



FEKREY

He was my friend and I told him
about the painful secrets I kept in my heart.

Since he left me, I lived a life of my choice: alone. Silence as my best friend and agony my
sleeping pill.

I told him my pain few days after we met; both of us sitting on a bench somewhere in
Asmara.

The month was September and the flowers were blossoming in full colors.

He listened and stretched his left hand towards my right hand sitting on the bench.

He looked straight at me and never said "Really???" "How could anyone hurt you so much?"

He never said those words. But he said the words I needed to hear so much!

He said, "You are the only one I want. The only one I want to give my heart to.

The only one that will be my children's mother. You are the only one that made me feel
as a newborn with rights to happiness".

I held his left hand tightly and asked him never to talk about our problems, but to make me
believe. He promised and he never brought any of those painful memories back. Instead he
brought smiles and hope. He made me feel as the only one he truly wanted. As the only
woman he would fight for. And he did fight to the end of his life to keep me in his arms. He
searched for my love as a nomad in search of water. As a starving prisoner that was finally
set Free.

He was Berhane, the love of my life.

The man that spelled the word "love" in any language he could speak.

But above he said it each day in Tigrigna (our mother tongue) and made it sound as the
sweetest word ever spelled on earth: " Fekrey ".

He shouted and screamed it one last time when the Ethiopian security took him away.

To Berhane, my source of believe.

Your wife, Kiki Tzeggai -

September of each and every year

My heart melts

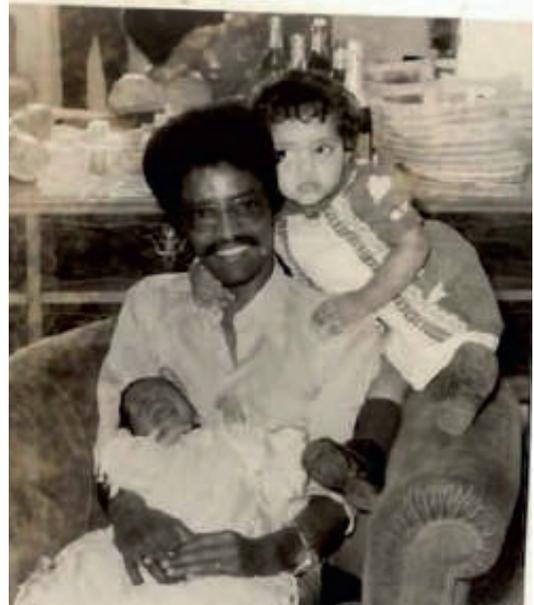
You had your own way to make the kids know you reached our house's door. You would shake the keys and knock 3 times.

Our daughter would rush with her hands waiving in the air and giggling some sounds of her own. She nicknamed you "Papito". Our son still trying to learn how to walk, would crawl and then try to stand up and then crawl some more.

You knew this would take some time and you would stand outside with the door half opened and wait down on your knees.

They would race and push each other to hug you first. Your arms opened to receive both of the kids you loved more than life itself. Our daughter would hang on to your neck and our son hold to your knees as a standing platform.

I can picture your faces to this day. You would smile from one ear to the other. Our kids, holding you tight. Your keys sitting on the floor. Behind our kids' backs you would lift your eyes and reach mine, you would send a kiss to me on the air. I would bend over, kiss your lips and then take one of our kids and let you enter the house.



My heart melts to these memories Berhane.

How many times did you picture these details while you were being tortured and thrown into the prison cell holding other Eritreans waiting for you and other victims? They would clean your open wounds. They would give you some water to heal your bloody lips. They would silently listen to the painful words you uttered every now and then.

Did you dream about the kids chasing each other to reach you and hug you? Did you pretend to be outside our door looking at your kids rushing to collapse in your arms? Did that image give you some strength my love?

They still long for that hug from you, Birhin. Only now I vividly tell them the details of the daily routine that was after all the golden moment of our life and our own house. It still is the golden moment of my memories. My heart still melts when I hear your voice asking me "They hugged me first. Do you feel kind of jealous? With a nutty and smiling voice.

I do not my love, I am so happy you were able to live those moments to the fullest.

If only the Ethiopian occupier knew that they killed your body, but never your heart and the love the four of us shared.

To my Berhane – To "Papito" as our kids called him

September 5, 2015

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