

Good afternoon, everyone.

My name is Rahmat. I am the older brother of Aman who was killed in his house by a police officer two years ago. He lived there with other young men, refugees trying to find a new life. His ended abruptly one night after several gunshots. And it was all over.

He died in an indiscriminate way by those who should have protected him, the police.

Aman should never have died.

I want to thank all of you for coming out to support him, and for standing shoulder-to-shoulder with me, his family, and his friends.

For every one of you, groups, organisations, community advocates, and refugee supporters, you have worked tirelessly, to organise today's event, and all the others, when you have stood up for justice and for Aman. Thank you.

Thank you too to the media who truthfully reported what happened on that day two years ago.

While I was at Aman's grave after burying him [a terrible day etched deep in my mind] I met others who claimed they had suffered at the hands of the police. It is important that we all together, step up, stand united, and challenge the wrongs that have been done.

The vulnerability of youth is a feature of any society. Youth is fragile. When it is abused by force, when fragility is disregarded, when mental health is fought with the gun, and when life is torn down rather than built up, we all suffer.

To flourish is to offer the world a gift. To pull down is to rob it. Our future is our youth, and police have no right to abuse it.

We all need the police. But for protection and security.

Aman was a vulnerable young man struggling to find himself in a new world, a new land, one where he had been taken in by kind people and loved.

To my mind, Aman lost his life to police incompetence, disregard, and contempt for a nation's values and for life. There was no need for a police officer to attempt to overwhelm a perfectly harmless man like Aman.

Aman's family and I have shed tears you couldn't number over the death of our brother. A sword has been driven into our hearts, his blood splattered across the diaspora of his family, a family scattered across the world just to survive.

You have all read and seen what has been happening in Afghanistan. It has shocked us. But those like Aman have faced abuse for generations. The history of indiscriminate violence is etched deep into us as a people, and as a family.

Yes, we are accustomed to pain. We are used to injustice, to bloodshed and loss. But I'm here to tell you it doesn't get any easier. It doesn't get easier to see the Taliban gaining control of our country and those we care about weeping rivers of tears as they face an unknown future. And it's not easy to see your own brother mowed down in the way he was.

It's not what we expect of the civilised world. We don't expect police to act recklessly in the west, to fire on us for no reason but to control and intimidate.

Two years have now passed, and the candle in my house burns quietly, in memory. Meanwhile the perpetrator remains free, presumably controlling the streets and its young people as they extend their wings so they can successfully fly into adulthood and its new challenges.

The Investigation into Aman's death all this time is stalling, cover-ups are engineered, the public misled. Had it not been for you, the matter would have been swept under the table.

There's a story you may know about a foreign woman who once argued, surely even the dogs are free to eat the crumbs under the table. My little family may not be powerful, but those of us who have had to fight don't give up easily, especially when it comes to justice and the right to life.

I want to join with all of you today in putting my arms around the young people of this country, and of those in Afghanistan. And of all those in countries represented here in a nation that, despite its troubles in the past, has had a heart to embrace an influx of strangers fleeing violence and starving for a life they would not otherwise have had. It has been generous. And it should be applauded for that.

Aman's death, however, in the light of this, is all the harder to accept. For Aman's death cannot be justified by any measure that is held to it.

A police officer walks free today leaving a bloodstain on the reputation of the profession of law enforcement, one tarnished by its indifference and concealment of its failings.

If that blood stain is not assuaged, washed clean, purged, what is the message it gives to a growing generation of young people, the future enterprise and wealth of a fine nation?

I fled from Afghanistan to Pakistan and then to Australia some years back and graduated this year. I have watched Aman grow to be a humble, loyal, kind, and respectful young man. His friends and teachers will testify that's the case. The night before he was killed, he said to me, "Brother, today I cleaned my room, washed my clothes, and I am going to be very busy because I got a job at Amazon, and on Monday I am going to work". I was so happy for him.

That was our last conversation. The next day, it was all over.

My heart burns for Aman; my friend, my brother Aman. I miss him and our daily conversations.

And I am left with these questions: Why? How could it have happened? And how might justice be done so that it doesn't ever happen again?

Thank you all for joining in the fight.

Thank you for your compassion.

Thank you for listening