

Inventory in Black and Grey

THERE ARE WOMEN OF WHOM PEOPLE TALK

They are placarded on walls of gloomy towns
 Those who are flashed, dressed or undressed,
 Those who are sold under a coat,
 Those who are not advertised on cinema window panes,
 And those pinned on the walls of solitude.

THERE ARE WOMEN OF WHOM NOBODY TALKS EXCEPT IN HUSHED TONES

Who are made marginal, masked, or mask themselves,
 Out of shame or despise
 There are those who paint their eyes with black butter,
 Those who laugh too loud, or those who cry silently,
 Those who think of something else at this time,
 Those of whom is said: "Women of no importance,"
 Sold at a trifling price.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE THEMSELVES WITHOUT A GAIN

Who have love to spare,
 They are loved the time of a spasm,
 There are those who wish to die
 Yet keep on living, not knowing why!

THERE ARE THOSE WHO RECEIVE MUCH

Who offer little black eggs, on buttered canapes,
 Who chatter, dressed in negligees,
 They take an aeroplane on Wednesday,
 To go to the hair dresser
 There are those who serve as mere ornaments,
 Who ask: "Is Pam here?"
 In grand tralala
 Et caetera ...

THERE ARE WOMEN WHO SWELL AND BURST OUT

Producing a kid every good or bad year,
 They count their kids like nails,
 And the husband is a man for that !
 There are women who bewitch, laugh and shout,
 And those who go to the Marabout.

THERE ARE WOMEN WHO ARE SICK OF IT? WHO'VE HAD ENOUGH

Taboos, taboos!
 There are those who know "someone"
 And those who know nothing about it!
 Those who live in hell, hiding their fruit,
 Who strangle their baby
 With the umbilical cord
 Others who throw into water their remorse.
 There are those who die of it,

Those who kill themselves unknown, unseen,
Those who are killed, to keep the family honor clean!

THERE ARE WOMEN WHO DON'T EXIST

Who only show their busy hands,
Their tearful eyes,
Those whose bodies are hermetically locked
and accept beating without a shock ,
Who do what they are told to do,
Who prepare shorba (soup) and till the parterre,
Instead of flying up in the air.
There are those who live without knowing why,
Whose life vanishes like a hushed sigh,

THERE ARE THOSE WHO FIGHT WITHOUT TEARS

Their naked hands serving as arms,
Their eyes sparkling with evidence,
Their heads full of ideas for burning,
They have mouths but not to talk,
And voices that are quick to choke,
There are those who want to live,
Who say a loud No!
Who decipher the code, and rightly evaluate,
They refuse for their daughters their own fate.
Clasping each other, without a whine,
For all communication, they interline.

Now at the astonishment of those
Who have pinned them there,

We, in our own way, we show our care,
For those who dare not and those who dare,
Together we invent **A BRIGHT COLOR INVENTORY!**

an inventory IN COLORS GAY

Under whose sway,
Fellows will not fail to crack.

LAPIDAIRE

(Translated from French by Rose Ghurayyib)

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