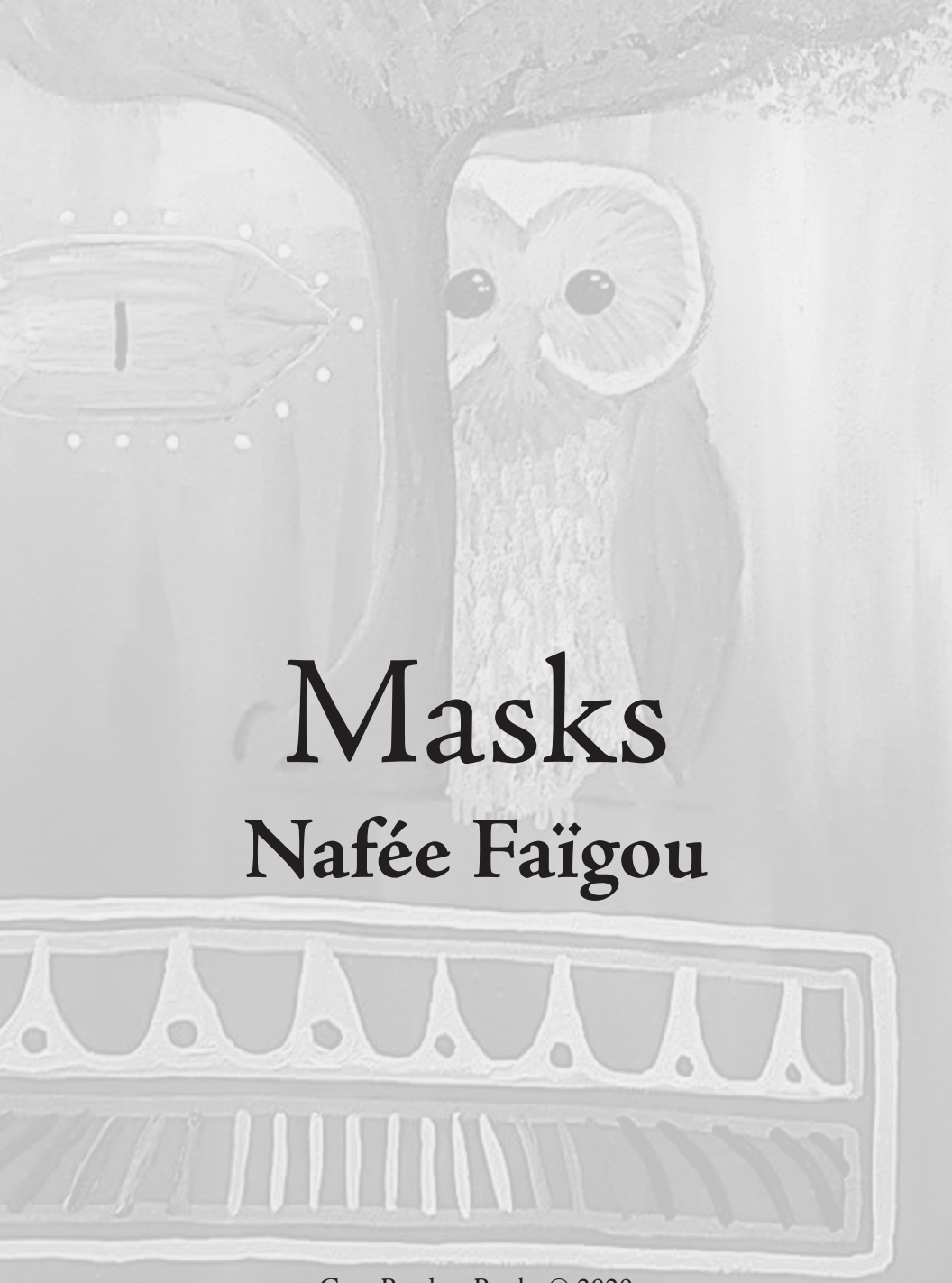
Masks

Nafée Faïgou



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Masks
Nafée Faïgou
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Masks

MASKS
I

My heart has been bleeding for so long
It is impenetrable and yet absorbs pain
So deep is the pain that my face
Carts the impacts of its many deflagrations
Therefore…
Every morning, I wear a mask
A mask of intent joyfulness, a mask of insignificance
Its terrifying embarrassment clips on my eyes sight
And my knowledge leaks
Of purulent mediocrity
Time stops and space tightens.
Dawn is a chimera
Amputated on the wings of a tasteless
Illusion that whittles the night down
As in a dream of termites.

II

I am sentenced to frustration for life
Thirsty of unknown sensations
I scourge anything that binds me to the earth
I am blind because I don't remember tomorrow anymore
Behind an illusory mask
I invoke love
Chanting incantatory songs
I scoup the night out
And masturbate the silence
Of raged hiccups
I mount the devil
And cannot control my orgasm
A cloud of sperm stains my senses' edge
My sole ambition:
Deflower as fast as possible
The fatidic hour in a burst of void
When she will announce howling,
Le Non-Temps.

III

Salomé
I baptise creation.
Salomé is a music that remains in your head
Polishes the senses
At time when the horizon
Hugs the day and the night
In an oniric and fruity embrace
Do you smell this morning breeze?
The colors are half-faded
Humans, in a gigantic
Sneeze, hollow out their destiny.
They de-flesh themselves in a derisory effort
And in this same absurd effort
Beg Life,
Merciless debtor
To adjourn the term of their hours,
Stingily counted.
Look, it is day-break.
There is in the air, the smell
Of burnt incense, failed twilight and calcined fat.
A minuscule morning shivering
A mute interrogation, a candid curiosity
In the stare of these elderly children.
I think of Salomé-the-creation
At this dawn, that abandons already, its consistency
A dawn with no secret
To the calabash's elderly-child
with his dreary un-curiosity.
Look again!
Look through the skylight of your imagination

Life, this awful concert
Where each musician is obliged to play
A partition that they do not remember
Under the grip of a hideous and
Despotic conductor,
They do not wear a mask.

IV

A temperamental teen trims
The branches of their imagination
They lacerate their Youth
With large blades of dread.
Comes a day, where they stops, pensive
What to do?
Then they widen their shoes
They de-fang their shirt from its mother-of-pearl cuff links
They skin the cottony substance of their pants
They streak their look of rage
Then cry
Love, stubborn, refuses to leave
The arcana of their
Humanity's essence.

Feminine Pieces

WOMEN

Their slim arms full with heavy Leda
Their brown arms loaded with Desert' gold
Their dark neck pearled by sweat,
They stride with elastic and slow steps
They transport the weight of grocery,
family and the entire nation.
They approach as would anything else in life
The smile of a wrinkled hope
The weary smile of diminished life
Baring neither flowers nor fruits.
"The kids!" Say you,
The slims arms, brown or dark
Want to unburden themselves from their kids
And Carry,
Oh, carry
Alphabetisation, Participation, Wholeness of being
Their "half" opposes their emancipation
These arms will in an endless gesture
Every morning, come back from the grocery store, loaded
And every morning in every family
Before every stove
A female neck bends
Again and always say Yes
To Submission?

WOMAN

You've been carrying the World since
The birth of Time
Your soul vibrates to the rhythm of the unfathomable
You are the vector and the depositary of
Nature
Your body is the seal
Of the forbidden and the sacred
Of Lust and Pleasure
Woman-Earth, woman-Moon
Woman-Water, Woman-Sun
Only you dictate
The laws that confine or unshackle you
From the firmament or Earth
Within your depths the essence of Love erupts
Woman-Shadow, Woman-Thunder,
Yesterday like Today,
You remain the clay
Within which the
Original Utterance bursts.

IRRADIANCE

Born from faraway stars
Woman tread upon earth
With her giant feet
Her luminosity, radiates and is magnified
On her pathway

From her entrails, squirts humanity
Fondly, she kneels and
Looks lovingly at her child

Humanity feeding of her breast
The child is now maintaining her
In this forced genuflexion
The mother's neck bends

Curious, the child crazes his mother's hair
He pulls at his mother's phosphorescent locks
Blinded by her brightness, humanity covers her
With mud, put her
Light
To sleep
Prisoner in this timeless position
She lost the Luminescence of her Origin
Humanity staggers without landmark
The child went against her mother
The child is lost
The woman, amnesic, must revive and rekindle her
Inner Flame
She must evoke and invoke it
Ward off Oblivion's mud

Retrieve the memory of her true nature
And Light,
To enlighten
The steps of her child,
Guides and quenches
Humanity's quest for
Infinite.

Love Pieces

YOU

Like the light and heady scent of a
Perfume that I wish to keep
You cross my immensity and my exiguity
Your prints are read on each
Lines of my lips
My heartbeats
Rhythm and follow
Each finger
Each caress, scarcely hinted
Then, a zephyr
Tousled my senses
My body in trade winds arouses
In cyclone rages
Provoking irruptions
Changing my blood into lava
Stimulating my spirit in halo
Is an art that you master
Like the light and heady scent of a
Perfume
Like a music that remains in your head
Like the imagined horizon
Color of our desert and our sky
Our tundra and our snow
Like a starry night with thousands of
Love and crystal
Glances
My lovely
You define for me
Dreams and stars mixed.

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NO TITLE

Like the star that soils
The dark sky with its brightness
Like the wind that blows over
The dust of a leaf
The butterfly kissing
The delicate flower
The smell of the wet earth
The beauty of a canvas
The prayer in my eyes
The devastating wild fires
Fired tears on my face
Like a drop of rain
On my salted lips
Like a haunting music
A rustle in the air
A recrudescence of adrenaline
Causing physical hurricane
It is the unassailable joy of being alive
Water-flame of
Conscious love

FETISHISM

My eyes will be the mirror of your
Happiness
My mouth the chalice within which
You will deep your lips to soak yourself in the sacred liquor
That is our love
My arms will be a necklace of amulets for your neck
I'll give you my breast in offering
My sweat, a bewitching incense
My cries of love and my sighs,
the burning chant that will put you
In a trance
My belly, the altar where you will prostrate yourself
My femininity, the divinity that you will adore
My body will be with you
The temple where
No layman will have the right to enter
Only sacred passion
My faithful, my tender faithful,
Will be admitted

THÉLÈME

I name you Thélème
I invoke your breath
In the respiration of the night
The perfume of your voice infuse
Under my skin
Of words-desire, of forbidden words
In the icy intimacy of winter
The sharp bite of your absence
Insinuates itself in the interstices of my being
Simultaneously, my senses are under
The spell of your caress-word
I gasp quietly
Then my body is taken by frenzy
Convulses itself overtaken by the incandescent energy of
Your presence-absence
And explodes in a silent geyser
Under the moon's milks
In stellar dust.

NO TITLE

I've talked to you through the winds
I've waited for you all years long
My quest stops here
From the impenetrable conquest
Comes peace. Where a grain of sand
Is contentment. The breeze's kiss
left on my burning forehead
Crowds rumour, peddlers screams
The desert silences, human heartbeats
Mixed with the forests murmurs and
The panting of thirsty animals
The pyramids' majesty, everything tells me:
Contemplate
Here and now stops my quest when
Gazing at the walking ant brings peace
The fluffy cloud kidnaps
My madness' smile
Music
Irritates, charms and consoles me
And the aroma of love
Tender compass
Uncovers before my heart
The unfathomable depth of
Life's essence.
Dawn
After a long night hunting your dragons up
You return to me at dawn
Numbed by the cold and exhausted
Undressing yourself on automatic
To take refuge in my hollowness

You drink feverishly from my river
Quietly
In the secret of this shy daybreak
We are offerings for one another
In an infinitely silence rhythm
We enshroud
The ambrosia of our essence
Beneath the feet of a rainbow

NO TITLE

When you love me
I feel over my skin, trees walking through the winds
When I bend to kiss your mouth and
Your breath mixes with mine
I feel on my face, the powerful flux of sea's waves
Leaking in an thousand years old motion,
The face of the earth
When you hold my body against yours
I see unwinding before my eyes yesterday,
today and tomorrow
In this extemporal embrace
I see you, "my rainbow-roots-nigger"
Then I look through the infinite vacuum
Our souls dancing in the Non-Space.

LONELINESS

When loneliness takes over
And splashes of its imposture
When the wait is sealed-licensed
And its bite burdens
When my breath bends
And in a dizzy haze, comes the awareness
Terrible sentience
Of the lack of the Other. Of the lack of you
You, so foreign but
Oh so essential to me.

Dispersed Pieces

LIFE'S ABDUCTION

Time is made of beads of infinite moments
That the wind seeds on the thread of life
Then happens a luminous instant
Quickly harvested with frivol fickleness;
Tints itself of dusty shadow
The grain of this instant then
Poisons the entire thread of beads
The destiny of a being
Is washed away of any hope
Laden of red deliquescence
Life bursts of darkness
Spread its mute fear all around
And scars Life.

DESERTING FRIENDSHIP

Friendship deserted my heart
Roads will no more cross
Sun is a bad actor
Stars baldly shine
Friendship abandoned my soul
On the road to heavens,
clouds are losing their bright fluffiness,
My senses decline to react to any tease
My usual dancing gaze over the nature stilled its frolic
I am poor of laughter
But so rich of deep and profound bitterness!
I love from my window, l
ooking at these heads bruised by pain,
I look at these women`s heads bound by grief.
Truth be told,
I envy them. Permanently carrying the burden
Of Misery and sackcloth
Of an unknown damnation
Seeing nothing, hearing nothing,
understanding even less,
Eyes cast over the horizon
Fear. Bitter and acid peace emerging.
I choke comfortable only in
a poignant and refined apprehension
Who am I. Where am I going.
Absurd questions. Trap
I need from the void, make my nation
To join it faster,
I made myself addicted to gambling, human passion
I will play Russian roulette
For a while, I will be a Prussian prince
I will loathe anyone who will try to save me from death
I will abhor the unfortunate soul
who will try to save me from myself
So much that I will roast him with my vices,
Like a rat, he will feel from the rest of his life,
in his mouth, the muzzle of my hatred; and
On his neck, the yolk of my unquenched revenge,
oh burning retaliation!
Friendship, friendship deserted my heart.

INSULT

With the violence of a whip
It pierces the tender flesh and
Stabs the heart, hanging
Like a corpse on the gallows
It skins the most magnanimous Dignity
Stones Human ego with Humiliation
"The kettle is calling the pot black"
Soul quivers, affected.
I am afraid that it`s been soiled and
Burnt by the acid of an abusive
Tongue. Poison-awful Breath.
Look at the Soul wiggling, poor thing
Impacted by the bite of an envious look
And the spite of a mouth clenched, yelling Intolerance
Outbreak of Insults,
The mouth, a chockfull beast of prejudices.

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WASTE

The World is filled with corruptions
The World is murders-ridden
One tolerates misery, one paints it in neutral
One excuses madness, one grants it pardon
Humanity is iced with indifference
Humanity is starched with mistrust
Humanity torments virtue,
Strangles Morals so powerfully, that it kills it
Humanity`s heart crucifies Truth
Makes itself an ardent disciple of Lucifer
From the seven capital sins, it makes its best rulings
Disorder is its favourite mate
Humanity's tongue is so quick at chatters and lies.
From a trifle, it makes a storm.

SORROW

The ressac of my pains
Rises from my mouth
I feel the fierce tides
Barely containing themselves
The waves of my sorrow
Explodes in my throat transformed into a gangue
The power of their rumours
Wash off the sand of my tongue
Like a red flag risen on a flagpole
My stiffed glottis is the symbol of bad weather conditions
Suddenly, sound, like a huge tidal wave
Breaks through the dental barrier
And throws itself - pounces like a predator bird on a chick-
On the face, with a metallic racket.

RED FLOWER

It is a rare and ephemeral flower
Growing only on the surface
Of a hairy savannah
A plant of water and sap
Growing only
At the expiration of its area
It is a red plant
Non-aquatic nor terrestrial
Liquid
Which only grows
By soiling its space
It is a flowing wine-like color
Intoxicating with sorrow
Dreading wind and rain
Sprouting during the seasons
Of Fear and Ignorance
It is a red flower
Blossoming
On a hairy savannah
A Non-poisonous
Flower
Producing only salty tear-tasting
Fruits.

NO TITLE

My soul, unburden yourself
My soul, I feel you sad, so sad my soul
Unwind yourself, Soul of mine, unburden yourself
Unleash yourself, I insist
Give in, let me seat you here
Your sorrow is awful to see
Ah! So awful, my soul!
It looks like a filthy wound
My soul, open up
Tell me your sorrow
Don`t keep silent
I know, I know dear,
You have for life, this abscessed hatred
My soul, yes my soul
Unburden yourself,
Spill it out
Look , aura of mine,
My tears becoming cords
My eyes, Kora
Tell-me, soul-land
Lay down here. Yes, here and sing-cry
The unfinished rhapsody of the legend
Of the country of your greatest dread
Show me, soul of mine,
Your fingers wandering with arachnidan dexterity
On your discreet tears,
Your deepest and most secret terrors.

Evasion Pieces

DREAM

The impulse of your waves cradles and
Transports you into realms
Where luminous silhouettes twirl
Preceding a palanquin
Where the sky is pinkish and the clouds amber-coloured
Where exist endless stairs
That you climb
Not knowing where you`re going
The impulse of your senses travels
Where the shaman is teaching you
In a photon-halo
Universe's mysteries
Your wings carry you to Mû
Where Esoterism is revealed to you
Behind an opalescent veil
On a santal-like odor
The Mask expands
The four wise men wearing saffron clothing
In levitation around a golden cube
Are schooling you,
With an eternal smile
The essence of the immaculate feather
That became drop of water
Without knowing or understanding
You traverse depths
And colors
Kaleidoscope of luminous blue
Your soul dashes into time
Where you play leapfrog with
Millenary Hindu steles

Mother-Dragon coiled over herself
Insuflates Love into you
From her Forest-Heart
In the ruined of sunken world
You are transported
In a circle where some beings in tranquil luminous dress
Whisper hymns of joy
You escape out of time
Hitting discussions with Baudelaire and Césaire
Finally,
Just for you,
The sky
Sketches a huge constellation
Tapestry.
In an exhalation of ecstasy
Night yields its
Reign
To Dawn's.

TRAVELER

He lives out of sands and sky
Drinks out of haven and honey
Earth is his country
The world his shelter
The traveler glides over seas
Swims in the ether
He does not know any frontier
Even his cadaver will not be put in a coffin
His satchel on his back
He thinks he is a teen
Sometimes, he halts somewhere
Then, he takes his wooden tablet and
Draws horses without strap
Satisfied, he drinks out of his gourd
Hanging from his heavy sword
The traveller flies
The wavering wind brushes against his skin
Capsizing him.
Even his body,
predefined asylum does not dare stopping him
The traveler flies to avoid the muck
So has craved his creator, Andjarack*

*Andjarack**, exceptionally talented Chadian artist painter

UNKNOWN

The unknown is the laughter of the infinite
It spreads itself like paint on a canvas
In long colored and undefined arabesques
Often, it sheathes the brain with a veil.
Many times over, it striped off
And re-dressed with big words
And pretends to be knowledge's Talmud.
Inscrutable, ineffable it makes for himself, gems out of
Cryptic, Wordless and Mysterious ideas
And only reflects in its innumerable eyes
The bright darkness of the Forbidden
And Fear. What do I see? What do I hear?
Temptation, with an air of gloss sophistication, is
Whispering to me:
"Dare, dare to venture on the perilous journey!"

IMAGINATION

The sheen of boredom
That renders your heart
Spiritless
That makes your otherness so flagrant
Is reappearing.
You LOVE.
You laugh out of imagination
Then, words crowd out
Hungry over your tongue
Your heart cracks and
Swells
Yes, there it is
Right here. I am laying on paper what I feel
Hesitation suspended…
Yes?
Yes! There it is! It`s back!
It is my sickly imagination`s sobs
A tremor redying and pinkying
The soul
It is lonesomeness
Becoming
Connections
I imagine
Blood coming out of a mango
The taste is
Imagination
Tree. Psychosis
Heart
Cristal
Choice
It comes and goes
Just like that,
Imagination.

NIGHT

The sky's mountains chase
The celestial azure away
The frightened sun
Hides its sex behind the
Horizon's drapes
The sky maidens
Spawned from Venusians rays
Cast their diamond gaze
Over the dark-night-ribbon.
While passing across the crepuscule,
The shooting stars,
Firmament's Amazons
Stub the ethereal Vault
With their dagger of
Fugitive Irradiance.

Elemental Pieces

RAIN

Here, liquid scars on the plate-glass
Nebulosity
Beyond, thirsty mouths
Drinking of
One another
A drop,
Another one
Humid lips
Edgy tongue
It is raining in
The heat
Tepidity of luscious lips
Shy candour
On an crippled smile
It's dropping
Here, scars on the plate-glass
Vapour
Bodies hugging
Rain.

SOU*

Aooh… Aooh … Aooh … Aooh … Aooh
Blow blasts raving
It chastises the bell and whips it
I can hear it demented,
Ringing, ringing, ringing
The wind confronts and crosses the fortress
Parched, the "sea annoyer" frightens and creases the fleet
Now flying and taking refuge, over there,
Behind the waves' barricades.
The Wind with a flame-waving face
Stripping Time of its leaves
Blazing earth
Fff…fff…fff…fff…
Frolicking, Gust grazes the diaphanous flower
"Sou*"` brushes, puffs away, grows impatient, whacks
My slapped forehead
Growls like an injured beast
My wind-raped faced
By a fiery and frenzied breeze,
Now an outlaw Zephyr, running away
Rushed, the gale is fleeing
Fast flying
Aooh…Aooh…aooh…
The breeze now withering manes
The waft currently starving souls
The wind freakily feasting
On its own crimes
The wind furious fleeing its own folly
Gust engulfing violently
Fff…fff…
The waft out of breath, stills.

*Sou** means the `sea annoyer``
also known as the wind in Chadian language

NO TITLE

I can hear the stream pouncing in the middle of
Wheezing reeds
My heart snorts
Echo approves
The creek runs and sings
Drunken with joy and freedom
My heart frets
Oppressed by its fleshed bars
Inclosing it
Revolted by this bloody sewer
That it constantly breathes.
The stream cavorting
Through the fragile reeds
Which it leisurely hooks,
The reeds unable to beat the stream on any given race.
The mischievous rivulet is playing
Hide and sick with its exhausted friends
It knows the most secret alleys
Of any given soul
My heart sickened
Cries
It does not know how to sing
Its hands on the bars
Clamping it
It stares at the stream
So clear, so fresh, so young, so free
It listens, avid, to
The rivulet flowing, whispering and singing.
Oh! My poor poor heart!
Swolen with chagrin

My heart
Jolting against
My ribs, removing their shackles
My heart
Swells, swells, swells
The prison-ribs
Can no longer contain it
In an explosion of blown flesh
My heart
Weaken, staggering and victorious
Smiles.
The respectful reeds bow before it
Welcome to the hero
My heart timid and without any landmark
In this new world
World belonging to the rivulet and my heart
My heart refreshed by the stream
The stream taking my heart by the hand
The stream's hand cradling my heart
In chorus, my heart and the rivulet are singing
With fluidity and lightness
The immortal hymn of Freedom.

HYMNS TO CREATION
I

The wind has blown Destiny's
Cowries
On a beach of stars fish
The ether turned blue
The clouds laughed
Flowers, like fairies
Bent over time
Water, the great Muse
Afar, roared
And the baby came to the world
Humans joint their joy to the
Elements`
The babies have grown up
Under the wind`s affectionate caress,
The Clouds`
Indulgent stare
The sacred protection
Of humans
Melancholic songs
Under the guarder of the giant pyramid
The stream's murmurs
The breath of life
Life smiling.

II

The wind has blown Destiny's
Cowries
On a beach of stars fish
Gods breath blew
Ocean`s waves over the virgin shore
Ancestor`s manes
Laid on the Horizon's
Humid sediments
The ancillary love of
Dawn and crepuscule
Of abstract and matter
Seeding
Ether turned blue
The clouds laughed
Flowers like fairies
Braided the thread of Time
Water, the great Muse
Afar, roared
And the creature was born
Humans take part
To all the elements' joy
Fauna of senses
Scanned Fire's dreams
Sea, from her motherly tears,
Purged the scoria-body
Of the shapeless being
The baby is born
The baby is growing
Under the Wind's
Affectionate caress

The cloud's
Indulgent stare
The sacred protection
Of the maternal
Chants
And the stream's murmurs
The breath of life
Springs out.
A smiling
Life.

III

The wind has blown Destiny's
Cowries
Shattering
On a beach of stars fish
Gods' breath
Blow
On the virgin shores
Ocean's waves
Horizon, attentive, listens to
Ancestor's manes
Murmuring the memory
Of the love between
Fire and Water
Earth and heavens
Many sunrises later
There is the ether becoming red
Clouds panic
Flowers, like celestial mermaids
Invoke silver threads in chants offered to time
Afar, Water
Multiform Deity
Deflagrates
Nightmarish sight
Listening Nature in
Wild contortions
Bringing the creature to life
Pain
Lassitude
Human moans
The sense fauna

Tepid and humid
Scrutinize Fire's dreams
And the sea, from her tears of joy
Purge Shapelessness
Being!
Under the wind
Affectionate caress
Clouds`
Indulgent stare
Under the Sacred Wing
Life
Embarks in its fractal experience.

Engagement Pieces

A BEACON

You are, for me, this light afar
Preventing the ship to collapse
Against Destiny's shoals
During foggy and unkind weathers
You brighten like a firefly
My student's life, far away
From protective parents
Living torch, you guide me
In the night of my doubts
The flame of your advises
Preserve me from life
Harsh Pitfalls
Like a lighthouse in the darkness
And the abyss' vapours
You are my anchor
In this wind-whirl youth
Of mine.
Thank you for being here
Thank you for being my friend
Thank you for being my lighthouse.

ELDERS

The crepuscule is here
A burning ecstatic stare, incapable of seeing
A withered skin, wrinkled, pleated
Elders laying here
Elders there, seating, clinging to their cane
Sole companion,
Are begging.
Elders singing with a broken and raspy voice
Elders begging, imploring, supplicating
Calling, asking.
Bystanders unconcerned, pass
Busy with frivolous details
Oh elders! Yesterday's promise
Today's crepuscule
Your children are ashamed of you
Your children disown you
Selfishness and indifference
are as vigorous as their young age
Like you, elders, the
Africa of solidarity, tradition and
Respect
Is a withered, wrinkled and pleated concept
To your burning eyes far-sighted view
You are the crepuscule
And yet you carry within the key of
Tomorrow's mystery and promise
But we, your oblivious children
Are abandoning you, leaving you on your own
And to the grip of time,
which dutifully hems forgetfulness.

Without taking a single glance at you
Where are we running too?
The future with cloudily roots is right before your eyes!
Sitting, laying
Before your cold eyes
Let's pick it up!
Before it is too late
Before ignorance and lack of bearings
Impose their reign
And permanently settles within our hearts.
Tomorrow is read over the parchmentized skin
And the crepuscular life of
Our elders.

Nafée Faïgou

TRIBUTE

For your unmatched genius
Allying sublime and ineffable
For your colours and your collages, a real treat
To the aesthete's eyes

Glimmer in the cameo of sensations
Where love, death, ownership
Stand alongside God, the Forbidden and Mystery
Where only you are both the Marabout and the Magister

Accept the humble tribute
That boosts my heart. The color of the birds' feathers
Looks bleak compared
To your canvasses, cisterns

Where my avid eyes quench their thirst
Of beauty and limpid luminosity
For your unequalled genius, Oh mage
Accept the humble tribute.

N'DJAMENA

You give your body and soul away to your lovers
Who take you and throw you away
Horrible whore!
You veil and unveil yourself
In front of your bastards
You're this woman N'Djamena,
Beautiful and desired
Putting kohl on your eyes
To better attract
These-funds-providers.
You put on henna; N'Djamena
Your henna, is the innocents' blood and hunger,
Your own descendants
To attract the concupiscent and horny gaze of
Tyrans, Corrupted beings and thieves
You bathe in your Houmra* N'Djamena,
Your Houmra, prostitute of the
Western, eastern, northern and southern worlds,
Is the sweat and the spit
Of your begging poor
Of your starving and crying crowds.
Aren't you ashamed, N` Djamena?
You my mother,
Woman from Sahel lands
Heart of my Grandma, Africa
You were so beautiful!
With your crystalline laughter
Your slender silhouette
Your amber skin
Your darker skin

You were so pretty, mother
With your lafaille*
With your loincloths, your headscarf and your boubou
Why? Why these sudden hysteric shouting?
The only things coming out of
Your mouth, are the death shrieks of Kalashnikovs
Are these new lipsticks mother?
Mother?
What happened to you?
Who drogue you that way?
You breathe like a Buffalo in April
And get cold and live with pneumonia in August
You are sick mother
You must heal yourself
Lay down on your veil of dust
Let me fell your heart
Your pulse is so slow…so weak…
You need some strength
Take your children's
Take mine
You must live, mother
We are so many that need feeding!
I see many of us, still coming
You're pregnant
You must hold on
I will oblige you to leave
Even at the coast of my own life
I will oblige you to live
I will force you to be again whom you've always been
The slender Chadian woman
Dark skinned,
Amber skinned

With deer's eyes
With the smile of peace
Salam
Barka
Peace
Your sacred places
My sisters, brothers and myself
Will raise you back up
Standing and majestic
For my future little brothers and sisters
Make an effort N'Djamena,
Try a tiny bit harder…

*Houmra**: Headgy and very heavy-scented oil perfume
*Lafaille**: Long and diaphanous silky-like cloth wore by Chadian women

NERMINE

Like a vanishing scent of jasmine
Fourteen springs-young
Your teen hood sank into a sandstorm
Of loneliness and fears
They took you away from your loved ones
The dusty wind of a revolution muddled your mind up
You so dearly wished to be part of something GREAT
Assuming and owning your identity
in others' glances and words
Just like the Flame Holder from Sidi Bouzid.
His act lit up your lacks instead
of burning them to the core.
You chose to follow his step and immolate yourself.
You, who so dearly craved to be a link in another
human story,
You left the warmth and intimacy of your home for a
propaganda diffusing cryptic red mirages
On blue screens.
Your abductors convinced you that a sterile and
despotic idol is God's Holy wrath.
Don't you see Nermine?
It is Men visceral resentment and Madness in a
kaleidoscope of shades that you're mistaking for Love
Poor Child, you so needed to be released and to
become a self-aware particle of kindred spirit
There you are deposed of
your inviolable right to identity
Your humanity has been deconsecrated and ransacked
Your arms are extension of Kalashnikovs
And your fists, my child, your fists;
Bombs exploding at the liking of your torturer's furor.

Look at them making cannon fodder of your body
And using your soul to fan the flame of their cause!
Each breath spell of your mother compels the sky and
leaves an echo of sorrow in the desert's
unfathomable silence,
Decelerating Earth's own pulse.
Do you know this Nermine?
Do you?
To those who mislaid you on your questioning path
To those who conceal their wolf fur
underneath a sheep one
To attract lambs and immolate them
on the altar of their Ego.
I say that it is not in the nature of the light to die out
The warmth of its flame remains entwined in the
memory of trees, winds and minds
It is reflected in the faintest act of kindness
The day will inevitably come
Where the power of your vassals
Misery and Hungers' amnesic yoke,
Will no longer hold and bend human spirit
to its supremacy
Thousand of fireflies will come through darkness
and set for the heart
Notes of joy will illuminate space and will color time
Nermine will come back to us
And we will be there, waiting for her.
For no one,
No one, ever escape Love.

Nafée Faïgou is a Niagara region artist, originally from Chad, a country located in the heart of Africa. She currently is an associate member of the Association des auteures et auteurs de l'Ontario français (AAOF), Ontario francophone authors Association. She holds a Bachelor in Arts Sc. in French Literature from Ndjamena, University -Chad-. She has received various grants from both the Ontario Arts Council and the city of Mexico for various writing projects. She also received many literary awards for short stories both in Chad and in Italy – the Golden Lion at the Venice Film Festival in 2002 for the scenario of a short film; -Lettre à New York. She is a playwright and a stage director, (Tumulte chez les D'Angerio (2015) as well as an adaptor of theatre script, The little laying lion, respectively in Welland and Jamaica – 2007 & 2009 as well as a stage director, Wedding in Niagara, (2010).

She wrote several poetry books (Nermine, Eclats d'ombres, Entre rêves et réalités, Tâches d'instants égratignés). Faigou translates literary works (Feeding Roots "Culture in conflict" Poetic Documentary Film, from French into English) and since 2010, is a literary critic on Francophone Canadian authors, for Voix Plurielles, an online magazine of Francophone Literature in Canada and the francophone world.

She writes essays on various authors such as Emilio Pacheco (Hommage à Emilio Pacheco, allegoric text; published and translated into Spanish by Casa Loma, Mexico in 2009; Ce silence si assourdissant , Essay; published and translated into Spanish, Casa Refugio Citalpetl, Mexico – 2009; and on the entire poetic works of Bathélemy Bolivar, a Manitoban poet). She

is a preface writer -Mbeuryo's death, Novel; Edition l'Harmattan, Yaounde, Cameroun – 2008; Nyota fille de Batoumou, l'Harmattan, Kinshasha 2017).

Faigou also writes short stories (Délit de peur in Anthology of Arts and Literature in Chad, Edition l'Harmattan, France – 2003; Samara, Reseau de Lecture Publique, Chad 1997.)

Since 2007; she has been the Artistic Director of Festiv'Ébène festival, a Francophone Winter Festival in the Niagara Region.

She is an artist in community and a social activist. She has given Theatre and literature courses & workshops on the XVIIe Century France for youth, Haitians Schools without Borders –Ontario-Manitoba/Canada/Haiti – 201 and directed a Multi-generational project with kids and seniors Theatre Workshop funded by Trillium Foundation in Welland in 2013-2014.

Faigou facilitates artistic workshops such as the Mask making workshops with Turn Around Project (TAP) with street kids, in Port Antonio, Jamaica in 2009 and with Jean Vanier Secondary School Students, Sofifran and the South Western Ontario Catholic School Boards in Welland in 2008.

Her personal interests lay in reading, listening to world music, watching English super sleuths series, cooking and gardening as well as collecting fine wine, whiskies, cigars, poetry in all languages and perfume.

Finally, she has the outmost important job of being the mom of a teenager, William.