

# The small hills of my cousin

*by* dris khali

You know, my mother was afraid that I can no longer resist.  
She was absolutely right:  
My four sisters have all passed away before the summer shows its  
fruit.  
It was hard "said my mother", not to see my flowers bloom.  
I, the calf of my mother,  
I came into the world without my wish.  
There was plenty of milk in the breasts of my mother.  
Surely, I had nothing to do in this strange world except suck ...  
It was my only reason for being;  
My only way to tell my mother that she has nothing to fear.  
I sucked and cried,  
Oh! my mother's milk that flowed into my mouth had the taste of  
real milk.  
My mother, who had no choice to choose her dinner, was very  
happy to watch me grow every day. Her goats, chickens, the bees,  
garden, olive trees were there ready to offer all they could offer.  
For her interest, I grew and grew.  
Mr. Freud was wrong.  
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One spring day,  
I had three years, just three years and a few butterflies.  
My cousin took me by my own eyes  
My own eyes which were climbing up her small grape-breasts  
July came on those days  
Hot,  
Opening its warm arms  
To the Goats of my mother, her cow, her cat  
And even to the rats

That my cousin did not like.

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I remember:

In the middle of a jasmine- night

I woke up

Smiling and wet

I had nothing in my garden.

I was eighteen years and three slips.

My cousin who I have a thousand and one nights dreamt of was gone.

I was told she had followed

The way that her knight showed her.

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These last three evenings,

Some snowballs have invaded my top

I think I have crossed the age of maturity.

At Forty-eight years, my mother whispered this to me:

Your cousin awoke one December -night

The weather was as black as the abyss of a well,

And there was a Frankenstein in her room;

He said he liked too

Her nice brown round breasts.

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Life, that door which opens on the unexpected

As my mother said,

Must so continue.

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In a few months and some thorns will come fall,

I'll be sixty-seven years and three hundred and sixty-four days.

It is true that I lost everything:

Bread and milk of my mother

The breasts and fingers of my cousin

My butterflies ...

But I have again and again

An hour and a dream .

You know, my mother told me once  
We can do nothing against the dreams of the dawn  
And the real choices.

Driss khali

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