

# STABAT MATER FURIOSA

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translated by Michael West

Draft D  
May 26 2004

This text was first performed in Paris at the Théâtre Molière/Maison de la Poésie, 24 March 1999 by Gisèle Torterolo, directed by Christian Schiaretti.

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Light: Julia Grand  
Costumes: Annika Nilsson

Produced by the Comédie de Reims, Centre Dramatique National.

## STABAT MATER FURIOSA

I am the one who won't understand  
I am the one who doesn't want to understand  
and  
my plea  
and if I plead don't laugh  
don't shrug your shoulders no  
muttering  
and no excuses eyes lowered  
to avoid me  
my pain is not a dog I take for a walk  
a little dog I cajole and walk  
my pain is dark and heavy  
with the weight of an axe and  
the edge of flint  
and if I pray it's not to god  
I beg your pardon  
what pray do I pray  
to life I pray  
I beg your pardon life  
I don't know what I'm praying for but  
I know that my prayer is heavy and dark  
that it doesn't invite doesn't pass comment  
doesn't keep count  
it's coming  
my prayer is coming one moment please  
you boy listen drop drop  
your games books and songs  
if you are lucky enough to have any  
listen stand still  
in the playground crossed with shadow and  
silence it will be our common ground  
too bad for you you are born you are of this  
world  
you will know  
you can't escape my dark prayer

my father come  
look at me dare look me in the face  
I am the one trying not to understand  
not to understand you not to hear your  
reasons  
I hate your reasons I shout down your  
reasons  
yes we have walked in the mist over the  
fields  
in the unruly daybreak of the towns  
my hand in your wide hand which wanted me  
yours and sweet and bold and  
new and starving and convinced of your need  
to be my father  
but it means nothing counts for nothing  
listen and dare look me in the eye  
my brother  
is it possible that you look like me  
is it possible believable acceptable  
that you carry a little of my way in your  
hands  
when you cut throats  
and that my face peers through your face  
in the crimson mud and the dismembered  
corpse  
through you then I will be then the sister  
of cruelty  
soldiers killers slaughterers torturers  
militia cutthroats mercenaries troops  
executioners butchers gunmen assassins  
warlords fighters rapists murderers  
cruelty of all kinds wanton destruction of  
all kinds  
it never ends the thundering  
of hooves on the chest of the earth  
I am sister through you of the dogs  
fornicating  
on the white stomachs of lovely girls with

full  
hips and old women in their twilight  
come here my brother you must hear!  
and you who shamble past  
I don't ask why you wear out the path  
I don't want a smile or a greeting  
or the time or a shoulder to cry on  
or someone to talk to me I know all that can  
be said  
by a decent passerby who shambles past  
in the street of an ordinary brutal grey day  
brutal because grey like neglect like  
the plumped quilt of regret  
you too listen  
I can't wait it's coming  
I don't care who hears me I'm just  
talking as it comes I will plead  
petty-minded pitiful resentful  
I will come all tearful repulsive  
I will wring out every last drop of pathos  
drama and tragedy  
the blood in the sockets of words like  
mascara after  
tears  
trickling oozing  
I will lay it on thick but don't look at me  
I didn't invent drama my god the drama  
or tragedy the tragedy  
and the trappings of terror and disgust  
they're buried deep in the flesh  
there's nothing I can do about it  
my prayer see how it begins my prayer  
I love how the white morning presses against  
the window and there is killing  
I love how a child runs in the tall grass  
buries his face in my lap and there is  
killing  
I love how a man takes pleasure in my

breasts and how his chest is a ship that  
carries me through the night and there is  
killing

I love how you chat at the door of the  
baker's while the theory of clouds is drawn  
on the sky and there is killing

I love when we idle away the hours watching  
the wind sleep on the roofs of the town and  
there is killing

I love how you grow flowers for no reason in  
the weak light of the garden and there is  
killing

I love how the stone rolling in the river  
makes the sound of a bell and there is  
killing

I love when the hours are nothing but time  
which passes to make up the hours and again  
there is killing again

and see how my prayer keeps coming  
are you still there are you there shadow  
eaters

I spit

I spit on the man of  
the man of war

I spit on the warrior of the future  
of the future war

who plays today with his toys who tears the  
wings off flies and

the red and blue powder off butterflies

I spit on the idea of war plotting and  
predicting suffering

I spit on him who kneads the dough of war  
and sinks into sleep while death bakes in  
the oven of war

I spit on the stream of blood which falls  
from the victor's fingers

as a handkerchief might fall carelessly into  
the gutter

I spit on him who turns the body of a woman  
into open flesh  
blue flesh which once was white  
covered with wasps where once were kisses  
torn which once was whole like a silk cloth  
in the sun  
I spit on hate and the need to spit on hate  
man of war I see you  
look at me  
I said look at me  
you will never know who I am or where I'm  
from  
I don't remember  
no more room for remembrance  
my mind is consumed with beating out the  
sentences of my anger  
but if I want for some reason to understand  
for some reason  
I am the one who tries to understand through  
anger  
as the waterfall understands the rock  
through anger  
I need this rage to wipe away all trace of  
sweetness all memory  
of sweetness  
and you you also  
need this rage  
you are the source of this rage  
we must wipe away all trace of sweetness all  
memory of sweetness  
the warmth of a hand on the shoulder in the  
hollow of the bed  
when the light draws on the window in the  
small hours  
the warmth of a finger which wipes the milk  
from the lips of a child  
the warmth of a face seeking shelter under  
an arm

the warmth of a table where smiles are as  
unclouded as wine  
while in the garden behind the trembling  
gate  
climb  
the flowers golden perfumed writhing like  
the flame in the chimneys  
the warmth of thought and doubt  
the warmth of years and the remission of sun  
in the winter  
we need anger I tell you  
brutal anger which is faster than the bullet  
from a gun  
which hurts more than electricity in the  
mouth  
more cruel and more final  
than the cruelty of an axe to the wrist an  
axe  
listen  
I was a girl  
near the three olive trees  
or a little further over there by the oak  
which doesn't tremble in the ochre blaze  
of autumn  
my town was sand and dry stone  
I used to run by the springs which ran under  
the banks of heather  
I went to search for a pail of snow to melt  
in the yellow fire of the hearth  
and into the basin I'd pour boiling water  
frothing white  
as if it recalled the snow  
and grandmother would bathe her feet  
I grew up under the three olive trees  
the olive tree of Nessim the peasant  
the olive tree of Farida his daughter  
the dark olive tree the third the tree of  
exile

I grew up amid the scent of basil and the  
stories of the beginning  
of time  
what's more I grew up barefoot on land made  
fat by rain and leaves  
in the cradle of a village gently rocked by  
a hill  
the first to confession and the first to lie  
with the boys  
behind the brambles  
what's more I grew up under a frozen sky  
facing the wind the weather  
flanked by bare forests  
and I saw my parents laugh once a year  
when the sun opened brown paths in the snow  
my name was Kim Ingrid Tanya Juliet or Amina  
it's no more important than the colour of my  
eyes  
the colour of eyes is not the colour of what  
you see  
listen  
it's like a fable  
it always begins like a fable  
listen you shouldn't be in such a hurry to  
know  
I grew up wait I grew up  
by sixteen I had danced with the wind of red  
sand  
and set out laughing for the oasis on the  
horse of Jamel  
and the horse of Mahmoud  
I had collected the rose by the streams rose  
like a first kiss  
I heard old Nessim tell the fate of the  
three stars  
under the three olive trees  
at seventeen I swam naked in the river  
under the bridge where it was said at

Christmas the devil and his violins  
made souls waltz  
I ran behind the sons of the village across  
the nights of summer  
and I tasted the fruit of the vines on the  
burning lips of the sons of the village  
at eighteen  
I saw the stranger coming out of the forest  
one morning of blue snow  
he was carrying my bucket of snow  
he melted it in the hearth and bathed the  
feet of my grandmother  
with my father he repaired the roof of the  
house  
and he asked for my lips in payment  
and I never lowered my eyes  
listen  
I was a young girl  
with my life balanced like the sun on the  
horizon  
like the bloom on a cheek  
to give you a taste I believed what I had to  
believe  
sadness for me was the loss of a single hair  
of your head my father  
tragedy your foot tripping on a stone  
but I believed what I had to believe  
because there were the three olive trees  
the sweetness on the skin of the hills  
and the stranger who asked for my lips  
I believed in the murmur of days  
the slowness of nights  
the tender parting of the hours  
in the bittersweet pull of the evenings I  
believed  
in the russet shadow across the path  
in the silence within laughter  
in the sinewy cord of the old stories

in the heat in the cold in hunger in thirst  
in wind in regret  
in the branch  
in boredom in perfume in storms in that  
which appears and disappears  
in all those little human things  
which are human and  
pointless but which ask nothing of us  
but to make living our life's work  
without raising our voice and without  
raising our guard  
I believed what I had to believe  
that's how it always starts  
always the same  
the gospel of what seems  
and then the noise came  
a muffled underground tremor far away  
and the leaves trembled in the trees  
and something rang false  
in the voice of the rivers  
and hair became matted with dirty snow  
it lasted for months years maybe  
an ill-defined indistinct sickness  
when the heart's toil is heard  
when it should not be heard  
and the sound came over the whole earth  
the marching of men could be heard  
and it's a terrible sign you know  
you can't hear the shuffling of the saturday  
crowd in the towns  
in the public places in the markets  
you don't hear the footsteps of the man  
going to work  
and when a man runs to his lover all you can  
hear is his breath  
but when the soldiers take to the road  
it's their feet you hear first  
their feet which pound

yes the hammer blows on the ground  
the boots which knock and say I'm here I'm  
everywhere  
and as the beasts sense fire from far away  
we feel the faint echo of these boots  
boots of history we all know it  
we all know it  
even the newborn child has a memory  
of the sound of the boots of the men of war  
we know it from birth as  
we know the voice of our mother and  
the rustling of trees and stars  
the little heartbeat of death who makes  
ready  
in the silence of living  
I was a young woman  
engaged with the business of life  
and like the goatskin which contained all  
the winds of Aeolus  
and which opened to unleash storms  
the bag of war was opened  
and all the sounds fell upon us  
the snarling bark of weapons  
the metallic rumbling clanking roaring  
grumbling squeaking howling clanking  
creaking  
screeching  
cries and moans yells and moans  
tears and groans  
breaths hisses whistles  
I still have a voice  
against this obscene tumult  
my lone voice that you might hear  
who makes tumult  
my voice which challenges you and which  
pleads  
I will speak without let up  
so that my voice carries as far as your

tumult

I will speak until the bones creak  
of the woman carried off for rape  
may the noise of it seize your skull  
like inconsolable remorse  
I was a young girl  
and I saw the three olive trees burn  
I saw old Nessim half-naked  
his mouth biting the earth and  
his red hand clenching a fistful stars  
I saw Mahmoud and Jamel  
the bodies of Mahmoud and Jamel  
knotted in the rotting entrails of their  
horses  
shit stuck to their lips  
I saw the muddy black river and the hill in  
flames of black fire  
and the sons of the village walking on the  
corpses  
and I saw the one who lay with me behind the  
brambles  
my new lover with greedy hands  
I saw him break the throat of an infant like  
bamboo  
I saw my father kill the stranger  
and drag his body in the snow  
hitting his body with so many blows  
he beat the kisses from my lips  
what good is it? what good  
to return to these images what good  
to repeat the sorrow the word meaningless  
sorrow a meaningless word  
sorrow  
repeat the sorrow repeat the sorrow repeat  
the sorrow repeated again and again  
meaningless sorrow like  
filth drying on the footpath  
I know what you think man of war

so say it why don't you say  
that my feelings are stupid  
that my feelings are touching  
but stupid  
because war is not about feeling  
that it is right for the mother and the  
daughter to cry but  
it is not your responsibility  
that rightly or wrongly someone must set  
going  
the tragic mechanism of cause and effect  
that there is violence  
and that to suffer the burden of violence  
is as much the high purpose of war  
as the burden of sorrow  
I can well understand it  
but no no I do not understand it  
I am the one who will understand it no more  
because to understand is to accept  
yes I came to understand  
and I have understood that to understand is  
to betray  
I came to plead with you  
who makes war like  
the apple tree makes apples  
and I have understood that to plead with you  
was to submit to your reasons  
it was to kneel to collect windfalls  
from the tree of war  
furious I am  
furious mother  
furious daughter  
furious sister  
my fury is unaffected without blows without  
cries  
but it is implacable clear without show  
and final so there  
my fury is a final refusal a refusal

I will never be yours  
I belong only to life and  
you have done too much against life  
methodically  
conscientiously  
against life  
I am the furious mother and  
I remain standing  
amid the haggard naked host of the camps  
the mass of flesh bone blood hair and teeth  
which after your work is no more  
than an abstract form without smell without  
voice  
an idea of death and  
under our skin this idea of death has  
forever dug  
for ever in the soft parts of the brain  
this shard of foulsmelling death  
I stand in the mass graves  
steeped in the fat reek of smoke  
which tars my hair  
and which nothing will wash out  
I stand near the child  
whose broken head falls back face up to the  
sky  
the child who was made to kiss you  
(for one day this child was your own  
one day you were the father who held the  
newborn in his hands  
like a crystal ball  
and who is astonished at this impossible  
thing  
he has done)  
I stand before you  
and I see in your embarrassed smile  
the reasons which absolve you  
reasons worth less than the reasons why the  
summer

dries out the tree  
worth less than the reasons why the snake  
bites the heel  
less than the reasons why the whore  
offers her breasts to the highest bidder  
see how my dark prayer keeps coming my  
prayer  
will be a prayer which drives out  
black magic  
a spell which will rid the world of your  
presence  
I never looked back  
as you marvelled at the lightness of my  
steps  
I have never held in my hand  
the fingers of your hand  
and against your shoulder my shoulder never  
came  
to linger one more day in the immense air of  
the night  
my mouth never touched  
the wetness of your lips  
to taste the secret there  
never read in your face  
the story of my life  
not once you hear not once did I say  
come my love  
hearing your steps fly towards me  
and if I rolled naked in the unmade sheets  
it wasn't to give my body  
the sweet sweet shape it cried out for  
and no no no a thousand times no  
I did not shelter between my thighs  
the stranger who found himself in my  
shuddering of joy  
and well you may shrug your shoulders  
snigger  
curse

turn your back  
you will not escape  
I do not whinge  
I do not sob  
wiping my nose with my sleeve  
I spit  
I curse  
I loathe  
I want to be loathed like remorse  
I hurray  
I brood  
I nag  
and so I irritate  
and so I annoy  
you won't get away with it  
masking the ugliness with your long coat  
the wounds which burn  
the bodies in tatters  
don't presume to console me  
pretend to console me  
stroke my hair with your hands  
telling me  
there there it's all right it's all over  
it's over  
don't be afraid  
calm down  
as if I could calm down!  
I would sooner tear out my soul  
and throw it at your feet like bleeding  
flesh  
howl like a mad woman  
may the bloody stars of language cascade  
the thunder of abuse explode in the sky  
I will scream like a beast at slaughter  
will blow on the fire  
without shame without  
dignity  
but the implacable clear deliberate pride of

the condemned  
I hurl my violent prayer  
against the pane  
I hurl it in the face of life  
I beg your pardon life  
we demand the reason for your lies  
how can you play your trick on the child and  
on the child the torturer  
your conjuror's trick you think we can't see  
a hand  
your hand  
for hate a hand for sundays by the water's  
edge and while we're at it a hand for war a  
hand for love and for the cursed love of war  
which of your hands is it the one that gives  
or the one that takes say what the branch is  
for it must be decided to cast a sheet of  
shadow over the sleep of lovers or bear the  
rope of the hanged man and if love hangs  
from the branch its mouth open which was to  
blame the love or the branch  
questions questions I've loads in my bag  
you you bastard if I accuse life  
you are not absolved  
because you are life itself life itself  
turned  
sour  
life rotting on its feet  
life infected by man  
life gnawed by flies  
swarms of flies which pour from your mouth  
and ooze from your eyes  
flies gorged on your flabby conscience like  
overripe fruit  
my questions are first of all for you and  
just because they will be in vain  
and asked thousands and thousands of times  
with each body which fell in the wind

like a torn rag  
just because they will have all the effect  
of a hand raised against the stampede of a  
hurricane  
of the memory of a white hanky shaken before  
the tanks  
who are coming  
I should be silent?  
man of war  
I want to be the executioner of your hate  
like  
you were the executioner of our lives  
but our weapons are different  
when you interrogate someone you have to  
burn his eye  
with a lighter  
it's a woman? you know how to force the  
handle of an pickaxe  
into the folds of flesh it's  
all you know  
this is my strength:  
I use only my voice so close to silence and  
with only the sweet resolve of the poppy  
to question you  
all I need is the vice of words  
tempered in the constant fire of sorrow  
but I don't ask  
why or how  
my question comes before the why and the how  
I ask what it is  
what is the nervous energy which runs from  
the neurons  
to the ends of the arms  
and makes the finger tug the trigger  
of an automatic weapon?  
and which is automatic the weapon or the  
action?  
what is this cold feeling which rules the

murdering hand?  
what does the eye that aims really see?  
what is the noise of entrails bursting in  
the ear of the killer?  
what is the release in the muscles after  
killing?  
what is it to be when the other is no more?  
what is the certainty of having to kill?  
what is the feeling of having killed?  
what is the overpowering energy of the  
finger when it pushes  
the button that creates disaster?  
what is the motion of the foot that moves  
the dead body  
to make sure it is dead?  
and what is the act of mercy that puts the  
victim out of his misery?  
I know my questions  
are like asking  
what is the intention of the frost that  
kills the fruit  
of the wind that kills the branch  
of the knot of sand that kills the spring  
I know my questions  
have no answers  
and that's why I ask them  
to end for ever the rhetoric of effect and  
cause  
there are only two things understand  
the naked body warmed by a kiss  
and the wreck of the body which stiffens  
there is the unyielding slope of the hill  
the peace of the great blue eternal sky  
pitted against the corruption of mass graves  
against the din  
the bright passage of faces  
there are those of us who grope  
in daylight

for the wall warmed by the summer  
to rest our shoulder  
and to find once again a time of confidence  
in the warmth of the world  
there is the snowstorm of the cherry tree  
where the lovers laying in the grass  
think Christmas has come again  
there are those of us who  
with a gesture or a trembling smile  
give name to the small kindnesses of  
ordinary days  
those who ceaselessly repair  
the ceaselessly torn cloth  
of existence  
there are those of us who with a joy  
concrete as stone  
more real than stone  
more hardwearing than stone  
kiss the brow of our child who sleeps  
and who grows up under the kiss  
there are those who tread week to week  
following the paths  
of the hours that went before us  
there are those of us who have shared  
innumerable days pointless and sweet  
as the blackberries in the autumn brambles  
and you are already there  
man of war  
you are always there  
always ready  
ready to crush under your heel  
the sand on the beach  
the sculptures of sand patiently raised  
against the wind and the wave  
in our silliest dreams  
you are ready  
you stir like a rat in the cellars of the  
day

I see the notch in the knife  
in each of our joys and  
the blood already beads on the skin  
from now on you will always be there and  
under each fragrance  
the smell of Auschwitz and  
from the depths of the bed  
the dogs yowl and  
in each smile  
the taut fold of fear  
the souls of the lost brush against each  
other above our heads  
and the long moan which lingers in the skies  
will banish silence on earth for ever  
and this is still my prayer  
come to us souls of the lost  
the key is in the door and the window  
is open above the sheets still warm from  
your sweat  
come there is wine  
and soup steams on the table  
there is nowhere in this world  
which isn't meant to house you  
come back to us lovely souls of the lost  
and bring to our rooms your stirrings of  
darkness  
let your familiar sighs  
sleep in our arms  
embrace us  
that we may be dressed in your suffering  
be the sand in our deserts  
let our feet burn  
be the mist on our mirror  
the cataract in our eyes  
be the moan in the wave  
the crunch in the gravel  
the crackle in the fire  
the creak in the branch

the cold in the stone  
and under the first steps of each child to  
come  
be firm and sure like the memory  
there are more lost souls under the granite  
of history  
than leaves in the forests of the Amazon  
so may a forest above all forests rise  
and may the host of souls quicken above us  
a liturgy of remorse  
may remorse spit its lightning  
over us  
may the rain of remembrance  
soak our shirts  
may the nights be stripped bare  
and our actions weigh like bronze  
from the depth of the ages set loose the  
horses of remorse  
and may they kick our heads with black  
hooves  
curses on you curses  
man of war  
and so curses on man  
and curses on us  
on our kind  
if we forget for a second  
the head of the newborn split by an axe  
the child hidden in the sewer  
the woman her vagina torn by the barrel of a  
gun  
the father castrated before his sons and  
daughters  
the old man split like dry wood  
woe on us curses  
if we send the souls  
the beautiful souls of the lost  
to a new holocaust in the crematorium of  
forgetting

sitting on our fat arses and sucking our  
thumbs  
man of war  
get out of my way  
make room for doubt sorrow the hot flush of  
shame  
room everywhere for the souls of the lost  
their distressing faith  
their naive forgiveness  
their sadness without end  
room for fine feelings  
room for the weakness of feeling  
room for those who continue to love  
under torture  
room for the incurable emotion of love  
an end to brutality  
and its power  
man of war  
you bastard  
for seven thousand years at least  
for seven ages  
you have worked away  
for seven ages  
you have worked at bleeding the flesh of man  
your hand seeks life between our thighs  
and you throw it like a kitten against the  
wall  
all right that's enough  
no more endlessly stretching the vocabulary  
of death  
no more raping every wish  
blood and ash blocking the sun we share  
no more guillotines bullets bombs knives  
razors bayonets cannons schrapnel gas  
daggers axes machetes guns bows missiles  
pikes  
torpedos pistols blowpipes rifles electric  
chairs ropes flame-throwers truncheons

coshes revolvers lasers neutrons swords  
trenchers cutlasses napalm sabres rockets  
lances muskets grenades mortars landmines  
enough maybe  
as for us  
we are going to start over  
we will raise our children without you in  
spite of you against you  
their vice will be sweetness  
their wildness of wildflowers  
when they find a stone  
they will seek colours to paint it  
when they find a stick  
they will plant it that it might give  
oranges  
they will be proper cowards at last  
true cowards at last  
at the slightest crack of thunder  
they will hide under the blanket  
where waiting for them they will find warm  
naked women  
and when they have drunk at the river  
they will stagger drunk in the sun to piss  
on our monuments to the dead  
our children will never grow old  
they will make war by grabbing each other's  
hair by sticking out their tongues  
become innocents without god without laws  
who only fall on their knees before a flight  
of partridge a sonata a kiss all lowly forms  
of hope  
revere wise men exhausted by the mere  
contemplation of anger  
we will raise our children in the ruins for  
we're done with the thousand and one tales  
which stitch one sleep to the next  
we will raise our children before the rubble  
of Grozny

in the ruins of Beirut-of-the-slaughtered  
under the open eyes of the severed heads of  
Saïda  
we will read them bedtime  
stories of Verdun Auschwitz Kabul Mostar  
the history of a century murdered a thousand  
times  
so that their sleep may be an act of regret  
and that each one of their dreams might be a  
battle against the horns of death  
show no pity for future killers  
may they suckle at the breast of their  
mother the remorse for what they have not  
yet done  
because as brightly as the sun burns in the  
eternal blue  
the children of today are the soldiers of  
tomorrow  
this is the truth of what I say it's older  
than the oldest star born in the night of  
men  
to bear children is to continue the  
genealogy of murder  
all right everybody on your feet  
the curses are done  
men and women of all ages get up  
choose now  
between the limestone of forgetting which is  
eroded by grief  
and the cry which outrages the night  
get up cry yell curse spit on all hate  
and weep weep all the tears  
as the tree of Myrrha  
weeps its immortal tears of resin  
how can you not have known that you only  
survive infancy  
by learning to weep  
if the lamp of sorrow burns

in the derelict rooms  
is it not a miracle?  
tears are a balm  
to those who outlast tears  
I am come to tell you a dream  
simple and fragile as dreams are  
for dreams nourish  
more than the grape  
and there are no grapes in winter  
I had a dream  
it was yes it was in the cool calm of  
morning  
and suddenly in the unknown hour  
the army of the weak rose up as one  
on the roads the streets of our towns on the  
tracks of the desert  
by the banks of the ancient rivers  
under the enormous shadow of the mountains  
millions rose up  
the starving the old the lame the beggars  
the children the sick the puny the maimed  
the suffering  
strong men too but  
not your kind of strength  
men more easily startled than birds  
and who hid their loud voices in the songs  
of the weak  
millions of human shades naked and slight  
hurried along the roads  
like sudden landslides of stones of trees of  
waves of cellars of holes of rats  
of silent standing crowds  
without tribes and without creeds  
the heads raised the eyes fixed on the day  
nothing else you understand in my dream  
other than the innumerable hordes of the  
weak and the maimed  
standing dumb

in the splendour of the countryside  
a wind of silence ran through everyone  
I remember nothing else  
other than there were no men or sons of war  
no war chiefs  
no god no prophets  
not even the flaming sword of the archangels  
nothing but the millions of human shades  
slight and naked  
standing on all the horizons of the world  
the dream is told  
it's the resolve of the cherry tree which  
overflows with light  
and in the close of evening  
I cast my furious  
prayer

Saïda, Lebanon, 19 august 1997