



# መገድና

መገድና ቀጢና  
ካራም! ብጸጋማ  
ነውራ! ብዮማና

ንቕድሚትከ? ጽናሕ!  
ንድሕሪትከ? ኣይትበል!  
ንላዕሊኸ? ኣይትዝለል!  
ንታሕቲኸ? ኣይትንጠልጠል!

እሞ ኸፍ ንበል  
ፍሕትሕት ኣይንበል  
ሰራው ኢና ንበል  
ሱር ንስደድ ንብቆል

ሪእሶም ሃይለ

# Our Path

Waiting  
On the straight  
And narrow,  
Squeezed tight  
Between the taboos  
Left and right,

And sitting still  
Because the track  
Has no way up  
Ahead to jump  
And nowhere to fall  
Down or back,

Let's try  
To be like trees,  
Our roots and leaves  
Reaching earth and sky.

**Reesom Haile (1946-2003)**  
*translated from the Tigrinya*  
*by Charles Cantalupo*

*from "We Invented the Wheel" Red Sea Press Inc., 2002. Re-printed here by permission of the translator. Tigrinya is spoken in Eritrea.*