

# Baalale

## (a poem)

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Bashir Sheikh Omer Goth

### Gabaygu siduu ku dhashay

Tixdan soo socota oo ka hadlaysa qiimaha uu leeyahay kitaabku (buuggu) waxay ka dhalatay dhacdadan soo socota:

Maalinta aan tiriyey aniga oo aan wada joogno nin aan saaxiib nahay oo la yidhaahdo Axmad Xasan Caynaan (Mawliid) oo caan ku ah tumista kamanka isla markaana ah nin akhriska jecel ayaan ogaanay in la furay bandhigii kutubta ugu horreeyey ee lagu qabto magaalada Abu Dhabi bishii Juulaay 7, 1982.

Mawliid baan ku idhi ina kici aan bandhiga kutubta tagnee. Nasiib darro labadayaduba markaa waan shaqo la'ayn oo lacag maanaan haysan. Mawliid baa iigu jawaabay aan iskaga joogno lacag ma haysanee. Waxan ku idhi waar kutubta lacag la'aan loogama joojee iyada oo aan kutubta la bandhigay rogrogno, ishana ka buuxsano ayaa inagu filane ina keen. Markii aan ka soo noqonay bandhiggii ayaan maansadan tiriyey aniga oo saaxiibkay uga caqli celinaya qiimaha uu buuggu leeyahay.

### How the poem was conceived

This following poem, which is called "The Multi-paged One or The Book," was born out of the following incident:

I was with a friend of mine called Ahmed Hassan Ainan (Mawliid), a famous and talented Oud maestro and a good reader, when the first bookfair was opened in Abu Dhabi on July 7, 1982.

I said to him: "Let us go to the bookfair."

Unfortunately, as both of us were unemployed at the time, he replied: "We cannot go because we have no money."

I told him: "One should not stay away from going to bookfairs because of having no money. Looking at the books and thumbing them through is more than enough."

This conversation inspired me to write the poem which I completed after we returned from the bookfair that evening.

**BAALALE**

Inkastoonan bini hayn  
Jeebku i bannaan yahay  
Kama baaqdo ee garo  
Halka lagu bandhigo iyo  
Kutubtaan bariidshaa

\*\*\*

Nacas baa ka baydhoon  
Garan baaxaddiisee  
Kol ay tahay bidhaan guud  
Anuu baahidaydiyo  
Oonkaan ku biiyaa

\*\*\*

Sheekada bilaashkiyo  
Hadarka iyo beentuu  
Iga baajiyaayoo  
Baabkaan ka eegaba  
Hadal qiima badanoo  
Nafta yaab ku beeriyo  
Xikmad buu igu biirshaa

**The Multi-Paged One**

Even when I have no money  
And my pocket is empty  
I still do not miss, be it known  
Wherever they are exhibited  
I visit and say hello to books

\*\*\*

Only a fool can eschew the book  
For not knowing its immense value  
But I do, even with a distant glance  
Satisfy my needs with it  
and quench my thirst

\*\*\*

It shields me from nonsensical chatter  
From hogwash and lies  
As it, in every page I look at  
Grants me precious words  
That bedazzle my mind  
And nourish my soul with wisdom

\*\*\*

Booshkaan dhex joogiyo  
Waayaha bakhtiyayee  
Baalahayga yaalluu  
Degdeg iiga bixiyaa

\*\*\*

It lifts me up rather quickly  
From the rubbish I find myself in  
And from the dead wood  
I see all around me

\*\*\*

Caalam lagu badhaadhiyo  
Malab waayo biiriyo  
Janno loo basaasoo  
Loo soo boqooliyo  
Duni loo bogaayoo  
Naftu beerraq socotoo  
Baxsan buu i geeyaa

\*\*\*

It takes me to a world of plenty  
With honey accumulated over the years  
A paradise sought after for so long  
Where travelers descend on in droves  
A world where the soul walks with  
excitement  
A perfect world

\*\*\*

Buugyhow kitaabow  
Saaxiibkayga beerkiyo  
Bogga aan ku haystee  
Xaal kastoon ku beegmoon  
Ku bariisto waayaha  
Ii Bidhaansha nuurkow

\*\*\*

O book, you revered book  
O my friend, my bosom friend  
Whom I embrace so close to my chest  
And no matter what condition I encounter  
What morn I find myself in  
You are the one, who  
Shines my path for me

\*\*\*

Kaan baahidaydiyo  
Igu nicin basaastee  
Marka aan bukoodee  
Dadku ayga baahaan  
Intaa baalahaygiyo  
Barbarkayga joogee  
I baxnaaninaayee  
Hammiga iga biiyow

\*\*\*

O book, the one you are  
Who abandon me not,  
When I am destitute  
When I am sick  
When others desert me,  
You always stay by my side  
You heal me, care for me  
You comfort me

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

Buugyohow Fircooniyo  
Baabiloon warkeediyo  
Nebiyadii billaa iyo  
Boqortooyadii Furus  
Beryo hore ka joogtiyo  
Shiinihii ku bilayee  
Farta kugu bilaabiyo  
Baaxaddii aqoontey  
Baaxuurti Yuunaan  
U soo balanbaleen iyo  
Boqortooyadii Room  
Jirtay waayo badaniyo  
Baaqii Masiixiyo  
Taariikhdi Buudiyo  
Islaamkii ballaadhee  
Dunidii ku baahiyo  
Afrikadii la boobee  
Dadkeedii la baayacay  
Badda lag tallaabshiyo  
Badhaadhooyin jiray iyo  
Dagaal laysku ba'ayoo  
Bunduq laysku haystiyo  
Sooyaalka biiriyo  
Beri hore wixii jirey  
Ii bayaaminaayow

\*\*\*

Buugyohow kitaabow  
Barkaddii aqoontow  
Haantii Bugweynee  
Caloosheedu buuxdow

\*\*\*

Midka uu boggiisiyo  
Baalkiisa keli ahi  
Badda weyn dhaqaajow

\*\*\*

O book, you are the one who  
Relates to me with all clarity  
the story of the Pharaohs and Babylon  
of the glorious prophets  
of the Persian empire of ancient days  
of the Chinese that adorned you  
with the first script  
of the immense knowledge  
of the august Greek scholars  
and the great burden they carried  
to preserve it and pass it down  
of the long-lasting Roman Empire  
of the good news of Jesus Christ  
of the history of Buddha  
of Islam and its spread around the  
world  
of the looting of Africa and  
shipping its people as booty across  
oceans  
of ancient bounties and prosperities  
of miseries in the past  
of wars and their agonies  
of history and its trajectories  
of ancient lore

\*\*\*

O book, you revered book  
O, the reservoir of knowledge  
The Bugweyn container  
Whose belly is always full

\*\*\*

You are the one, who  
With a single page of yours  
Can move the oceans

\*\*\*

Buugyohow kitaabow  
Ninba baahidiisiyo  
Dawadii bukaankiyo  
Xanuunkiisa biin layd  
Kaa baadhay oo arag

\*\*\*

Buugyohow kitaabow  
Eray bayjajkaagiyo  
Beerkaaga laga helay  
Oo loo baraarugay  
Maxaa baaddil lagu tiray

\*\*\*

Budcad reero haystoo  
Ummaddii bakhtiistiyo  
Boqortooyo weyniyo  
Maxaa baawar lagu riday

\*\*\*

Baaruud qarsooniyo  
Nabar soo baqaayoo  
Ka bislaaday hoostiyo  
Maxaad booga aasnaa  
Ka soo bixisay aagaan

\*\*\*

Buugyohow kitaabow  
Markaad xumo u baydheed  
Wax baabbii is leedahay  
Saancadkaagu badanaa

\*\*\*

O book, you revered book  
How wonderful it is that  
All people come to you  
In search of balm  
For their ailments  
And find it in your pages

\*\*\*

O book, you revered book  
How often has a word  
That was found in your pages  
Or deep in your belly  
And was truly comprehended  
Has been invoked to remove injustice

\*\*\*

How often has an oppressive tyrant  
A great empire  
And a powerful regime  
has been toppled  
With your words

\*\*\*

How often you exposed  
A hidden explosive powder  
And a festering abscess  
That was about to burst  
How often you wrung pus  
Out of buried old wounds

\*\*\*

O book, you revered book  
When you resort to villainy  
And you veer to destruction  
Your harm is deadly

\*\*\*

Bilicdaada nuurkiyo  
Markaad samo u baydhana  
Nimcadaadu badanaa

\*\*\*

Buugyohow kitaabow  
Dadka buuxa dunidee  
Ku ballaadhsan uunkani  
Maxaad qaar balaysoy  
Qaarna kugu badhaadheen

\*\*\*

Ninkii aan ku baraneen  
Xikmadaada biirsani  
Muxuu bohool ku dhacayaa  
Badda qarada weynlee  
Laga wada baqaayiyo  
Muxuu buuro gelayaa  
Islaan foom u bidhisoo  
Bunka wax uga sheegtiyo  
Muxuu been rumaystaa  
Bayd-gaab wadaadiyo  
Nin xadiis yar bawsaday  
Muxuu been waraabshaa  
Birta dhiig u geliyaa  
Isna uu badriiqiyo  
Weli baalle moodaa

\*\*\*

But when you resort to goodness  
And enlightenment  
Your bounty is immense

\*\*\*

O book, you revered book  
How come that you divided  
The people in the word  
Into those who reap  
only misery from you  
and those who enjoy your bounty

\*\*\*

Those who do not learn you  
And do not earn your wisdom  
How often they fall in ditches  
Or slip blindly into scary high seas  
or face unsurmountable high mountains  
How often they rely on the prophecies of  
A shaman woman who conjures up stories  
From the smoke of incenses and coffee  
reading  
How often they believe in the pontification  
And lies of an ill educated cleric, who  
Portrays blood smeared knives as miracles  
And how often they take him  
As a man of god  
With wings to fly

\*\*\*

Ninkii kugu barbaaree  
Yaraan kugu bilaabee  
Ku baxnaaninaayana  
Maxaad buuro dheeriyo  
Xiddigaha bigleeyee  
Ka bidhaama oogada  
Ugu beer xidhaayood  
Dawyada ugu badisaa

\*\*\*

Buugyohow kitaabow  
Bani-aadmi doojow  
Baalalow warkaa dhiman

\*\*\*

Buugyohow kitaabow  
Bartilmaanka noloshow  
Bayskii aqoontow  
Cilmigaaga baahiyo  
Xikmadaada buurtaa  
Markii borotan loo galay  
Oheey waa balaayee  
Laga badi dadkaygii

\*\*\*

Bacad iyo kulayl iyo  
Meel u hadalku baaniyo  
Buul madaw ku soo hadhe

\*\*\*

O book, those who study you  
At a young age and care for you  
Why you tie them to high mountains  
And to stars twinkling in firmaments  
And why you put forked roads on their  
path  
And make them confused

\*\*\*

O book, you revered book  
You, the guide of humankind  
You multi-paged edifice  
Your fathomless knowledge  
Is yet to be known

\*\*\*

O book, you revered book  
You are the goal of life  
The foundation of knowledge  
When nations started competing  
For your expansive knowledge  
And your sublime wisdom  
O woebegone my people  
They have been left behind

\*\*\*

They were left in a place of searing heat  
A place where palaver dominates  
In dark hovels

\*\*\*

Buugyohow kitaabow  
Bani-aadmi doojow  
Baalalow warkaa dhiman

O book, you revered book  
You, the guide of humankind  
You multi-paged edifice  
Your fathomless knowledge  
Is yet to be known

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

Buugyohow kitaabow  
Maxaad beesha yurubee  
Dhaqamadi bilaa iyo  
Baabiiyey noloshii  
Nimcadiyo badhaadhaha  
Khayrka ugu burisaa

O book, you revered book  
Why you all prosperity and affluence  
Give to the European folks, who  
With utter disregard  
Destroyed good values and life

Baariis dusheediyo  
Maxaa Boon dhexyaalee  
Laga waayay Boorame

What is there to be found  
In Paris and Bonn  
That is lacking in Borama

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

Maxaa Birmingham iyo  
Booston kuu fadhiistee  
Boosaaso iyo Jilib  
Burco kaaga dhaartee  
Kaa horjooga Baydhaba

What allures you to  
Birmingham and Boston  
And frightens you away  
From Bossaso and Jilib  
And blocks you from entering  
Buroa and Baidoa

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Buugyohow kitaabow  
Bani-aadmi doojow  
Baalalow warkaa dhiman.

O book, you revered book  
You, the guide of humankind  
You multi-paged one  
Your fathomless knowledge  
Is yet to be known

\*English translation rendered  
by the poet