

# Acceptance

We should not forget why the flowers  
decided not to drink the rain  
and chose to grow old instead

We should not forget why a small star  
quit the glittering night  
and died in silence and solitude.

We should not forget the sun and moon  
got upset and rowed with each other,  
dividing day and night between them

We should not blame the stones  
for their silence, their dignity.  
We should not blame the swift rivers  
for their impatience, their madness.  
We should not forget to console the mountain  
which laments after a deserting cloud.  
We must learn to love the different hearts.

Choman Hardi (b. 1974)

# په سه زندگى دن...

بیرمان نه چى بۆ گوله كان  
برياريان دا نه و بارانه نه خو نه وه و  
له باتيا پيربوني خويان هه لېژارد  
بیرمان نه چى نه ستيره يهك  
بۆ ئاسمانى به برىقهى نيوه شهوى  
به جيهيشت و له ته نيایى و بیده نگی  
رۆحى سپارد  
بیرمان نه چى خۆر و مانگ بۆ لیک عاجز بوون،  
شه و رۆژيان له نيو خوياندا دابهش کرد.

به رده كان تاوانبار نه كهين  
بۆ بیده نگی و مه تينيان  
جوگه كان تاوانبار نه كهين  
بۆ بى سه پرى و شيتتيان.  
بیرمان نه چى دلخوشى شاخ بدهينه وه  
كه به دواى هه وریكدا ده گرى.  
ده بى فیربين رهنگه جيا كانمان خوشبوئ

چۆمان ههردى

*Translated from the **Kurdish** by Choman Hardi and Stephen Watts. Reprinted by permission*

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