

We Have a City to Patch Up



She writes what is not popular
 She unveils hidden problems
 She hits herself on the walls of reason
 And of semiotics and of criticism

She saw the sun of harvest
 She put her heart in a prison
 She took the bird of her novels
 And told it to go, to go to the horizon

We have a city to patch up
 The orange tree, the vineyard to replant
 We have to search for the sun above
 And to help the woman rise up and to find hope again

They will go on holding hands
 They will trace flowers on the road
 They will plant trees in the gardens
 They will light the morning star

She moves on encircled by canons
 She adds wings to her prison
 She once again picks up each line of her violin
 And she leads the child to the firs of dawn

I learnt to sing in your hands
 I wove the thread you stretched out
 I found the words that you left out
 And I wrote, I wrote tomorrow's vision

**Evelyne Accad
 Urbana, 1981**