

The Beauty of the Night

Poem by Fatima Bouzhar

Translated from Tamazight by Hafida Bouhmid

My night
Is the tender shoulder
My night
Is the one to whom I reveal my heartaches
With whom I share my grievances
About the pain I have witnessed
In the absence of light
In the night's arms
My eyes let fall
Their tears
My night is my blanket
And the father
I no longer have
My night
Is a wedding of words
In which we waltz our feelings
and sing a lullaby of our griefs
My night
Is the one on whom I call
And responds "present"
It becomes my father
but day makes me an orphan again.