

Poems by AhceneMariche  
Translated by GhaliaBedrani

### 23- Spring

In these fields of flowers  
In these beautiful spring hours  
You always pose the right queries  
To get the right stories  
Though the road is very long  
Merrily we walk along

You will be moved  
By whatever beauty you glimpsed  
Wherever you put your hands  
You find flowers in bands  
Even your lungs are full  
Of smells that are wonderful

The broom has flowered  
It is full of spines  
Briar has also prospered  
Its rose shines  
Brambles are still fostered  
And grow in arranged lines

Even prickly pears  
Take part in the parade  
On each fig that appears  
The bees will promenade  
When the peel is removed  
The delicious fruit is served

The butterfly is flying  
Over the flowers  
It is so stunning  
To spring it adds bellflowers  
Hearts are singing  
Life becomes amazing

## 28- But, What is a Life?

I divided life into decades  
To describe the life of a human  
With illustrated promenades  
I presented the being of Man  
Both his past and current stories  
Are full of faults and worries

At the age of ten  
Desire and curiosity heighten  
Like adults, we want to be unbeaten  
Though we become confused  
And by mystery we are bemused  
The belief in eternity keeps us amused

At the age of twenty  
We look for more liberty  
And we care for our beauty  
Though we are lost teenagers  
And to ourselves we are strangers  
We are the best hope messengers

At the age of thirty  
We are extremely thirsty  
For paternity and maternity  
Marital life is sometimes forced  
And if acceptance is not reinforced  
It is best to get divorced

At the age of forty  
Our children grow to maturity  
And parents lose their ability  
We become more responsible  
And life seems irresistible  
But health is sensible

At the age of fifty  
We live with anxiety  
Grandparents enjoy security  
We fear old age  
Due to satanic damage  
That we try to manage

At the age of sixty  
We suffer from increased irritability  
And we doubt our sanity  
For the past we are nostalgic  
We regret our excessive logic  
Instead of enjoying life's magic

At the age of seventy  
We still have some clarity  
Destiny defies humanity  
Time quickly passes  
In life we should leave our traces  
Before joining the vanished classes

After the age of eighty  
Our lives become empty  
We look just for safety  
We lose our memory  
Though we hope for recovery  
We wait for the end of our story

### **29- Si Mohand Ou Mhand**

How can I not evoke you?  
You, our elocutionist  
Poetry is within you  
You are its protagonist  
Inspiration comes from you  
You are the best ironist

Si Mohand is well-known  
By each ancient and new generation  
You are a poet of great renown  
Your thoughts have no expiration  
Your poems have grown  
They are keys to liberation

Revolt urged you to speak  
With words you reached the peak  
With woven expressions  
You conveyed your depressions  
You blamed society  
For your anxiety

You were not a landowner  
Nor did you have even a pittance

The pipe was your only partner  
When you showed resistance  
Of rhymed verses, you are a designer  
Your poems have a great audience

You reacted out loud  
To what was under a cloud  
You fought strongly  
Against those who act wrongly  
You looked for reality  
You claimed it with nobility

You had always fought  
By saying what you thought  
You never pretended to be earless  
When there was any oppression  
You were always fearless  
With sweet words you fought repression

You tackled taboo subjects  
That held back Kabyle society  
You uncovered all the defects  
That led to impiety  
You praised the effects  
Of sobriety

You stated many defects  
And you revealed all the suspects  
You wanted us to discover them  
To the world you divulged them  
We found them in your poetry  
Reviewing them is necessary

Through which way did you not go?  
You used to wander years ago  
Day or night  
You had excellent sight  
To many regions you used to inter  
Either in summer or winter

From Algeria to Tunisia  
You walked with no amnesia  
Silently you were weeping  
Everywhere you were sleeping  
From poverty, you suffered  
On your face, pains gathered

You were a solitary wanderer  
And a frustrated ponderer  
You were broken-hearted  
Whenever situations started  
You broke down every barriers  
You are a hope carrier

All to which you aspired  
And what you desired  
Has finally arrived  
If only you could have been here  
Just to see and hear  
All that was deprived

You used to look ahead  
You were foresighted  
Things were so clear in your head  
That we are all delighted  
Now we can go ahead  
You made our path lighted

For each time its men  
For each society its specialists  
You are one of the Kabyle gentlemen  
And one of the great verbalists  
You are the best specimen  
Of the Berber moralists

The path that you traced  
Is now happily embraced  
Our culture is recorded  
Either in films or books  
Our opinions are accorded  
We united our outlooks

Your biography is saved and pictured  
We will never forget you  
Your character is well-featured  
As a star we consider you  
In gold we wrote your name  
You have achieved world fame

For more than a century  
Asqif n Tmana has held your opinions

We still feel sorry  
For ephemeral unions  
We hope you rest in peace  
Your admirers will never cease

Homage is rendered to you  
And statues are built to honor you  
Even in foreign countries  
Coming generations will follow you  
They will learn from you  
Thanks to your stunning poetries

About your life we have written and sung  
To your principles we have clung  
If only you were among us  
So that we may discuss  
In a rhymed verse  
Together we dream to converse

You are the witness of your age  
Of your experience we should take advantage  
From your lessons we learn  
It is the best thing to earn  
Your exceptional story  
Should be stocked in memory