

Christmas Gift

If it squawks like a duck
And waddles like a duck
It is not a rocket science to crack.
It then must be a duck.

If they manifest a twin psychological make up
They drink from the same water tap,
Make no spiel
Then they are the same people
From a same stable.
But after many years a drift
It is no easy a trip
To bond with once lost tribe
with plots and counter plots
For centuries played out
Gaslight implanted in their hearts
By master crafts
To rule them apart.
Thus overcome their predicaments
They have a difficult map to chart
But chart it must be done
If truth is to be won
Tigray and Eritrea are one
And only one
Put on separate plates
To satiate feudio-colonial appetite
That knows no limit
To subjugate and exploit
With no remit.

Yared Huluf