

Mezekir

Bequeathed

His power as anguish sends thunder,
Does he smoke at all?
Whatever he wants to say without error.
He wants his people not to languish;
Acknowledge, philosophize, distinguish.

Wisdom in his mind,
Rises up with strength and arrogance
Not to leave anyone behind.
His enemies irritant to those
Not to sleep, to mesmerize without prose.

In memoriam and in time to tell,
Regime after regime
Learn much so not to fail.

Is it his mustache or his beard
That could look so weird?
Is it in his heads
Or the creation of his hair stylish beads?

O'Theodros yourself sacrifice!
With all of your might,
Ascension to the utmost height;
To show the world time could suffice,
Bequeathed for the motif
That nations unite.

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