

ON THE VERGE

(Translated from the Amharic version)

With words, words, words...
Empty talk
We chased, and chased, and chased...
BEAUTY and GREENERY
LOVE and PLENITUDE
PEACE and RELIEF

And having failed

Here we are
 carrying our ALMS-BAG
 scintillating with SHAME
 decked in NAKEDNESS
 gracefully swaying with WAR
 resplendent with CORPSES

TWIN LOTS

(Translated from the Amharic version)

THE TIMES ARE YAWNING
 hungry for love
 the heart stuffed full of hate.

 hungry for peace
 stuffed full of war
 near-bursting with wrath.

 With over-eating...With starvation
 In the dearth of fullness
Under twin trials
THE TIMES ARE YAWNING

LAMENT OF THE BELIEVERS (under the breath)

(Translated from the Amharic version)

If, having created all ears,
 HE HIMSELF does not hear

If, having created all eyes,
 HE HIMSELF does not see

If, having created all minds,
 HE HIMSELF does not think

If, having created all hearts,
HE HIMSELF has no compassion

WHY should they HEAR?
WHY should they SEE
WHY should they THINK?
THEY who are his genuine CREATURES!

TO THE NUCLEAR BOMB **(Translated from the Amharic version)**

Will people live in beautiful houses?
Walk in eye-pleasing streets?
Walk in meadows of yellow daisies?

Will mothers give birth?
Will children gambol?
Will elders tell tales?

Will the moon laugh?
Will the sun shine?
Will the stars chortle?

Will all these BE?
After the nuclear war?

a blade of grass **(originally written in English)**

the eyes yearn for its sight
the tongue craves to lick a droplet off it...
the stomach cries for its taste...
the soul longs for its greenery...
YET,
 in these scorched fields,
 HUMANITY perishes,
 for want of a blade of grass...

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