

To Dr. Berihanu Nega

Confusion

By Fretsidiq Fekade

Where you go when you are lonely,
Where you go when you are blue,
Like the song be sang to you.
What could you do at the end of the day
When you know things are in vain.
What would you think
The days seem to stink,
And Evacuate your memoir
And leave you with despair.
What can you say about the thing
That is not what you believe
But you are told to be true
What would you say,
When you have nothing to ,
What could you do ,
The thing you believed to be an odd
How could you define your world
When possibility is like a mudslide.
Nothing seems to be clear
Even you pour out soulful dream
You may lament
for the Ethiopia, you believe isn't
What you think of it.
Even the grandiose love you portrait,
It isn't what you would believe it to be,
uncertainty rules your perception,
procure guilt and confusion.