

The Plight of Eritrea

Dear reader, hereafter, bestow me your earnest attention,
Sift through this writing; it is candid and a fair reflection.
The history of Eritrea is a true recount of the burden of Colonialism,
Prior to Lenin, by culture and tradition, Eritrea has roots of Socialism.

Long and long ago, Eritrea granted, Citizenship after 40 years,
By arrangement, a wife to form a family, a shade, & a farming terrace.
Europe and America are still struggling to solve,
This is not an issue in the beloved; Eritrea's alcove.

The world will never understand, the fabric of Eritrea, and it's President,
Equally so, to that, of the humble, righteous individual, with a unique accent
We behold: honesty, fairness, respect, hard work, & love of socialization,
These are true traits inherited, from our fathers, through refined evolution?

Now though, what is the current worry, what is the story?
Why are the Big Nations looking us down, and want us to burry.
Rulers of different colors have come and gone, so did kingdoms,
Some dictated over our rights, others, now want to quell our freedoms.

Colonialists talk of development, and tell you, to do, what they say,
If you refuse to abide like Eritrea, how hard and rough, is that way?
It all starts, when you don't extend your hand, to accept alms,
Then, "They come to turn, that bed and table, and leave you in qualms."

When rulers come to dictate their will, heavy, is that Bill?
Wherever you are, "They tell you to fallow the field, and not, to till.'
'Here we have a lot of harvest, don't reserve seeds, it is for free,'
When it is time, 'They come to tell you, don't trim and cut that tree.'"

Eritrea! Eritrea! How come your eyes are, many that envy?
A noble mother you are! When you talk marvelously savvy.
Wisdom, reason, logic and fairness, décor your umbrella,
Why are they that jealous to prevent you, from that gala?

Many and many wondered, and wanted, and still want, to duel in our land,
This far no one has been able; respectively, we refused your pride to hand.
When you respond as a nation, you stun the wise, their minds in a spin,
Your thesis and antithesis, in any field, forecasting trends, which you win.

The Arm Struggle gave you a gird, a trait, you learned to mellow,
 Your naked and stark statement of truth, hard is for them to swallow.
 In anticipation and in an ante, early on with facts you strike,
 Many are enticed, "They grade you as a nation, to their like."

As a country, an infant a decade and so, still a toddler,
 You scare the many; they don't want you bigger & stronger.
 Wisdom, bravery and humility over flow that measure,
 Refined minds are astounded by your intellectual treasure.

"They write and fabricate variables, without any research, to accuse,
 'Their analogies lean to serve their interest,' to accept, we refuse.
 'For they sell, what they master for money, to help their line,"
 Eritrea is not that ignorant, no matter how hard, all valued, it is fine

We will build: roads, canals, dams and force, we forge to grow,
 With eyes of an eagle, a muscular arm hard for you to bow.
 Historically, an intricate route, many enemies, you forced to fall,
 United arms and minds, have failed, your spirit and mind to stall.

A new Banner, a contemporary Alma, in disguise, the same,
 However hard," They try in folly," your goals, to defame.
 A scar, a scarlet mark befallen, "They shoulder shame,"
 Your logic is still clean, without a stint or blame.

A hero nation, no tattering with out any fright,
 When numerous adversaries goggle, your belt is tight.
 Late you are to speak, slow to blame, in your tone,
 Are you an invitee, a true broker, to repair that dome?

Who gave you that wisdom, that, you guide your elders?
 To speak your mind, that, you avoid deals and barterers.
 Why in your case as a nation, no sticks and no carrots,
 Only because, you refuse to accept orders, to repeat like parrots.

A philosopher nation, with truth an obstacle, to many,
 What is your Alma, and Banner, that, you are so brainy?
 Shout aloud many wait and expect, to hear, your wisdom,
 Keen individuals in Africa, with hope, will admire your kingdom.

You never wanted this war, and no one, forced you,
 The world of integrity will witness, which one to boo!
 The Heavens are with you! The sky is clear; He is your might,
 Not because you are different, only, because you are right.

Unite the nation and clear the way, and awake that fervor,
 Eritrea, alert your people to filter, and protect the harbor.
 Lawlessness has ruled, beware! and don't idle
 I hate with a venomous omen near to, to settle.

No one, and no nation, should mess with your inalienable right,
 It is not by accident, but by culture, that you walk that tight,
 Keep that balance; don't demarcate, neither, White nor Red,
 No one has that right, to define and brand you, as yet.

Don't speak you mind, avoid that culture, for there is a penalty,
 Truth is diluted, when lies and twists are glorified to be, mighty.
 As a non Aligned Nation, you are congruent to all,
 Plain is your field, for the weak, strong, short or tall.

Virtuous Eritrea! Still your vices are a few,
 For not corrupting your attitude; you are a pray to rue.
 It is a blend, and an accepted Land Mark, of the age,
 Virtue is in your heart, dance, with vices on the stage.

Many that blame you, fabricate it, to impede your struggle,
 When you don't speak of their guilt or innocence, you mark a riddle.
 Now, how hard and strong they come; are you that hard, not to brittle,
 By aborting many of their plans, dreams, you cut it to belittle.

Accused you are of this and that, "They name Human Right,"
 A malleable Legal Bar scientifically, rough not always bright.
 You feed, care, and teach the young, and some that go to prison,
 For acts of corruption, theft, and some for undisclosed reason.

A day will come, sooner or later in courts, they will stand,
 Then, "They can give you a name and a new brand."
 How efficient and judicious is a matter, of semantics,
 That day will give a chance, to learn new tactics.

As of late, I hear a weak and small clatter, under the table
 Staining your mantle, where do they think, where will they settle?
 All they think about is to revolt; and take, that golden chair,
 Shameless minds converge, to hold a forced dirty political fair.

I will sacrifice a line; but very short,
 A Feudal sentiment, here is a tort.
 Don't mask your mind, with a hidden veil,
 Voltaire and Rousseau had cut that tail.

A feudal smell is bad and pungent, in the era of Capitalism,
 Equally detrimental, it is, to have a hideous ego, a man's Ism.
 However so, it is common in Black Africa, and a less developed,
 Strong pillars, strive, to uphold a weak Aura, we are threatened.

Mortal man there is no religion, or border, in Heaven,
 Open that closed mind change, and be a true citizen.
 I am not that different, or patriotic, than you,
 I don't think, I am more Eritrean, than you do.

Now beware, assorted tongs plan to come, to dart,
 Are you ready, to defeat your enemies, from the start?
 Be ready! In all ways, to contain them, from their bet,
 Cut! All those lies and strings, with, a sharp hatchet.

Bore out like a mushroom, to astonish,
 Illogical ideas and plans to tarnish
 Defend hard and punish to teach, with a push,
 Break their plans, dreams, insane are their wish.



It is not easy to wrestle a young lion in the bush
 Nor is it, that simple to kill a snake you don't see.
 An experienced hunter could find, a way out,
 When you are in a dilemma, is there a route? (Berhe Tertib).

P. Mulugeta