

## Who am I ?

Who am I, you ask?  
The Kurd of Kurdistan,  
A lively volcano,  
Fire and dynamite  
In the face of the enemy.  
When furious,  
I shake the mountains;  
The sparks of my anger  
Are death to my foes.  
Who am I?

I am in the east,  
Forts and castles  
Towns and hamlets,  
Rocks and boulders,  
What irony, what a shameful day!  
A slave I am now for blood suckers  
Yet I saved the Middle East  
From the Romans and the crusaders.  
Who am I?

Ask the near east,  
Ask the Middle East,  
Villages and towns,  
Plains and deserts.  
They were once all mine  
When by war and knowledge  
I defeated rivals  
To become crowned over an empire  
Stretching to the borders of India.  
Who am I?

I am the proud Kurd, the enemies' enemy,  
The friend of peace-loving ones.  
I am the noble race,  
Not wild as the claim.  
My mighty ancestors  
Were free people.

I shall free my land  
From tyrants;  
From the corrupts shah  
The Turkish juntas  
So we live free  
Like other nations,

## By the Kurdish poet Jegirxuin

So my gardens and meadows  
Are mine again  
Who am I?  
It was who defeated  
Richard the lionheart  
My own blood I shed  
To defend these regions.  
A thorn I was in my enemies' side;  
In my shadow lived the Turk and the  
Persian;  
Many a king held my horse's head.  
Yes I am a warrior  
I am Saladin,  
The king of Egypt, Syria and Palestine.  
Who am I?

I am Ardashir,  
I am Nowshi Rawan  
In the ancient days  
Rivals feared my wrath;  
Even mighty Caesars  
Regretted my animosity.  
I knew no fright;  
In love with adventure;  
From India to Greece  
They paid me tribute.  
Who am I?

Yes I am the Kurd,  
The Kurd of Kurdistan  
Who is poor and oppressed today.  
My castle and forts are now demolished;  
My name and my fame  
Swindled by my assailants,  
To paralyze my existence  
Making a nameless soul of me;  
A nation with no friends.  
Who am I?

I am the one who despite it all  
Remains the unyielding Kurd;  
Still formidable to the enemy.  
The smell of dynamite is again in my  
nostrils

And in my heart the strong desire to erupt.

I am fighting valiant of the mountains  
Who is not love with death  
But for the shake of life and freedom  
He sacrifices himself  
So his land of his ancestors,  
The invincible Medes,  
His beloved Kurdistan, may become  
unchained.  
Who am I?

One of my ancestors was the blacksmith  
Kawa  
Who slayed Dahak, the notorious tyrant  
To break off chains from Kurdish  
shoulders,  
And save many heads from the sword  
and death.  
The day his vicious reign ended  
We called NEWROZ, the new day.  
When Newroz comes winter departs  
Taking with it the dark harsh times  
To make a place for light and warmth.  
This is the time, as Zoroaster says,  
The evil spirit Ahriman is defeated  
At the hand of Omarzd, the god of  
wisdom and light.  
Who am I?

I am the maker of Newroz;  
Again I shall become my own master,  
The ruler of my land  
So I may enjoy the fruits of my orchards,  
Relish the scented wines of my vineyards  
By seeking salvation in knowledge and  
science,  
I shall make another new day  
And breathe the pure air of liberty.  
Who am I?

I am Kordokh the good old Khaldew;  
I am Mitani; Nayri and Sobar;  
The son of lolo; Kordokh and Kodi  
Yes, I have always been and remain the  
Kurd.  
Despite centuries of suppression in

a country by force divided and torn.  
Who am I?

I am son of LOR, kelhor and the kirmanc  
Who have lost crown and reign  
To become powerless,  
Betrayed in the name of religion  
To carry rosaries in their hands  
Duped by the rulers,  
Deprived of might and wealth,  
Fighting each other, divided and torn  
While my oppressed Kurdistan,  
My wretched Kurdistan  
Remains possessed.  
Who am I?

The son of Kurdish nation  
Awaken from deep sleep,  
Marching forward,  
Proud as a lion  
Wanting the whole word to know;  
I shall struggle  
That this nation of mine  
Will remain vigorous, unyielding, stronger  
than death.  
Let it be known;  
I announce with no fear:  
Liberty is my goal;  
I shall advance in this path.  
Who am I?

I am not bloody thirsty;  
No, I adore peace.  
Noble I adore peace.  
Sincere are my leaders.  
We don't ask for war but demand quality  
But our enemies are the ones  
Who betray and lie,  
Friendship I seek and offer my hands  
To all friendly nation;  
Long live Kurdistan;  
Death to the oppressor!  
And continue the path to freedom;  
I shall learn from great men  
Like Marx and Lenin.  
I make a vow to my ancestors,  
To SALAR, SHERGO and DEYSEM.