

**Maxamed Xaashi Dhamac 'Gaarriye'****Fad Galbeed**

Gabbal-dhaca cadceed-yahay  
U sii faano-guratee,  
Casar gaaban liiqii  
Godka weeraraysaa!  
Go'e fuley miyaad tahay?  
Waa maxay garmaamadu?

Ma googooska sagalkiyo  
Gamasyada shucaaca,  
Gaade kaa horreeyiyo  
Gurigaad ku hoyan layd  
War ku gubay ka soo direy?

Mise gabadhan dhoolkiyo  
Gu'goo shaalka xaytiyo  
Fad galbeed la moodaa,  
Kolkaad gelin is-dhugateen  
Guluubkaagi shiikhoo  
Dib-u-guradku waa baqe?

Mise ganac-jabkaagiyo  
Waxaad galabta mudataad  
Intay goori goor tahay,  
Dayax soo lug-gu'i laa  
Sii war-geli is-leedahay?

Gedgeddoonka hiraakee  
Iyagoo garaaro leh,  
Gaatin-socodka laafyaha  
Xarragada u gaarka ah  
Goonyahaaga tiiciyo,

Gaardiga daruuraha  
Kugu gaaf-wareegee,  
Gumucaad ridaysiyo  
Goolli-baadh fallaadhaha,  
Shafka kaga garaacdee  
Isu rogay guduudkee,

Dhiiggooda gobo'liyo  
Giirgiirka caadka leh,  
Ku sibbaaqday guudkiyo  
Garab-saar-dabtoodii  
Maxaa maanta gaasirey?  
Miyey kugu giriifeen?

Mise waxay ka giigeen  
Gobaad haybaddeediyo,  
Gantaalaha jacaylkiyo  
Kal-gacaylka beereey  
Indhaheedu ganayaan?

Afartaa siddiri-gam  
Waxan gocanayaa weli,

Tiiyoo gareyskiyo  
Marta debec u gunuddoo  
Guranaysa hoobaan,  
Oo aan geyaankeed  
Geesaha ka filanayn,  
Dabayshii gadoodee  
Uurkayga garatee  
Gadmada ku qaaddee,  
Gosha iyo horaadkiyo  
Gaaddada u faydiyo,  
Garba-duubka maraday

Durba geb' isku siisiyo,  
Gabbashada xishoodka ah  
Gorodday lulaysiyo  
Ugubnimo-gandoodkii.

**Maxamed Xaashi Dhamac 'Gaarriye'*****Evening Cloud***

*Setting sun you're slipping  
From the fading day  
Heading for your hole  
Hey! Are you a coward?  
What's the hurry?  
Is it the flurry of light,  
Shining spears, an ambush  
Waiting, burning news  
From the house where  
You will spend the night?  
Or is it this young woman  
A billow, a breeze in spring  
That lifts the filmy shawl,  
A rain cloud in the evening?  
You glimpsed each other  
Your brilliance dimmed, do you  
Retreat for fear that she  
Outshines you, or to tell  
The moon of her before it rises  
So it won't stumble like you?*

*The swirling cirrus-waves  
Slow-marched with swaying limbs,  
An elegance unique to them;  
The ceremonious ranks of clouds  
Surrounded you, and the bullets  
You loosed and arrows you aimed  
Pierced their chests, they turned  
To red, their blood dripped;  
On all other days you splashed  
The mares' tails with colour,*

*What made them shy away today  
From shouldering their arms?*

*Do they grieve for you?  
Or do they hold back from  
The aura of this noble girl  
From the missiles of love  
And ardour her eyes  
Released and planted in them?*

*All that may be so.  
What I still recall is her,  
Plucking ripe fruit,  
Her dress and gareys\*  
Tied round her waist,  
Not expecting the glance  
Of a youth from anywhere.  
The aroused wind realized  
The feelings inside me  
And surprised her,  
Revealed her belly and breasts.  
I recall her haste in holding  
The clothes to herself  
Modestly turning her face,  
A gazelle dipping her head;  
The shyness of virginity.*

\*A *gareys* is a type of shawl made of thin, brightly coloured material which women wear on their upper body over a dress.