

We May be Poor Now, but No Worries, We Have Us.

We will not add our voices to the curse
The world speaks on us.
We will not agree to the incantation the cynic recite.
We will not say we are poor and add to the hocus-pocus

The anguish and misery we endured
Our woes and lamentation the globe secretly enjoyed
Will end and it should!!

Yes, no oil may not be found in the belly of our motherland.
The mines may not yield some yellow gold and black diamond.
We may not have a seafront to receive stuff in or send stuff out.

But, we know for sure
We will grow and prosper.
Our paradox and the irony that kept us wondering,
The question while we have all, why do we have nothing,
Will be answered in time,
And that time is now and now is the time.

We overlooked our soil, our rivers and our hands
Our strength in tough times and our smart minds.
To the amazement of the non-believers
The world will see when paradox gives birth to another paradox
Where dust will be turned into a wealth
Rivers will be turned into light and warmth
Bare hands will get the better of difficult mountains

So, let's count what we have and all our blessings
Let's depend on our terra-firma and awe-inspiring inland waters
Let's trust the hundreds of millions of brains
and those rough hands of countrymen and women
Let's turn to our old rivers, and turn them all in.

Hence, let's add the blessing words and keep the momentum
It's time now for positive energy and real optimism
Here is the season for each of us to cry off our pact
From the evil chant of the lazy and the corrupt.

We the people: 'the black, the brown and the light skin'
Entered a new vow that will not be broken.
Never again will we agree with ill-wishers,
Nor will we go to the direction of the wicked and naysayers.

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Sisay Gossay April 2, 2012