

Time to go back in time

In what's left of your consciousness

Go back in time

See the crosses

Forged by you

But above all

Regain your soul

See the seed of hope

Immense in itself

See humans on their feet

No more, no less

Century after century

Dispossessed, sucked in by nothingness

Nonetheless, century after century

Standing

Standing tall

Hope hoisted to the mast

Go back in time, O world

Before the cohort of the dehumanized

The procession of those who are made invisible

The crowd of the dismantled...

Or before the...

The standing multitude

Starts to crawl

Crawling, to give life to the stones

From the catacombs of cruelty and horror

Come back

All is torn

The bell tolls

From the first morning, you went astray

Eyes barely open

You reached the limits of the no return road

All along, under your feet, crushing all lamentations

On this road of no return

Today, as then

You force mothers to entrust their children

To the greed of the waves

More than a song of hatred, indulgence
Inside you, it beats its own tune
While the unspeakable clamor of the bones
Rises, endlessly rises

Hunger for humanity and justice!
Hunger for love of the world and hope!
Hunger for everything!
But...

So heavy on your eyelids
The leaden blanket
Tell me, where can you find the words
To fathom blindness?

In what's left of your conscience
Take a break from cynicism
Get rid of your indifference
And restores the forgotten to their existence

It's been dark for too long
The time has come to recover your human quality
To shelter those, you confine
Chained in the dregs of indignity

In this appalling mess of absurdity

Go back in time

Out of the house

They all hope for the flowering

© Marie-Célie Agnant

Parliamentary Poet Laureate

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