

# Monumental Date – lekatit 11

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Glory be to thee month of the year;  
Date of the month praise be to thee.  
Time of inspiration and mark of regeneration;  
A precursor to all healing and stark revelation.  
We welcome you again but with dual emotion:  
With solemnity and with cry of ululation.  
Somber we feel when we think of your price;  
And we submerge in joy to see your bounteous baskets.

## **Monumental date -**

When the few but resolute men of valor;  
Came together, and began to ponder;  
A panacea for the wailing millions near and yonder;  
Yes. They came together and trek on together;  
On the serpentine road they know would be ‘longer and bitter’;  
To preface history with their red color.

But with a most precious and life carrying color;  
That dribbles not from a pen;  
But that which gushes out from the vein.  
To face off and defy Goliath the ‘mighty’;  
And bring forth peace, justice and human dignity.  
There they sped to the wilderness with just a sling;  
And start from thence their pebbles to fling.

They fling and fling these little pebbles;  
With persistence and perseverance;  
At the giant and monstrous menace;  
Which others liken to a mountain-push;  
As the monster was there with other tentacles;  
That toil to snatch and smash the long spiraling lance;  
The initial bruise was little on the foe’s face.

They then swiftly turned on the mass to awake;  
Organize and get armed for their nights to break;  
The hurled pebbles, thus, increased in number;  
And grew in intensity to that of axe and hammer.

As an axe gradually dwarfs the steel-hard oak;  
And as a hammer shatters a gargantuan rock;  
The few but later many began to hammer;  
And to axe the source of wretchedness and horror.

Emboldening date, month of **lekatit**;  
Glory be to thee and to thy men of merit;  
As the men of letters oftentimes put it;  
In their mouth and in their lines of rhyme;  
Everything lies in the womb of time.

So it was deep in your womb;  
That renaissance and enlightenment began to sprout and bloom;  
And the days of bemoaning and tyranny began to doom;  
For hope and optimism to spread and roam;

**Finally -**

Those few but steadfast trekking legs and trickling blood;  
Multiplied, abounded and turned into myriad;  
And brought healing and recovery close to the hand;  
Which were far off, faint and immensely blurred;  
Like a noon star twinkling in the far up end.

So praise be to thee, then, harbinger of liberty;  
Month of commemoration, time of solemnity;  
Moment of remembrance and date of consolation;  
As we think of and glorify those martyred in action.

**Eternal memory to our martyrs!**

**Lekatit 11 – our spring board to where we are now and where we will be tomorrow!!**