

Ode to a Friend; My Brother; thicker than blood!

it is hard; harder than hard; ineffable; words fail me miserably to define. But what else do I have; only words that I regret to deploy to express the pain and joy that are intertwiningly ripping my souls apart!

I remember you my friend, comrade in arm who stood next to me to die for my cause, you too affirmed it that is your cause to die for!

There are human beings and there are other human beings as well; you are the later; more unique than unique; Sui generis; a charter; set the torch alight, hard to find.

There are those who crossed over

To stand by with the wronged, you are one, despite the harsh voices you hear labeled by the wronged understandably though, against their own trait, or if you like, against a group of people you happened to belong, out of no choice of your own but by nature's coincidence.

That not being tough enough;

you are also described as traitors from the camp you happened to belong but you choice to abandon for their wrong vision.

You walk on a tight rope hard to maintain balance, at any moment you could fall to your death, but you are mentally and spiritually prepared, no regret or remorse you show all along the way; my friend, my brother thicker than blood.

Against all odds, far from home, family and relatives and country

w/men you are here to share my plight. Nostomania knows no bound, I know. But you have me, my family and country W/men in their place. We may not match their warmth but we could be a small substitute, considering your commitments to the principle you steady fast stand for. The only thing I cannot give back is the love you would have given them, I am certain, they dearly miss. That is the !

All thing considering, you manage, and that is why you are unique, I could lit a torch to search night and day long, you are difficult to find, the likes of you are few and far in between! Only lucky people that are wronged are destined to find in a remote unexpected a nook!

Those of us who felt oppressed, we have no choice but to fight to regain our dignity. Those who oppress they do carry on doing what they love most, oppress, because if they do not they would have the privilege they are used to .

Those in between, the unique, such as you, you choice to be between the rock and hard place out of principle and determination so as to be on the right side, with the wronged people; that is why you are unique and far in between.

You are the few of a few, dare not mention your name, if I do, I run the risk of committing injustice. Hard as it is to name naming, if I compile a list of you, her and him, I certainly would hazard missing out someone else, equally unique as you are to me.; thus not only hurt his or her feeling but also undermine my cause and standing by loosing unbeknown to me as a friend, I call a brother of mine!

So I will honour you in absence of your name, your gender, birth place and age being mentioned.

I will not publicly blazon your name nor would I bestow a prize, for one, I do not have much of a resource to splash around and you know that.

But in silence I will salute you by divine communion, in the same way Christ knew his followers loved him even though he nor they have met and seen one another on this Earth.

In the same token, I curse those bearded degrading who put me in such a miserable state!

Avoiding the risk of missing out mentioning the name of selfless individuals siding with the wronged, both, for not recognizing their role they play in righting wrongs and give the due respect they deserve, but equally the scientist I would commit for being ungrateful for the role and sacrifices paid by the living, I would rather prefer to be compensated in a small way by remembering those who paid the ultimate price as they are no more alive to enjoy the perks of fame.

That I should and would do.

I would remember them in the same way I would when and if, God forbid, I lose a member of family; remember you are also my brother, my mother did not begotten!

The struggle goes on! Tigray shall be free and independent. That said, I feel guilty, I feel I hurt your conscience, you may feel somehow an outsider, being human, when I sound and appear like a fox, with an instinct to run away when persecuted, but your area better than that; and you do not feel hurt for you deeply know what cause the malady and malaise we are all firsthand! You standing by my side tortured between the hammer and anvil: missing your family and loving me; a substitute for you!

Perhaps when nations and people of different beliefs and race are led by selfless personalities, the likes of you, the ties, that are now broken or that are fragile, near break, but has and must break, to secure an indenture, these awful things do not happen/occur again, then the ties now broken could be re-tied in the future under the leadership of you, her and him in the future; but for now you and I agree, wronged people must be set free; Tigray needs to be independent!!

In this struggle you and I have joined hands, for a better cause to live or die for; we will March together till the very end, dead or alive; my friend, my brother thicker than blood!!

Hated Huluf