

Berlin, February 2017

It took me 30 years.
30 years to finally see clearly.
I am Kurdish, I am a Kurdish woman in the world.
I think the burden has been too heavy, I couldn't bear it for all these years.
I had to understand on my own, I had to close my eyes to finally see.
Brave and fierce, this is what we are. Is this what I am?
When I look at the Kurdish people around me, I first see strong women.
Strong women are the force of the Kurds.
But I always felt as if I was a fraud, I wasn't allowed to say it loud
and clear, that I am Kurdish, that I am all of that.
I was questioned about my identity everyday, but my answer was
always so confused.
Why couldn't I make it simple? Who is supposed to decide for
my identity?
I have two passports, none of them make much sense to me.
Being a Kurdish woman means that I will always have to justify my
presence on this earth.
But we are not extinct, we are here and we have to make everyone hear
us loud and clear.
I am proud to be Kurdish and I am proud to be a woman.
I will not be invisible anymore.

SEVIN