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VARIATIONS ON THE THEME  
OF  
SOMALINESS

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more wooded than before. The forest has got some natural conservation during the civil war. With the displacement of the people, the trees have had time to breath and to grow - the misfortune of one group is a benefit for another.

The plane was now flying over Hargeisa which looked quite different compared to the same air view of the early 1990s. The residential part of the city was destroyed during the civil war, to the extent that it was known as 'the city without roofs'. The favourite blue and green paint of Hargeisa was giving a beautiful air to the ruins, as if they were thousands of swimming pools.

The rebuilding has had its successes, the new roofs were glittering in the sun light and their reflections were coming like signals of a huge beam of light. The city is not only being rebuilt, but growing fast, too. New buildings keep coming up at the outskirts.

Our plane made a U-turn over the hills of Naaso Hablood ('Girls' Breasts') and started descending. The mere sight of Hargeisa town rose our feelings and our longing. I was humming all the poems and songs that belonged to my situation. I chose first an Italian song:

*Paese mio che stai sulla collina, sulla collina, sulla collina  
Paese mio ti lascio, a non di ritornare*

Then that one by Mohamed Mooge:  
Perhaps you are not aware of it  
But you were born in Hargeisa  
You were fed with fresh *dhay* milk  
And it was hard to satisfy your appetite  
Between the Hargeisa Tog and the Naaso Hablood

At the airport, meeting with family members made the longing and feelings even more intense. One elderly man was in tears, his daughter was waiting under the wing of the plane. She hugged him and no words were exchanged, only the moans and sighs of the joy and pain of reunion. The father arrived from Britain and he had not seen his daughter for many years.

I cannot even find tears from my exited eyes - a tear would have been a relief - so I have to turn to poems and songs, once more, for company. This time the song that suited the situation best was a song from an Egyptian documentary, 'Take me back to Cairo', as I twisted it to my own need:

Take me back to Hargeisa  
I must go back to Hargeisa.....

— o — O — o —

## Mohamed Ahmed Ali 'Cali-Goox'

### Gunaanad\*

Xalay gelindhexaadkii  
markii ay garruudkiyo  
jiifsadeen gurboodkii  
inta aan go'aygii  
isku soo gamaamaday  
yaan gudub u jiifsaday.  
Nimuu gamas mudan yahay  
ma galliimanaayee  
giddigii habeenkii  
marna maan gabaabiyin,  
hadba waxan gaboodkiyo  
marba gees u jeestaba,  
gabayoox nin yaalloo  
garbadduuban baanee,  
gamaanyadii i haysiyo  
iga guurtay luladii.  
Waxan gaasabbixiyaba  
hayn waayay gogoshii,  
sidi uu gadgoddo aar  
gucun iyo shabeel iyo  
giddi habardugaag iyo  
goodaaddo iyo halaq,  
inta bahal gurguurtee  
guggumuhu u weyn yahay,  
intay i guud yimaadeen  
miciyaha i geliyeen  
igu goolibbaadheen.

Sidii aan itaal gabay  
meelna aanan gaadhaynin  
cadho igu gadhoodhiyo  
gaadooddo iyo ciil  
garwaaxeesigaygii  
gowsaha ma riiqoo

gabayooxi mays dhigay.  
Sida hooyo gacalo ah,  
gabakay ku curatiyo  
gayax madiya haysoo  
gayigoon dhan ugu jecel,  
gurigii dhexdiisii  
galab ay xambaartoo  
gaasabbixi is leedahay,  
intuu garuddambayskii  
guudkeeda saarraa  
guntintii u furatoo  
uu u go'ay xanjeerkii,  
markuu gaadhay sibirhadii  
garka iyo wadnuhu go'ay,  
geeridana guddoonsaday.

'Ba'ay oo gunaanaday!'  
'Goblamayeey!' intay tidhi  
guudkiisa ay timi,  
hadba gees u rogatoo  
ku galgalatay meydii  
nafna aanay gelin karin,  
sidan ahay geddeedii  
gadhka lowga geeyoo  
laadlaadshay goroddii.

Gambalaali bay baxay  
garabdaarki bay yimi,  
'gabay' buuna igu yidhi,  
anna waan guluulucay

Galiyadan i haysiyo  
hadda waxa i gigayaa,  
maaha geeri igu timi.

\* In this poem, composed on October 13, 1995 in Djibouti, Cali-Goox expresses his thoughts and feelings concerning the suffering and destruction of his people that he has witnessed.

The word *gunaanad* means 'to recite the Qor'an to a dying person', and by extension, 'to summarize, conclude'. Cali-Goox read his poem at the closing session of the congress.

For a selection of Cali Goox's poems, including *Gunaanad*, see Maxamed Axmed Cali "Cali-Goox" (1999): *Damal (Maansooyinkii Cali-Goox)*. Helsinki: Soof Publications.

maaha gabadh aan caashaqay  
gacanta igu saydhoo  
i gubayso xanaftii,  
mana aha gamuun iyo  
garangoorri igu mudan.  
Bal malee waxay galay!  
Waxay gubaya falanqee!  
Garaadkaaga faallay!  
Galtibbixi ujeeddada!  
Inta aydin gees kale  
iga geynin sheekada  
aan sii gurguriyee,  
waanigii gadoodayoo  
gabayooxa jiifaye  
markii ay gardhaladkiyo  
xiddigihii gabaabeen,  
godka madaxa geliyeen  
waagiina galac yidhi,  
intaan gudub u boodoo  
gogoshii ka toosaan  
jeedaashey goonyaha.  
Geyigaygi hooyiyo  
mise waa gabaahiir,  
waa gaatir iyo oon  
waana galangal iyo dhaxan,  
waa gantoob dabayl badan,  
waa gabyre laga qaxay,  
gabxo weeye lwy dhigay.  
Waxan roobku go'i jirin,  
gufaaciyo gudgudihii,  
cirku galalacdhii daa,  
gugu waa u jiilaal,  
gedmiwaa habeenkii  
gudbinwaa dharaartii,  
gadiidkii wax qabanwaa  
gudcurkaa u maalina.

Ceelashii aan gudhi jirin  
ma gaadhaan wadaamuhu,  
durduradii aan go'i jirin  
is gufeeye ilihii,  
geedihiiyo ugbaadkii,  
gargaradiyo duxiddii  
waa gubad sidiisii,  
giddi waa nabaadguur,  
waana wada gellimeys.

Guunyada la maalaa  
sidi garayadii bay

gurataa quruuruxa,  
qudhacdiyo galoolkaba  
guntaa laga jaraayoo  
xididdadaa la gooyaa,  
dal kalayna geeyaan  
noloshayna gadayaan.  
Intaan gebi ahaantii  
qunyar gacalo eegaan,  
giddigay jidhiidhico  
guudkayga saaqdoo  
ilmo gabax ka siiyoo  
gacmo madxa saaroo  
haynwaayay goobtii,  
gowraha lugeeyoo  
gudbey oo habeensaday,  
gadaf baa i soo xidhay.

Goonyahaygii baan deyey,  
mise goob dagaal iyo  
waa guluf colaaleed,  
godob baa hortayda ah,  
gashi baa i daba yaal.  
Gantaalaa hareeraha  
iga soo gabaabiyey  
gacaladii i haysiyo  
muxibadii i geysayba  
igu noqotay gaadeer  
gaafmeeray keligay.

Sidaan u galoollaa,  
mid i goobayaa yimi,  
qori uu ku gaadhnaa  
intuu gudub iskaga rogay  
keebkii fartii geli,  
wadnahayga guud saar.  
Waxan idhi 'gabbaanyahaw!  
Geeri waa sugaayoo  
goolaadin maayee  
naftu way gabxarartaye,  
inta aanad iga goyn,  
waxaan geystey ii sheeg?'  
Gaafeysey oo yidhi,  
'gubadkiyo qabiilkiyo  
gobolkaad u dhalatay  
godob naga dhexaysaa,  
galabtana adduun baa  
gacantayda soo galay,  
anna waa ku gubayaa'.  
Waxan idhi 'gabbaanyahaw!

Intaadan i gaasirin,  
inuu gaadaddaadiyo  
garbahaaga ma ogtahay,  
guud saaranyahay malag?  
Khayr waxaad gabooddiyo,  
shar waxaad gurgurisiyo  
hadba waxaad galladatiyo  
waxaad geysata uun qora.  
Adduunyadan in guuriyo  
maalmo geeddi lagu yahay,  
Aakhirana gurigii  
laynnoo gurguriyiyo  
gubad waarayay tahay.  
Ma ogtahay gabbaanyahaw!  
Inaad gacankudhiigliyo  
aad tahay naftiis gabe,  
Aakhirana gogosha  
inay tahay godnaareed.'

Waxaan uga golleyahay,  
taydoo aan gelin iyo  
Guullaha i bixiyoo  
ii gargaaray mooyee  
haddaan maalintii go'o,  
waxaan geystey may jirin.

Geyigeeygii hooyow!  
Weligey gar eexaad,  
guudkaaga kuma naqin.  
Weligey intaan gudin  
iyo qaatay garabsaar  
geed kaama aan jarin.  
Bilicdaada gaarka ah  
Rabbi kugu gadaamiyo  
inta geedlab kaa baxa  
ma gamuumin weligey,  
laanna kaamaan goyn.

Soomaali guudeey!  
Geyigeenna oo idil,  
gaar maanigaa u leh?  
Giddi waa u simannee  
keligay galiilyadu,  
miyey ila gudboon tahay?  
guri ilo dugsoon iyo  
godka iyo xabaashiyo  
hadduu gogol idiin yahay,  
aad garawsan weydaan,  
Alla sow gariiree,

Waaq idin la gooyee!  
Garashada ka caydhow,  
waa guhaanka ugu weyn,  
gefka aad samaysaan,  
goormaad ogaataan?  
Sidee baad ku garataan?  
Mise maba garawdaan?

*Afartaas gunaanaday,  
galtibbixiyey oo naqay,  
guntay oo garawsaday,  
gudbey oo 'ka soco' idhi.*

Guulloow Allahayow!  
Nafta kii i geliyow!  
Giddigeed addunyada,  
Gaalliyo Islaamkaba  
kan qudhaan garaystee,  
iga gacan sarreeyow!  
Gole waxaan ka ahay mudan,  
geed waxaan ka ahay boqor,  
geesi waxaan ka ahay sharaf,  
garna waxaan u ahay yigil,  
waxaan ahay gabyaa weyn,  
gulguulka ma aqaan,  
gunno kuma balweeyoo  
ma gumeeyo maansada.  
Galladaha adduunyada  
gobannimaan u jecelahay,  
haddii ay gasiin tahay  
gaajaan ka door biday,  
gunnimaan u necebahay,  
haddii ay gudboon tahay,  
geeridaan ka doorsaday.

Soomaali gebigeed  
ganatiyo dabley iyo  
galtixumaha mooyee,  
inta kalese guud iyo  
gaarba waan u jecelahay.  
Salaaddii aan gaadhaba,  
'Rabbiyow galliimiyo  
midnimada guddoonsii',  
baan ku gabaggabeeyaa.  
Haddaan garawsho heli laa,  
wax un baan gurgurin laa,  
garab wax igu siiyoo  
ila guula maan helin.  
Goobtaan istaagba

## Word Art in Practice

gabbal iyo galaal iyo  
gawl baan ka leeyahay,  
goonaan socaayoo  
dadka wayga garataa,  
galtay ii maleeyaan  
aan garan wixii jira,  
gabbal miduu u dumayoo  
gam'ay bay i moodaan.  
Dhaaxaanse goohaye  
guddiyey maruun baad  
i garawsan doontaan.

Waqtigaa abaal gala,  
waajibaadka uma gudo,  
markuu samihii gabay baa  
nabsigii garwaaqsaday,  
gondihiisa nabad taal  
gaanka aan arkaynee  
isagoon garkiisiyo  
quluubtiisa aan gelin  
niyaddana guddoonsiin  
maskaxdana garawsiin,  
ninka gebi ka deyyayee  
weyddiistay gobol kale,  
Alla garasho daranaa!  
Galoofaan marayn iyo  
geel aan hali ka dhiiqayn,  
ninka gaawahaw sida  
gaanaha is yidhi 'maal',  
Alla garasho daranaa!  
Kuwa gaanana maantee  
soo baray gumeysigu  
galti aan waxba ogayn  
sida loogu ganacsado,  
adduunyadana gogoshiyo  
dermadaadu waa godob,  
Aakhirana godkaagiyo  
garbkaagu waa naar.  
Ama gibil madoobow  
ama goxol mariidow

ama gooddi caalwaa  
ama ciil la goroflee  
ama ceeb la golobley,  
Wallee garasha daranow,  
Waa kuu gargaarli'i!

*Afartaas gunaanaday,  
galtibbixiyey oo naqay,  
guntay oo garawsaday,  
gudbey oo 'ka soco' idhi.*

Guruud iyo nin weynow!  
Guxushaaga taliyow!  
Kan gobaad falaayiyo,  
goobaarayaashow!  
Inta guudadlaydiyo,  
gabdhaha soo koraayow!  
Gidirkiyo haweenkow!  
Gayaxiyo carruurtow!  
Gulgulaadilaacshiyo,  
Gadhmadeobayaashow!  
Guddoonkiyo Boqorkow!  
Garaadkiyo Suldaankow!  
Gadhle iyo wadaadow!  
Guddidii waxbarataay!  
Kaan gaagaxaynee,  
garashiyo aqoonlow!  
Gargey waxgaradow!  
Inta gole ka baantiyo,  
gadhwadeenayaashow!  
Gacalkiyo dadkaygow!  
Dalka miyaan ka guurraa?  
Dab miyeynnu gelinaa?  
Sidaa maysla garateen?  
Waa gabaabsi noloshii  
dabaggoosi weeyee,  
gar waa loo Islaamee,  
mays gebaggebaynaa?

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