

as Sung in Qamishli and al-Malikiyah: the Suicide of Sophia Emyah

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Abstract—The woman who knows is no longer with us. I continue to feel her shape in the air. I sing against her suicide. She lives on. When I lie, I will know. The reader waited patiently. I try not to know what I do. I cannot.

Keywords—wisdom, suicide, sorrow

I. CALLUS

Under her feet pretended they to know the songs they sang. Above her head were you waiting for her embrace. Before her was the nauseating, cold, and thin air. Behind her stood I. Next to her stood no one.¹

My mind grew callous of her, while her body did the same. Now I have what is not her in my hands. As she made me to sing, I do against it. Now I have what is not her in my hands. It is not brown. It is as red as the tears have made my eyes. The calluses are ever forming. Now I have her and what is not her in mind, until the day I lie below my feet.

II. THE GOSPEL

She is safe. What is to come, has yet to. That, much, is certain. When the birds do rejoice, so do the folk who listen as I speak. Like the camel stands before the river without drinking—that is, until the herder commands it to—so be you [1]. But then too is she safe.

If so, then what would she be unsafe from? I avoid meeting the man with this on his forehead. Conversely, protesting does not work if there are no stakeholders. My way of coping with this loss of her is far uglier than any of the former; I sit here, on this log, lonesomely, drinking my sense of spacetime away. It is a miracle that I can still guide my conscience toward the paper as I write these words I hope to hug you with.

Until then, my treasures of the world, I hope this cloud of sorrow that I feel will rain down on me. That is preferable over its dreadful hanging. Please, anything but.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I thank her for guiding me to write this paper. Rest in peace, Sophia Emyah.

APPENDIX

A. Proverbs 8

أَلْعَلَّ الْحِكْمَةُ لَا تَتَادَى وَالْفَهْمُ لَا يُعْطَى صَوْتَهُ؟ عِنْدَ رُؤُوسِ الشَّوَاهِقِ عِنْدَ الطَّرِيقِ
بَيْنَ الْمَسَالِكِ تَقِفُ. بِجَانِبِ الْأَبْوَابِ عِنْدَ ثَغْرِ الْمَدِينَةِ عِنْدَ مَدْخَلِ الْأَبْوَابِ تَصْرَحُ: «لَا تَكْرُ
أَيُّهَا النَّاسُ أَنَاذِي وَصَوْتِي إِلَى بَنِي آدَمَ. أَيُّهَا الْحَقِيقِيُّ تَعْلَمُوا ذِكَاً وَيَا جَهَالَ تَعْلَمُوا فَهْماً.
إِسْمَعُوا فَإِنِّي أَتَكَلَّمُ بِأُمُورٍ شَرِيفَةٍ وَأَفْتَتِاحُ شَفَتِي اسْتِقَامَةً. لِأَنَّ حَنْكِي يَلْهَجُ بِالصِّدْقِ
وَمَكْرَمَةِ شَفَتِي الْكَذِبُ. كُلُّ كَلِمَاتِي فِي الْحَقِّ. لَيْسَ فِيهَا عِوَجٌ وَلَا تَوَاهٍ. كُلُّهَا وَاضِحَةٌ
لَدَى الْفَهْمِ وَمُسْتَقِيمَةٌ لَدَى الَّذِينَ يَجِدُونَ الْمَعْرِفَةَ. خَذُوا تَأْدِيبِي لَا الْفَضَّةَ. وَالْمَعْرِفَةَ
أَكْثَرَ مِنَ الذَّهَبِ الْمُخْتَارِ. لِأَنَّ الْحِكْمَةَ خَيْرٌ مِنَ اللَّالِئِ وَكُلُّ الْجَوَاهِرِ لَا تُسَاوِيهَا.

«أَنَا الْحِكْمَةُ أَسْكُنُ الذِّكَاً وَأَجِدُ مَعْرِفَةَ التَّوَابِيرِ. مَخَافَةُ الرَّبِّ بَعْضُ الشَّرِّ. الْكِبَرِيَاءُ
وَالْتَعْظُمُ وَطَرِيقُ الشَّرِّ وَفَمُ الْأَكَاذِبِ أَنْغَضَتْ. لِي الْمَشُورَةُ وَالرَّأْيُ. أَنَا الْفَهْمُ. لِي
الْقُدْرَةُ. بِي تَمْلِكُ الْمُلُوكُ وَتَقْضِي الْعِظَمَاءُ عَدْلًا. بِي تَرَأْسُ الرُّؤَسَاءِ وَالشُّرَفَاءُ كُلُّ قَضَاةِ
الْأَرْضِ. أَنَا أَحَبُّ الَّذِينَ يُحِبُّونِي وَالَّذِينَ يَبْهَرُونَ إِلَيَّ يَجِدُونَنِي. عِنْدِي الْغَنَى وَالْكَرَامَةُ.
قَنِيَةً فَاحِرَةً وَحَظٌ. ثَمَرِي خَيْرٌ مِنَ الذَّهَبِ وَمِنَ الْإِبْرِزِ وَغُلَّتِي خَيْرٌ مِنَ الْفِضَّةِ الْمُخْتَارَةِ.
فِي طَرِيقِ الْعَدْلِ أَمْسَى فِي وَسْطِ سَبِيلِ الْحَقِّ فَأَوْرَثَ حَيِّي رِزْقًا وَأَمَلًا خَزَائِنَتِهِمْ.

«الرَّبُّ قَنَانِي أَوَّلَ طَرِيقِهِ مِنْ قَبْلِ أَعْمَالِهِ مِنْذُ الْقَدَمِ. مِنْذُ الْأَزَلِ مُسَحَّتٌ مِنْذُ الْبَدَءِ
مِنْذُ أَوَّلِ الْأَرْضِ. إِذْ لَمْ يَكُنْ ثَمَرٌ أَبْدَتْ. إِذْ لَمْ تَكُنْ بَنَابِيعُ كَثِيرَةِ الْمِيَاهِ. مِنْ قَبْلِ أَنْ
تَقَرَّرَتْ الْجِبَالُ قَبْلَ التَّلَالِ أَبْدَتْ. إِذْ لَمْ يَكُنْ قَدْ صَنَعَ الْأَرْضَ بَعْدَ وَلَا الْبَرَارِي وَلَا
أَوَّلَ أَغْفَارِ الْمَسْكُونَةِ. لَمَّا ثَبَتَتِ السَّمَاوَاتُ كُنْتُ هُنَاكَ أَنَا. لَمَّا رَسَمْتُ دَائِرَةً عَلَى وَجْهِ
الْغَمْرِ. لَمَّا ثَبَتَتِ السَّحَابُ مِنْ فَوْقِ. لَمَّا تَشَدَّدَتْ بَنَابِيعُ الْغَمْرِ. لَمَّا وَضَعْتُ لِلْبَحْرِ حُدُودًا فَلَا
تَتَعَدَّى الْمِيَاهُ نَجْمَهُ لَمَّا رَسَمْتُ أَسْوَاقَ الْأَرْضِ كُنْتُ عِنْدَهُ صَانِعًا وَكُنْتُ كُلَّ يَوْمٍ لَذَّةَ فَرَحَةٍ
دَائِمًا قُدَامَهُ. فَرَحَةً فِي مَسْكُونَةِ أَرْضِهِ وَلِذَا نِيَّ مَعَ بَنِي آدَمَ.

«فَالآنَ أَيُّهَا الْبَنُونَ اسْمَعُوا لِي - فَطُونِي لِلَّذِينَ يَحْفَظُونَ طَرِيقِي. اسْمَعُوا التَّعْلِيمَ وَكُونُوا
حُكَّامًا وَلَا تَرْفُضُوهُ. طَوْنِي لِلإِنْسَانِ الَّذِي يَسْمَعُ لِي سَاهِرًا كُلَّ يَوْمٍ عِنْدَ مَصَارِعِي حَافِظًا
قَوَائِمَ أَبْوَابِي. لِأَنَّ مِنْ يَجِدُنِي يَجِدُ الْحَيَاةَ وَيُنَالُ رِضَى مِنَ الرَّبِّ وَمَنْ يَخْطِئْ عَنِّي يَضُرُّ
نَفْسَهُ. كُلُّ مُبْغِضِي يَجِبُونَ الْمَوْتَ».

REFERENCES

- [1] G. H. G. Abdulahad, Artist, *Patiently Waiting*.
[Art]. 2026.

¹ The latter two are equivalent.