

ONGOING BACK TO MY BIRTHPLACE

Author: Jalal Barzanji

One:

I found my memory
in my third language.

Two:

Before dawn a bird woke me,
and changed my view of the day.

Three:

For the longest time,
the river that followed me,
tried to act like me.

Four:

If you come back,
don't forget your memory.

Five:

Keep the candle for later.

Six:

It was a very good time to fly freely.

Seven:

Do not send letters
to me with the wind
anymore.

Eight:

I still have the power to love
and they still have the power to hate.

Nine:

In the bottom of souls freedom stands alone.

Ten:

The colours were lost
in between us.

Eleven:

If the path always leads home,
I wonder why I left on this journey.

Twelve:

With autumn we make the world beautiful.

Thirteen:

The river always gives us a soft body.

Fourteen:

For the grave, he did not change.

Fifteen:

Time is still waiting on you.

Sixteen:

My way back home spills into the ocean.

Seventeen:

With the ladder of the soul
we can climb higher.

Eighteen:

I am looking for a place
where I do not dream.

Nineteen:

The mist brought me here.

Twenty:

If it is a shadow I can see it in the evening.

Twenty-one:

Like a king in a castle,
I do not want to spoil my solitude.

Twenty-two:

My exile grows faster than my home.

Twenty-three:

I and you become one in a poem.

Twenty-four:

Today, human beings make God remote.

Twenty-five:

Tonight, the stories of my grand-father
did not let me sleep.

Twenty-six:

The war, faster than wind, brought me here.

Twenty-seven:

If you want a short-cut to God read my poems.

Twenty-eight:

If humans can stop hunting,
nature will be thankful.

Twenty-nine:

To find my childhood,
I have to look in a different place.

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Thirty:

It is better if I journey alone.

Thirty One:

This place I am going to,
like beauty, has no address.

Thirty Two:

When you come back,
do not forget your imagination.

Thirty Three:

Microsoft fell 110 floors and stopped
at the front door of the mouse's lair

Thirty Four:

When you wake in the morning,
leave the door open.

Thirty Five:

Now is a good time for free flight.

Thirty Six:

Until now, I am too busy to bring
my heart and my thoughts together,
still I have the power to love.

Thirty Seven:

Humanity is the secret name of God.

Thirty Eight:

The sun and God make me run,
at the same speed.

Thirty Nine:

More contemplation will increase
the light in your heart.

Forty:

In February you always seek
the sun's warmth.

Forty One:

The ocean goes crazy when it is left alone.

Forty two:

The shadow we left on the River Arwan,
sank to the bottom.

Forty Three:

Most of our stories have no purpose.

Forty Four:

If I get lost you will find me in the terminal.

Forty Five:

This crowd takes all of my time,
but still it is there.

Forty Six:

My feelings fell into a clutch of Easter eggs.

Forty Seven:

The sun, wearing its tie-dyed shirt,
got lost in the mint lake.

Forty Eight:

Night or day,
these fingers will not pray,
when they are cold.

Forty Nine:

When I write,
my feelings flow faster than the ink.

Fifty:

Like the fly, I want to buzz around,
to bring the power of imagination to life.

Fifty One

The war is over now,
but still children in the camp
draw the map of their land in sand.

Fifty Two:

A child in Canada misses his mother tongue.

Fifty Three:

My feelings run faster than this ink.

Fifty Four:

The light of your soul is brighter.

Fifty Five:

For a long time I look at the sky,
until my head becomes the land of the stars.

Fifty Six:

The sun never asks the earth for what it owes.

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Fifty Seven:

The sky was very red,
but the flower of the afternoon
was bluer than blue.

Fifty Eight:

Concentration brings all the colors
of the sunset into glass.

Fifty Nine:

The river and autumn become quiet together.

Sixty:

In my soul there is only one time.

Sixty One:

In the end we lay our unchangeable beauty
in the soil.

Sixty Two:

In the autumn, nature zips up its pants.

Sixty Three:

I came back with poetic light in my soul.

Sixty Four:

The beauty in the voice of our heart
and the ugliness in the words of our mouth
are always at war.

Sixty Five:

Held close in your hug
is the best time to sleep.

Sixty Six:

People disappear in war.

Sixty Seven:

My diary changes me.

Sixty Eight:

Your imagination flies faster than birds.

Sixty Nine:

My shadow accompanied me when I left
and was not there when I returned.