

Asmara Of Eritrea: A Lament for history repeating itself

Asmara, Asmara – I never knew thee.

For many more months than I can count, alone, I crept
Outside thy sweet influence, guided by thy distant lights
The Muezzin's call, far out in the desert heat, alone, I slept
Yet something drew me, for I could see thee through my sights

When they were not focused on duty and death.

They cloud my memories – what I saw and what I did
Blood and endless horror, yet in the end, we did rid
My Grim brothers and I, ye of the Darkness that surrounded thee
For justice, for humanity, for honour, but for no knight's fee

I still shake and black-dream some nights.

What I saw, what I met, alone, out in that bandit land
That surrounds thee, threatened by a millennia of sand
I regret much, I remember much, yet most of all in my mind
I but entered your piazzas and mosques just once, alone, to find

Your glory all gone, taken by the wars and strife.

I wish that I could have seen thee in thine exotic prime
When beauty and peace did reign, languid in endless time
When Islam, Judah and the Followers of Christ felt no need
To kill, to slay, to reave, to destroy and upon each other feed.

We did, my Determined brothers and I, what had to be done.

Now, as time dims some memories, turns them to darkened mist
I hear thy glory hath returned, peace has come due to our iron fist
And yet, my heart fails as I learn that we but cut down one bur
As a new name shames thy region, all repeated as in my time; Darfur!

Asmara, Asmara, I never knew thee.

Our Silent names were never known to thee and are lost to history

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But who is there now to take up the sword, this new conflict to bury?
Where are the Nameless Men who leave their lives, some to die
And remain forever on the lips of Forgotten Men who now do nought but sigh

Where are the Grim Men?
Where are the Silent Men?
Where are the Determined Men?
Gone.

They are no longer acceptable under a new paradigm.
Shall we see their like again as the world turns?
Age takes their memories, their health and gives them not one jot of glory.
Darfur, you stand alone; you have no oil and honour is no reason now.

But Asmara, Asmara - I still yearn for thee.