

## CHRONIQUES

Dans un cour vide et sur un souvenir, de temps en temps se posent une aile, un souffle, une image sans nom. J'hésite face à la contrainte de l'espoir et je vois s'éloigner, avec les dernières vagues du couchant, ce rayon de brume relatant l'amour d'un hiver.

Je fais partie de celles qui, levées tôt avant l'aube, épuisées par l'attente, meurent au petit matin.

Trop plein de sève.

Jetées dans une foule sans nom, nous attendons que se consomment ces murées de voix.

Dans la nuit, ce craquement des os quand on voit

rire ces lumières et éclater ces noms. Comment expliquer aux autres quand on ne comprend pas? Blessure magnifique faisant couler l'oubli.

D'avoir failli comprendre et d'avoir perdu. Les sillons crevés s'égarant, découvrant une plage de rochers. L'horizon de l'attente et d'avoir pleuré si longtemps ajoute à la présence lumineuse de cet instant.

Khedija

**I strike at the most beautiful spot  
Of a world so created  
A partition stretches along its curves  
It answers me with a hollow voice  
I close my eyes without fear,  
Readily rises the song  
And it is my strangeness which astonishes me  
And my silence  
My hand still open  
To the periphery of things.**

Though feminine literature in the French language is still in the elementary stage, it is not for that reason less significant. By itself, it reflects:

1. The problems of language which have become more and more acute since independence. Though the French language has been maintained in the curricula of primary and secondary schools, French is little used and badly spoken. There is a deterioration in vocabulary and

structure. The poet, whose tool of communication consists of words alone, suffers from this decline and tends to wander in the literary sphere.

2. Problems of identity, expressed in a renewed effort to describe daily life in «apprenticeship» novels, trying to delineate the place and the roles of women in a society undergoing full change. This statement applies equally to women poets who realize that they are «hanging at nothingness» and confronted by «archives of silence.»

Translated from French  
by Rose Ghurayib.

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