

Translated by Elhabib Louai

**No, I Have Not Slept**

Poem by Mohammed Khair-Eddine

No, I have not slept;  
It only took a few police vans  
some grenades and some deaf stripes  
it took a cop to get into our skins  
because I punch your daddy and mine together  
Yes  
I had to go to the factory for two months  
with a fortnight of voluntary absence  
I had to catch the king with a red mirror  
so that a hint of the night fades and the bourgeois dream  
rolls down the slope  
but I made a worker worthy of this world  
this worker will break the globe in two  
so that the earth will no longer be a planet  
the dead we relegated to their bones  
will gnaw at the rotten death of the bourgeois  
and the capitalists who thrash the black-white  
who was none other than a worker  
shown in such habits  
because he loved them, practiced them, kissed the banknote  
taken out of a factory safe so frigid  
the tangent side of this ordeal will continue to oppose us  
But we'll worship it like our ancestors worshiped  
God, we will play with our faith, our scythes, our  
submachine guns and our planes, but  
this world will now be separated from itself  
we will be broken trappers but we will overcome  
those who have changed their world but not the World  
and who explain the blood to us by relieving the earth  
of its original mineral cold

From *Moi l'aigre* (1970), or *I, the Resentful*, which appeared in two parts: a part in prose which borrows liberally from poetry, and a part in the form of a play. It is a revolutionary work of literature through which the author aspires to be free and spontaneous in tone and form, as illustrated by the rhythm of the author's "resentfulness."

### **Annigator**

It's a dream with a Julida's skin, it straddles me,  
bewitches my shadow, it's a flounder, an acrid hip  
its blood lays on my sirocco body  
on an ashen mouth, on ink  
It's an irreplaceable jet of terror, a drilling bird  
with  
all the leaves that accompany it in delirium  
in the rapids where thunder casts off our skies

It is She who stretches out behind me  
this shadow of sketchy obstacles  
and Lithobius crawled into my brain  
where I shake off stripped stars,  
the oblivion of her eyes, it's Her  
when I offer myself a night grilled with suns  
and words that will shatter your test tubes ion a suspicious day!

*From Arachnid Sun, a collection of poems published by Gallimard in 2009.*

### **Memorandum**

Slaves  
and circulation of black leeches under my retinas  
sun enfeebles your hands in my inaudible blood  
and I drink you in a glee of delirium

the sky, accomplice of the beautiful tricks of your uvula  
and the frozen-eyed slave who plays the flute  
wonderfully in my succinct skins  
the unheard-of vices of sirocco  
that weave you a sun muzzled with distress  
when my catastrophic sperm  
stuns your gecko penis  
when the wind decrees a faceless insurrection  
like an expected immemorial mutiny  
the content of Time  
cracks in centipede close to the infamous eyelids  
of the incandescent estuary

I abjure you - you are cracking the armpits of this people  
land of correct oeuvres made of the most riotous harpoon -  
sun inscribed on the base of my audacity

your anguish stir resigned patience  
freezing even  
those iguana rings given that my palm  
always carries its antecedent carob

O horses unfrightened  
Neither by air nor by the miracle where  
our souls marked with the operative seal wriggle  
every stone calls for a childhood disaster  
last year  
I hurt my camel hump  
I was bleeding the placenta from these eclipses  
but I didn't say  
I did not vomit  
the word pistol which is not cold in the eyes.

*From Souffles Magazine, numéro 1, issue 1, 1966*