

Three Thousand Kisses

Hemefariq Hassan

A Kurdish short story



Translated from Kurdish language into English

By

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Like the days passed, my husband "Rebwar", at 7am woke up, he used to, after he woke up, softly he passed his hand through my hair, and quietly kissed my cheek, then he dressed up, going to buy some fresh bread. I, between a sleep and a wake, rolling on the warm bed and I did not have any emotional feeling to him, but in that morning cheek kiss, reminded me the historical evening, where on the tenth marriage anniversary, we went to a famous restaurant in the city to have a dinner. Just before the dinner served, Rebwar approached his head close to my ears, in order for our only daughter not to understand what is between in our hearts, whispered;

"My lovely high neck, you know our marriage is the fruit of many years of love, I do not forget, every morning to kiss your soft cheek, while, you never attempted to kiss me, my beloved Sarah!"

I did not pay attention too much, answered him through a smile, and he did not argue. After about a week, Rebwar, was just went to buy a fresh bread, heavily the door knocked, one after another, we had electricity supply, my heart trembled, stood up. Still in my sleeping dress, steadily moved. By the time I arrived at the door, heavily and repeatedly, the door knocked again and again, and when I opened the door, it was our right hand side neighborhood Mr. Haji Rostam:

"Calm down, and hurry up, let us take him quickly to the hospital!"

I pushed and strengthened myself; I fall on my face twice and stood up, lost my slippers. Six to seven travelers, gathered on my husband, Rebwar. When they saw me in this situation, they went back apart and opened the path for me. The long tall my husband was fallen and laid on his back. His brown eyes and his mouth were opened. I did not know by seeing this bitter view, why I did not die! His white reddish color was become like onion leave. I laid beside him on the pavement and put my head close to his left chest, and I did not hear his heart bit.

"God forgive him, a heart attack!"

Someone with a very soft sad voice said so. And I, like a mad person, stood up, I bit strongly my head twice. My hair became disrupted and my mouth dried out. At this moment, I remembered what he told me in that evening ;(the marriage of you and me..... You never attempted to kiss me, my beloved Sarah!), I, with heart broken, and my eyes full of tears, sat next to his head. I put my knees onto the

pavement. Touched my vibrating lips to his yellowish cheek, kissed him three times. But my soul was not relaxed by these three kisses. Stood up and I bit strongly my thigh, waved.

“After what ? Too late, not only three kisses, even if I kiss you three thousand times, you never feel it, my beloved husband!”

In front of these men, with a loudly voice, I said so, and with my neighborhood Mr. Haji Rostam, rushed him to the hospital, passed away!

Sulaimane, June 26th, 2022.

سى ھەزار ماچ
كورتە چىرۆكى كوردى
مەھمەد فەرىق ھەسەن



وہرگىرانی لہ کوردیہ وہ بو ئینگیزی

پ.ی.د.مەھمەد عەزیز سەئید

زانکۆی سەلاحەدین – ھەولێر

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