

Ashofak Baden

We'll meet some night later
By the banks of Tigris river
When two houses stand
Where there once was only land

The way to me is drawn on this photo
The story of my home is in this photo
The words of the pioneers are in this photo
Your sacred name is also written on this photo

My dream, to see my land blossom
Wars and pain in the past
The highest walls lay crumbled
That is my dream, my land in bloom

Then we'll meet, some night, later
By the banks of Tigris river
When two houses stand
Where there once was only land

We'll meet, some night, later
By the Tigris river's braids
Where that broken tree, that ruined land
Finally grew into homes

My words, my dear, are written on this photo
Don't wipe them away
Within them, greetings and longing
A reminder, always

My dream, to see my land blossom
Wars and pain are in the past
The highest walls lay crumbled
That is my dream, my land in bloom
(Kurdish) Ave chela bedah – Water the land
In memory of a Yazidi couple, who captured their last minutes together, before they
were separated
by the tide of war.