





WALKING THE EARTH

Amina Saïd

WALKING THE EARTH



Translated by Peter Thompson

Preface by Hédi Abdel Jaouad



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Walking the Earth
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PREFACE

Errancy as Revolt & Freedom On Amina Saïd's Walking the Earth

HÉDI ABDEL JAOUAD

Amina Saïd is the most potent — and prolific — poetic voice in Tunisia today, if not in the whole of Francophone Africa. She has so far authored some twenty collections of poetry. Her poems have been translated into several languages, and have received overwhelming positive critical attention. Yet, for some unfathomable reason no one has attempted to translate a complete volume of her poetry, and not for lack of choice or merit. Peter Thompson, a poet in his own right, and an indefatigable and talented translator of Francophone literature (especially Maghrebian) has with *Marcher sur la terre* (*Walking the Earth*), her seventh volume, finally remedied this jarring oversight.

Saïd's poetry is instantly recognizable: at once simple, crystalline, and opaque, the quintessence of the proverbial "complexity beneath a simple surface." Typically, her poems are fashioned from a few simple, everyday, elemental words and images, constituting her basic creative materials, her essential lexicon, and her singular poetic signature: sky, earth, sun, star, exile, light, darkness, night, day,

desert, stone, absence, shadow, silence, sea — and an occasional horizon that lingers "patient" for the unhurried traveler, for "stilled walkers / keeping to the beat of their excesses." Such walkers are so rare that, oddly enough — in our modern world beset by frenetic speed & instant reactivity — they have become almost exotic.

With this elemental toolkit Saïd constructs a precise and concise language, distinctively visual and concrete, stripped of all rhetorical frills or ponderous thought, because the essential is in understatement, situated in the confines of silence.

From the unvarnished reality rises the poem: a poignant voice that often speaks aphoristically, resonant with strong yet subdued emotions, in a yin and yang dynamic movement of opposites and mutualization, which range from anguish and despair to ecstatic vision, suffusing the whole volume with a meditative, reflective halo, akin to the spirituality of mystical dervishes and Sufis, reminiscent of Rumi: "I am the place where I've fallen / I am the place I come from / and where I'm going."

Paradoxically, rendering Saïd's simple, everyday language in English is no easy task, beginning with the seemingly "pedestrian" title *Marcher sur la terre*, which literally means "Walking [on the surface of] the Earth." The overall meaning of the collection seems to hinge on these two words: "Marcher" and

"terre," so pregnant with meaning and symbolism, requiring thus careful and vigilant contextual nuancing and difficult editorial choices, not to mention the deployment of the rich English lexicon of movement and mobility. "Marcher" and "terre" are thus consubstantial with each other, coextensive. Within the seemingly firm and stable sound of "terre" (earth/land/landscape/territory/turf/country, etc.), lurks, to the native ear, the resounding command "erre!," that primordial call for wandering and "errancy," which has been the human lot/condition since the beginning of times, and is a recurring leitmotiv in Saïd's writings.

The idiomatic expression Walking the Earth captures precisely and felicitously (more than the original title) the essence of this collection: Saïd's unwavering celebration of errancy as the highest expression of revolt and freedom. "Walking the Earth" is a journey, a way of life unburdened by material attachments, tantamount to a spiritual quest, often fraught with risk, hardship, and even terrible "ancient terrors [that] whistle through us."

The title invites us to reflect on the relation between walking the earth and the creative act. Inevitably, the act of walking leads us to the archetypal figure of *peripatētikós*, "he/she who likes to walk," and to think—to ancient philosophy and beyond—all the way back to the earliest records of thought.

More than any other of Saïd's collections of poems, Walking the Earth is steeped in archetypal, ancient images & founding myths. We embark on "a nomad night," on a journey that walks us back to the beginning, to the infancy of the earth, of the world, precisely at that liminal moment, between darkness and light, rupture and birth, to the moment that sets forth the creation of the sky & later the earth, & all life thereon: "all around / night and dream reigned / in primal form / from an uprooted sky / sun and moon were born / shadow light / and sap..."

It is quite revealing that in the beginning, there is no mention of earth, only of its mirror, an "uprooted sky." The first earthling to walk the earth, Adam, whose name means "son of the red Earth," appears belatedly in the poem, in the wake of the Flood; he appears under the guise of his most famous descendant, Noah, sometimes called the New Adam, the one chosen to perpetuate the human race after his contemporaries had perished in the Flood. In Saïd's version, Noah's story is intertextually conflated with the story of Jonah and the Whale, and that of the Arabian Sinbad the Sailor, "helplessly swallowed / by an enormous whale" and "in the doubtful cavern of its body / he found his sons their wives / and Sinbad the Sailor / hand

WALKING THE EARTH

all around night and dream reigned in primal form

from an uprooted sky sun and moon were born shadow light and sap

and this desire to create amid fire and tears

the uprooted sky we were able you and I to walk the earth the mot juste strikes in the heart of hearts

the horizon is patient for stilled walkers keeping to the beat of their excesses

we abandoned villages to settle in the space of a lone cry

a circle of bare stones someone recites our sad fables

we rekindle our embers in black water brandish our severed hands at the sky

what country are you from someone asks and where will your children be born

where will you be when under the clouds' bloody smile they fumble for a fleshy breast all paths lead to the same place journey is illusion's horseback

the world's embers blacken its wanton footstep

they burn our anxious tongues

within its form the poem seeks itself

it's this black water that dazzles us

when we give it back the far glimmer of a star

night settles over the day we gaze full-eyed upon life

love invents us and speaks the senses' language

aureole of silence before our lips bringing us the echo of a childhood land

the memory ceremony

we regain the shore of an unknown sea

waves in succession dissemble the heaving

and we will gather always the night falling within us like a black nail into flesh's very flesh

ringed on every side the day wears down unknown to us

it sculpts on our secret face a singular mask

my shadow recognizes yours your shadow recognizes mine

their rebel fingers rifle the dark

looks exchanged can only belong to night

guardian shadows lying in wait for mirrors

like scolding birds they unfurl rumpled wings

their formal shares barely touch on their doubled nature the precursor bird symbol of what is to be brings together water earth and fire

an angel in the garden

my father says I'm in the suburbs of death and the silence that follows cannot still time

in his image-language the angel knows different

from the heart of the obscure he follows the metamorphoses of light

and his visible form continues to express the clouds whoever has kept the night in suspense for light or for a star

while we were stealing words from joy and its opposite

in this way day is torn from night and shadow from our eyes

they open yet again renewing the pillaged miracle thursday or wednesday at the twilight hour a stranger message in hand will knock at the door

he will dally a moment splattering ink on the blotter's rose

the stains will form other stains (cultivating a circle) a face under the lamp will rapidly blink

a woman's body will emerge the one you love always the same one always different there might be this body of light for learning how to keep death at a distance

out of the sun's path and the untouchable fire new signs would be born

a mirror remembering itself would rediscover in me what even I don't know

spread on the laughing rock the days would blend together

and no face out there for me to go seeking

once again we're surrounded by fire

the uprooted star turns its clairvoyant face to us

like a fire nourished by another fire

this new moment something pulses in us with life desire

something dies in us and stretches in the depths of a tomb

this new moment the dawn in all its truth takes our breath away

the world around us exhausts its definition

in the night the absent and the separated join again (so says the proverb of free men)

they expect from the tree chance survivor of the day a measure of fruit nourished by its light

they have the undamaged voice and the incomplete face of the living out of one horizon another absence of sky

disfigured circle somber noon

a being haunted by transparent birds

behind our dreams our familiar shadows (have they ever seen the day)

share of the invisible is slice of moon

in the light stretched forth the sun bears fruit in the glance

earth is this round dream

in its heart stones fusing

their fire tongues gouge the pathways of blood where another fire burns

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This is a book of poems that cycles & repeats, it is an enigmatic road. Footsteps, paths, a vacuous sky, an elusive destiny. It could be the anomie of modern life, or even a post-apocalypse. To live, to keep walking, is the quiet exhortation: "Here begins the very hesitation / that obliges them to live."

"A body separated from its soul." Blankly denotative images, especially this one, nonetheless elicit a sound, a type of call. They posit a space, an emptiness — and this void is analogous to the emptiness this poetry fills. That is, in the bleakness, the hollowness, something rings. Walking the Earth is the various resonances of that most distilled, human, & enduring sound.



Translated by Peter Thompson

