

If I Were a Day Dreamer!

If I were to be a pollyanna, Mamo Kilo, no one would envy to be, everything I see and hear **a reality, anything I touch mine and mine alone regardless of where and how it is obtained** in the first place; the world would have been a blessing.

Being Mamo Kilo

If for once I were to roll back history in time and go to the Aksumites period to live, remember this as a fact:

“I King Ezana, King of Kings of Aksum;
Of Beja, Himaryat;
Of Radian;
Of Saba, Salhen;
King of Tsiyamo;
Of Beja, Damat;
And of Kush.”



Map of Kingdom of Aksum, Tigray

What once the Amhara named “Begemedir” in the time of Aksum was Bejameder.

The Amhara felt they could get away (Mamo Kilowach that they are) by distorting its original name for fear they would be haunted by the spectre of history as the saying goes ፈስ ያለው ዝላ እይቸል ም (one who suffers from flatulence dread to vault for fear of releasing nosey mephitic wind). And now to totally obscure the historic reality, and pretend to sleep in peace free from anxieties they renamed the region Gonder; nothing to do with Beja, nothing to do with Bege/sheep; nothing to do with Medere; nothing to do Aksum, nothing to do with anything; Amhara style!

The Amhara are a peculiar kind of Pollyanna. Not only are they residing in what was once Aksumite as their own birth place but lately they began claiming even more that Welkaite, Tsegede, Ray Azebo and Aleweha Melash as their own when the regions were taken away from Tigray as dowries of wedlock progenies of Menelik and Haileselassie (Zewditu and Asefaweson) respectively. But what do you expect from expansionists who know no limit?

To come back to Mamo Kilo wishing to rille back history, if I were to be the likes of Amhara, Bahri Negash was the hard-earned land of my ancestors and would want to have it as mine. Unlike the Amharas claim, it is not a figment of my imagination, it was my birth place, centre to my ancestors' cradle of civilisation. If any one has the rights to claim, I would be the one who should rise in arms and reclaim the land. Perhaps I am not Mamo Kilo, a Pollyanna who dreams as I walk, sees what is not visible and hears what is inaudible!

Perhaps I am not Salva Kiir Mayardit, not only in hot and cold weather, dry and rainy days, outdoors and inside but also goes to bed with a cowboy hat on his head. He fought and led his people to be 'liberated' from Arab oppression and now turn around and sided with murdering Amhara leaders aiming to wipe out Tigrayans, just as Isaias Afewerki who is reigning in the seat of what was once the cradle of Aksumite people. Such people do not know consuetude of the rule of law, democracy; they only know one thing: they want to have their cake and eat it. Perhaps they are the Pollyanna walking in the wilderness, wanting the rest to follow them.