

Katia Ulysse

DOLL PARTY

(Baptême de Poupée)

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Forget the curtain of fire, the curfew
The quiet streets, and the open graves
Forget the glint of pear-shaped bullets, the
Watchmen cradling their riffles

Forget the nameless heroes
Silenced for sowing seeds of peace
Forget the bloodstained rope binding their wrists
The defiance streaming from their swollen eyes

Forget everything
Until we've christened the new doll
The women will cook white rice
Fry goat meat, and bake a yellow cake
The men will bring rum, ice cubes and
Light bulbs: red, blue, and maybe green

And when the children's tongues turn cola-champagne orange
When the riffles begin their pop-pop-pop lullaby,
Putting the babies to sleep
The single bulb will cast a gentle glow

The grownups will lock their bodies and sway
To a soft bolero borrowed
From a mariachi band far beyond the frontier

And everyone will be
Happy