

GLOBAL RIGHTS

CULTURE OF LIBERATION

ONLY IN *ROJAVA*



séamas carraher

photographs

from kobanê

by

orsola casagrande,

september, 2018

for

Ednan Osman Hesên & for Cihan and Berivan,

for

the people of Rojava / The Democratic Federation of Northern Syria

“During this time, Rodi returned to Kobanê and married his lover Perwin Hemo whom he had loved for 7 years. They were not even married 20 days when a massacre occurred on 25th of June 2015 and the 20-day-old bride and groom Rodi and Perwin were martyred in this massacre.

My mother was martyred.

My sister Gulistan Hesên was martyred.

My elder brother Ehmed Hesên and his wife Rihane Hemo were martyred and

their six children were orphaned.

My uncle Mistefa Hemo, two of my cousins Osman and Ehmed and their mother Gule Evdi.

Two of my sisters Cihan and Berivan were also there during this massacre but they were able to hide themselves. They witnessed how their mother, sisters and brothers were slaughtered by barbarians.

After this last incident I returned from Amed and buried my family members.”

Ednan Osman Hesên

<https://www.globalrights.info/global-rights-magazine-english/>

“There are many children in the Camp, to prove that life prevails...”
(Maxmur in South Kurdistan)

Orsola Casagrande

<https://www.dirittiglobali.it/2018/10/refugees-visit-to-maxmur-camp/>

ONLY IN ROJAVA

i

Who are these brave women
dressed in black
on bone-bare-clay ground
holding the pictures of their dead children
to the sun and the stars and the life to come?

Here in Rojava, only here.

Listen!

Who are these countless young men and women
their smiling faces now turned to death?
Who created a sky that only shatters bones,
clouds that only rain fire and blood?

*In Rojava, only here in Rojava
Bitter sweet. And oh, so silent.*

There is this music that only the heart can hear,
a voice among these sad children i see
where a dead tree might stand,
like a warning
to clouds and rain and this life to come

here, in Rojava, in western Kurdistan, in
the Democratic Federation of the North of
Syria, only here.

And who are these barbarians dressed in black
and these soldiers with death armed to the teeth
and these politicians holding only death in their mouths
and in their lies and their promises
only death?

I ask you.



ii

Streets on fire
and houses now only for the dead
time must be turned on its head
where there are no citizens, only martyrs
where you are born and die
but only the *Land* lives on
like our dreams, endlessly.

Listen! to these young people, then,
on their wall a picture of Öcalan,
maybe the last wall left standing
in between empty streets
where the bombs fell endlessly

and the bombs fall mercilessly
in *Rojava*, only here.

Somehow here a mother's heart must be
like an enormous
ocean
where the dead must make their way
into the future
across a river of blood and lies,
across a river without a boatman
with no angels, no philosophers, no prophets
without a single commissar on call,
in this country where sorrow waves a flag
and grief is like a weapon, *here*,
only in Rojava, only here.

In Rojava,
a dead face smiling from every wall,
in this democracy among the tribes,
among races, among families
where old women wait endlessly
for their children to come home,
in a land long lost,
misplaced, hidden, silenced,
in this place
where even the dead now dare dance
waiting for history to turn up

your history, like *democracy*, always late
and always filled
with excuses

in Rojava, only here, compañeros,
as if there is no where else
to go now?





iii

Who knows? Tell me!
 After a century of lies, of despair,
 of arrogance, betrayal and treachery
 Who really knows?
 Where's it written down?
 When all the books only told lies.
 These politicians rotten to the core.
 While the world fills to the brim
 with dictators
 and murderers,
 with bureaucrats, diplomats, central committees,
 with borders, with
 the deaf and the blind.

Tell me, who really knows?
 Only the shopkeeper then.
 And the banker.

*Here where only the beasts are free.
 Or the birds in the air.*

*But Rojava...I tell you now, listen,
 Rojava, where the future still grows
 grows strong from its tears
 from your tears and mine,
 from our armed and dangerous and collective tears
 here, in Rojava
 where the future never sleeps.*

*Time, then, to wake up!
 Wake the dead, and the blind and the deaf!*



iv

Books now in among the guns
the knives, the massacres,
a library built for the dead
in Kobanê
where the children are dreams
and life's a promise not to be broken.

Day breaks. Suns rise. Dawn after darkness.

v

How much does it cost
to want to live again
where the streets still travel backwards
where time was broken
and a sniper hid behind every corner?
Tell me, *Ednan Osman Hesên*,
In among your books where we can meet
each other, heart among the hearts,
almost human again
for the first time?

How many graves?
How many martyrs?
How many children now without a past?
Graveyards swept by history into the future.
Sometimes it's hard to believe there's anyone left
to tell this story.

Nighttime is a season for grief.

Merciless.

Wars pass.



A woman rises up from the ruins.
 The walls are still painted with the faces of the
 dead.
 So many young men and women.
 So many tears.
 So much laughter.
 This is the way it was
 the way i imagine it
 the day war came to live among all our human
 bones,
 among your bones and mine, sister,
 among all our collective and revolutionary bones,
 that day in Raqqa, or Kobanê , or on Mount Sinjar

Mindlessly.

vi

What does it take to build a whole new world
 out of the old?
 Go ask these Kurds.
 Go ask the Arabs still living in Manbij.
 Go ask the Yazidi in Sinjar.
 The refugees in Shehba.
 Go ask these Turkmen, Assyrians, Circassians.
 Go ask the Armenians in Deir ez-Zor.
 Go ask the women (those that survived)
 go ask the women, those that didn't.

Go ask Ednan in Kobanê . Heart as deep as
 an ocean.
 Then go ask the gravestones, the quiet ones,
 and the loud mouthed ones.
 And don't forget!
 go ask your own dead in the waiting room
 here where you are sitting
 while you listen.

Listen!

Here, i'm telling you, is our enormous
 work.
 The people's work.
 This work without end.
 World without end. Without an amen to each genuflection.
 This prayer for these promises never to be broken.
 World without politicians, without dictators,
 with these barbarians banished.

*O, This World, whose heart got broken
 in among these women's prayers.*



vii

Body filled with ruins.
Ruins built for these bodies.
Day and night, i'm telling you,
go ask the Kurds in Diyarbakir, in Cizre,
in northern Kurdistan, southern, in Rojhilat, in Rojava.
War without end, *amen*.
Go ask these Kurds.

Go ask them in Kobanê , in Raqqa, in Afrin, in Tabqa
Go ask them in Ain Issa, in every village and town.
Go ask the dust in the street,
the pharmacist in among her pills,
go ask the doctor without medicine and the last nurse.
Go ask the curfewed streets sheltering
among the wounded dressed in white flags
go ask these same streets with their head in their hands.
Go ask the soldiers sleeping never to waken,
go ask the ghosts of the dead
and the ghosts of the living
go ask those who never left the Basements,
go ask the corpse still shouting
from its gallows

go ask the fucking future!
If you can find it.

This future paid for in advance!
This future with its clock ticking
like a minefield,
future, i tell you, on its bloody way
but not like
another army, another coup, another massacre
this future once like a war crime, like genocide,
ethnic cleansing



this future that no one owns now,
 no one can rent, can enslave,
 oppress, dominate, rape, prostitute,
 this future after our dead have finished sleeping.
 When all their debts are paid.
 This future we will build.

*Here where your fucking war
 must come to an end.
 Your endless useless murderous redundant
 and always profitable war.*



viii

Wait in the queue, then.
 This is your history,
 this shared and collective question
 with its mouth taped shut, its lips sealed,
 feminist, anarchist, communist,
 ecologist, dreamer.

Wait here among the men with nothing left
 to lose,
 with this mother and her orphans still blown apart,
 these children burnt from the air,
 these angels dissected with steel and shrapnel
 the slain, the damaged
 the despair.

Just wait.

Then go ask those tormented, those tortured,
 the refugees, the exiled, go ask all the
 countless prisoners in Erdoğan's Turkey, in Assad's jails,
 in the brothels, the basements, the dungeons.
 Go ask this last orphan now
 this lonely one who owns the future,
 this future here
 we are about to build.

Then go tell the killers to go on home.
 Tell these soldiers the war is over.
 Tell the politicians they're no longer needed.
 And the priests, and the undertakers.
 Tell them all.
 Hey! You're not needed any more.
 Fuck off home!
 Go home!
 Just fuck off!



ix

This is what could be then.
Your Syria of the democracies.
Of the dreams. Syria for the
liberated, the lovers, all those lost.
Syria without the wars,
without religions
with no swords no beards no jihad
no beheadings.
No dungeons, no secret police, no chemical
weapons, no massacre, no murder.
No more.
This is democracy no longer silenced,
democracy with its mouth wide open
democracy no longer deaf.
With its heart on its sleeve.
All the doors wide open.
With its eyes and ears and tongue set free.
All these broken hearts mended.

This is a place worth building,
a worthy place.
A place where words can breathe again.
A place fit for humans,
for you and me, lover and beloved,
democratic, federation, autonomous,
libertarian, landscape of the communes,
a manifesto for miracles!
Daybreak with no darkness.
No darkness at noon.
Listen.
Even the dust here will learn how to speak.
And these sad stones sing again
one day.
Each person will walk
even without legs,
dance without needing books,
embrace with their arms missing,
believe without false gods.
So much silence.
So much struggle.
So much sweat and tears.
So much sacrifice.
“History”.



an end to nations an end to the state
 an end to dungeons and torture and prisons
 to prisoners
 an end to words that spoke only lies
 an end to me and mine and us and them
 in their bitter bewilderment,
 in this sad old world, this century of betrayal
 this soviet of our broken dreams, gulags, ovens, furnaces
 an end too
 to faces that only know cruelty
 to arms and hands buried in the butchers' blood
 an end to it all.
 An end.
 And a beginning.

x

Words then dug deep out of the dark earth
where these women dressed in black
go hold the pictures of their dead children
to the sun and the stars and the life to come.
 Only in Rojava, in Kurdistan, only here.
 In this world without end
 world among the catastrophes
 world being born
Listen. Then.
One last time
democratic federalism autonomy commune respect peace
solidarity
 words with their hair cut and their black beards shaved
 words no money can buy
 words waking up



All this then,
at the razor-sharp edge of the world
all this then, *Ednan*,
this must be this voice I hear, *listen*,
the voice of these women dressed in black
on the cold-bare bloody-and-broken clay ground,
holding the pictures of their dead children
to the sun and the stars and this life to come
Here in Rojava, in the Democratic Federation
of Northern Syria.
World, are you listening?

séamas carraher

18 october 2018 – 19 january 2019

CREDITS:

Cover image from the film “ROZA - THE COUNTRY OF TWO RIVERS” (ROZA FILM)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2fipJAwje68>

Kobanê

Photographs by Orsola Casagrande, September, 2018

<https://www.globalrights.info/2018/11/rojawa-in-september/>

for Ednan Osman Hesên

<https://issuu.com/globalrightsmagazine/docs/gr-5-Kobanê-eng-ok>

Rodî û Perwîn library: books to rebuild life

<https://www.globalrights.info/global-rights-magazine-english/>

orsola casagrande: North Kurdistan. Refugees, visit to Maxmur Camp

<https://www.globalrights.info/2018/10/north-kurdistan-refugees-visit-to-maxmur-camp/>

For a Culture of Liberation

<https://www.globalrights.info/category/magazine/cultures/culture-of-liberation/>

“But always from the word we must start, or re-start. And today, as always, the one that has greater inherent strength is the poetic word. It’s the artistic expression, in its multifaceted and endless forms, which owns the code, the code able to combine the old and the new, reason and feelings, awareness and perspective. To break the straitjacket of a social communication governed by hidden algorithms and owners, of the loss of the imaginary. A word, in short, able to tell stories and to stimulate desires.

Only imagining and desiring another world, other social systems and relationships, in fact, the change becomes concrete. Only by recovering forgotten and subtracted vocabularies, by rebuilding proper syntax and new grammars, subversion becomes viable.”

Sergio Segio

<https://www.globalrights.info/2016/07/the-forms-and-places-of-unsuspected-subversion/>



<http://www.seamascarraher.blogspot.ie/>

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