

Any Hope?

By Gezehegn Kebede

Ethiopia, a nation with a big name,
Glaring history and fame;
Seen struggling to survive,
With vigour and drive.

We were promised to be fed,
Not once or twice but more;
Our destinies to be read,
A vision much to adore.

However, still million at hunger,
Not much complaint or anger;
With the going getting rough,
Feeding even once is being tough.

Are we going back or forward,
With huge potentials at hand;
Searching and researching,
Capturing results far reaching.

Researchers doing their best
Working alone or with the rest?
Little stories to change big
Coming out of their fenced ring

Biotechnology in use,
Taking care of the abuse;
Grab the potential it offers,
From the dilemma it suffers.

We didn't choose where to be borne,
As descendents of a throne;
We didn't choose our parents,
Not on our own or by agents.
Why subjected to agony
Marked emblems of misery

Revolution messed it all up,
Throwing generations to a trap;
Evolution is a dream,
Not responding to the scream.

Thousands of conferences,
With millions of references,
So much knowledge generated,
Discussions moderated,
And credentials updated.

But where are we on the linking,

On the rise or sinking?
To turn it all to a + fate ,
For the poor to celebrate.

Yes, there are changes here and there,
But to be honest and fair;
We need to think very loud,
For our deeds to be proud.

Election or selection someone comes out to
lead,
From the old or new breed;
Leaders come and go, in dismay or glory,
A dictator or democrat, will be part of history;
This happening for ages,
The poor remain in their cages.

No matter who no matter what,
Wearing green or the red hat;
With poverty on the mount,
When can leaders be held to account?

The Question therefore Is...

Is there a hope for survival,
Before the dooms day arrival?
Miraculous turn around,
To keep our heads up, off ground?

Yes, if we work for the better,
But, soon and no later;
Getting on board a structure,
Not so prone to fracture;
Yes we can bring a big change,
May be not at so close range.

To be victor in the fight,
No loose of hope no loose of sight.

(Composed by Gezahegn Kebede: May 19, 2005. Read at the third International Symposium on Ethiopian Development Studies Held in Addis Ababa on May 18-19, 2005)