

From: Abedin, Huma <AbedinH@state.gov>
Sent: Sunday, July 8, 2012 2:42 PM
To: H
Subject: Fw: goodbye

RELEASE IN PART
B6

Farewell email from yemeni ambassador.

From: wajeeh58 [mailto:];
Sent: Sunday, July 08, 2012 01:17 PM
To: ablinken; capriciamarshall
Abedin, Huma; fpandith
Subject: goodbye

My tenure as the ambassador of Yemen to the US has finally ended after fifteen long years. I have already left the US, and I am now in and then I go to Yemen. . So, next time we meet, where ever in this universe, I will have no glamor. Stop calling me "your Excellency", I am not any more. That beautiful house I once occupied and used to celebrate life with all of you will now host ghosts until a new ambassador is appointed. This will take time, since my president is in no rush, it seems. What a beautiful journey I had in DC, the most beautiful city on earth, with the most beautiful people. I am looking back at the whole experience and can only find joy, despite the tremendous challenge that came with the job. If time can go back to the past and I have a wish, it will be serving in DC, in the same capacity, at the same age, and will definitely be hanging out with you, no one else . I will be happy to re-live the same experience, maybe with just a little different last couple of years :-). I will miss you all. I am excited I am finally changing jobs, but I am really sad I am leaving behind the best friendships I have ever built. I am especially sad to leave like this, with out saying proper goodbyes to the many friends I love. A habit I need to change maybe. But then, I know I will see you again soon wherever. You will always have a room in my house and you will have to come and visit.

Abdulwahab

“Adioses” by Pablo Neruda

“Goodbyes”

*Goodbye, goodbye, to one place or another,
to every mouth, to every sorrow,
to the insolent moon, to weeks
which wound in the days and disappeared,
goodbye to this voice and that one stained
with amaranth, and goodbye
to the usual bed and plate,
to the twilit setting of all goddbyes,
to the chair that is part of the same twilight,
to the way made by my shoes.
I spread myself, no question;
I turned over whole lives,
changed skin, lamps, and hates,
it was something I had to do,
not by law or whim,
more of a chain reaction;
each new journey enchained me;
I took pleasure in places, in all places.
And, newly arrived, I promptly said goodbye
with still newborn tenderness
as if the bread were to open and suddnenly
flee from the world of the table.
So I left behind all languages,*

*repeated goodbyes like an old door,
changed cinemas, reasons, and tombs,
left everywhere for somewhere else;
I went on being, and being always
half undone with joy,
a bridegroom among sadnesses,
never knowing how or when,
ready to return, never returning.
It's well known that he who returns never left,
so I traced and retraced my life,
changing clothes and planets,
growing used to the company,
to the great whirl of exile,
to the great solitude of bells tolling.*