

ka Farasmagaalaha Landhan

Baas iyo tareen buuxa oo, boosna laga waayey
Ballan iyo shaqana aad lahayd, baarti iyo fuulleh
Haddaad baal ciriiriyoon, gashiyo is biir qoolid
Adigoo bestaa jooga oo, bixiso doonaaya
Is buurbuurad goortuu dhacee, yaraha baalleeyo
Barxagsiga kolkaad weydo yaad, bowdo togataaye
'Biliis' 'Soori' baad kuba tiraa, weedh barooken ahe
Butullina inaan cidi ku odhan, yay u badataaye.
Dadku biisi yuu wada yahoo, badi markaad eegto
Buug bay ku wada fooraraan, baybar soo baxaye
Misana way is beekhaakhayaan, sida basaaskiiye
Oo baasha hoos iyo ishay, balac ka siiyaane
Kolkase laba bahdaydaa timaad, buuq uu maqashaaye
Oo bulaankii isku baxay yaa kolkaas, boqol la moodaaye

Abdullahi Bootaan Hassan

from Central London

The bus or train is packed, no place to sit,
You have an appointment, or work: part time or full,
A tight squeeze now, but you must venture on.
Exhausted from it all you want to leave,
The train swings to one side, you're flung together,
You miss the handle, grasp another's thigh,
In broken English 'Please,' you say 'I'm sorry'
But most just don't return the smallest word.
You look at them and everyone is busy
Their heads are buried in the latest paper and books,
Like spies they steal a look at one another,
From under eyelids glances reach across.
Then two of my own enter: all is noise
And talk; you'd think it was a hundred people.

*translated from the Somali
by Dr Martin Orwin
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