

## “I speak, I lie!”

*“I speak, I lie!”*

whenever he speaks, he also lies

erasing memory, discarding the past  
trashing the ancient, constructing brand  
new lies

*“100 years is enough!”  
prior to Min-yilik, Ethiopia was not!*

[fast forward ...]

here I am!  
the sender and the sent –  
the apostolate!

anointer, anointed, anointment

I AM ...  
the electing (voter),  
I AM  
the elected (self)!  
I AM  
the gazing other (the observer)

“no end for my rule”  
no boundary of time  
for your sake, they shoulder me  
“patience!”

before I, ‘Ethiopia proper’ never exist!  
i am the maker, the marker, the  
inventor.

my weapon is terror, my weapon is media  
my weapon is the constitution, the  
justice court and the par-lama  
my weapon is the LAW  
i write, i interpret, i judge

mimicking a colonial narration?  
“a continent without history and  
civilization...”  
prior to the advent of explorers and  
‘discoverers’, we were not!

then, in the name of civilizing mission,  
now, in the name of developing a nation.

they (the colonizers & the dictators)  
made roads  
for this, we are obliged to offer homages  
but we knew in our hearts, it is for  
more exploitations

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tormenting us by fear, ruling us by terror  
teary of no tear gas but sniper

under the façade of the colonizer  
emerges, the new nation-state’s order  
the *balager* is the resident-alien, the stranger  
once his umbilical cord buried and  
connects him with the land  
as a signifier of life  
now alienated – cut off from “mother-  
earth”, utterly disconnected

let alone feeding family from the fruit  
of his tilling the soil  
no chance to rest his body for the final  
Sabbath  
double displacement – both in life and death

‘the wretched of the earth’  
the peasant, (85 %),  
no heroic father, no ancient history or  
no motherland; has he  
we are state-orphans  
seeking for adoptions.

yay, it is ‘free-market’  
yet, the “native” is utterly estranged  
the elite and the ex-pat with the dollar  
are the ‘*balager*’  
the owner, the land grabber – the monger.

resources belong to the rich  
“bourgeois”  
with the aid of invest-exploiters  
with the loaners of the worldly bankers:  
World Bank, IMF  
for the sake of the “West”  
the loaners and donors ... the rest is a “waste”  
too generous in giving out lands and its fruits  
in slathering lives for senseless wars

uprooting what is indigenous:  
the seed, the plant, the forest, the farmer  
the crypt, the monasteries, the professor

spirit of the living and the dead,  
tormented, tortured, mutilated  
he lynched us publicly with insulting tongues  
we are fond of gazing at our artificial images

via the deformed mirror  
and listening to the power of falsity  
always monotonic and violent

millions don’t count  
we are just percent  
numbers, nameless  
colorless, faceless, voiceless  
stateless, rootless

i lament not because we are landlocked  
but mentally-shackled,  
not because we are geographically  
dispersed, exiled  
but culturally displaced  
historically uprooted.

he is our name, our face, our voice  
our representation and our  
representative as if we are like him or  
he is just like us

he (single handedly) colonized us  
as if there were no empires and kingdoms  
he divided us into “tribes”  
in the name of ethnic-federalism/s  
we happily perform our “tribal” dances  
in ecstasy, our body spins  
for the ‘unknown’ spirits  
they are awaiting for blood, not  
satisfied with ashes

sucked by the empire of the vampire  
donating our money-blood

for the sake of his belly  
he makes us a-hungry  
(angry, hungry and pacify us from both)

he spoke those “wicked” words  
of “democracy,” “development” and  
“renaissanceeeeeee”  
we echo and re-echo  
“renaissanceeeeeee”, “renaissanceeeeeee”

again we are just numbers  
singing, ‘a resounding gong or a  
clanging cymbals’

behold: the demi-god!  
re-activating the ... emperor-cult  
once more, listen to the lie  
to the one who acts as if he is Omni ...  
again, listen to his speech-acts;  
“i am immortal!”