

## My Kurdish Identity

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**Abstract:** This is a biographical, historical, and transnational poem about desiring the future. In the process, the experiences of Kurds in Nashville, TN is articulated in order to challenge simplistic renditions of Kurds in the United States. The poem offers a powerful version of the future.

**Keywords:** Kurdish identity, diaspora, Kurds, and Nashville.

When you look at me, what do you see?  
Someone Turkish, Arab, or Indian, or someone who I wasn't meant to be?  
But no, my heritage comes from this mystical land  
A land my parents call Kurdistan

But if you ask me  
I am from the bright lights of downtown  
From crowded streets and old country guitars  
I am from hey all around those music city folks  
From Southern tip of Nashville Tennessee  
I am American born but with a strong Kurdish heart

They say you can breathe in the fresh mountain air with the scent of sweet wildflowers  
These same mountains that stood with such great power  
So secretively hidden Noah's arc  
As some say, among the arc were Goody  
Which comes a nation called Kurdi

With valleys that stretch out as far as I can see  
Housing people for thousands of years  
Yearning for its inhabitants to be free  
Of mankind's fascist cruelty

I wish that everyone would understand  
That I am a Kurd without a homeland  
A land in which I have not seen  
But you'll see, my generation will be the one who'll set it free.

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