

## **'La Renaissance m'a dit' (The Renaissance told me) Croquemort**

The renaissance has told me:

'I will urbanize your quarter'.

She came back without noise the next month

With bulldozers, metallic monsters destructive,

Eating our houses stone per stone violently,

Bric-a-brac, people crying.

Without consideration, the next month,

She was building fuel stations to sell fuel.

The renaissance has told me:

'I will direct on the social'

The costs of daily needs wrapped up

The household basket is not going well

The undernourished invade the hospital

Not capable to offer a national glue

Our houses collapse as they are eaten by flood

Malaria becomes endemic

And our kids suffer from simple fever

As there is no money to buy aspirin.

The renaissance has told me:

'I will fight unemployment'

The educated youngsters are mad with fury

At the ministry for employment it is all about haggling

Nepotism or a party card the idiom

The renaissance puts CVs on hold

Are trampled on, or corrupt

Mediocrity overrules the intellectual and his luggage.

The renaissance has told me:

'Education is the priority sector'

our dusty brats learn the syllables

the classes built of sacks make the grammar flee

the lessons of a thing or vocabulary

hanging on a barter, as a digesting lizard

the blackboard becomes angry

refuses chalk and lowers the schooling level

The teachers recruited on arbitrary basis

Hardly knowing how to read, that is a terrible ordeal.

The renaissance has told me:

'I promise democracy'

Ask Eric and Tchire what happened after

Or the poor who died, the reason: laughing

Liberty of speech is faint

The pen caged between four walls stops writing

The TV shows us the same criminals

The same thieves of the one party

The same mug/face of the same chief since three decennia.

The renaissance has told us:

'Wait I will defend your plight'

She has taken our miserable images to sign contracts

Swindling the UN, UNICEF and PAM and other elements.

The renaissance has told us:

'Move, go forward, try to run!'

But destiny seems to escape us

We have burning breast, feet risking turn numb

A tongue that is broken, the head exploded, refuses to follow

Prickling nostrils that hardly breathe

The last of our forces are taken by the renaissance

Who asks us finally to smile

The renaissance, is that lady riding that mare,

Dressed in utterly predictable lies (stitched with white thread).