

# JALAL BARZINJI

## In the evening of June, the sixth

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He drives his maroon 2002 Chrysler overwhelmed with many memories and notes from prison where once he thought that exile was another form of prison in which poets and writers may fatigue even more because of its larger scale and faraway distance. When he was in *MUHATTA* \* he never imagined to live in exile one day leaving his suppressed nation behind and let her suffer more by losing him.

Many years ago in one of freezing nights of Edmonton, his younger daughter told him while reading his poem *THE EXILE* for some Canadian guests who were poetry lovers "Baba, do you consider Canada as an exile?"

His eyes shun bright briskly when he turned his face to his daughter and started to say with a deep breath "My darling its is too soon answering that, now I think more about *GARMNEBUNEWE* !"

"GARMNABUNEWE!" the guests were perplexed with this Kurdish word and didn't feel and see its deep meaning in the heart of the poet.

*GARMNABUNEWE*, which means (not getting warm) was a title for his second collection of poetry and it is his symbolic way to describe exile; however, not the coldness weather of their gathering night.

Driving his maroon Chrysler, he remembers more and more about the past, but for now he has to find a parking lot before the special event of CANADA PEN begins.

It's 2:30 pm of Jun06, 2007; he just found a suitable lot to park his car, just close to Edmonton Public Library his favored place in the city. Before stepping out something on the radio interrupted his mind, and it's so coincident to what he wrote on calendar two weeks ago.

- *In Jun06, 1925, Mr. Walter Chrysler founded The Chrysler Corporation.*

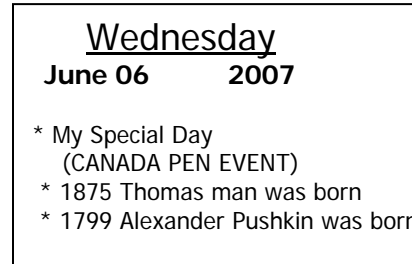
He didn't know this useless extra information, so he doesn't wait to hear more. He jumps quickly out of his car leaving this small information his maroon Chrysler which is parked under the shading of high sky scrapes.

He looks up but can't see his blue window there.

He steps more quickly toward the north to where he belongs, to where his poem will be honored.

Two weeks ago on a simple home calendar which is attached to the refrigerator's door, he marked June 06 as the most special day in his life. Also in the same square he put dates of birth of two his admirers one was German and another was Russian.

The square on the calendar was looked like that.



His day is now on action therefore he steps up overwhelmingly over the wide marble stairs of the hall. He is wearing a milky suite with blue shirt. At this moment of his going up motion he is more like *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* than an ordinary human.

He enters the hall where despite John Ralston Saul, the Canadian novelist and former president of Canadian International Pen Center, Isobel Harry Executive Director of Pen Canada, Stephan Mandel, the Mayor of Edmonton, Linda Goyette author and editorial writer, and the representative of the Kurdistan regional government. Also there are his wife, son, a big crowd of Kurdish friends with their traditional colorful dresses, and many friendly faces of Canadians who are as usual from all different backgrounds.

The crowd applause while he walks gently to reach his seat.

The event starts to honor the Kurdish Poet Jalal Barzinji.

People above speak and express their word to him in different way.

Two wonderful hours pass by then Jalal has the stage.

His eloquent voice echoes in the hall.

He tells his grateful words and call Canada home instead exile.

Then he reads a new poem called *LIFE IN THE SUITCASE*.

The poem is chronological notes from his extradition from his beloved Kurdistan.

The poem is long, so he gets thirsty.

The Mayor himself stands up and brings a glass of water!



*MUHATTA* \*: the name of a prison in Iraq in which the poet was held

June 7, 2007