

January 1993

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*Il suffit d'une scène aperçue dans un parc depuis la fenêtre d'un autobus
pour réveiller les vieilles blessures : petite histoire de la mortalité infantile.*

The baby stroller
in the winter path :
a carriage for winter
disappearing in the fog.

Carriage or miscarriage?

The baby stroller
finds its way between the trees.
A concerned father
I assume
is pushing it through the fog.

A young woman says
she doesn't want
abortion for herself
because it's too cruel.

One of my brothers born in the sixties
was put in a coffin covered with white material
instead of the carriage we all expected.
It was winter time.

Sometimes it happened to be a miscarriage,
sometimes the stroller, sometimes the coffin.

The times when the baby lived
my mother would smile
amongst the broidered sheets
and intricate home-made baptism dress.

Making his way through the birch trees
in a wet and silent park
an unknown father pushes an unknown baby

while flurries throw light on the scene.