

## **Mykadria!**

You hurt me!



You hurt me  
worse than an arrow  
my heart is filled with sorrow.

You hurt me,  
worse than a bullet;  
not only the flesh  
but the soul is also dead.  
The day you turned me a refugee,  
knocking other peoples' gate.  
This I shall never forget!

You hurt me,  
Stand accused as an enemy.  
Read the anger  
of the child left in hunger,  
begging in the street,  
innocence damaged  
before any chance to stand on its feet.

Read the lips -  
the prisoner's lips,  
they seem sealed,  
but words leap,  
warning the omen,  
the disgrace,  
you will face,  
will be just the same,

your predecessor were put in place.

Read the lips,  
they look sealed  
but words leap  
out and travel deep  
to the earth's womb,  
to wake up the children that have gone asleep;  
and inform their mothers  
no more that they need to weep.

Even if they would,  
they couldn't.  
Their glands are kaput.

Look at the woman,  
hunched and old  
contrary to feminine gene,  
barren and bald.

Look at the man's face  
creases criss-cross  
'cause of the stress and distress  
y'caused.

Look at the contours,  
criss-crossed,  
in his presence  
you could hardly see  
a human race that he ought to be.

Look at their anger though restrained,  
until it reaches the size of a mountain,  
and the vastness of a plane,

Oh! Yes the contours;  
The contours will leap  
out and about  
like a whip  
and bound you as the Egyptian mummies did;  
from the limbs,  
through the hips  
to the ribs.

But unlike as in the pyramid,  
they will throw you alive  
into the jaws of hungry beast stead.

And then you will  
vanish million times dead  
than those you mopped...  
and mapped their death...

No history for you to be written,  
No loss love tears to roll down.  
From bereaved faces saddened.

Except the nightmarish memory  
People remembering what the devil you were walking free.  
Newton's Law of Action  
You will take-in your own medicine  
And learn soon,  
The lessons of pain.

Locked in a prison  
With no means  
To wine and dine,  
relax and entertain;  
Libidinally driven  
Grab and pinning-down;  
umpteenth vulnerable women,  
Only to tear and mess up their sexual organs!!  
Look at me  
I am your mortal enemy  
I will fight your tyranny  
Till brought to its knee!!

MyKadra!!  
Of course there was no *ማይ*,  
They came with to supply,  
To slake the throats gone dry!

But there was egregious macabre,  
Committed by excathedra,  
dodecahedra serpentine hydras,  
Unheard of in this era!

Mykadia!

You are so rathymia,  
To let loose these manias,  
Causing inguinal hernias,  
By rupturing your Virginia!  
So as not to give birth a child  
Who will chase out these ravenous hyenas!

Oh yes, Mykadria!!  
Did you forewarn,  
The other Tigray agorae,  
The coming of the Aeolus of Amhara?

How come they too fell victims  
To the same brutal rhythms,  
Of sadomasochism;  
And why is the world silent,  
Lying supine in a slant;  
As if nothing is happening untoward  
To account for and put right?



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