

Hope as Counter-Pedagogy to Cruelty

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Tu as dit que si je te quittais, tu ne les reverrais plus.
C'était il y a 12 ans, et tu as tenu ta menace.
J'y repense souvent. Tu m'avais prévenue.
Je les revois, tout petits, dormant sur le canapé.
Mes larmes coulaient. Tu leur as fait l'un de tes derniers baisers, sur le front.
Celles et ceux qui viennent de tes terres comprendront l'amour profond de ces
baisers là...

Ils ont grandi. Si bien grandi.
Il m'est impossible de compter ou raconter tout ce que tu as loupé.
Chaque rentrée scolaire, chaque dent tombée, chaque chute à vélo, chacun de
leur « je t'aime maman ».
Chaque match de basket, chaque combat de judo.
Chacune de leur transformation corporelle, chacune de leur larme adolescente.
Ils sont grands maintenant.

Ton corps fantôme leur a enseigné, malgré tout,
A construire leur propre savoir. Tu sais, ils savent lire entre les lignes du
patriarcat.
A leur âge, je n'avais pas encore décrypté ce langage.

De tout mon être, j'ai espoir qu'ils puissent un jour te raconter les années
passées,
Et t'enseigner leur propre langage.

You said that if I left you, you would never see them again.
That was twelve years ago, and you kept your word.
I think about it often. You had warned me.
I still see them, so little, sleeping on the couch.
My tears were falling. You gave them one of your last kisses, on the forehead.
Those who come from your land will understand the deep love in those
kisses...

They have grown. Grown so well.
It is impossible to count or recount everything you have missed.
Every first day of school, every lost tooth, every fall off a bike, every «I love
you, Mom.»
Every basketball game, every judo fight.
Every physical change, every teenage tear.
They are big now.

Your ghost-body taught them, despite everything,
To build their own systems of knowledge. You know, they can read between
the lines of patriarchy.
At their age, I had not yet deciphered that language.

With all my being, I hope that one day they will be able to tell you about
the years that have passed,
And teach you their own language.



Camille Gaudy