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Poetry



Embers

1

The choreography of massacres

I grew up seeing blood all around,
gushing forth day and night.
A deed back home safe and sound,
whoever you were, a poor or a knight.

The country's sky lost its blue,
dreams procrastinated to come true.
Seagulls' Islands got *tsunamied*
by waves of bloodshed greed.

Martyrs' sacrifices were *sodomized*
on the black altar of profligacy.
Depredators preyed without mercy,
and desolation flopped down on the *Guarded*.

The former *Ikosium* hugged occultism,
then farted wanton neck-cutters.
Death put on nugatory airs
at the fringe of lewd sarcasm.

The manslaughters showed some moralism,
for there had been scanty orphans.
You'd rejoice: what a sheer humanism!
Children were just *gifted* yataghans!

Puny toddlers put in stoves,
uncounted unwed virgins raped,
in plain sight of abdicated souls
from whom shits in pants reeked.

Cut off heads were rolling out
on orange orchards like garbage.
Performance of horror on stage
while reason had no clout

on the sinners slashing without pity,
prancing on thousands disfigured bodies,
reddening therefore the *White City*,
and spitting along gruesome movies.

Algiers had been marooned for a decade.
Humiliated at every dingy corner;
had heard the same vapid song,
that of “who’s the mass-killer?”

The *Shrouded City* buried itself.
Philistines can now sing their carols,
and erect a majestic cenotaph
in the memory of bygone nationals.

When will the genocide break up,
the cursed soil get blood-free,
the flag wave joyfully high up
in every slab of our repository?

2

Just a pedocide

I recall all those childhood's days,
up there in the green hills and glens,
whooping it up as wee forays;
we were kind of brats in the mountains.

We'd pick up dew-wet blackberries
which we gorged merrily by the brambles.
Careless of thorns stinging our raw fingers,
our blackened lips burst out into chortles!

By a shabby river-stone-built dwelling,
wearily stood an antediluvian ash-tree
around which sprigs hung a swing;
we'd got a rota rocking it so free!

Flocks of thrushes, tits, robins,
cuckoos, blackbirds and starlings,
swirling overhead, twittering,
would join our valleys' fooling!

All of a sudden, the weather clouded up;
the ruddy took over the lazuline tinges,
the Sun withdrew to far-off fringes,
and merry-go-round got messed up.

Immaculate, dread and dull countenances
were doomed to discolour the rain-bows,
for the children's killers stacked furnaces
with their mutilated and flaccid toes.

There were solely the haggard beasts
to record their farewell supplication;
their progenitors accepted the affliction
and gathered the carbonized flesh shreds.

Still smouldering, ashes did groan,
urging the hovering storm winds for delivery,
thousands miles away of that purgatory
that bereaved the Land of its children.

3

Up to the limbo

Looney man!
Stop firing!
Fling the gun!
Head's **bleeding**

Corpus delicti sank,
the soil swigged its blood,
maggots welcomed their food
even though it stank.

People who loved him
all shed torrential tears,
not **without** some fears;
those of emulating the stream.

The shallow night **did** rave,
enshrouded the betrayed hero,
then **lifted** his marble grave,
up to the eternal limbo.

4

A nameless, erased family

A destitute man got up with the lark,
his nippers still sleeping and snoring.
and his better-half, bedridden in the dark,
looked forward to the belated morning.
Frugality couldn't help bite and bark
at the family's rustic dwelling.

The late-forties father washed face and hands,
prayed, donned his djellaba and breakfasted,
then went eke out a living on fertile lands.
Once in his orange groves, he vomited
at the sight of strewn lifeless heads,
which were hankering for being sowed.

The shocked father ran at full tilt
to save his lonely left lineage.
He rushed in and missed a beat
when he saw his beheaded members,
sprawling amiss onto bloodied concrete.
He plunked and welled his last tears.

5

The emporium of atrocities

By a mid-summer sizzling weather,
I was dillydallying in the maze.
Drowned in the crowd, I did bother:
why the Old Land was set ablaze?

This quandary was perforating my brain;
hopelessly, matters seemed unfathomable.
Had I not felt such a strain
I would have taken it for unreal.

I kept walking till a corner in tantrum,
where stood a salient emporium,
with its heavy gold wrought gate;
this hinted to a lavish content.

I had knocked exactly seven times
before it swung squeakily open.
A malodor wafted out in waves,
then I set a foot in with hesitation.

A dim cob-webbed corridor fed my fears,
for two skulls bade me a welcome
and got me into the high-ceilinged room,
rowed with shapeless glass containers.

Differently sized heads, dismembered corpses,
nippleless breasts, disemboweled pregnant,
tongueless mouths and fingerless hands,
all chloroformed in these half-filled containers.

Laying equidistantly from the exhibited atrocities,
one easel caught my mingled attention;
upon which was drawn Algeria's red depiction,
featuring the bloody areas and new cemeteries.

As I was stroking every spot of decapitations,
dismemberments, disembowelments and rapes,
I lived back all the unspeakable horrors
of indoctrinated hordes of mass butchers.

Anonymous villages lurched in the limelight,
unwarned peasants cursed out every night
that let do the killings of their offspring
and the embezzlement of their junky belongings.

A tinkling of a liquid made me look right.
I advanced into a glassed-in veranda.
The fountain playing a cascade of blood saga;
for disgust, I threw up my bowels downright.

Rickety wooden staircase led up to the garret,
where had been put blood-stained machetes,
poniards, hammers, shovels and blades,
testament to the carnage-makers' armament.

Not to mention the babes' then-ovens,
such that they vetoed any roasting tries,
for the embers had the sour memory
of the infanticides that mourned our country.

6

The unwritten heritage

Mum, where's my father?
Don't lie to me once more.
I'm decided, should it be bitter,
to know the truth I'm looking for.

I'm no longer a babe in arms,
at school, kids look down on me
because of my father's bedlams:
exiled, lost, died or dreamy.

Sonny, it's time to drop the burden
I'm lugged with in the Red Decade.
Your father had been a good denizen
until the day he unsheathed the blade,
to cut the throats of his nationals;
even tots of your own age.

Dad was a terrorist without scruples
who bequeathed us timeless outrage.

7

The fangs of History

What a waggish world we live in!
A colonialist extols colonialism,
as much a Judas his Unerring
and a nuke aficionado his pacifism!

History is the victim of falsehood,
man tinkers it to emboss the myth
of being the descendant of the Good,
disparaging the entombed Truth.

You'd fallen on prodigal continents,
enslaved and deported their race,
uprooted the millinery enlightenments;
brandishing ersatz paragons of peace!

You'd erected your faded empires
on the blood-drenched colonies,
blotched the once-translucent rivers,
and let blood flooding your calumnies.

You'd tortured our famished forbears,
electrocuted their genitals and ears,
squeezed their brains before their dears,
and you dare now think well of embers!

You'd inched to colonize all the country,
killed yourselves till the last confines,
realized that the Invasion wasn't paltry,
spilling rivers of blood for decaying mines.

"Burnt Land" had been your all-out cowardice
to make for the humiliating Waterloo;
you'd strived over a century at any price
to eternize till your second Dien Bien Phu!

You'd consumed a few of your generations,
and naturally cantankerous mercenaries,
in hope of pounding the surging insurrections,
which were standing up for your butcheries.

If asked, mighty Djurdjura or Aures Mountains,
coy viridescent oases in spread-out golden dunes,
olive groves and blood-fed ponds and fountains,
would utter, undyingly, unbearable morose tunes!

I invite you to have at least the late hardihood,
short of apologizing for your past Algeria-cide,
to guillotine your tortuous tongues for good!
That day, Humanity will get rid of History-cide!

8

The Immortal tenor

The Djurdjura Mountains quaked,
the hills crunched the horizons,
the Tuesday of June's baking
weather spewed hellish fires,
men tore their burnouses,
women deferred their menses,
children disfavored candies,
olive trees parted with their leaves,
and brooms withered,
the day Lounes Matoub was killed.
Betraying bullets hushed
his tenor voice for good.
Matoub, the chanter of liberty,
left his loved hills orphaned.
He'd sing for the misfortune
of long-oppressed souls.
The Djurdjura Mountains recorded
his songs, echoed them to the Andes
and the Himalayas, in search of
consolation and condolences.

9

al-Kitani drowners in brine

The November clouds over the Guarded
unleashed down unprecedented rain
on the martyried streets; flooded
grimly the jiggered human drain.
Bab al-Wad flooding claimed lives
of unwarned, plebeian people,
who had survived the stab of knives
during the decade of blood and hell.
Muddy surge merged with seawater,
handed it over the bulgy goners,
al-Kitani Beach recovered the cadavers,
shrouded them with leaves of disaster,
and buried them in the unlit grooves
of expanding, multilayered graves.

10

The aftershock of May

The sun was ending its westerling course,
when the May quake ripped the Land
of still-dripping tears, of drying up blood,
of mending scars and of gluing curse.
Coastline cities were terribly flattened
within just thirty killing seconds.
The rubble rubbed salt in the wounds
of Algerians, cringing their near End.
One lost a friend, another a mother
or a father, or both. Delicate children
in their blossom age doomed to wither.
In the memory of men and women,
who left us without warning,
I wrote this sonnet all trembling!

11

The empire of Cocoons

Algeria is bombastically
eulogized the country of
one million and a half martyrs.
Well, that's part of History.
Unquestionable History.
Decades passed on, and
Sixty-twoers made fishy
fortunes on the bones
of departed heroes.
Ostracized hoi polloi,
burdened with insolvency,
dreamed of crumbs.
Sixty-twoers erected
their empire of Cocoons;
fork-lift trucks piled up
money to burn common
people alive; afterwards
presented heartfelt condolences,
welled crocodiles' tears, and
paraded in our funerals!

12

Black Garden

Random April bullets
into a teenager's body.
Politics' wankers
put it down to
adventitious outcome,
of a flaky magazine.
Dam flew over
the *Hilly City*.
Olive oil mingled
with spurting blood.
Gas tears, then
waves of commotion.
More raging rifles,
tokens of vengeance,
deprived the spring
of fragrant flowers.
Sap oozed out,
blood took over
the nurture of
crime continuum.