

The Ship's Fate

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In the inky mirror
in the mirror of ink
the crow sits
like Borges imagines it
in mazes and reflections
or as drunken artists in bars
or writers
in their confused
delirium
paint it for free
The crow sits
above the poet's head
while butterflies hover
closeby
not leaving his shadow
As usual, the poet is busy
writing the poem
that refuses to wait
Removed and alone
in Noah's ark
It's like this he imagines
the habits of poets like
Sargon Pulse
or Edgar Allan Poe
And I am also in this poem
The ant is not afraid of the elephant
And the elephant draws
like Leonardo da Vinci with its trunk
a woman about to smile
like the Mona Lisa
as the dove flies far above the water ...
toward an olive tree
in the distance
inhabited by light
Oh, how beautiful this light indeed !

The cat contemplates the mouse in silence ...
while the bright mouse looks for a piece of cheese
mockingly pretending to be crazy

The fox sees grapes
in a painting on the wall
and the wolf howls alone
in a secluded corner

The ship is full of life
as it wrestles the waves
looking for land.

All creatures want salvation
yet only the poet searches
for the bonfire in the poem
to light the way to freedom

And when the crow and the dove
meet again

They remain silent as they look at him
from the distance
from the final perspective

They look at him in astonishment and admiration
They are not far from his dream
of the tree of sedition, seduction and absence

The poet sleeps
between life and death
writing his poem
on the bonfire

On the door to freedom
And the ship sails, it sails
wrestling the waves