo cirbiirtka maalmuxumida. Waxaan la aababuley mashaariic ku salaysan iska-wax-u-qabsbo oo lagu dhisayo dugsiyo, xarummo caafimaad, suuqyo, gleyeyl hanunin dadweyne, iyo meelo kale oo aad loogu baahnaa. Ayada oo haweenerka ku dhirtirigelineysa kaa qaybgalka ooleyeaashaas si iskuufilaansho loo gaaro, waxay Xaa wa tiriys buraamburka Gaajo see ku herti?

Isla waagaas, nin maamuuus leh oo madaxbannaan, ayaa Xaawa u soo jeediyey talo guur, goortii ay arrintaas ka diiddey, ayada oo cudurdaraa keeda ugu sheegayaas tixaha gabay ee Jawaal talo guur, wuxuu u soo diray tixaha gabay ee soo socda, asaga oo ka baryahayaa inay arrinta dib uga fiirsato. Illowsu duidmadeedii bay ku adkaysatin. Wuxuu yiri:

Aayeeyo iyo uuwoowe inaan nahay, waa ogsoonahaaye Ilkhaartuna ma kala maaranthe, waa is-aragtiyay Uuradatan Koofureed, Baraa lagu irtsaqaaye Ilaal qurtuxsamleyeyey niim xumii, kuma ilaadanye Xutlka qaad u eego haddiiin, kula ahaan waaqo Ilmoo-ader isjeel inaanmu nahay, oon cedi kala gararin Oo aan uurfayoobaan ku tegay, taal la ogaado.

Sanooyin badan aragtida dadweynaha Soomaaliyeed waxay si xoog leh ugu kala qaybsanayd arrinta xasaasiga ah ee go’aamsinta saddex far oo la soo jeediyey (Laatiiin, Carabi, ama Cismaariyaa) middii lagu qori lahaa af Soomaaliiga. 12 1972, Golahii Sare ee Kacanka iyo Golihii Xoghayeyasha


Xaawa oo ka faaloonaysa sida ay ayada iyo guud ahaan haweenuk uga xumaadeen, xaqqaddara iyo tixgelin la’aanta uga timid siiba madaxweyne iyo dawlad ay si weyn taageeradooda u siyeyeen, waxay tirisay buraamburada Haweenuk waa garab iyo Rabbiyow ha ii caaroon.

Kadib dagaalkii Soomaaliya iyo Itoobiya ee 1977 kii, waxaa Soomaaliisa soo gaarey dhibaatoyin dhaqaale oo dhaliley xisado siyaasadeed oo qaribiyey dhammaan horumarkii siddeedii sano oo la soo dhaafay laga gaarey dhinacyada waxbarashada, caafimaadka, beera, gaadidka iyo iyo haddii kale oo loo baahnaa. Waxaa badatay maamul xumo, ninje-claysi iyo caadaadis siyaasadeed. Dad badan ayaa lasysa soo qabqabtay oo la geliyeey xabsi aan waqtigisii xaddidnayn. Laakiin markii, 1982 kii, xubno sare oo dawladda ka mid ahaa, daacadna u ahay 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 haweennka Soomaaliyeed waxay cammiri jireen goleyaasha hanuuninta dawdweynaha; waxay dhooboonaan jireen waddooyinka waaweyn ee caasimadda, magaaloooyinka, iyo tuulooyinka, roob, dabayl, iyo qorax kuloo oo ay la kulmaan si yi ama u taageeran go’aan ay dawladdu soo saarayt; ama u soo dhoweeyaan xubno ka tirsan dawladda ama marti dibadeed, ayaga oo sacbinaya, heesaya, durbanno tumeeya, intaas oo dhan ahaan ku dhaawacayaa “Jaaleyaawol! Soo dhaawadaal!” Saas oo ay tahay xataa ayaginaya aayarkood bay soo bixiddoodii u jooyeen. Xaawa oo ayana aad uga xumaatay xaqqaddara taageyned iyo cadaadiska lagu hayey qaar ka mid ah xubnaha qoyskeeda, waxay tirisay labada buraambur Dalitaal oo iyo Ciidam jecelaha. Mdkaan dambe, waxay Madaxweyne Siyaad ka codosanaysa inuu wax ka qabto sidii loo joogin lahaa dabagelidda iyo cagojuleynta nimanka u shaqeeya ay waa illeexda ku hayeen.

Laga bilaabo dabayaaqodii siddeetaamarkii, xaaladda siyaasadeed ee dalku aad aayay u siis xumaameysay, caaidiso dacka u siis badanayey, illa'la la gaarey heer ay dawladdu suga weydoo amaamiga iyo shuruucda dalka, lagana kabsan waayo dagaal sookeeye. Dhimihii dagaalka oo markii hore siddeetaanarkii ka qarqaday Gobollada Woqooyi, waxay sidii duur dab qabsaday ugu faafeen dalka dhammaantis. Bartamihii
1990-kii, waxaa dadka Muqdishow maalin cad lagu dilayeey guryohooda iyo waddaoyinka. Dadku waxay ku noolaayeey cabsi weyn, safaaradaha dibadeed waxay aad u dhimeen shaqaalohoodii, dhammaan hay'adhii kaalmada iyo kuwii Qarammada Midooheyn dalka ayay isaga baxeey.

Dunidii Xaawa iyo qoyskeedu waxay rogmtay 30-kii Disembar, 1990-kii, maalintii uu dagaal qaraari ka dhex oogmey ciidammadha dawladda iyo kuwii United Somali Congress (USC) kaas oo hoog iyo burbur aan hore loo arag u geystey muwaadinin aan waxba galabsan oo ay xabbadu ku haleeshay labadooda dab dheexdooda. Dilka waxaa daba socdeey boobista waxii yil bankiiday, hay'adha dawladda, gaadiddka iyo hantida safaaradaha dibadeed, hay'adha Qarammada Midooheyy, hay'dha kaalmada dibadeed iyo hantida gaar ahaanneed. Boobka waxaa hortii bilaabay oo dhbaar cad ku dhaqaalayey ciidammadha dawladda. Ciidammadka USC, oo aan ayagu ahaayeen ciidan habaysan oo mushaar qaata, balse ahayn rag caraysoo, oo aan kala dambayn lahayn, loona abaabulay hab qabiil ku salaysan, waxay waqtigooda u qaybsadeen dirir, biliildii iyo burburin. Tan ku saabsan kufsashada hablaha, waxaann u soo joogney labda ciidan oo falkaas foosha xun ku kacaya. Ma jiraan hadallo kol ay ku tahay maamsada Xaawa Jibiriil oo tilmaan buuxda ka bixin kara dikkii iyo siliqii diliyaddii la geystey intii uu socdeey dagaalkan qabiil ee aan arxanka lahayn.

Ardaaga kore ee guiriga aan deggeyeney, waxaana ka arkeyney dad megey badan oo si ay meyay u yiirsadaan u helaan, hor iyo dabo hadba qayb magaalada ka mid ah ugu kala yaaqaya, ayaga oo dhabharka qaar dhallaankaado ku sita qaarna guntimo calculus oo ay cin Pot iyo wax kasta oo ay guryoheidii ka soo haabhaab muran ugu jiraan. Annagu guirigayaaga kama aanan tegin laba sababood dartood: waa midoo waxaana weel haywo ka qabnay, rajada inay colaaddi wax yar dabadeed iska dhammaan doonto, lana gaari doono heshiis nooc xukun-ayqabi dhex mara dawladda iyo jibhadaha ka soo horjeeda; teeda kale, mar haddii aanan ogeyn meel ay nabadi ka jirtey, waxaana qabney in nabadgalya-

dayadu ay ku jirtey, annaga oo gurigayaga iska joogna, halkaas oo aan ku haysannay gabbood aan kaga badbaadno bombooyinka, xababadaha iyo finiinka qaraax oo jiha walba ka imanayey, kuna soo dhacayey daaraaha iyo waddooyinka. Maalinta maalinta ka dambaysa waxaa naga sii yaraanayey siina qaqiyoobayey 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 ciidammadha dawladda ama kuwa jahabaddu dilaan awgeed, Xaawa iyo haweenka kale ee guriga joogay ayey noqotay inay isbiimeeyaan oo reerka uga soo adeegaan suuqyada warataa ee ku yii xafaadadayda iyo ka shisbeha. Wax kastase waxaa nooga darnaan, oo aan ka welweli jirney, waxay ahayd sidii aan isaga ilaalin lahayn nimanka dableyda ah ee meeraysanayey maalinnimadii, habeenkita tuugadii caagaha ahayd iyo mujiiriminta hubaysan, ee ka soo fakatay xabsiyadii iyo xeriyihii dadka lagu hayn jirey oo aan hadda cidi ilaalineyn. Waxaanu haysannay dhawr buntukh iyo bastoolado, ragga guriga joogeyna ilaaladiisa ayay u kaltimi jireen oo, ilaa intii waqli ah wax xilata ah la aanaa kulmin.

Ayaandaarro, gurigayagii wuxu ku yiil dheerbartaanka goobta dagaalk ee ciidammadha dawladda iyo kuwa jahabadda USC, kadibna kuwa labada dhinac ee USC. Iyada oo guunta colaadu ay ka dhalatay cabashooyin iyo dulmi xagga habka qaybshada xukunka dalka, dawladda iyo jahabadda ka soo horjeedaya waxay ku dhinsaayeeyn hillo haybeed. Sidaa awgeed, si aan nafteena u badbaadinno, waxaana go'aansannay inaan kaarka qabiilka caayarinto. Markii ay na soo weeraraan koox rag hubaysan, haddii ay yihiin kuwa dawladda, waxaanu u sheegi jirney in odagay reerku u u xanuwa sone oo ka tirsan dawladda, haddise ay yihiin USCna, waxaanu u sheegi jirney inay haweenyada reeku qabiilkooda ka tirsan tahay, odagay reerkaan uu ka tirsan xanuwa mid ka mid ah qabiillada SNM oo ahayd jahabadda ay USCda iska garbasanayeen dagaalka lagula jirey dawladda. Xeeshaan xirrashada labada koofooyadoon, oo ay nagu saaciid nee xaqiicida in xubnaha qoyskayaga ay sida dhabta ah ka tirsanaayeen saddex qolo oo ka mid ahayn 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 samatabinno.

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 argagaxaan surun ciriri ah hore ugu sii rixaya. Durbadiba markii ay hooyo nimanka indhaha ku dhulataq dareentayna waxa xun ee ay muuqataq inay damcanaayeey, waxay dixay wiliikii yaraa, si uu caawimada nooga doono ragga gurigayaga joogey. Aakhiritaankii, gabadhii oo ilmo iyo gariir kala joojin la', ayaa la siid daayey, haveen markii ay nala bariday, ayada oo ay hooyona intaas oo dhan dejineysoo, ayaa nabadqab loogu diray reerkeedii oo ku noolaa degmada Cadbicilasii ee Muqdisho.

Habeen kale nin dhallinayr oo lebsika askarta xiran, oo wada qoyan jarcaynayka, ayaa irridda gurigayaga soo garacay, asaga oo magangelyo doonaya. Wuxuu noo sheegay inuu ka mid ahna niman dhowaantaan lagu soo xoojiyey cutub galabtaas ka qaybqaatay dagaal ba'an oo ay la galeyn ciidanka USCda, iyo in, kadib markii raggisa badiddo la laayey, asaga iyo askari kale ay badda isku tureen; halkas oo uu saacad jebelada dhexdoood u ku qarsowaa, wanna uusan oo han yahay halka uu saaxibbiikii ku dambeeyey kadib markii ay badda isku tureen. Dabadeed markii aan cunto iyo dhar qallalan siinayn, ayaa hoooyo oo dooneyey inay ka badbaadiso qaar ka mid ah ragga guriga joogey, oo ay askartu laayeey dad la qaraabo ah, waxay ku adkaysatay in ninka qolkeeda la seexiyoo, halkaas oo uu ciyoon hurdo dhee la dhacay ilaa subaxdi dambe, markii ay labo nin oo dhallinayro ah gaarsiyeyeen meel oo ciidamaddii dawladda kaga darsami karay. Kahor inta uusan bixin, salaaddii fajrja ayuu tukaday, wuxuna ku dhartaar inuusan abidkii dagaal gabiil ka qaybgelin.

Habeen kale, nin saarqan ah, oo garab dhiig ka da'ayo, kan kalena qori AK ah ku sita ayaa irriddayaga soo garacayay, asaga oo asna magangelyo doon ah. Hoooyo oo tan iyo dagaalladaa u dillaacday gargarto caafimad, ayaa dhaawiscisii dhayday cunto iyo shahaan siiay. Intii uu cantuugoo cambuloo ah hadba dem ka siinayey, ayuu noo sheegay sida asaga iyo mid saaxibbiis ah ay u damceen inay dukaanka Caputo (oo uu lahaa ninTalyaani ah, oo wax badan dalka deggenaa) soo dhacaan, lakiinse ay askar, sida muuqata halkaas uga soo hormartay, saaxibbiis toogatey, asagana dhaawacday intii uu saaxibbiis buntuukha ka soo dhufsanayey. Subaxdi xigtey, kadib markii ciidamadda dawladda ee aaggayaga ka dagaal-lamasey laga adkaaday, isla markiiwa waxaan irradadayda iyo gawaaridayada ku qornay calaamada USC iyo midda SNM. Waa yaabo, dableedii USCda ayaa irradkeyagii soo jebisey, oo inta banaadiiq nagu qabtag, nagu amartay inaan askeriga dhaawaca ah, ee aan guriga ku qarinaynno ee dhiiggisu irridda hortiis ku yaal soo saarno. Waxay iska kaaya daaeyeen oo keliya kadib markii aan u sheegnay magaca iyo haybta ninka aan badbaadinayn. Sida muuqataay, degdegtooda, raggi aan cawadii la soo dhaafay u xilsaarray nadiifintu dhiigga ninka ee ku yil gudaha iyo debedda guriga, ayaan hawsiodii si wanaagsan u qaban, sidaasna halis weyn noo geliyey.

Inkaasta oo aan kula talinnay inayan guriga dhaafin, oo istusin, lana hadlin nimanka dableyda ah, haybta ay ka dhalatalay awgeed, hoooyo ma deyn soo boqoshada 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 guryihiy ay banneeyeen ama dadkii laahaa oo magaalooniy kale u cararay, ama ajnabiigay ay u kireysnaaeyeen oo dalka isaga tegey.

Intii ay dagaalladu socdeen, waxaan jognay, oo ku ekayn gurigayagya iyo meelaha agteenna ah, marka, war iyo wacaallii uma aanan han yahay waxa dhab ahaantu ka dhacayey qaybaha kale ee magaalada. Markii ay ciidamadda dawladdu uga baxeen Muqdisho kuwa USC, ayaa mar uun waxay hoooyo ogaatey in hal qoys oo keliya ee reerkiy ay ka dhalatalay uu magaalada ku soo haray, iyo in afar wiil oo ay eeddu u ahayd, korintooda iyo waxbarashadoodana gacan ka geysatey, la diley ayaga oo magaalada ka sii cararay. Wararkaas dhiil-lada lehi waxay u keeneey murugo iyo xanuun ay dhiig la hunaqaddo. Waxaa cudurka alserka ka dawweyey takhtar-keedii, Saalax Caydarus oo aan deris ahayn, ahaana nin raxmad iyo deeqsinnimo aan dhamaad lahayn leh. Wuxuu ahaa madaxa Qaybta Qallinta ee Isbitaalka Weyn ee Muqdishow (Digfer). Markii warkiiisa Xaawa ugu dambeysay, Dr Caydarus wuxuu dawweyney qaxootiga Soomaaliyeed ee ku sugan Mukalla, Yemen. Run ahaantiina waxaa tiirraanu
leh inay Soomaaliya weydo mid ka mid ah takhtarradeedii ugu agoonta, kartida iyo xannaada badnaa.

Durbaddiibaa goortii ay hooyo soo ladaanatay, si kasta oo aan uga digney, waxay ku adkaysatay inay Jibriil Yare oo liix bilood jirey, oo ahaa agoonkii mid ka mid ah wilaashii ay eeedada u ahayd ee la diley, furtagagana ku dhashay, iyo hoooyadii u raacdo safar halis badan oo ay, ku geyneysey Caabud Waaq oo ah magaalmadka Gobolka Galgaduud. Inkasta oo halkaa ay nabadka ka jirey, hooyo oo noolsha dabacsan ee magaalaweyni u baratay, waxay meeshu la noqotay meealaan innaba la joogi karin sida ay buraamburkeed qosolka leh ee Caabud Waaq ku sheegtay, dhakhsadiina Muqdisho ayay dib ugu soo noqotay.

21 [a] Nofember, 1991 [k], goor aan islahayn balaayo oo idil waa ay idin dhaafaat, ayaa dagaal kii ugu qaraarwa uguuna burbur badan na kii dheeq aaloosmay ciidamado daacud u kala ahayd Madaxweyne-ku-meelgaar Cali Mahdi Maxamed iyo Gudoomiyaha USCda, Sarreyeeya Gaas Maxamed Faarax Caydiid. Burburka iyo dilka sii kordhoy ee dagaalkaas dad aan tiradooda la koobi karin ayaa ku le'day, ku naafubooy, ama ku cyrtoobey. Toodoobadyo waxaa waddooxyinka agtagada ah warnaad meyduun aan la xabaalin. Ragga furgiga joogey waxay meyddka qaarkii ku aaseen dhincayda waddooxyinka, hase ahaatee, tirada meyddaka oo sii kordheysay intii uu daagaalku socdeey oo ku badataay, iyo ayaga oo naftooda u baqay, akuhritaankii xilkaas waa ay isaga hareen.

In badan oo ka mid ah dadkaa nabadda jecelaa ee deggenaa degmada Shangaanni, oo aan qaarkood sameyey badan ahayn deris wanaagsan, ayaa dagaalku si xun u sameeyeyo: guryoohoodii ayaa la mooro duugey, haweenkoodii qaarkood ah ayaa la kufsaat, noloshhoodina waa la gaasiray. Halkaas waxaa noogu caddaatay inay annagana noo dhammaataay, oo aanan sini piaar isdu udey karin, maxaa yeelay qaar dableedyo ka mid ah, oo nagu meersanaa, horeena hubkii noogu gaatay, ayaa waxay sugayeen fursad ay nagu soo weerdaraan. Subaxnimadii 21 [a] Nofember, 1991 [k], kadib markii aan soo/markay laba cawo oo hurdo-beel iyo baqdin leh, ayaa koox niman dabley ah, oo horor ah, oo qaarkood saaraan yihiin, qaarna ay indhu u gududan yihiin, saacado badan oo ay qaad ku soo jeedeen awgeed, waxay irridda weyn ee furtagagay ku soo jebyeey basunuko, halkaas oo ay isla markiiwa nafta kaga jareen mid ka mid ah laalaldagii labana ku dhawaceen. Mid ka mid ah hoggaaamiyeyuushoada ayaa asaga oo qoriga caaraddiiis naug waa, inta barxadda beerta furtaga na soo tubay, xabbad ku dhufaysi xir xunna u dhaawacay saygagigii Axmed Maxamud Faarax, oo inkasta oo uu ka mid ah xubniihii sarsare ee dawladii Maxamed Siyaad Barre, si kemadaalis ah, asaga oo ay weheelyeen odeeyaal ka tirsan beela Wacgoobi ee ku sugnnaa Muqdisho, isugu xilqaanay sidii labada dhinac ee USCda loo heshiisiin lahaa. Isla goortaas, inaytaan iyo dhammaan qaayladayda naxinta lahayd ee "Allah" ayaa mid kale dhabarka iga harraatiyey, asaga oo mindaaran jilbihiisa adeegsanaya, oo dhulka madax-madax igu tuuray, dhowo xabbadoodna iga dula ridey. Intii dhawr ibtiiriixi ah inaan dhintaay ayaan ismoodeeg, illowse waxaa garant inaan noolaha markii aan maqlay saygagii oo leh, "War ha igu aakhiro seegina. Allaa igu ogo, cadaw idini ma ah, ee wanaagginna ayaan ka shaqanayeey."

Inkasta oo uu dhig foolkayga iyo afkayga ka socdeey dhicisti awgeed, waxaan u gurugurtay xagga mid dabledyo ka mid ah oo saygagayga ku leh, "Warvaa, na si dhabka iyo doollarka, ama haddaan kuu dhimmays tiraa!" Waxaan ninka ka barreyey inuu xabbadda naga joojiyo aanaan uu tusayo halka aan ku qariyeey wixii dahab ama dollar ahaa ee aan haysannay. Hooyo, oo ilaa waqtigaas qolkeedaa ku sugnayd, ayaa markii ay xabbadda huggunkeedaya iyo sawxanka maqashay soo badxy ayada oo gacmaha kor u taageysa, markaas baan wadajar uga barinnay inay xabbadda naga daayaan, dhabakii iyo dollaradiina siinayn. Markaas kadib, ayaga oo welo xabbaddii nagu haya, waxay noog ogoladaad uguu Axmed ka soo jiido dhabbaha ay gawariidu marto, halkaas oo asaga oo dhiiggu ka qulqulayo yiil, aana ku tiirimo garaashka yaga derbiguusa. Intii aan garbsaarta hooyo uga xireyneey garabka dhinchisu u u dhawacu ku gaarey, waxaan u jeedney annagaa oo naxdin iyo argagax u go'aana, dableeydii iyo mawjadi daj biliiliyo doon ah, oo da' iyo jinsi walba leh oo gurigii qariyey, kuna dhaaqaqayga boob iyo wax kharbuddin qeexan. Intaas oo dhan, aniga oo welo naxdin iyo sas la qarqaraya, suuxdinnu iska ilaaliniya, waxaan sii watay baryadaydii aan Alleheen kaga cadsanayey inuu musiibadaan naga samabixiyo.
Hooyo, oo aan gegismadeeda iyo gesimmadeeda weli la yaabanahay, ayaa i caanaanay, ayada oo igi sii fajeciseyna, igi tiri, “Wax kasta oo ay nimankaani nala maaggan yihiin Rabbigeen ku kalsoonow, oo mar dambe ruux aadami ah lugi-hisa ha u gurguuran, waabase dooxadadaale!” Laakiin, geessimmo iyo geessimmo la’aan, si aan qoyskeyga u badbaadiyo waxaan sii watay baryadadidaan dabin dabeeyda ku barooranayeey inay iska kaaya daa’ayaa. Ayaamihi dambe iyo sanooxyay kadb, waxaan heebnay sid oo noqonnoqaynay selel dhacadaa la xiriira, oo markasta oo ay xabbiidu meel ka yeerto ama gaari shaaggsis qarxado, kar ayaan u boodi jirey, oo wada gariri jirey, sidii in kelyaa nabar la iiga dhufay.

Nasiibkaan, taliyohooda degmada, oo ahaa nin aanu naqiin Muqdishowna la ga yiqiin, ayaa noo naaxiriistay, oo intuu raggisaa u daayeey inay gurgiyaga gurtaa, Axmed iyo aniga naga oo soo noorka guri markaada ciidanka isbital u ah. Isla subaxnimadaas saxibtaay, Maryan Macallin Cabdullaahi, oo ka mid ah haweenka Soomaaliyeydeed ee guul sare ka gaarey xagga ganacsiga, ayaa markii ay maqshay ayaandarrada noo gaarrey, magangelyo nagu siisay gurigeeda ku xaal Koofturta Muqdishow. Waxaa kale oo na daryeelay takhtarada kala ah Cabdullaahi Sheekh Xasan iyo Cismaan Dufle, (Cismaan Beeti), kuwaas oo si naaxiriis leh dhaawaca saagyaygii u dhaaye, ayaga oo weliba ku shaqaynayeey xilli xun oo la la’aa dawwooyinkii, goobihiis caafimaad, iyo qalabkiis loo baahnaa; iyo goor baaxadda hawshooda badbaadinta nafta dadka dhaawaca ah -badi haweey iyo carrura- ay aad u weynayd.

Sannadkii 1994 waxaana, marrikaan qareenkaaga, Lorn Goldman u sheegay, sababaha aan Kanada u weydiisanayo in xaqooti ahaan la iyo aqoonsiisa aniga oo u sheegaya in dadka na badbaadiyey iyo kuwa na waxyeelayey qaarood ay isku hayb ahayeyn-, wuxuu igu adeekeyey in asaga, iyo qaalliyada dacwaddayda dhegeysanaya, ay ku adkaan doonto inay sheekadaydaas rumaysaana. Waxaan u qiray inuu xaaladu sidaas ahaan, haddii loo baahdona aan keeni karno markhaati lagu kalsoon yahay oo sheekadayada nooga maragkaca. Haa, waa jirtaa inay Soomaaliisu qeyracyey dembiyey foolxun iyo bahanimo aan la sheegi karin, oo ay ugu wacnayd shucuur han iyo qab qabideed oo xad-dhaaf ah, aarsi doon aan xakama

lahayn, iyo raadin libin kala dhalin, kuwaas oo badiba ay dabkooda hurinayaan shakhsiyaad siyaasadeed oo aan damii lahayn. Hase ahaateey, Isla Soomaalidaasi mar wabba waa dad walaalo ah, oo siyaaboo 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 saaray siisid-iyooyinkii dhacay, ay ka aamusaan dhacdooyinka badan ee dad samatabixiyey nafay iyo mulkiyado ay qofaya ama qoysas ka tirsan qolo kale lahaayeey, uba u geeyey waa jibaad dersmin, xiriirro xiididimo iyo qaraabonimo, amaba qiyaam iyo tacliimaad diineed ee.

Maahmaah Soomaaliyeydeed baa waxay oranysaa, "Cayri camyo ma diiddo." Dharaartii gurigiyaga nalaaka saaraay, saaxibtay Maryan oo damacsanayd inay waxuun noo soo badbaadiso, ayaa waxay gurgiigii u diray qaarkaasaan iyo ka mid ah. Nasiibdarridayada iyo la yaabkooda, waxay u tagoo gurigii dhammaantii oo la faaruquixiin, aan ka ahayn gabadagal alaabo jababtaay, oo tan iyo waddoooyinkii agtiisa ah ku fiirksan. Waxaa kale oo lala tegey masawirradii qoyskayaga, shahaadooyinkayagii waxbarasho, qoraal kale oo muhiim ah, iyo wixii lahaa buugaag qimo leh ee aan sancooyin soo ururinneyey, oo ay ku jireen kuwo Soomaaliya ku saabsan kuna qorraa afkaa Carabiga, Inrigiriska iyo Talyaaniga iyo mujalladaad Qur’aanka Kariimka ah iyo Tafsiru. Wixii ay biliibilo doonkii isdaba joogey naxee, ama qaadi kari waayeey waa ay burburuuney, shidaal ahaan bay u isticmaaleen, ama waxay ka dhigtay kaashiyaha musquulaa.

Febraayo 1993, Muqdishow ayaaan ku soo noqday, halkaas oo aan dhow riloo la-taliye ahaan ula shaqaynayey ururka haweenka ee Ida Women’s Organization, oo ahaa markaas ururka bulshadeed ee Soomaalida ah, oo keliigii ka hawlgeli jirey Koofturta Iyo Bariga Muqdishow, asaga oo ka gudbey khadkii cagaarnaakii ee kale qaybinayey labad dhinaan ee USCda ee loollamayey, sidaasuna uga qaybaaatay garboojinta xilsadda coladaad, iyo kor u quaadista yididiiilada waxwadaqabsiga haweenka. Ida waxa ahaan maamulayey hablaha geesiyaasha ah ee ilmo Cabdi Carush, Xalimka iyo Starluni, oo ayaga oo kaashanaya hay’adaha mucaawanaada bixiibada oo ururrada madaxbarnan ee dunida, u fidiyey
barnaamijyo kaalmo degdeg ah, oo loo baahnaa looguuna talagalay dadowogii ay dagaallada iyoabaartu sababaleeyeen. Haddaba, aniga oo ay ila socdaan koox ciidanka Talyaaniiga oo ka tirsanaa UNITAF, taxaddar dartiisna xiran muraayadaha waaweyn ee qoraxda, ayaan waxaan soo boqday gurigayagii hore. Hadda asaga oo aan daaqadda iyo irdo toona lahaayn, sida dhismoojin badan oo Muqdishow ku yil, ayaa waxaa laga dhigay xarun dadka soo barakacay lagu quudiyaa, taas oo waalayaabe, uu nis dabley ah maamulayee.

Bil kadib markii guragayagii la boliiqaystaw, ayaa hay adda Medicine San Frontier oo fulinaysa codbisiga walaalkay, Danjire Mahamed Axmed Caalim, nagu caawisay in saygagaya iyo aniguuna ahaan u soo wereegno meel nabad ah oo Woqooyiga Muqdishow ku tii. Halkaas waxaan joogney ilaa markii aan horraantii 1992 ka baxnay dalka una soo kacnay Nairobi, ayada oo ay is deesquuqimo leh noo taakuleeyeen qoyska saaxiibka ahaan gaaraan, Cumar Carte QaaLIB, oo ahaan jirey macallin, wasiirr arrimaha dibbedee ee dawladdii Maxamed Siyaad Barre, iyo wasiirka kowaad ee dawladdii ku-meelgaarka ahayd ee Cali Mahdi, kaas oo Boqortooyada Carbeed ee Suxudiiga kaas oo faray qoyskisa Xamar ku sugnaa inay fo diiwaan wixii kaalmo ah ee aan u baahnaan.


Ibtidlooyinkii ugu weyn ee uu dagaalka sokeeye keenay waxa xid ka mid ah dagaagga dadka iyo kale go'a xubnaha qoyska. Tan iyo bilowgii 1986 dad badan ayaa Soomaaliyaa ka cararaan, oo markii hore magangelyo u doontay dalalka deriska la ah ee Ethiopia iyo Kenya, halkaas oo ay u soo adkaysteen nolosha adag ee xeyriyaha xaqooyiga lagu hayo kahor intayaan inta nasibka leh helin fursad ay ku galaan dalalka reer Galbeedka, sida Kanada, USA, Boqortooyada Ingiriiska, Holland, Sweden, Norwey, iyo Finland, haddii aan in ka magacwono.

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

Intaan boobuulu 19 wobwo ka jebin
Aamaan siyikal oo sheeda kaan heli
Hooyo Nutuudh! Neelka hooyo
Orod Norwey nafta kula roor.

Sannadkii 1993, waxay hooyo Kanada ku soo gashay xaqootti ahaan. Si wanaagsan ayaa loo dhaqaaleeyey durbadiina waxa xid loo aqoonsaday xaaladda sheegashada xaqoottinimaad. Waxa xale oo soo dhowweyey saddey

Waxay haya daltabyo, oo badiba waxay tebeyysa qaraabadeedii, saaxiibbadeedii iyo deriskeedii; iyo aadaanka mu’addinka mu’mininta shanta salaaddood ugu yeera. Si kasta oo uu takhtarkeedoo kula taliiyey inay socodka badiso, marmar dhif ah ay baynanka ku soo socootaada, ku daan ka soo adeegsashona warkeedaba daa. Sidaas darteed, waxay aayar aayar ugu dhacay cudur xun oo la xiriira socoshada dhigga, taas oo sababta in saddex farood oo cagteeda midig ku yaal la gooyo, iyo xanuun tawsii ah, oo aan loo adkaysan karin uguuna siis darsamay dhibihiay aho uga sheeganeyse: daltabyo, dareen go’doon iyo murugo sida ay uga sawiraysa buraanburradeed Qaaxaatoggal Kanada, Nolosha Qurbaha iyo Daltabyo. Waxay kale oo jira, baccamayaa ay tahay waddaniyad dhidihi 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-


Sanooyinkii ay colaaddu socoteey, ha uu geysa tiraraanayo iyo caro qoto dheer, ama sababo kale oo kasta ee, dad badan oo Soomaali ah, oo cid kastaba leh ayaa sid ama si maldaahan dib ugu noqday shucurtii gabbowey ee tasacabka qabaayal- adda. Waxaa ayada oo la adeggsanayo caajaladaha wax lagu duubo la faaifyey suugaan wax shidaysa, oo booghi hore damqaysa, dadkana ka dhalinaysa nacayb iyo kala ‘go’.

gabdhaha ku nool dalalka caadadaas looga dhaqmo, waxaa laga dhaadhiciyey quruxda iyo wanaagga uu gudniinku leeyahay, kaas oo ayada oo lagu qaldan yahay, lagu andacayno inay diinta Islaamku ina farayso. Haddaba, qiyaasti markii ay siddeed-jirsatey, ayay ayada oo aan cidi ku qasbin, codsatooy, runtii ku dagaallantay, in lagu sameeyo sancadaan aan loo baahnaan xarjaa isticmaaliyey. Subaxbaxa, waxay aragtay gabdho qaraabadeeda ah oo la gudayo, markaas bay mindiyahii miikood daf la tiri, oointa oohin iyoo qaylo isku dartay haweenkii meesha joogey ku tiri. "Anna maanta ha la i gudo, amase Wallaahi anaa isgudahaaya!" Sidaa darteed, waxaa haweenkii qasab ku noqtooy in ayadana halkaas lagu gudo, ayada oo aan wax dhawaaqey xanaan ah uusan afkeeda innaba ka soo bixiin, sida ay, ayada oo falkeedaa dhiirrkan ku faanaysa, marar badan noo sheegtay.

Aniga iyo hooyo waxaa nalaku sameeyey nooca ugu xun ee gudniinka gabdhaha: gudniinka fircooniiga oo looga dhaqmo Soomaaliya, Ethiopia, Kenya, Suudaan, Maalii, Kameruu, iyo dalal kale oo badan. Balse hooyo iyo anigu waxaan kala caada ugu duwanaynt, anigu ma aanan dooneyn in lay gudo. Waxaan naxdin iyo sas ka qaadiy kolkii aan arkay saxariirta uu camalkaasi baday gabar ina-abtiday ah, oo qalad ay digtoonaanla aan umulysadii guuddey gashay dartii, mar labaad la guday; taa keliyaa maahay, dhawr bilooy kadiib waxaa laga fursan waayey in isbitaal la dhigo, oo lagu sameeyo qalluun lagu saxooy dhiibti loo geystey. Subaxdii caddaabtaadu la soo gaaray, saddex dumara iyo umulysidii ayay noqtooy inay dhulka xoog igu celibaan si aay camaliyadda u sameeyaan: labo lugahayga kala waran xoog u xajinayey, mid gacma haysiyey, iyo umulysadii, Budhuko, oo ayadu shaqqaddii dhabta ahayd iiga qabanayey. Mar alla markii ay mindtidii ugu jartay, ayaan qalaadey oo suuxay. Dabadeed, markii labadii lugahaa haysiyey ay xoggaahay in deebciyo, baan kor u boodey, taas oo keentay inay umulysadda taxadarlaha aanteed mindiddii gumaarka ugo sarto, oo diihih meeshi baw ka soo yiraahdo. Saas oo ay tahay, ayada oo aan dhec loo dhigin cabaadkii iiga baxayey iyo yaa iiga-qabtooydaydiy, ayaa umulysaddii loo fasaxay inay camaliyadda sii waddo. Saacado kadiib markii ay iiga dhammaysteeng, waxay igu dhaafeen sadex dhaawac oo wada laxaw leh: labo jirka ah iyo mid naftsanii ah.

Naxdiintii aan ka qaaday dhibtiyo uu gudniinku ii geystey, iyo aniga oo rumaystay inaan sina diinteennu waxaas nu farin oggolaynna, waxaan goostay inaan gaban aar aad halay la marsiin falkaas saxariirta iyo inta leh. Ha yeesheey, markii ay saddexdayda gabadhaha ku dhowadaan da'dii la filayey in la gudo, wax ay ii suurtuobbi weysey inaan ballanaadkaygii si buuxda u oofiy, ayada oo uu hur'llaada xog leh iiga yimid xaggara laba xubnood oo muhim ah, oo qoyskayga ka tirsan go'aan-ka-gaarista arrimaha saameeyaa maslaxada gabdhahaygana cod ku laha: hooqaday, Xawa, iyo soddohday, Faaduma Axmed Xujeela. Kadiib markii aan arrinta dib-ud-dhiggeeda sanaba sano ugu amaahanayey, si aan labadaa dumar ee talada adag u raalligeliyo, waxa aakhiritaanka tulo iiga dhammaataat, in gabdhaha loo gudo sida qaabka ugu khafiiisan ee qalad ahaan lagu sheego Sumna: qaabka ugu xanuun yar uguuna waxyeello yar ee gudniinka. Waxaa taa ku sameeyey gargaage caamidaa, oo si buuxda talooyaydaa ku raacaay. Saas oo ay tahay, labadii islaan midna waxa loo soqaddimay ma ay raalligeliin: dhowr saacadood kadiib markii ay shaqadaa dhammaataat, markii ay arkeen aniga oo xaarxaarinaa labo gabdhiihii ka mid ah, oo geed beerta furgo ku yil dhakadiisa ka dhookaysan, ayahay hooyo waxay igu tiri, "Naa naga joogi riwayadda oo iska daga gabdhaha! Ma wax baa ku guudan baad isleedhey!"

Shahraraada ama Shaasha, gabadha ay Xawa abootada ama mocoaada u tahay, waxay hadda jrtaa 14 sano, tobanjiinkeedii keliyaa ayaan ugu sheekhaysaa caadada gudniinku waxay tahay. Shaasha nasiib bay leedoyey, maxaa yeelay waxay ku dhulatay Kanada, hooqadeed Muna, waa hawl wadeed bulsho oo xifirfur, oo ka hawlagaha beeshasha Soomaaliyeed ee Toronto; aniga oo ayeyey u ah soo nooyin baan ku soo jirey hawlalka bulshada; abootadeed, Xawaan waxay aakhiritaanka aqoonsatay waxyeellada uu gudniinkii leeyahay. Dhammaaanteen si buuxda ayaan caadaadaa uga soo wada horjeedan sidii loo cirtiri laahaana uga shaqaynayaa. Markii 1999"kii, Ururka Somali Canadian Women's Association, oo ay guudoomiye ka ahayd Safiyya Shire, iyo hay'adda CultureLink ay ababuleen 6 aqoon-isweydaarsii oo ku magaceen "Saddex Fac oo Gudniinka Gabdhaha Diiddan" [Three
Generations of NO Female Genital Mutilation], oo loo qabtay 150 xubnood oo ka tirsan beesha Soomaaliyeyd ee Toronto, oo isugu jirey rag, dumar, iyo dhallinyaro (wiilal iyo gabdho), waxay Xaawa tirisay geeraarka A sufada gu dniinka habliha oo ay ugu talogashay aqoon-isweydaarsiyaadas.

Waxaan ka hadalka mawduucaan culus ugu bareernay, si aan codkayaga ugu bisirrino kuwa ururirada haweenna Soomaaliyeyd ee Soomaaliya jooga iyo kuwa dalalka qurbaha ka jira, iyo hay'adaha caalaanka, oo ay gaashaanka u sidan UNICEF iyo WHO, ee si kamadaalis leh ugu heellan ciriibirtka gudniinka gabadhaha caado xag jireed iyo xag nafsadeebda u gaasiraya nolosha malaaqiyin gabadho yaray iyo xaweennu ku nool Afrika iyo meelo kale. Marse haddii la ogyahay inaan intaa badan dalalka Islaamka, oo ay ku jirto Boqortooyada Carbee ee Suecudiga -xudduntii diinta Islaamka- lagaga dhaqmii caadada gudniinka gabadhaha ee nooc kasta, waxaan la yaabannahay waxay ay culummadeenna iyo aqoonya-hanadeenoo ku-sii-dhaqanka caadadaas Islaamka ka horreyse uga aamusan yihin, ayada oo hubaashii uu ta'yiidkooda ciriibirtka caadaddaasi dhalin lahaa isbeddel weyn.

Waxaa jira maahmaah Soomaaliyeyd oo oranaysa:

Saddex baa ragga ku wanaagsan, dumarkana ku xun: geesiimimo, deeqsisimimo, aftarhanimo.


Waa qof naxariis badan oo dadka u arxanta, waana deeqsiyad waxay haysato intii u baahan la wadaagta.

Weligeeed waxay u horreysa inta deeq bixisa ama bilowda ururin qaaraan lagu kaalmaynayo qof garaabo ama saaxiib ah oo soo qayliyey; taas oo marar badan dhacda, siiba sanoooyinkaayn oo qalalaasuhu dalkii ka dhaceen, ayna haweenna Soomaaliyeed ee dhabarka addag ee gudaha Soomaaliya iyo dibeddaa noqdeen barroosin qoy saxskaooda samata-bixiya. Waxaa kale oo jira, badcamada ay tahay qofka kaliya, oo intii ay la dhalatay reer magaal ka noqday, markii ay dalkeedii joogtee iyo haatay oo ay Kanada degtey, waxay weligeeed iska xilsaartaa dhaqaalaynta walaaleheed iyo dhas-hooda faraha badan. Mar, 1958kii, khabar been ah oo geerideeda sheegaya la oo gaarsiisay, walaalkeedii ka weynaa ayna aad u jeclayd, Cismaan, oo ay u tirisay gabayga, wuxuu tiriyey tiyaha soo socda oo baroordiijo ah:

Xasanow21 xog baas baan maqlay oo, waan xanuunsaday e Warka xalay Xamar iiiga yimid, xaddii baay socotay Xubbi iyo jacayl walleen, xaaddeed ma hayo Walleee Xaawa waxa dhiimaydeey, iguma xeel gaabna Walleen toban xigaalkaya iyo, iiiga daron Xaashi22 Xundhurta iyo xaynadda iyo walle, xabadka lay taabib Walleee goqshi bay xagatay oo, xaan yar baan mooday Wallelee caamihii Xiis-Bogoode23, ilaa xaraarade Xashaa-shimo walleee lama dheexmay, xaqfaddaa iiyo suuga Walleee lacag xakar aanuu u marin, xabbis uma qaato Xag Ilahaah mooyee walle, Xamar ka soo oodnay.

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 shisheyeyaa, waxay marar badan la yaabaan bashashaanmada-deeda, haybadda saansaankeeda, iyo maskaxfurnaamteeda. Curinta maansada waxay bilowday ayada oo ah gabar yar oo gibina, taas oo ay ku saacidday ka
Sida haweenka Soomaaliyeyd ee maansoyahanka ah, Xaawa waxay sida qalibka ah maansadooda ku curisaa buraambur: mid ka mid ah qaybaha ugu waaweyn ee maansada Soomaaliyeyd oo durnarka u gaar ah. Sida uu qabo Sh. Jaamac Cumar Ciise, dejiyaha Diiwaanka, buraamburka wuxuu darajada hoose kaga jiraan soo tidhiisa toddobada qaybood (gabay, geeraar, masafio, jifito, weqo, gurow, buraambur), oo ay u kala baxdo maansada Soomaaliyeyd.


Sorceyayow ma nuaasamow
Aan siduu yahay cegnee
Kaana siib, kannaa saar.

Intaas oo idil waxay ahaaeyn dugsigii ay Xaawa ka baratay suugaanteenna hodanka ah.
Ayada oo inta badan aroosyada loo adeegsado, buraanburka waxaa loo tirin karaa si caadi ah, ama waxaa loogu luoqayn karaa si siqo qurxoon oo la macansado leh. Ugu yaraan waxaa jira ilaa afar, laxan oo la xisheeyo, oo buraanburka loogu luoqayn karo, ayna ugu horreeyaa kan Mudug/Bari, Gobollada Woqooyi, Banaadir, iyo kan Kismaanyo. Badiba waxaa buraanburka loo adeegsadda arrimaha khaas ahaan, markii ay hawweynku u baahdaan inay tebiyaan gooshadooda arrimo gaar ah oo qoys aksooda kuu lug leh, iyo inay xogtooda saaxibbo iyo qaraabo isdhaafsadaan. Tan iyo sanadhihi halganka qaran nimoodoonka, buraanburka, sida gabyga, waxaa loo adeegsadda xayeesiinta iyo dicaayadda siyaasadeed. Hawweynkase, waxaa kale oo uu buraanburku u noqday aalad awoodiiin, oo ay hawlalkooda bulshadeed u adeegsadaan, taas oo siinaysa fursad ay uga mid noqdaan hannaanka siyaasadeed iyo in codkooda la maqla, joogtaankaanida loo dareemo.

Maanta, hawweynka Soomaaliyeyd ee Qurbaha ku nool buraanburka aroosyada keliya uma adeegsadan ee waxaa kale oo ay ugu isticmaalaan soodhoyeynta ama sagoottinta haweeneey saaxib ama qaraabo ah oo boqoqho ku timid, ama munaaasabado kale oo bulshadeed. Cayaarta buraanburku waxay siinaysaa fursad ay saacado farxan leh ku wada qaatanaa, ugaana ay nastaan wewelka hawlaha cura guriga iyo daryeelka carruurta – kuwaas oo dhaxamantood laga rabo, ayaga oo aan weliba haysan taageerada qaraabada ee ka mid ah nolosha caadiga ah ee Soomaaliya. Buraanburrad, heesaha, iyo cayararaha dhaqameed ee ay iskala qaybtaaan waa wax ka fag waqtulismi aan macno lahayn, ee waxay haweena soo dagaagay ka caawimaan sidaay caafimaadka dhimirkooda u dhowran lahaaeyeen ugaana see kabsan lahaaeyeen dibti? iyo gacaal-waagii soo gaarey. Habeennada Sabtida ah qaarkood, marka Faaduma Cali Jaamac (Nakrunma), oo ah hoo balooyen fannaanad can ah oo ka tirsanayd Kooxdlu Waaberi, lagana soo dalbad aroosyada Soomaaliida ku nool Qurbaha, ay xafad u qabato haweenna Turuon, waxay munaasabadas uu yeeftaa "Waa laggunaan waana lahaa hub ah".

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

Bisinka ka bilaab, Shayaan ka bilaabtay, malaaliga daankiyeysaa haddii aad dooneyso dhismaha ahaan.

Kuwa Gobollada Banaadir ka yimidna sidaan ay ku bilaabaan:

Bisin waxaana lagu bilaabeynaar barako ma leh, waa u barannayey Allah baaska naga xijib.

Dhowaantaan, nolosha Xaawa ee Kanada waxay yeedahay oo baahan tahay taariikhda ugu baahan tahay taariikhda.

Bisinta ahaan: Bridge of One Hair ("Xiriir Halkaaf")
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 Ḥajjālley [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 Ḥarqūnta [Eating of Hides]; her sister Hamida was born in a scanty rainy season: the year of Tiikh-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 Bajīnā-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 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-mou unhed” 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 ilaaahay
Ayaan maalin Soonqaad haddii, aanan irtsaaq cumin
Ariagaaga dagadiisa haddii, aanan anfaco moodin
Iblays iyo wadaalkii haddii, aanan adeecayn
Asii aanan abbaahiyin, maagaah aajmabiga
Ka ah iyo ka awoorce, Allow baan ku noolaa
Afka waxaan ka sheegana, Rabbi waa aqabbi jiray
Albaagr iyo Idaasaa, iyo Suuratul Ikhlaaskow
Allow ururka maantayaa, akxuulkeebi iga yee.

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 Devotion
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 zakaaat due to the poor, or as sadqa (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:

Diraad uu hore yaa waran, la tegey waxareheeniiye
Nin billaab eeceedaan ku waray, weel ma buuxsado eWax badan baan daraadintin, waddiyo waab u jiffsadayn
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-adeeran ugu tegey, xididna ceeqayay
Afar nin oo aadigay dhalanaya, waan awoodiyay
Haddii ay ayey yahay, niman dhan baa ti eray lahaaey
Maxaan aan musaa waa, wadnaha iramadisiye.

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 diva [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 agal [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 herdsmen 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 fiirey.

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
Waxwaxyaado 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 bidhuamaaaya
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 waaraariyaay.

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
Salaaalaxnyaay
Caamo saxarlaay
Sanuunta udgoon yaa na saaqdaye
Mudigaan 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 oldest brother, Hassan, her short gabay, Waa ilo guumaynaya ["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 Hilwood ari ku legey, waa Allow jira e
Umbatyo wuxuu jari wixii, bahal ah oo jooga
Shalay bayna jid dheer ila mareen, jalamaadoodiiye
Jawaabti aad i tiri maamho waa, jaaltil hadalxiye
Jilbiis cunneye Xaawooy, aadon 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 reviled 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 sucked 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’s 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 Dhadali koo xoo 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: Heel! [O Yes!]. The boys that participated in the haan-beat would only sing, while the girls beat the haan, all the while saying “Heel!” 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:

Haantooy diryaan!
Dooxada ka yeer
Duuul 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, hooyadii dillow
Heleedow sidiis haad lalow
Heleedow, heelada 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 mooje xiran
Iyo gabdha xamadooda ximan
Ma waayaa lay dhaaah.

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 maynada haladd
Oo maqaar loo gaadi jirey
Amiga madiix-olol baa i diley
Sidii maynada ratiga
LI malanda ay mayra geel
Madiix-olol baa i diley.

“Jiin” baa loox lagu dhigaa
Sidii juuwada haladd
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:

Waalaxay wuxuu i yiri
Waalaxay gacalisoy
Waalaxay gabar ahow
Waalaxay guргiga joог
Waalaxay gocoyo tolо
Waalaxay gоryoy samee
Waalaxay geesi dayo
Waalaxay 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 marsim [three- or five-fold white cloth] with boqor darayamuu [a brightly coloured sash] adorned with dhacle bulnsh 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 Muqdishow; 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 gudho!

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.\[26\] 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, *Dhaqankaada luedahay, 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 gabyan that was composed by the well-known poet Saa’id Qamaam, lecturing his newly wedded wife like a schoolgirl:

_Ayaan noolba hii gajisnaa, waa ibliis darane
Irdho qaad u aashinaa soco, aynar hadalkanka
Is-ogow afkaagna yasiro, edebti waa doore
Usaa amiga oo kuju dhufiidaa, meelo ka iddii yil
Inaad oqooy, inaad aamuustaan, ku arrin dhaantaaye_
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, laayma baayicin
Sidkaal galab yaar yi baadagay, baan baadi kuu ahaye
Barisaan ku tegi dooxaday, baah Abaskuul tilii
Ban baa la ii tuntii sidii, baashi soo degaye
Bursuun ba la ii ridayyaa, iyo banaatiikhe
Kulaan ba oo, kulaan baydi hele, kulam barwaagqoobo
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 madaxaaga [“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,

Ayaamiyo ayaan naaq xun baan, umalka dayneyne
Adoo uuhatayn reero kale, yaayn 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 dulqataaane.

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 camalkeeda la arkaa
Waa la qaawiyaas oo quruxdeeda la dayya
Waa la dilaa oo dusheeda la eegaan.

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.
nor free to marry another man for the rest of her life]. But ultimately, after long negotiations, and on the condition of forfeiting her melter [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 Barawa, 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, Fakhiruddin, 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 aloes 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 Qalun-shube [silversmith] and Meemanka [goldsmith] workshops, as well as the cotton mills of Hamar Weyne – 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 sabib [sultana raisins].

Another popular spot was Afar-Irood [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 guntininos [a sarlike garment], garbasar [a shawllike cloth that covers the head and the upper part of the body], and shaaash xarir [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 Isfaayfuruw [Asking for God’s Forgiveness], which culminates early in the morning with the maanigal [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 Aweis, 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 Iskuraran, 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 waan ugaas*, *kani waan addoon* ["This is a noble ugas. 30 This a base man"], *Carrada Soomaaliya ragtii u cishhooda Cali Nuur veeye Iyo Cabdullaahi Cise" ["Ali Noor" and Abdullaahi Esse 32 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 *mujo* [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 Ra'ho 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 godanahaayaa*
*Sidii girligaanka gaalkaann wax gubahaayaa*
*Sidii garamafoankaan gurxamahaayaa*
*Ninkii aan Soomaali rabin baan u reemahaayaa.*

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.

*Fuluuski Faranji faw'ideey ka dhiganahaayaa*
*Fadexaada dunida fookay ku xiranahaayaa*
*Taljoona waxay mu dhul bay ka fakrayaan.*

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 warqadda-aan waa jirtaa*
*Wadeega Soomaali Leeg waa managsan yahay*
*Weyne noo tiuga in warerku naga haraa.*

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

*Ninanka Weerowaga waddankaada wax la raba*
*Warerku galoo waalkooda waxnaan karin*
*Ilaahow Waaxid wacaddaaga 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 keesheliga 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 xagdal ku daac naasahaad, kor u xiraysnaame
Intuu xabadka laabtaa jiruu, xiiiso leeyahaye
Xumnaa soo doorey halkuu, ku xirargaysnaaye
Haddii xooran yahay gacanta, waana kala xishoomnaaye
Xoog kuma dhimnee yaan la xadin, xubinta naafoowday.

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 yeele [“They are only European imitators!”].

Hawa tirelessly participated in the struggle for independ-
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 buraaambur Calanka Soomaalidheedow 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, Riijay ilaa tahay ["It is like a dream"], Dulshad fiushuu ["You are flying high above us"], and Wabaa 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 Maamdeeq; the much desired, bountiful she-camel that produces an abundance of milk. A well-known and beautiful song of the time says, Aan maalho hasheenna Maamdeeq ["Let us milk Maamdeeq, our she-camel"]. And so, when the men governing the country could not deliver the expected prosperity, people would say in frustration that Maamdeeq 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 disenchant

ed with the ineffectual performance and greediness of the political leaders. The late Khadija Muuse Mataan, a lifelong 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 buraaambur Barlamaanka iyo odayaasha barida weyn ["The parliament and the men with the big buttocks"]: Aniga Bernadelli weligey wax igama bi' in

Ninkii u birmadana buun baan ku yeerin jirey

Waxaan u barooran jirey banwar inaan hellaa

Bur iyo sofd baan bannaankaas la joogi jirey

Barlamaanka iyo odayaasha barida weyn

U bogi kari waayey baabuurta ay wataan.

Bilaqo ilaa weligeeb bar baad ka maqan

Wax lagu bixiyana bannaan sooma dhigi karaan

Balool oo dadisaar ay raggi barkisi

Beero muusaa bilaash loogu talahayaa ee

Barlamaanka iyo odayaasha barida weyn

U bogi kari waayey baabuurta ay wataan.

Bernaldeel, 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 buraaambur in which Halima Sule describes the conditions of the country and people, years after independence:
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 *Gaan joo see ku hari*? ["How can hunger be defeated?"].

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

In her two buraamburs *Odeynasha 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 *Gabadhi kisu 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’etat 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
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 Haiweenku waa garab [“Women are a force”] and Rabbiyow ha ii caaro [“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 faadlaladone! Soo dhawaad! [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 Daaldalool [“Blunder”] and Ciitdaan 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 crossfire. 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 Abdilasi 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 cambuuto (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-Waad [“Abud Waq”] 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 Aidid. 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 road sides, 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 militia men 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 fire 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 Duffle (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 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 neighbour- hood obligations, marriage and kinship relationships, or simply in accordance with moral and religious precepts.

A Somali adage states: Cayri caaymo ma dilibo, 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 Tafsir
[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, 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 Medecins Sans Frontieres 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 Jimale Foundation, gave Mother shelter and protection for two months before she also fled to Kenya.

In Dagaalka sokeeyey [“The civil war”] and Xaawweeyeey [“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 hoo buu bu dadoo kaa jeelin
Aamaan shillu waa sheeda haa keen
Hoooyo Niarow! Noolka hoooyo
Oro Nirokey 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 gurbaha [“Life in a new country”], and Dallabyo [“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 odorrosayo [“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 Hujaale. 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 guuduunka hablah: [“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 that 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, afihaminnimo.

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 ma sugaana* ["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 high-ranking 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:

Xasunow xog baas baan maqalay oo, waan xamiinaddaaye
Warka xalay Xamar iiga yimid, xaaddi bay socotay
Xubbii iyo jacyal walleen, xaajadoon ma hayo
Wallel Xaanow waa dhimnitaayey, iguma xeel gaabna
Walleen loob xigaalka iyo, iiga daran Xashi
Xundhurtta iyo xayaadka iyo walle, xabadka lay taabay
Wallel gogoshi bay xagatay oo, xaman yar baan mooday
Wallel caamihii Xiis-Bogood, ila xaraaraade

Xashaashunimo walle saama dhexmaro, xaafulda iyo suuqa
Walle lacag xakaar aan u marin, xabbis uma quuto
Xag Iléh ay nooyee walle, Xamar kaso oo oodmey.

O Hassan, 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 Hashi 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 Bogod 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 *Diintaanka Gabayaddii 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 Ismaacil Mire, written by Ahmed F. Cali, “Idaaqaa,” and Ditoonwoo Gabaydii Sayyid Maxamed Cabdirr Xasan are now amongst the most valuable items in her small apartment. Two other great Somali poets whom she reveres are Ayah Mohamed Dhibaare and Abdullahi Sultan Timo Adde; the former is known for the wisdom contained in his famous gabay Quursidii ["Refusing Disparagement"]; the latter for his much-celebrated gabay dedicated to the five-star Somali flag:

**Sarreeyow ma nuqaamow**
Aan sidii wad yahay eegnee
kaana sid kaana 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 buraambar: the main genre of Somali poetry that is exclusive to women. According to Sh. Jama Omar Esse, the author of Diiwaanka, buraambar ranks lowest amongst the seven major genres of Somali poetry (gabay, geeraar, munaaf, jiffi, weglo, guurroo, buraambar); but according to Professor Abdullahi Diriye Guled Arrale, author of Miisaanka Maansada Soomaaliyeed, and the first scholar to uncover the rules that govern Somali verse (in the early seventies), the poetic quality of the buraambar 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 buraambar, especially if they are city-dwellers, since the buraambar most likely originated as an urban form. What makes the buraambar especially appealing is that, accompanied by a drumbeat and clapping, one can dance to its rhythm. A good buraambar 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:

Hooyaalaaye, hooyaalaaye, hooyaalaaye, hooye
Hooyaalaaye, hooyaalaaye, hooyaalaaye, hooye.

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

Hoobaale, hoobaale, hoobaale, haddabba
O hoobaale, hoobaale, hoobaale, haddabba.

Used mainly in wedding ceremonies, the buraambar is normally recited, or chanted, with a soothing tone and rhythm. There are at least four popular styles of intonation to which buraambar can be sung, for example, the Mudug/Bari, Northwestern Regions, Benadir and Kismayo intonations. The buraambar 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 buraambar, like the gabay, has been used for political propaganda. For women, the buraambar 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 buraambar not only for weddings, but also for welcoming or bidding farewell to a visiting female relative or friend, and for other social events. Reciting buraambar poems provides women with occasions to spend joyful hours together, but also gives them a break from the worries of domestic chores and childcare, 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 (Nkruuma) - a well-known performer, who was a member of the Waaber 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 Sabtidii ee weyelow lagu waa!

When women poets coming from the Mudug and Bari
Regions recite buraambur at weddings, they start their recita-
tions with the following traditional buraambur verses:

*Bisinka ka bilaabaa, shaydaan ha baygagay, malaa’igta daakireysaa ha sool degheys.*

*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 waxaam laagu bilaabeynin barako ma loh
Waa u buranniye, Aallow 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 Jumblys Theatre. Jumblys
creates art with communities, through multi-year projects lead-
ing to large-scale productions. Since 2004, Jumblys 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. Jumblys
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, Jumblys worked with
several partners, especially Montgomery’s Inn, a local City of
Toronto museum, and the Toronto Community Housing
Corporation. Jumblys’ team of artists conducted many work-
shops 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 Jibri’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), Bashuir 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 inspira-
tion 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 eventual-
ly be of help to Somalia.

On July 1, 2006, both Canada and Somalia day, the Somali
Community Organizations in Toronto awarded Hawa a certifi-
cate of appreciation “in recognition of her relentless contribu-
tion and support to the success of our community.”
Xaa wa iyo labadeeda crruur: Faaduma iyo Maxamed. Hawa and Her 2 children: Faduma and Mohammed.

Muqdisho, Dekeedii Hore, 1940 maadkii. Mogadishu, Old Port, 1940s.

Muqdisho, 1940 maadkii. Mogadishu, 1940s.

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

Hawa with Toronto’s Mayor, David Miller, 2006.
Xaawa oo la joogta David Miller, Duqa magaalada 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 (Nkruuma), Bashir Adan Warsame (Jookhle).
Xornimadii Soomaaliya Faaduma Cali Jaamac (Nakruuma) iyo Bashir Aadan Warsame (Jookhle).

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

Shadow scene of young Hawa escaping her enraged suitor.
Muuqaal hoos ah oo muujinaya Xaaawa oo yar oo ka cararaysa nin la siyey oo caraysan oo dabajooga.
Maansoooyinka
The Poems
Waa ii gunuunucahayaa? (Gabay 1932)

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

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
Markasuu dhabaaboc dinniyo, godo dheer dhigaye
Dhimcirtii markaan joogo yaan, toon cidla ah dhoobay
Dhubb 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 dhuuuni ka lahayd hadday, nirigti dhaaryaysay
Dheedig iyo labood bay aniga, igu dhaqaaqeene
Qaar baa guduudane dhashoo, laystay dhinacayga
Qaar baa dhuurwaayoo habaar, dhuunta igu gooey
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’s 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.
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.

II DHIG MADAXAYGA! (gabay 1943)

I inanyo how madluun baan ahoo, murugtay laabtiyey
Maluuggayga uunbaad arkiyey, moogid saan ahaye
Iga maqal waxaan caawa marin, mihindiskeygiyey
Waxaad maqashay naagaha dilkaa, lagu mahiibaaye
Anse maahi taad mooddayoone, muran ka keeneyne
Anigaan mudnayn baad dagaal, igu miraysaaye
Musliminta oo idil hadaan, adiga kaa maagay
Marwadaadii haddii aan ahoo, laygu kaa mehershey
Oo aanan ka meermeerinoo, minanka kuu joogo
Marxabo iyo aahay 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 dabeede
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, dhig macaansadayey.
AWR QABBIRAN MAAHI (gabay 1943)

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

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 maalisaa maanka laga geshaa.

MINGIS CULT\textsuperscript{42} (Gabay 1945)

They bled me dry taking all my money
She twisted my arm and said, “Name your zar!”\textsuperscript{43}
I said mareer, though I was not sure
Then they set a time for me to bring five rich macawis\textsuperscript{44}
All the townspeople are waiting for an appointment
As their minds are filled with mareer and maalisa.\textsuperscript{45}
Odeyaash Niga Raacsaanaa (Buraambur 1947)

Boqol nin jirey oo garkiisii, bidhaan cad yahay
“Bii” aan loo dhigan Quraanka, alif ka baran
Hadduu burabagaamo nimankaas, burhaanta badan
Baashiyada Leega ma waxbuu, ka bulahayaa?

Sagaashan nin jirey oo, Soomaaliyo 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 hadalkisu 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 islaamkiiya, 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”
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 joogiyi hadduu, nabasta xabaayo
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 ISDAAN! (buraambur 1953)

Dariiqa Hobyoood warkay, nooga soo direen
Sidaan u danqaday calooshaydii, weli ma demin
Raggii na daafici lahaa bay, haddeer dileen
Dambi la’aan bay ku laayeene, sapaashan diriic
Yaan naloo darine Soomaaliyeey isdaa!

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

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

Dowladda UNO47 ka yimid, WAYNA DAYAHAYAAN
Waxay damaahayaan xormimadeenna, inayn durin
Sagaashanka dowladdood 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, dakin ku dhaco
Yaan naloo darine, Soomaaliyeey isdaa!

O SOMALIS, STOP FIGHTING! (buraambur 1953)

Since I heard the sorrowful news from Hobyo48
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 diraad50 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, waanu 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 rumeed
Rag iyo naagaba, rakuub aadanaan ahayn
Ammaan rayrayn daraaddeed, la ruux baxaa
Riyay ila tahay, Ilaahayna noo rumeed.

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

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

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

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

Dawlada hoogiyiyo, uumiyaah dallacay
Waa daraadda waxa, laysku dilahayaa
Dushaad fuushaaye, Rabbiyow marna aadan degin.

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

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 Quruxdiis** *(Buraambur 1960)*

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

Kurtiin qalab qaata oo, dawladnimo quudsiya  
War yaan loo qaadan in, bandiiro qaalin tahay  
Wataa quruxdiisiiye, Soomaaliyeey qabsada!

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

Markaan isqalayno, cadwgeenlu waa qoslaa  
Qolaa tan u qaasa, qalbigiinna yeyaa gelin  
Wataa quruxdiisiiye, Soomaaliyeey qabsada!

Qaadhaa yaa xornimo, dhiiggu ugu qutbtaa  
Cadaawuuhu nooma quuraane, ha qawadeen  
Wataa quruxdiisiiye, Soomaaliyeey 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!
**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.
**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 ajib
Malagga docahayga joogow, daqiqad gee
Allaha daa’imow ha naga dooran, dulan nin wada.

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

Doqowdii waxaa la siyaa, 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 ummadii, u kala direen
Qofkii diidana biliis baa, la daba dhiga
Allaha daa’imow ha naga dooran, dulan nin wada.

Doktooraadkii iyo, diblomaasigiibakhtiye
Dugaanada waxaa la saaraa, kunuba dabal
Midkii duda waxaa la siyaa, dakhliga shacbiiga
Orobaa loo dirahayaa, inuu dallaco
Daamanweynabawa 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.
**GABDHIIHII ISKU DUUBNAAR** (gabay 1966)

Calankaa dusheenna markii, loo dagaallamayay Labadooda daan iyo gabdhahay, dashay gacantoodu Dirisyoonka Leegada gabdhiihi, geeeyey dahabkooda Gabdhiihi isku duubnaa raggaa, qaar la duufsadaye Daruur midabki leeyeey gabdhiihi, Xaawa laga dooxay Markii dawladinmadii la helay, dibedda loo tuurye Diretoore kay tahay xornimo, lama dacaamsiine Digriigii ay qaadanahayeenna, 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,⁵⁰ 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
Duniyiyi adoo geel leh iyo, xoolo daydamaya
Inaan heedhe deyn kuu galaa, waa wax ii darane
Caruurtaadu waxay daacsadaan, caano darareede
Diraadii waxaa loo dhigaa Dabac karuurkeede
Goortii aan doog jirin haddaad, yarahay 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’s 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-diks 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 timihiyye
Dhaqan hadday addunyadu lahayd, cunay dhankaygiyye
Dhaqmaaddii haweenkiyo ma helo, dhiigga caadada e
Waxaan dheelliya waa, kuwaan dhalay dhashhoodiiyee
Dhaqdhaqaaga 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.
Gaaajo see ku hari? (buraambur 1971)

Lama huraankii oo, hooyooyinaannu nahay
Hiddaha iyo dhaqanka lagu soo, hirtaanu nahay
Haddaanannu u horseedin ilmaheenna, meel la hubu
War waan idin haybiyee, gaaajo see ku hari?

Hurdan na dishe haddaan, hiiradii la kicin
Dhididku naga hoorin gacmeheenna, haaro korin
War waan idin haybiyee, gaaajo see ku hari?

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

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

Hudhudiib beenlowga Shaydaanku, u hargo lulay
War yaa reer habeleheey kii, hunguri ku raba
Ilmo aan soo hayn iyo hoor, indhaha ka tiri
Haddaan hadalkiisa raacnno, aan laga hortegin
War waa idin haybiyee, gaaajo 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 siyee 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
Sofyettiqa boqol nin biyo waw, siin lahayd
Dhib badan baa ina sugayee, ha seexannina

Suyaasa Hindyay iyo Sayloona, gabdhaa xukuma
Midbaa Indiriiska u saxiixda, sir iyo saab
Sooshaliisamada boqolkaiba, siddeetan baa
Siddiq yiraahdeenoo, amarkooda lagu socdaa
Dhib badan baa ina sugayee, ha seexannina

Kuwaa saddexdooda lagu yeershaa, sabab la’aan
Sidii gaacantaas aho suuxursaaxud, lagu ogeyn
Ninnana la su’aalin meel ay, ku sugan yihiin
Dhib badan baa ina sugayee, ha seexannina

Su’aaluhu ma aha saygiinna, inad nacdaan
Aqalkaa nabad laga sameeyaaye, samir ha jiro
U sii saa’idiya noloshay, ku sugan yihiin
Ilahaay haydin solansiiyo, 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 sameeyoona, 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 loose it if we do not stand up in its defense.
Awake, Sisters! A long struggle awaits us!

A woman astronaut 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 Ceylon
A woman ratifies England’s arms and secret affairs
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 daray, sakareedka dabacasaa
Shaahii maan deynre biyihi, miyaan dal dalay
Sidii diinkii ma dhigay, kaadi diiqalyaa
Hadal ma deeqsiiyay darintii, intii fadhiday
Daakiraddii sariirtii, miyaan dultegey
Nalki ma aan damiyay, oo daaqaddii ma xiray
Kulayl may daray, oo dhidid mayga diliq yiri
Mar mays duuduubay, marna daaha mayska rogay
Anoon dad ila joogin, keligay miyaan dacwiyyay
Halkaan ku dillaamay, duhurkii miyaan ka kacay
Jimnay duufsadaye hawshii, miyaan dayacay
Ma waxaan doorbiday naftaydiin, inan ku dilo
Isugu daro da’iyo daal aan, danteed ku jirin
Daawo uga dhigo, caleentaan daroogadda.

A WHIM TO CHEW QAT (buraambur 1973)

Craving is a sinful affliction
But I had a whim to chew qat\(^2\)
I ordered mirow,\(^3\) 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 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)

Halyeyga Siyaad hadalkiisi, wuxuu ku yiri
“Xaqiinnii hillaabanaa, oo hagooganaa
Haweentka lagu liide jiray, heer kaluu ahaa
Horay u soo kaca, hoggaankii anaa hayee”
Xoghaaye Guudow go’aankaagii, waxa ku jiray
“Haweentku waa garab, aan maangaabku garanahayn”
Misana Goleheenna iyo, Gobolkeenna waxa ku jira
Laba gabdhood weeyee, gar Ilaah miyaa?
Ma hawshii baby gabeeno, waxbayan garan?
Mase gaaraadkoodaan, heerkaaba gaarin weli?
Mase garaadada iyo, ma gayaan wixii gunnaa?
Mase gefbaa dhacay, oo gadaalbaad ka soo waddaan?
Miyadan ka gubanaynin, qaybtooda gaasirkaa?

WOMEN ARE A FORCE (buraambur 1976)

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?
RABBIOYOW HA II CAROON (buraambur 1976)

Haddi aanan calanka iyo ciidda, cadow ku noqon
Kacaanka cawaysan dadka, caaya aan ku jirin
Asaan dhisabburin, oon badow caadadiis lahayn
Codkarna aan ahay, oo ku hadlaayo hadal cilmiya
Waxaan citiraaf ku waayaaba, iila cajaba
Waxaansu ku cayntay, Rabbigayna igu cawimay
Caqalaan 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 guuriga 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.
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, 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 dareema 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 oo waddani, caan ahaan ahaye
Curdankeeda oo idil inaan, cunaan ismoodaaye
Dadka calanka daafacahayaa, way cajabiyaane
Cirka midabkileeyey uma oggoli, cadow shisheeyaahe
Tawraddu markay curatay baan, caafimaad helaye
Mana caayi karo ruux maslaxo, caama ii wada e
Carrabkayga kama shegi karo, ceeb uu leeyahaye
Anigooba caynkaas ah, yaa lay camcamiyaaaye
Mukhliis 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 cunsii jaalle, ways camal naqanaaye
Cadaab haygu gelin oo, nabsigu ku curyaamin
Maanta ciidankaad haysatiiyo, cududda hay saarin
Birta caaradddeeda iyo warmaha, laygu caallinayo
Cabsi uma aan baahniye, yaaan 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** (*Burambur 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 geeye, gabayaa hadduu ahaa
Gaddaasaan ahayoo, uurkaan ka gubanayaa
Hadba waxan gocanayaa, gaadahaygi hore ee
Ilkahii gacanta weynaayow, ii gargaar.

**OLD AGE** (*Burambur 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.
Munaay waa kugu farxaayaaye, noqo fariid
Fayoobi Allaha ku siyee, waraaqda furo
Intaad fayl gelsid, farahaaga yay ka bixin
Aad faa’iidide, ha fududaysan waxaana ku faro
Fahmo u yeebo 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
Adaan fadhi barannin waataan, ku faanin jirey ee
Fagaaro markii aad ka hadlayso, fulay ha noqon
Facaax u horree, sidii hooyadaa Fatuun
Waa farriintii ayeeydaaye, fuli intaas.

To Muna (buraambur 1984)

O Muna, 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 ururuuyu 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, Asaxaabtiin deris la noqo
Jidka Siraad faras aan daalaynin, lagu dulsaar
Dariiqii Nabiigennu uu qaaday, doci ha ka marin oo
Dubkaaga Allow ha taabsiin, dab iyo naar.

EULOLOGY 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.
Da'daydoo weyn waxaa, igu soo darsamay oo
Aan la duuduubmayo, diifta igu wacan
Dadkaaygii iyo dalkaygii, dulliga ku dhacay
Dad iyo duunyaba magaaloo, baal dam yiri
Afarta dafaado dhiirkaygii, dab baal ka kacay
Ciidanka isku duuban oo, daafacaa ma jirka
Dawladdnimadeeeni dirqui 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, nabadd degdegaa.

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

Kuwaan waxaad ku warqay, oo badweyn ku degay
Waa dhistan dhabka, ayaan dambibaa lahayn
Waa dadkeennii, oo Soomaali dan uma aha.

Qaxootiga dibedda meeraa, oo dayacaan
Dabaysa iyo dhaaxanta, dhogortoodi doormeen
Cudurka duumad iyo, daacuunku uu ku dhacay
Waa dadkeennii, oo Soomaali dan uma aha.

Nin aargudad doonayoo, dawladdnimoo aan rabin iyo
Diktatoor waalan, Soomali dan uma aha
Allahayow adigu noo soo dir, nabadd degdegaa.

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 duumiye, 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 degdeg.

Allow uu dadkeennu, ahaado u iyo diir
Allow aan dalkayaga lagu sheegin, lama-degaan
Allow dabeecada ciiddeennu, 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
Biyeheedu waa culus yihin, ceelashoo idile
Caasimad qofkii joogi jirey, tuulo la collowyeye
Inkastoo aan cayr ahay ma rabo, meel cirriiyahayn
Carunkaygu meeshuu ku bixi, Caadilka garane
Nimankii i cayrsanahayaa, ii cashiira ahe
Allahayow dal lama caasiyeye yaa dib ii celiya.

ABUD WAQ (Gabay 1991)

I never dreamed that Abud Waq 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.
Xaawaleeyey! (buraambur 1991)

Xabbaddii ma ay joogsan, nabaddina lama xasilin
Xinjir baa qusanaysa, xarbigiina ma uu dhamaan
Meyd aan la xabaalin baa, xaafadaha dhexyaal
Xuquuqul aadamigii iyo, diintiba lagu xadgudub
Dad baa xalaalaystay, Rabbiga wuxuu xarrimay
Dumarka in la xoogo iyo, tuugo waa xun tahay
Baladu Xamar keliya mahee, xaggii walbaba
Xinka qabiilka iyo, xasuuqiba waa jiraa
Jiir xanuuna iyo nimankeenu, ma leh xusuus
Xukun jeclaantiis, ayaa xaasidiin ka dhigay
Kuwaannu xambaarnay oo, nuugay xooxdaadada
Kuwo xaq nagu leh, kuwo aannu xilo u nahay
Waysku xiranahaye raggu, xiiisaday kacsheen
Xaawaleeyeyey sidde, 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.
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 relief
O God, save us from the calamities that engulf us.

SILICA SOMAALI (buraambur 1992)

Salaadda markaan tukanayaan, sahwiyahayaa
Markii aan seexdo, hurdadaan ka salalayaa
Haddaan soo tooso, surraacaad ayaan i dila
Markaan soconaayo, baabuurraadaa 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
Kuwiidii sidaas yeelay, oo haatan raba saldano
Sacabka loo tumo, intii geed la suri lahaa
Abaaraha cidda saameeyay, sal iyo baar
Saqirka dhimaanahaya oo, seedo iyo lafay
Hooyadii sidatay macalul, la suuqan tahay
Ilmada sayrtoo, waxay siiso ayan u hayn
Sinjiyaddeennii iyo, magaceennii waa signiin
Dunidii na saluuglay, oo nooma soo socdaan
Samafal lagu waa, Saxnuun simaankuu u diray
Belaa socotee Ilaahow, na samatabixi.
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, lacagtaanuu qaaddanna
Qawtalyyoonka iyo, guryeheeda qaaligaa
Markii loo qaybsho, jeebkaagii baa qallalan
Ummad qalaad weeye oo, qaarba meel ka yimid
Salaan kaa qaadaayn, oodan la qabsan karin
Qofkaad aragtaa albaakiisi, bow qafilan
Waa qalloodoo, cidladu waa wax lagu qandhado
Waana qabbiranahay, oo sharciigii ma qaadan weli ee
Qadiyaddaydii iyo, qarankaan u hees jirey
Afrika quruxdeedii, mar haddaan ka qaawanahay
Waa inaan ku qancaas, qaddaraadda Eebbahay.
NOLOL QURBO (buraambur 1994)

Qofaan indho beelino, aafo ayan ku dhicin
Addimadiisiiyo lixaadkiisu, idil yihhin
Dibedda aan aadinoo, soo adeegan karin
Albaabka ka bixinoo, ka baqaaya inuu anbado
Ilbax ismoodaayey,oy beenowdey inuu ahaa
Eheladiisiiyo saaxibbo, u imanahayn
Ilmaha uu la jirana kula nool, qariib kun edeb
Iska adkaysanaya, noloshiina ku adag tahay
Ilahay ka baryaysa, ceebteeda inuu asturo
Yamul Aakhiro, albaabkii jannada u furo
Ifka intay joogto, uu siiyoo waxaan idlaan
Awood badanow Ilaahow, Arxame Raxiim
Urugo inay hayso, waddankeedii olool ku 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, waddin kii qaybiyoo raja leh
Sidii aan rabay Ilahay, run iiga dhigay
Dib loo raacdeeyay, sharafkii ragaadku galay
Dabaysuu ruuxayso, calankii raafaadsanaa
Dadkeenii 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, xareediina, tahay rakaad
Saracii rucubeeyso, mirihiisii ruuxanayaan
Dibbeda loo rarayoo, muusku raasaysan yahay
Badaha rixida iyo, raasalmaal la helay
Ramagii noo dhalay, horweyntina qarkii rimay
Dawladnimo aan ku rayraayno, 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  
Digii haddaad wadato, mara duuga kama duwan  
Daran hadduu waayo, geelaa dareeri jirey  
Dadkuna kaba daran oo, qaarbaa caaro isdila  
Daraajo iyo maal hadduu waayo, neceb dayaca  
Ilkihiin iga daate, lugiihiin wax wabceen  
Sidii lay dilay korkii, way danqanahayaa  
Ma dadaqamo oo, saari baan dulsaaranahay ee  
Dhulkaygii doggiisii, aan la doorinoo dihnaa  
Dabayshiisii iyo, ciiddiisii dabacsanayd  
Gogol dabiiciiya oon ku seexdo, sida darmada  
Badda dabasheedii, webiisaashii oo durduura  
Dibed markaan marayo, qorraxdaan ku diirsan jirey  
Diswanaaggeeda, bulbadaan la daahi jirey  
Naftii baa dooneysa, meeshii dadkeedu jirey  
Dan baa diiddan oo, dalxii looma aadi karo  
Qarankii baa dumay, dagaallaana weli ka jira ee  
Illeen daltabyada, xanunkeedu 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 Hablaaha** (Geeraar 1999)

Axad Eebbe abuuray
Quruxdii u idleeyey
Alaabtuu u sameeyey
Aadanaa ibtileeyoo
Aqoon mooday maddisa
Isaan tii Arraweelo
Ragga iinta u yeeshay
Sidii awrra dhufaantay
Fircoon goortuu ogaadey
Wasaagyii umashooday
Oo yiri “Naago
Ayadiiyoo kale weeyee
Aan awoodda ka qaadno
Ikhtiyaarka u diidno
Oo gudniin ku igbaarino
Inan aan la asiibin
Oon loo xiraynin albaabka
Ogaaduoo yaan la aroosin.”

Waa addonsi haweenka
Looga aargudanaayo
Oon marna loo arxamaynin
Qaarbaa dhiiggu idlaaday
Dabadeed aakhiru aaday
Kuwaa boogtii aablowdey
Marlabaad la unkaa.

Habeenkii aqalgeynata
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,
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 daayooydiil” ay lahayd
Iyo alalaadkii illoobinoo
Uurkutaallo ka qaaday
Ee waxaan diintu amraynin
Ansaxaynin Quraanku
Ilaheenna ka yaaboo
Ilmeheenna ka daaya
Ubax soo baxay weyeye
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.
Iläahay baa awood leey, ma aaminnaa?
Madaxda Afrikaanka oo, IGAD uu awal tahay
Ururka Carabta, oo magaceen ku isman yahay
Ifka intii joogto oo, diinteedu tahay Islaam
Jabuuti kharkay odorroseey, ma aqbalnaa?
Waa nin abaalguda, oon illoobin waxaan ahayn
Ismaaciil Cumar Gelle, taladiisa ma ayidnaa?

Dadkeenni qaarka meel adayoo, ambaday
Iyo intii ka hartay, oo kala oodan oon is-arag
Ul iyo diirkeed ahoo, aaminka isku qaba
Aan kala aargudan, oo ka heshiiyey eelkii dhacay
Iläahow waad awoodayey, noo ansixi
Allow ergadaaari ay ahaato, tii abshira
Arwaax noo dhalisa, farax aan idlaanahayn
Hadhow kuwa noo arrimin doona, loo irkado
Ducadaan aamiin, Iläahay ha iga aqbaloo.

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 IGAD
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 deeqdaaeye
Doobiyada ha loo culo.

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

Dawaddii naftaydaay
Noloshii daddaygaay
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
Blessing and praise
I bestow on you
And when I pass away, O Deeqa
I will leave a history for you.

To that I would like to add,
O Elected President
Who we are celebrating,
There are in our country
Murderous mooriyaan
Butchering jirri
Scourching dayday
And gossipmongers
Some are selfish
With no wish for government
You will face hard times
So Abdi, 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.

Intaan dunida saarrahay
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 danaysteeyaal ahoo
Dawladnimo aan dooneyn
Duruuf aad u adag baa
Kula soo derseysee
Cabdi noqo daweeyaha
Nabad daadeheeyaha
Dibedda iyo gudahaba
Daacadda iyo lillaahigu
Dulmiga waa ka adag yiihin
Qudbaadaadii diirranaydiyo
Qalinkaaguu yuu isdabamarin
Samir iyo dulqaadiyo
Dadaal yeelo tiro badan
Rabbi waxaan ka daahnayn
Yaan laguuugu dawgelin
Ducu galabso iyo khayr
Sharafkaa ku deeqee.
16 Barlamaanka waa eray ka yimid kan af Talyaaniga parlamento golaha shagabiga.
17 Bilaamada waa eray ka yimid kan af Talyaaniga bilanci misaaniyad.
19 Boobe waa magac ay ciidamadka Soomaaliyeed u bixiyeyn qorgiga weyn ee ay xabbadihiis ugu daba dhaacaan.
20 Shilke waa magac ay jabaduhu u bixiyeyn madfaca afar-dhuumoodka ah (Zu) looguna talagalay lidaa diyaaradaha asishe ay Soomaalida kula dagaalanan dhamaystiran wuxuu yahay wax kasta.
21 Xasan wuxuu ahay Xaawa walaalkaar baar yara.
22 Xaashi waa curadka Cismaan Jibril.
23 Xiis Bogood waa hal magaceed ama geela guud ah.
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.
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 Xiskisan is a customary law whereby, upon the death of a wife, the husband may marry one of her sisters. The reverse is damaa whereby a woman may marry the brother or any of the close relatives of her deceased husband.
29 Abaskulu 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 ardant 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 (1960-170), and Ambassador of the Somali Democratic Republic to Sweden (1973-1984).

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 Bernardelli (or Bernardel) 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 Abokors Forla, in Sweden.

41 Sigad is the name of a particular she-camel in the poem.

42 *Mingsis* is a traditional ritual whose practitioners claim to cure many ailments, including mental illness, through the invocation of certain spirits. Mingsis 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 *Macanes* is a colourful Indonesian sarong; a skirt-like garment made of fine cotton or silk, generally worn by men.

45 *Marerre* and *malaas* are two of the common spirits of mingsis ritual dance.

46 *St Signore,* “is Italian; in English, “Yes Sir.”

47 The Italian Organizzazione delle Nazioni Unite (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 Hobyo is a town in the Mudug Region where two Somali sub-clans engaged in a nasty war.

49 *Darar* are salty plants that grazing camels like very much.

50 *Dinac or jilaal* (December-February) is the harshest of Somalia’s two dry seasons.

51 *Aaraya* from the Italian *aria,* air.

52 *Beerdareeyaa* is from the Italian *perdere,* to squander.

53 *Debuttaatoqooshaa* 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 Sayyiid 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 *saqaro,* 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, tchaa, khat* are the leaves of a shrub-like plant that contains cathinone and amphetamine. Qat, which is grown in Ethiopia, Kenya, and Yemen, 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 *Miroko* 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 Muhammad, 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.
Abud Waq the capital city of the Galgadud Region.

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.

Arrawoole 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.

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.

Dooja: an abundant milk-producing camel, representing the Somali flag and state.

Abdiqasim Salad Hassan was elected president of the Transitional National Government (TNG) at the Arta Conference in 2000.

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.

That is, Abdiqasim Salad Hassan.
Xaawa Jibriil waxay ku dhalatay Soomaaliyayaa 1920, waxayna maansadeedii ugu horreysey tirisay ayada oo ah gabar reermiyi ah oo laba-ayo-toban jir ah. Hadda waxay ku nooshahay qolal ku yaal mid ka mid ah daaraah fahfahada 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 gabaddheeda, Faaduma Axmed Caalim af Ingiriis ku tarjumtey iyo gogoldig, 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.