

July 25, 2008

CATCHING UP WITH SHEIKH XARIIF!



**BUNKII LA CUNO
BODOWGIISA AA LA RABAA!**



Dear Sheikh Xariif,

It is so exciting to hear from you once again. Right after you left the killing fields of Southern Somalia, back in January 2007, people did not hear from you. You must have been testing the waters, but I knew that you would resurface again. This time around, however, we have some good questions for you, in the hope that you will take this opportunity to get the record straight.

To start with, you could tell us something about your friends who were bombarded, executed, tortured, persecuted, and renditioned in the area between the Kenyan and Ethiopian borders with Southern Somalia, while you moved around, meeting strange people, in strange places, holding press conferences, and lecturing the population of Somalia about the resistance to the Ethiopian invasion. In fact, it does not seem that you even apply for visas, like us ordinary people, but you enter Kenya, Djibouti, Yemen, Egypt, England, Eritrea, Sweden, etc. you name it.

You take airplanes, here and there. I am amazed at who pays your bills and how you do all these things. Man, you must be a star.

There, in the border area between Somalia and Kenya, as you know, Somalis are hunted like wild game, killed, and left to rot in the hot sun. But you are picked up, and placed in one of the most comfortable hotels in Nairobi. There, you even gave interviews in public to Al-jazeera, and I listened to what you had to say, and I admit that your language skills are outstanding. Add that to your ebony skin, white gown all the way to your heels, and glamorous white teeth. To tell the truth I envy your discipline so much that we always end up granting you the benefit of the doubt.

Tell us how much you know about the thousands of young men and women, mostly school children, who were mobilized to move out of Mogadishu in December 2006, so that they could be easy targets for the Ethiopian bombardments. Tell us about the meetings where it was decided that your committee should provide the trucks that would take these young men and women to their death. On a one way journey to the Bay

Region, of no return, in the killing fields of Idaale and Manaas. Tell us if those torched silent faces whom you never talk about in public, buried deep in your cloak, reappear in your dreams, asking you why you sent them to their death. Because Meles says that he made the necessary arrangements in advance with certain clan chiefs in Mogadishu (Al-jazeera, January 2007). The jubilation that accompanied the famous trip from Afgoi to Mogadishu in January 2007, the glory in the slaughter, “we did it”, we saw all that on the TV. Tell us how much you know about this plot, we are all ears.

I will give you a tip, one more does not matter, after all patience is our strength not yours, if your memory fails to remember the guys I am talking about. I am referring to your buddy, the notorious thug, White Eye, who terrorized the peaceful communities in Merka and the peasants in the immediate Dhowoy hinterland for years, seizing women, property and land. By the way, he never missed a prayer five times a day, in front of his God, the God of Billiliqo and Ballaayo, not mine, while making riches out of the suffering of the Benadiri and Dhowoy communities. Three days before the Ethiopian invasion, he flew to Saudia, after making sure that thousands of young men and women were transported out of Mogadishu, to be massacred. People are saying that in exchange for his excellent job, he got millions of dollars and a safe haven in Saudia, where he is currently residing as a guest of Prince Sheikh Big Beard. To say the least, you must agree with me that you were left with an empty bag, and to say a little more, I am certain that we will have occasion to revisit this subject again.

Tell us how many were killed in the Ethiopian bombardments in the killing fields of Gosha, how many died of malaria, and how many were bitten by poisonous snakes. Surely, all of this took place within a short period, a couple of weeks. In fact, it did not take you much time to zip these memories and archive them in a distant corner where you and your God only know. As you know, December is a very calm month in Southern Somalia, not much happens, as the monsoon breezes over the savannah, and people, especially young people, just, do not expect to be hunted like wild game.

Or tell us how some of your prestigious friends, such as Mr. White and group, managed to take a plane from Somalia to Yemen – and if your memory fails you, again, may I remind you that the ports and airports were all closed shortly before the fighting intensified in Southern Somalia in the middle of December 2006 and January 2007. It must be a lucky coincidence that Mr. White and group are salvaged by the Yemeni Security Services and you are salvaged by the Kenyan Security Services. To be fair to the dead, in our books, we have to stipulate that coincidences do not occur in this business and that your relationship with these strange services started long time ago, long before Joseph, son of the crazy Carawello and the legendary coward Egal Shidaad, became the Trojan Horse of Abraha, the colonialist. One foot here, one foot there, sounds very familiar to me, you remind me of the legendary Italian pride, Arlecchino, servant of one thousand masters. What a burden!

By the way, you would have noticed that all these guys have the word “white” in their names. We even had a president, named Adam White. We even have now an illegal prime minister named Light White, nominated by an illegal president, who finds glory

and emancipation in his biblical Arab ancestry. The obsession is strange, the pattern curious, when everything around them is as dark as lava. Confused, that the perception of colors may be the root cause of the misunderstanding, the Saudis could not hold back, in fact, they snapped, “if these are your lights and whites, how do your blacks look like?” Frantz Fanon, in his majestic treatise on the psychology of the black man, calls it the inferiority syndrome, the burden of the black man as he seeks emancipation and legitimacy, even naming his children after the white color. Of course, I am distressed that half a century later, the sub culture of the colonial domination is this time around flourishing and kicking in this unfortunate land of the Somalis.

Or tell us why your prayers abandoned you in the jungles of Manaas and Lower Jubba. Could it be that the angels had a problem with your footprints all over the place? Many people, in fact, attribute your diminishing luck to the allegation that your mission was never sacred in the first place. In fact, I never heard you talk about equal rights to political representation and equal opportunity for all. By joining the illegal TFG, you and the careerist scholars with you endorse the racist 4.5 clause which alienates the vast majority of peaceful communities in the country. You ignore the rights of the Somali citizen, the rights of indigenous populations, and never take a position against the injustices of the clan chauvinists in the country. No wonder, many people believe that you are an artist, a ‘xariif’ in Somali jargon, a dealer, because such command and use of language to avoid the critical issues is not possible in any other way.

Or could it be that your grey cells simply could not connect the dots, jammed, and made a U-turn, in this monkey business, when the going got tough. No wonder, the Kenyan Security Services made a sound calculation, they let you go, no strings attached, you must be more of a help outside than inside. Just like a bat, hitting one wall at a time, as you move from one stage to the next, but always inside a cage, all they have to do is push the buttons, and you dance to the melody, a marionette.

I watched your press conference on Al-Jazeera as your caravan left Mogadishu in mid December 2006. Frankly, I was suspicious, not because I could see the wrinkles on your face and your thoughts but your body language and the shrinking of your white gown seemed disturbing to me, a sign that you were on a journey. It was a troubling scene to see your caravan in what you would call a “hijra” from a city infested with crooks. Sounds like that you are haunted by a desire to make parallelisms, seeking glory and prophecy where there is only pain, suffering, betrayal, and anger. But all you got and all you will get is the BBC propaganda machine. You must be unlucky.

Then came Djibouti. I listened to your BBC interview of June 8, 2008 as you painted the horizon with colors and flowers. What bothered me was that there was no passion and excitement in your voice as you described the terms of your “glorious” peace deal. I could even feel the uneasiness in your voice, the irritation, from thousands of miles as if big brother Ghelle is twisting your arm. I understand that you do not speak good English, but that does not give you the right to misrepresent the terms of your transaction to the Somali people. More reckless, when you want to test and hope that things will go your way, backed by generic slogans of wanting to get the invaders out with a pen, two pages,

and 300 words. More serious, you do not even seem to have a clue at the historic process that is in motion in Southern Somalia, today. What a misery, when will this strange Somalia stop producing these geniuses?

And then, it was striking to hear you talk about the need to save even one life, and back here, I rejoice, finally you got it – because it seems that you are having company in the middle of the night when you are alone with your God, the God of Bakaaraha, Idaale, and Manaas. Nagging silent voices of school children, alive in our memories, whom you will never be able to suppress, no matter what you do. Go and visit them, their bones are still alive, feeding the sacred jungles of Manaas, Idaale, and Gosha, talk to them and ask for forgiveness.

You may blame the United Nations envoy to Somalia for getting you into this mess and bringing your career to an abrupt disappointment. Too bad, you spent too much time recycling verses instead of watching and learning how the UN works. Had you some patience and some decency to give time to time, you would have known that only three years after its foundation, by 1948, the former colonial powers were using this organization to expand their strategic interests. Deep in the ocean, the sharks continue to eat the small fish, so goes the Somali saying. Yes, that is precisely why we are in this mess, setup to fail. As far as the UN envoy is concerned, he is there to prevent the Somali catastrophe from hitting his ambitious career. He is an eagle who is trained to eat with the chicken in times of drought, a survivor, in and out, a clean career, a clean record, that is the name of the game in New York and Geneva.

But never mind, I do not expect to win this argument, for the trauma of misery, the injustices of a century of colonialism and oppression have had their toll. Painfully, I must admit that I should not be surprised if you end up equating powdered mild cans with the sovereignty of nations. The right hand does not matter as long as the left hand is feeding the guys. The stark reality which we all face today is that the AU and IGAD chieftains, in their racist agenda, consider themselves as the new Trusteeship Council for the trust territory of Somalia, and you as nothing more than the usual Somali in the reserves, easy to handle with cookies and sticks.

But I do expect that once and for all you bring an end to this misery and stop being used, in this world of users and used. From Mogadishu, to Nairobi, to Yemen, and now Djibouti, the circle is closed, what more? Believe me, settling in Giohar and pulling the strings from the land of the Shiidle Sagaalo and Walamoi, is not an option – it is not your native town, it has never been so. But if you insist, then we have to seek relief, you are on notice that displacing native indigenous populations is a crime against humanity. Fair enough.

Mark my words, and learn something from me. Given your record, you and the careerist professors with you, will not be the exception to prove the laws that govern colonial occupations, a proof that you must be newcomers to this game. You did get away with a lot, this time around, however, you landed in a box with a timer - 120 days hang around your neck, finally the clock is ticking on you, you are at the mercy of gravity in a free and

fair fall, and I can already feel your heart beat. Get a new job, stop being a customer to the BBC, the ways of the Almighty are infinite.

What a long journey, had you used maps, you could have found a shorter route to Mogadishu and why not Addis, after all, it is only a matter of time. Going east to go west, adios amigos, wish you a pleasant journey, you have the carpet, all roads lead to Hamaray, where your buddies are waiting for you. Only that you will not be able to hide your foot prints in the this age of the internet.

Just let the BBC propaganda machine and Hiiraan Online do the talking and the advocacy, both are good in the art of selling. They even sold Joseph to the people. Must keeping a job reach this point? Tell us, who whispers in their ears, for I would not be surprised if they nominate you for the Nobel Peace Prize. In fact, only a couple of years ago, despite all your shining contradictions, Hiiraan Online must have seen you in a dream – they nominated you “the man of the year” – they still owe the Somali people an explanation – what was the decision based on? What is the affair?.

Back to business, now. May you know that smart people like you, no matter how they look like, and how many verses they read, are not entitled to get the benefit of the doubt. Your status, claimed or usurped, prevents you from claiming lack of knowledge as defense. Neither can you hide behind the Will of Allah to justify the death of thousands of people when your actions, politically instigate uninformed masses to become the targets of Ethiopian bombardments while you and your inner group run for cover.

I am aware that in similar conditions, confusion and frustration may take over, tempting you to use the clan factor, in fact, signs of outbursts and degeneration can already be felt in your voice. The way things are, for now, decency requires that you shut up, step aside, stay away from making stupid declarations, even if Prince Sheikh Big Beard and the fat old lady draft one for you, as they did with Sheikh Salah in 1913, and stop causing more damage. Frankly, you owe the Somali people this consideration.

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